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A Critical Biography of Maurice Duggan, 1922-1974.

A thesis presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements
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of PhD in English at
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Abstract

'A Critical Biography of Maurice Duggan, 1922-1974' aims to provide a detailed and fully researched picture of Maurice Duggan's life and its inter-relationship with his literary output. It describes Duggan's personal history, and intersperses these chapters with sections giving New Critical 'close readings' of his stories. The thesis also goes some way towards providing a portrait of a literary generation, of the remarkable, 'larger than life' writers who lived on the North Shore of Auckland in the middle of this century, during a crucial period of New Zealand's literary history.

Duggan died tragically young at the age of fifty two, and much of his life was dogged by ill health. Osteomyelitis led to the amputation of a leg at seventeen. He contracted tuberculosis while travelling in Spain and suffered a severe relapse after his return to New Zealand. Later he became an alcoholic, and it was only a short time after going into recovery that the cancer which ended his life was diagnosed. Duggan was one of the most talented writers New Zealand has produced. James K. Baxter shrewdly described him as 'our finest poet writing in prose'.

Duggan's output was small, and his *oeuvre* is considered difficult to read. Most of Duggan's troubled inner world remained hidden, both in his public and private life, despite the evidence that much of the material in his stories is based on self-analysis of aspects of his history and psychology. Thus his stories become clearer, and more satisfying for the prospective reader, when approached with a knowledge of the writer's life.

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Bibliography.

Introduction

'Something of myself, we must come to it, obliquely. I can't hold back forever, whatever the ecstasy. I too have too small a history.' ('Riley's Handbook')¹

Over the weekend of 17 and 18 October 1970, in a prolonged fit of alcohol-induced rage, Maurice Duggan burned every scrap of paper relating to literature that he had produced since he began writing twenty five years earlier. The drafts and typescripts of his famous stories, the verse he had written, copies of letters by him and even to him, all of which had lain until that time in cardboard beer cartons in his study, he fed into the incinerator in the back yard of his section at Forrest Hill. Begun impulsively, the job seemed endless. Duggan's wife and son watched from the house as he repeatedly staggered out with further clusters of paper and stirred the blaze. He was uncharacteristically careless of the fierce heat the paper generated, so that he singed most of the hair off the back of his hands and arms. The final load of material, exercise books which were too tightly wadded to bum, he took to the office of his company the following Monday and dumped into a kleensak.² The only papers which Duggan could not bring himself to incinerate even at this, one of the lowest points in his life, were folders of letters from early mentors Frank Sargeson and Greville Texidor, and a parcel containing the drafts of his unfinished novel, 'The Burning Miss Bratby'.³ These omissions suggest there were limits to what was plainly an attempt by Duggan to obliterate himself, but it would be two more gruelling years before his alcoholism would reach its point of crisis.

Duggan described the bonfire as 'tremendous and troubling', and it has certainly altered forever the task of any prospective biographer who wishes to carry out research into his life.⁴ As such a researcher, my first task has been to face the question posed in 'Riley's Handbook': 'How assemble even for an instant matter so widely dispersed and so casually broadcast?'⁵ Only a small collection of Duggan's personal papers remains, mostly written between 1970 and his death in December 1974. The stories published in his lifetime, which he worked so hard to write and rewrite, exist solely in magazine and book form. These have been ably gathered together by Professor C.K. Stead in *Collected Stories: Maurice Duggan*, and I have made this volume a principal source of reference.⁶ Fortunately Duggan's long and witty letters were of such quality that many recipients have kept them, and access to these has been crucial in writing this thesis. Many of Duggan's friends, colleagues and acquaintances have consented to interviews or were willing to allow material from conversations to be used here. It is remarkable that without exception all I met remembered Duggan with affection and respect, and this legacy of goodwill was invaluable to me in my pursuit of information on my subject.

Nevertheless Duggan was a man inclined to cover his tracks, and it is certain that he would have viewed the appearance of his biography, written out in seeming fullness, with something approaching suspicion. On reluctantly completing the autobiographical piece 'Beginnings' for *Landfall*, at the request of Charles Brasch, Duggan noted that he 'always rather valued reticence in so many of these matters'.⁷ He also saw the value of humour as an evasive device. When fifteen years earlier he had been asked by Dan Davin to supply biographical details for the 'World Classics' volume of short stories, he listed his publications and wrote

My hobby is the alcoholic monologue--and negroid children aged 14 years two months and 3 days; peasants, aristocrats and idiot esquimaux.⁸

Late in life Duggan read and enjoyed the work of Jorge Luis Borges, and he was no doubt well acquainted with the story 'Borges and I', where the writer draws subtle distinctions in the relationship between Borges the private citizen and his exploiter, Borges the public creator of literature.⁹ Duggan the man could similarly denounce Duggan the writer--in lower case--as 'morose maurice, half-baked wordmonger at the clambake of literature', but he would manage to sound ironic as he did so.¹⁰ Duggan did believe in biography as a legitimate form, and he encouraged his friend Keith Sinclair, when Sinclair was beginning his life of Walter Nash.¹¹ It should be the justification for a literary biography that it renews the reader's enthusiasm for its subject, and that it sends the reader back to works of literature with greater insight.

Whether one regards the biographical approach to literature as essential or fallacious, there is a case for arguing that Duggan produced, like Goethe, an *oeuvre* which is composed of 'fragments of a great confession'.¹² Duggan's life was frequently unhappy, and although a robust man he was so often dogged by ill health that Dan Davin called him 'a sort of lightning conductor for the rest of us'.¹³ Many of his tragic circumstances find their way into his work. That at times he was inclined to return and explore certain situations from further angles suggests a relationship with his subject matter that was highly personal. When he discovered a theme once more he would feel, as one of his Irish heroes, W.B. Yeats, wrote: 'It is myself that I remake'.¹⁴ But Duggan was also a conscious artist whose stories, as much as any in New Zealand fiction, are literary constructs. In an effort to do justice to Duggan's stories, as well as his life, this biography includes several sections of detailed literary criticism. This analysis takes the form of close readings which it is hoped will be of use to the general reader and to students. Since Duggan wrote at a time when the close reading of the New Criticism was the most widely accepted critical practice, it is not surprising that his works respond fruitfully to such an approach. However, because of its specialist nature, I have generally kept this analysis separate from the life. I have not given chapter numbers to the literary

critical sections, in order to ensure their separateness, and readers interested only in Duggan's life may choose not to read them. Students of the stories, on the other hand, may wish to go to them first.

All biography results from the necessary process of selection. It is impossible to record every moment of a person's life. The paucity of material that Duggan has left us means that there are occasional gaps in our knowledge of him, and these must be accepted with good grace. Furthermore most of us would admit to having areas of our lives in which we would prefer biographers not to fossick, and which we feel it would neither please us nor profit others to reveal. The contemporary practice of stacking biography with salacious detail in order to provide some illusion of completeness has led readers to think of good biography as scandalous. Although Duggan the writer would no doubt have agreed with Oscar Wilde that 'no work of art ever puts forward views...views belong to people who are not artists', he was nevertheless a man with a distinctly non-Bohemian sense of propriety.¹⁵ Propriety makes its claims, and where necessary I have preferred the clean break of omission to the ragged edges of half-truths. All relationships take something on trust, including the relations of writer, subject and reader. From his own enormous reading Duggan was an admirer of Sir Thomas Wyatt's lines: 'They flee from me that sometime did me seek,/ With naked foot stalking in my chamber [...]'. After quoting this he would add that we know nothing of Wyatt's private life, nor of the barefooted girls who loved and left him, but that all that matters is the poem.¹⁶

This biography is above all the story of the development of a writer. Duggan did not sit on committees, nor manage special projects. Outside of his career in advertising, which he loved but complained of as an interference, his primary interest lay in literature. But if we follow John M. Ellis's assertion that 'texts are made into literature by the community', by a public that knows what it likes, then Duggan has not fared well.¹⁷ Like another of his heroes, James Joyce, he wrote of ordinary people, but often in a manner that few readers seem to comprehend without assistance. As a result many of Duggan's stylistic achievements have not been followed up by other writers, and much of his relevance to our day has gone unnoticed. Stories like 'Six Place Names and a Girl' and 'Voyage' confront the reader with wordy descriptive fragments. Others like 'Riley's Handbook' and 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' are long teasing monologues in sometimes enormous paragraphs, and still others like 'Chapter' and 'O'Leary's Orchard' aptly fit Fleur Adcock's praise of his stories as 'intricate pearled embroideries'.¹⁸ Yet the challenge of Duggan's work will always be worth pursuing precisely because his stories are artful, and because they are about New Zealanders. He was a deeply committed author, whose work draws on a remarkably wide knowledge of everyday

New Zealand life. Duggan was a gifted, prickly, ecstatic, argumentative, gallant, proud, garrulous, bitter, warm-hearted man, which makes him one of us.

Notes

1. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 323.
2. Maurice Duggan. Note on the final page of 'Alcoholism Notebook'. Personal papers.
3. In an interesting twist, the novel itself contains as a motif many variations on the lines from T.S. Eliot's 'The Waste Land' (acknowledged as from St. Augustine's *Confessions* and the Buddha): 'To Carthage then I came/ Burning burning burning burning'. [T.S. Eliot. 'The Waste Land.' *Collected Poems: 1909-1962*. London: Faber and Faber, 1963: 74. Lines 307-308.]
4. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Apr. 1971.
5. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 317.
6. *Collected Stories: Maurice Duggan*. Ed. C.K. Stead. Auckland: Auckland University Press and Oxford University Press, 1981.
7. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 May 1966.
8. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 20 Aug. 1951.
9. Jorge Luis Borges. 'Borges and I'. *Labyrinths*. Eds. Donald A. Yates and James E. Irby. Trans. James E. Irby. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1970: 282.
10. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Nov. 1962.
11. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 7 Feb. 1974.
12. Goethe, quoted in *Critical Assumptions*. K.K. Ruthven. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979: 83. This discussion of the relationship between a writer's life and art is indebted to Professor Ruthven's Chapter 6, 'The Autobiographical Element', pages 83-101.
13. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 25 Sept. 1955. Sargeson collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
14. W.B. Yeats. [Untitled poem]. *The Variorum Edition of the Poems of W.B. Yeats*. Eds. Peter Allt and Russell K. Alspach. Macmillan: New York, 1957: 778.
15. 'Oscar Wilde on the witness stand.' *The Artist as Critic*. Ed. Richard Ellmann. London: W.H. Allen, 1970: 438.
16. *Sir Thomas Wyatt: The Complete Poems*. Ed. R.A. Rebholz. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1978: 116-117. The lines also appear in 'Voyage' [*Collected Stories*: 136]. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.

17. John M. Ellis. *The Theory of Literary Criticism*. Berkeley: University of California Press 1974: 47
18. Fleur Adcock. 'Poem Ended by a Death'. *The Inner Harbour*. London: Oxford University Press, 1979: 24.

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All medical and psychiatric records relating to Maurice Duggan are used with the permission of the Duggan family and Auckland Area Healthcare Services, Ltd.

Interviews, Conversations

Ms Fleur Adcock; Mrs Estelle Baker; Mrs Jean Bartlett; Mrs Jacquie Baxter; Sir James Belich; Mr Graham Billing; Mr Alistair Campbell; Mr Andrew Campbell; Mrs Noeline Chapman; Professor Robert Chapman; Mr John Chappell; Mrs Lillian Chrystall; Ms Christine Cole Catley; Mr Brian Couldrey; Mr Brian Crosby; Mrs Winnie Davin; Ms Marilyn Duckworth; Mr Robin Dudding; Mr Laurie Enting; Dr Martyn Finlay; Ms Janet Frame; Ms Marti Friedlander; Dr Erich Geiringer; Mrs Olive Gibson; Mr John Goldwater; Mrs Honey Haigh; Mrs Eileen Hamilton; Mr George Haydn; Mr Ronald Holloway; Professor E.A. Horsman; Mr Bill Kirker; Mrs

Edie Kirker; Mr Jack Lasenby; the late Mr Eric Lee-Johnson; Dr E.H. McCormick; Mr Ian McCorquodale; the late Dr Fraser McDonald; Mr Colin McKeown; Mr A.L. Marchant; Dr Keith Maslen; Ms Phoebe Meikle; Mr O.E. Middleton; Mr Felix Millar; Mr Trevor Nugent; Ms Janet Paul; Dr W.H. Pearson; Mrs Belenaise Rautahi; Ms Delys Reed; Brother Maurice Russell; Mrs Brigid Sandford Smith; Mr Maurice Shadbolt; Mrs Dorothy Simpson; the late Sir Keith Sinclair; Ms Mary Sinclair; Mr Stephen Sinclair; Mr Kendrick Smithyman; Professor C.K. Stead; Mrs Kay Stead; Mrs Margaret Thompson; Mr Quin Thompson; Professor Albert Wendt; Mr Russell Wilson; Mrs Jane Winiata. A further interviewee, 'Sylvia', is to remain anonymous.

Written Communication with the Writer

Mrs Dorothy Ballantyne; Mr Ian Cross; Mr Barry Crump; the late Mr M.H. Holcroft; Ms Elsie Locke; Ms Priscilla Thompson; Mr Greville Wiggs.

Sources of Papers

Duggan's papers, referred to in footnotes as 'personal papers', are located in the Duggan collection at the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington [MS-Group-1760].

Unless otherwise stated in footnotes, Duggan's letters to and from John Reece Cole [Duggan and Cole collections (Acquisition number 77-105)], Dan and Winnie Davin [Duggan and Davin collections (MS-Group-319)], Eric Godley [Godley collection (MS-Group-2376)], Frank Sargeson [Duggan and Sargeson collections (MS-Group-71)] and Greville Texidor [Duggan collection] are located at the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. Some letters to Greville Texidor are located at the Auckland University Library [Acquisition number A-198]. These have been indicated in footnotes.

Duggan's letters to and from Charles Brasch are located at the Hocken Library, Dunedin [*Landfall* collection. MS 996].

Some letters written by Frank Sargeson are supplied by Dr Michael King, Sargeson's biographer, on condition that the source remain anonymous.

Duggan's letters to Fleur Adcock, Christine Cole Catley, Nick Duggan, Jack Lasenby, Eric Lee-Johnson, Keith Sinclair, Kendrick Smithyman, and C.K. Stead are in the possession of the recipients or of their estates, and are quoted from with permission.

Other miscellaneous letters to and from Duggan which are not sourced in their footnotes are among the Duggan papers at the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

A Note on the Text

Ellipses by Duggan in his writing, marked as '...', have been reproduced. Ellipses by the writer indicating a cut in a quotation have been marked between square brackets as '[...]'.

Throughout the footnotes all references to *Collected Stories: Maurice Duggan*. Ed. C.K. Stead. Auckland: Auckland University Press and Oxford University Press, 1981, have named only as *Collected Stories*. All other titles have been named in full.

Chapter 1--Growing Up and Down [aet. 1-12]

'The dead Pegeen and no memorial; dad the father at large.' ('Riley's Handbook'.)¹

Like many colonial genealogies, the Duggan family history emerges only piecemeal from the distances of the past. Throughout much of his adult life Maurice Duggan was both acutely conscious and suspicious of the Irish stock which had formed him, so that he described a paternal ancestor just a few generations back as

stitching a boot in the doorway of a sod hut, hating the stranger, spitting upon Ireland, this damned land, aching in every bone from the rotten damp, a sullen, moody, violent man feared by his family.²

But, like much else in his writing, this was an imaginative response rather than a bare statement. Among the first documented evidence of the Duggan family is the handiwork of a travelling photographer from Cork. Ireland had come through the Great Famine of 1845-48, when the potato crop failed repeatedly, but the remainder of the century saw its gradual change from a primitive peasant land to a rural country, and the rise of a growing middle class who had skills, some education, and some pretension to refinement. Philip Duggan and his wife, formerly Mary Louisa Harbron, were comfortably off.³

The Duggans stand before a backdrop in separate photographs, unsmiling in the long exposure of the Victorian lens, and carelessly touch the same book with their left hands. Philip Duggan was born on 5 August 1844 in Athlone, County Westmeath, the son of Richard and Eliza Duggan. Twenty four days after his birth he was baptised at Saint Mary's Church.⁴ Records show he was married on 18 October 1880, and he was for some years in the prison service in various towns. Philip Duggan became Deputy-Governor of Wexford Goal before eventually resigning and entering the footwear trade. Deciding on Mountmellick as the place to set up his shop, he remained there until his death on 21 October 1920. Of this stern patriarch little more is known. Twelve years younger than her husband, Mary Louisa was born on 6 March 1856, and she survived him by a quarter-century. Together they had eight children, four boys and four girls, at roughly two-year intervals until Mary Louisa was thirty eight.⁵

Why Philip Duggan chose to live in Mountmellick is a mystery, as the family had no prior connection with the town. It was part of what was formerly Queen's County but is now County Leix, in Ireland's rural and Catholic Central Lowlands. Situated on the Owenass rivulet, the town had a population of around two and a half thousand. It consisted chiefly of one long street and a spacious market-square, where fairs were held each month. A town hall, put up in 1863, boasted an assembly room, a reading room and a billiard room. Mountmellick had a tannery, an iron foundry and

a salt manufactory, but its most extensive business was the malting of grain. A branch of the Grand Canal, which went all the way to Dublin, provided the means of conveyance to the nearby distillery town of Tullamore in County Offaly. There was a large, heavily ornamented Catholic church, built as recently as 1878, and a small building with a spire housed the minority Church of Ireland.⁶ But the Duggans were Baptists. Even amongst the Protestants they were outsiders in a land preoccupied with religious affiliation, of a minority faith along with the Presbyterians, the Methodists and the Society of Friends.

Philip Duggan was already forty two when his fourth child and third son, Robert Harbron Duggan, was born in Mountmellick on 8 February 1886. The infant was assisted into life by a woman who could only leave her mark on his birth certificate.⁷ Of the relationship between father and son little is known, except that Robert was brought up severely within the strictures of the family faith.⁸ At thirteen his schooling was complete. He was sent away from the family home in Market Street to somewhere in the south-east of Ireland, there to serve his apprenticeship in the drapery business. Most of Robert's brothers and sisters were apprenticed to this trade. Robert was thoroughly trained in the nature of cloth, and this comprehensive grasp of its warps and wefts was to be the foundation of his business success. All of the Duggan children were successful in life. The men advanced in various lines of commerce and the women married well, and Robert was no exception. By eighteen, possibly with some capital from his parents, he had started the Tullamore Drapery Company. Not far across the woodland and farms, Tullamore was twice as large as Mountmellick. Soon Robert had twelve employees, was living in Church Street near the centre of Tullamore, and earning a remarkable £1,000 per year.⁹

During his early twenties Robert Duggan married Emily Kathleen Parsons, known to all as Daisy. She was a year older than Duggan, the fourth daughter of a family of six, and descended from French Huguenots on her mother's side.¹⁰ Soon, in 1910, the couple had a son. The child was Robert Sydney Duggan, whom for convenience everyone called either Sydney or by his nickname 'Spider'. A daughter, Doris Mary Duggan, followed in 1912. At this time life must have seemed full for the young father and prosperous businessman. Robert Duggan was immensely popular in Tullamore and seemed very settled, but tragedy was about to strike. In February of the next year Daisy died suddenly of heart failure while under ether, during an operation of unknown cause.¹¹ Then in November the infant Doris also died after contracting meningitis, leaving Robert Duggan suddenly alone with a son of three.¹² His reaction to these bereavements was remarkable. By the year's end, leaving his son in the care of his brother Richard and his wife Bessie in Portlaoise, Robert Duggan had sold his business and emigrated to New Zealand. It is tempting to note a hint of panic in the haste of his escape.

Of course, emigration was very much a traditional Irish response to adverse circumstances. A virtual Irish diaspora had occurred earlier in the 1840s and 50s, in the wake of the Great Famine. Upwards of two and a half million people departed in two decades, mostly for America, from a country whose population in 1841 was just over eight million. Emigration continued, until by 1921 the population had been halved. In New Zealand's case the greatest number of Irish immigrants arrived during the Vogel era of 1871-1885, mainly because of the government assistance schemes of those years, but the number of further immigrants from Ireland declined sharply from the 1890s. Thus Robert Duggan arrived at the tail end of mass Irish immigration, one of 3,877 Irish people estimated for 1913 from a total of nearly 45,000 arrivals.¹³ In County Offaly a clean new gravestone read: 'In fond memory of Emily Kathleen, beloved wife of Robert H. Duggan, Tullamore, who fell asleep on 24th February 1913 aged 28 years, and of Doris, infant daughter of above, who fell asleep on 21 November 1913 aged 14 months'.¹⁴ But by then Robert Duggan was a new chum in Ngaruawahia, stabling two horses which he liked to ride, keeping a launch on the Waikato river, and working as senior salesman in a local drapery firm.¹⁵

A journey by steamer from Ireland lasted many weeks. As a non-Catholic Duggan would have scorned participation in the traditional blessing of emigrants by a priest. He was later proud of being an unassisted migrant and thus not having travelled steerage.¹⁶ The normal pattern was of chain migration, of joining an already established relative overseas. Instead Duggan struck out on his own. For a Baptist America was a logical destination, but Duggan chose New Zealand without apparent hesitation. His impulsiveness seems to have excluded asking for information from friends with relatives abroad, or of consulting reports on the country in the journals and newspapers of the day. He arrived prepared in Wellington, as Maurice Duggan later wrote:

with fourteen trunks of clothes, eight hundred golden sovereigns in a bag and a Browning revolver in his pocket. He'd expected something different.¹⁷

These expectations were to become a family joke among his descendants. In a story written in the 1950s, and entitled 'The Life and Death of an Unknown Pioneer', Maurice Duggan wondered more seriously: 'Was it pride or was it shyness that kept him in ignorance; or was it some almost adolescent hope, an unexpressed and wordless desire for some sort of primitive committal to the unknown?'¹⁸ The story contains a heavily fictionalised account of Robert Duggan's voyage. His journey is 'through sea and through fantasy alike', as the dandified young businessman frees his poetic imagination for the first time in his life, but manages to see his destination only in terms taken from a popular novel.¹⁹ On ship he transforms himself into a romantic

adventurer. Thus his landfall is a disappointment and, as the story's title implies, fatal of a kind.

Here was no strewn beach, no lagoon, no cannibal or pictured isle. He looked at the efficient harbour, the solid city that climbed tier on tier into the hills, the paraphernalia of civilisation that suggested no great change from what he had left. [...] After that life must have had for a long time the flat, stale, and eternal quality of an anticlimax; a quality that fully hindered his reminiscence of this time in his life.²⁰

The passage may capture something of Robert Duggan's feelings on first gazing at the antipodean shore, but his arrival in New Zealand was soon an unqualified liberation.

It has been said that above all else living in a colony meant looking forwards, not back.²¹ A new life offered a chance to rebuild one's personality in a new environment, but it was also an introduction to problems of identity. Robert Duggan ceased to be a widowed family man, but he also became an Irishman in a resolutely British country. He became known, at least to his friends, by the nickname Pat. It is possible that like many Irish migrants he lost some of his native ebullience fitting into a sober new land, grew more withdrawn at the core of his personality, and became more serious. The Irish had to live down a hard-drinking, wild reputation, which by the time of Duggan's arrival was no longer really deserved. They had been the youngest and least skilled of the Vogel-era immigrants, though by the start of World War One they were the oldest and most settled of all British migrant groups.²² In the 1916 census those of Irish background made up 17.7% of the total New Zealand population, but those of Irish birth just 3.4%.²³

Something that Duggan understood easily was the colonial lesson of getting on through effort. He soon moved from Ngaruawahia up to Auckland, New Zealand's largest city and commercial centre, to work as a salesman at George Court & Sons Ltd.²⁴ George Court's was already a well known firm, a large department store in Karangahape Road which sold a variety of products, including men and women's apparel, drapery, manchester, cosmetics and shoes.²⁵ Established by an English immigrant in 1886, it was very much a family-run concern, incorporated in 1907 and still trading as a private company in the 1960s.²⁶ On the day of Maurice Duggan's birth in 1922, for example, its customary full-page advertisement in the *New Zealand Herald* was selling stetsons, akubras and English velour hats; smart ties; negligé, tennis and canoe shirts; serge, gabardine and flannel trousers; smoking jackets; a range of tweed and worsted suits; braces, blazers, alpaca coats, kit bags, and a wide selection of clothes for boys.²⁷ Robert Duggan loved dealing with the customers. Over the counter there came to the fore what those around him, and even he himself, would have thought of as a consummately Irish charm.²⁸ It was a quality he was to pass on to Maurice. Robert Duggan was a courteous, well-spoken man whose

'breezy brogue of a voice', as it was later characterised, was not so broad as to be difficult but was clear enough to be lilting.²⁹ Store-work involved a sense of showmanship that appealed to him. Over the years his jolly Irish demeanour became steadily more pronounced. Much later he would explain, only half in jest, how to conduct a sale by placing items in the store window at inflated prices for two months. Then on sale day they were marked down.³⁰ He was also well known for being able to add correctly five columns of figures simply by running his eyes down the list. Rapidly he began to garner some reputation in the shop.

Duggan could not have been in Auckland long before he met Mary Ellen Condon, whom he always called Molly. She too was working behind one of the glass-topped counters at George Court's. She was the second child of Maurice Condon and his wife Nora, formerly Nora Flynn. The Condon family had been established in the country for a long time. It was Maurice Condon's parents who had come out from Ireland, so his five children were already third generation New Zealanders.³¹ Condon, a carpenter, died when Mary was young, and the family lived in Ponsonby at 24 Lincoln Street.³² It was a small house on a narrow undulating road, comfortable though modest, but in an unmistakably Catholic working-class area. Duggan was staying at 2 Avon Street, at the top of a similar row of small neat railway cottages, in Parnell.

Mary was twenty two when she met and fell in love with Duggan. He was twenty eight. She was a tall, slender woman, dark and good looking, and Catholic.³³ This meant that there would have been, at least initially, something illicit in their romance. It would have been a relationship unthinkable for Duggan's parents in Ireland. The 1908 *Ne Temere* decree, enforced by the Catholic church throughout the world, required that in the case of Catholic-Protestant intermarriage a Catholic priest must preside, and that the non-Catholic partner should agree to all children of the union being raised in the Catholic faith. A nuptial Mass was out of the question, and vows were exchanged in a side chapel, not the main sanctuary.³⁴ In New Zealand sectarian ill-feeling followed the decree at a pitch previously unknown. The editor of the Catholic *Tablet* described the Minister of Education as a 'monotonous parrot', and accused the Minister of Defence of 'chicanery and double-dealing' when pro-Catholic and pro-Irish issues were not satisfied. If anything the Protestants were worse. The Rev. Howard Elliot founded the Protestant Political Association, which made a number of outrageous and untrue claims about Auckland convents. The Association had the ear of William Massey (himself a former Orange Lodge member), and attempted to interfere in the 1919 general elections.³⁵ It was perhaps fortunate that before Duggan and Mary's liaison could proceed very far the greater conflicts of World War One intervened.

New Zealand joined Britain in declaring war on Germany on 5 August 1914. When the announcement by the Governor, Lord Liverpool, was posted at the *Herald* office in Auckland large crowds of people thronged Queen Street to sing patriotic songs. There was a great rush to join up all over the Empire, including Ireland, where both Protestants and Catholics seemed united in their determination to participate.³⁶ At twenty eight Duggan was much older than the usual recruit. Yet after six months of hearing of ANZAC struggles at Gallipoli he enlisted, two months after Chunuk Bair, on 19 October 1915. He passed the physical examination without difficulty. Soon he was sent to Trentham for basic training as part of the Ninth Reinforcements, in a war uniform he had had tailor-made. Perhaps he felt a sense of duty to his adopted country and to Ireland, and perhaps his desire for adventure still lingered. He was soon dispatched overseas to Egypt, to join the Auckland Regiment's 2nd Battalion at Moascar camp after its evacuation from Anzac Cove.³⁷

Mary waited for him. Duggan sent a postcard of himself from Egypt in February, signed: 'Best Love from yours, Pat'.³⁸ It was a tourist photo taken before the Sphinx. Three New Zealanders in uniform sit on camels, with the lance-corporal's stripes clearly visible on Duggan's arms. By the end of the war he was to be a quartermaster-sergeant.³⁹ With the self-consciousness that was to be a characteristic of his literary son, he apologised for the photograph being so poor and hoped Molly would recognise him. In April the Regiment was sent to northern France. It took part in the storming of the Switch Line in September 1916, during the battle of the Somme Valley, then a raid on Fleurbaix near Armentières in February 1917, and the successful battle of Messines in Belgium the following June.⁴⁰ Then followed action at Gravenstafel and Bellevue Spur in October at the close of the battle of Ypres. During the fighting carriers with what were dubbed 'Yukon packs' would try to get ammunition, water and food under enemy shell-fire to front-line trenches.⁴¹ An exploding shell left Duggan deaf in his left ear for the remainder of his life, but otherwise he came through these experiences unscathed. He was able to go on leave in Paris. In 1918 he contracted cystitis and was hospitalised, rejoining his regiment just a few days before the armistice. With the war over, Duggan was sent to England. He spent 1919 at the New Zealand Discharge Depot at Torquay.

When he could secure leave from Torquay Duggan visited Mountmellick. There he had a happy reception but seemed reserved.⁴² It is unlikely that he explained about Mary Condon in Auckland, nor her religion. To any inquiries he replied that he was not back to stay, but only to bring his son with him out to the antipodes. Sydney was happy with his uncle and aunt, and he did not want to leave them. Nevertheless Duggan took him to London, where they had dinner at a restaurant, toured the British Museum, and went to the cinema. To keep the boy's spirits up his father bought him a Box Brownie. Sydney played golf and bowls with the sergeants while camped with

his father at Torquay.⁴³ They arranged supplies for a long sea journey, and then sailed in November. Duggan never returned to Ireland again. He was formally discharged from the army the following February 1920, after his arrival in Wellington.

The Great War, as it was then known, was probably the most brutal mass conflict in all military history. 16,000 New Zealanders were killed and 41,000 wounded, a casualty rate of fifty eight percent.⁴⁴ Duggan never talked of what he had seen in the war. Men were expected to be reticent about it, and in any event he had become a person who kept things to himself. However, after the experiences of battle the prospect of intermarriage with a Catholic must have seemed very small beer. Although New Zealand was one of the few countries trying to legislate against the *Ne Temere* decree, sectarian bigotry was dying down, and Duggan's family was on the other side of the world. On 20 September 1920 Robert and Mary Duggan were married near Lincoln Street in Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby. The witnesses were relatives of the Condons'.⁴⁵ Later, under the instruction of Monsignor Bradley, Duggan converted to Catholicism and so made a decisive break with his past. It may have been an act of love as much as of faith. He was never comfortable with confession and some parts of Catholic doctrine, and he did not accompany his wife, who was a devout churchgoer, to Mass.⁴⁶ But it helped create harmony within his new family.

Robert Duggan buried his personal history. He never chose to explain the circumstances of his emigration to his New Zealand-born children. He never talked about his first wife, and all communication with his family in Ireland was eventually cut off. A letter from an older brother in 1958, after hearing by chance news of Robert Duggan's whereabouts, tried to catch up on decades of silence. Duggan did not reply.⁴⁷ He was often dismissive of Ireland in family conversation.⁴⁸ However these were not unusual immigrant phenomena. By the early 20th Century migrants were being openly referred to by nationalists in Ireland as traitors. As the years went by it was common for the migrants themselves, no matter how willing their departure, to feel that they had been forced out, rejected, or somehow cheated of their birthright. This hindered communication with the old country. Furthermore, the novelty of the migrants' experience left them with precious little to say. Ireland itself was going through great changes--the Anglo-Irish War, Home Rule, and the Civil War which would follow. The country's longed-for independence would bring with it new kinds of suffering and new difficulties with the past.

The marriage seems to have begun happily, but the Duggans could not be a young couple without ties. Now a child of nine, Sydney Duggan, a Baptist boy, had spent 1920 as a boarder at Sacred Heart Boys' School in Pitt Street, a primary school attached to Sacred Heart College. In 1921 he was a day-boy at the Marist Brothers' intermediate school in Ponsonby, and he lived with his father and step-mother in a

house at Paice Avenue, Mt. Eden. Sydney was an intelligent and sensitive child, who was hurt when his step-mother made obvious her resentment of his presence, but as time went on Mary adjusted.⁴⁹ For one thing, she was pregnant. She had her first child in August, a girl, whom they christened Marie Noreen Duggan. Shortly afterwards the family moved to another house, most likely rented, at Lloyd Avenue in Mt. Albert. Mary was a good cook, and mealtimes were always lavish. There were lots of cakes and pies, and wonderful sponges which she beat laboriously by hand, particularly for special occasions. She loved music, an interest she passed on to all her children, and she had a good singing voice. With the neighbourhood women Mary went to concerts, especially Gilbert and Sullivan light operas at His Majesty's Theatre.⁵⁰

But Mary soon found that her husband had become a stay-at-home type, who much preferred pottering about the section to going out with his wife on weekends or holidays. Duggan was a particularly keen gardener. In the short time they lived at Paice Avenue he had even gone to the trouble of blasting rocks in order to have some soil to cultivate.⁵¹ Perhaps, too, Robert Duggan saved his sociability for the shop. He was working once more at George Court's, where his skills at logistics, honed by the war, may have been one reason for his becoming increasingly involved in management. It was an exciting challenge for him to work with the four Court sons, who were more or less his contemporaries, as the business developed and expanded. But at home Duggan could be stubborn and set in his ways. This made Mary moody, and they had frequent disagreements.⁵² Nevertheless, while they were living at Lloyd Avenue, Mary presented Duggan with her first son on 25 November 1922, a warm dry Saturday. They named the child after her father, Maurice Noel Duggan.⁵³

1922 is widely considered an *annus mirabilis* for European literature, and it was an eventful time for writers everywhere. The great works of modernism, James Joyce's *Ulysses* and T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, both of which were much admired by Maurice Duggan, appeared in the course of the year. So too did *The Garden Party*, the book which was to make Katherine Mansfield's name before her death in 1923. Erskine Childers, famous as the author of *The Riddle of the Sands*, was executed by the government of the Irish Free State on the day before Maurice's birth. Future North Shore friends, like Keith Sinclair and Kendrick Smithyman, were also born in what Maurice later liked to describe as a vintage year.⁵⁴ Auckland by the time of his birth was an eighty two year-old city of 164,000 people, and confident of its future.⁵⁵ Electric trams, recently bought by the city council, coursed between three-storey commercial buildings with verandahed shop-fronts and travelled as far as Three Lamps in Ponsonby. The ornate Chief Post Office, the Ferry Building, the Customhouse and Saint Patrick's Cathedral were all established landmarks, as was the bridge across Grafton Gully, the longest single concrete arch in the world. The

elaborate Princes Street clock-tower of Auckland University College was under construction, and near Symonds Street Partington's Windmill chopped at the sky. In the month of Maurice's birth a floating crane lowered the waiting rooms for launch passengers into place on the Auckland wharves. On Karangahape Road, built along the route of an ancient Maori track, George Court's was prominent among the most important shops in Auckland. The days were gone when an immigrant policeman had had to drag a dead horse round the corner into Pitt Street because he could not spell Karangahape for his report.⁵⁶ In 1924 the original two-storey George Court's shop was demolished, and a grand, four-storey building designed by Clinton Savage was erected in its place. A projecting cornice, banks of multi-paned windows, and the iron veranda on an upper storey were the outer emblems of the store's commercial success.⁵⁷ At the same time the Duggan family moved across the harbour to Empire Road in Devonport. Shortly afterwards they moved yet again to a house they had bought nearby at 46 Albert Road, and it was there, settled at last, that the children grew up.

There were many Irish families in the Albert Road neighbourhood. Further along the street were the O'Connors, Irish publicans with grown-up children who liked to hold loud parties on Saturday nights.⁵⁸ The neighbourhood lay between Mount Victoria and Mount Cambria at the rear of the Duggan house and Takapuna Racecourse (now Alison Park) to the fore. Cheltenham and Narrow Neck beaches lay to the east, and Devonport with its ferries and view across to the city was on the far side of the hills. The Catholic Parish of Devonport had been established as far back as 1903, and Father Michael Joseph Furlong was parish priest from 1905 for fifty seven years.⁵⁹ The church was at the top of Albert Road, and everyone walked the length of the street for Sunday Mass at ten o'clock. Fights between the children of Saint Leo's Convent School and the state-managed Devonport School nearby were not unknown.⁶⁰ Albert Road had a 'good' side and a 'bad' side, and the Duggan home, resting on the bottom slopes of Mount Cambria, was emphatically on the good. The section began high from the road and rose steeply at the rear. The house was a big building of white weatherboards and set well to the front of the property, a bay window at its left and a veranda at its right, with steep steps between up them to the front door. Mount Cambria was a small extinct volcano whose peak was quarried away many years later. Its companion cone, Mount Victoria, still stands whole, and on it throughout Maurice's childhood was mounted the signal station which cleared shipping for entry to Waitemata Harbour. Maurice later remembered it as a site of disappearing guns and gun pits installed in 1885, during a scare over Russian expansionism in the South Pacific. 'Rumour had it,' he wrote, 'when I was a boy, that the gun had been fired only once, and not in anger, and had broken most of the windows in Devonport'.⁶¹

In the Albert Road house Mary Duggan was to have two more children, Kathleen Mary Louisa Duggan in 1924 and Maureen Nancy Duggan, somewhat later than the others, in 1929. Meanwhile her teenage step-son, Sydney, took the bus and ferry to Sacred Heart College in Richmond Road each day. Outwardly he seemed cheerful. On the bus he used to tease the neighbourhood girls by mouthing the Latin word for kiss, *osculum*.⁶² But although he could play the role of eldest brother he was so much older as to feel through most of his childhood a little extraneous, a remainder from a no longer acknowledged time. The early death of his own mother had left him feeling quietly bereaved. The four younger children grew up very much together. One of their earliest games was to race by climbing along the fence rails around the inside of the family property.⁶³

A large family meant plenty of opportunity to play at home. The Duggan children were not often allowed to go to other people's houses and so children would come to theirs, a place well-heated in winter and where the reception was always hospitable. The section's sloping ground meant that underneath the front of the house was space for hanging curtain-dividers from stanchions to make play-rooms. There the children produced mud pies around an abandoned gas-stove. Later Duggan built a small corrugated-iron hut onto a trellis at the back of the section, and the stove and the cooking games were moved. The children ran about in his vegetable garden. At Christmas time they were taken into the city for shopping and to visit Cook's Ritz Tea Rooms, on Queen Street up from the Roxy Theatre, for a Rangitoto Special--three mounds of ice-cream topped with syrup, strawberries or glacé cherries, and a pink opera biscuit. Two individual actions marked Maurice's earliest assertions of his existence. The first was impishly locking Marie in the coal-shed, terrifying her in the total darkness, so that she was never comfortable in such confined spaces again.⁶⁴ The other was when he played with a sandstone sharpening wheel kept by his father in the basement under the house. Pumping its foot-pedal to see how fast it would go, he toppled the machine and the stone caught him on the forehead. The resulting cut left a scar which he bore all his life, and at school he would be self-conscious about it.⁶⁵ These were his first tangles with misfortune.

As the children grew older, Mount Cambria with its dew-damp fennel, nasturtium and bamboo was a favourite play-area. Robert Duggan took the children up its slopes to fly kites from a reel of fishing line, sending them out over the racecourse towards Narrow Neck Beach, or out over the gasworks and the ribbon of road that skirted Ngataranga Bay and the mangroves. Maurice's ambition was 'to match the kite into the socket of Rangitoto, the red silk triangle diving into the grey ship, docking. You could almost hear the click'.⁶⁶ Eventually he was to recall these incidents for his children's story, 'The Sailor on the Hill', where the children see

south to the harbour and the slope and steeples and wharves of the town; north to the conical island, the open sea, and the white and graceful cage of a beacon marking a channel or a sunken reef.⁶⁷

It is possible to assume some aspects of Robert Duggan in both the story's cautious Mr Shannon, who checks with the Council to learn whether his children can climb the mountain, and in Pat, the stage-Irishman who lives in a hideaway on the slopes, tending the thin soil of his much-loved garden.

Another favourite play area was Cheltenham Beach, down to which all the local roads seemed to run, a long stretch of sand sheltered by Rangitoto. There the children were taught to swim by Arthur Roberts, a neighbour who owned a chemist's shop in Karangahape Road. They played about with a beach ball, walked along the sewage pipe into the water from Arawa Avenue, and as they grew older and stronger they swam out to a moored wooden raft. Maurice adored swimming. Loving descriptions of time spent in the water or drying off in the sunshine appear in 'Six Place Names and a Girl', 'The Wits of Willie Graves' and *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Grace Molloy's refusal to let her step-children go swimming is the last twist of the knife in 'The Departure'. Two of the surest sentences in the early 'Sunbrown' are: '[He] dived through the sunlight into the water. He scrubbed the water into his face when he broke the surface, threshing, feeling the bristle scrape under his hand and a clean sting in his skin'.⁶⁸ Even Gambo and Isobel sunbathe, she naked and he 'in bathing trunks and a barrel chest', on their last day together in 'O'Leary's Orchard'.⁶⁹ Summer holidays were spent by the Duggan family in seaside baches at places like Beach Haven, in those times an area so rural that mail was delivered on horseback. At Beach Haven the children would swim all day. Later Maurice's enthusiasm led him to take lessons from Professor Anderson at the Tepid Baths in Hobson Street, the only one of the children to do so.⁷⁰ Anderson would sometimes allow his students to tie his wrists and ankles, then jump into the pool and free himself underwater. Summer and swimming were to be associated by Maurice all his life with a carefree sensuousness that later seemed impossible. As an adult the conviction that he was unable to swim with friends, or even to go to the beach with his family, was to be a source of bitter regret.

The Duggan family was photographed in Auckland in early 1928. Maureen was not to be born for another year.⁷¹ The world was approaching the Wall Street Crash and a major economic depression, but by now Robert Duggan had been made General Manager of George Court's. Throughout the hard times for many that were to follow he would receive an enormous £30 per week salary.⁷² He was a hard-working, self-reliant, prosperous colonial businessman, a chain smoker but a virtual abstainer from alcohol. Staring at the photographer's lens, Duggan must have felt once again that life was full, and that he had reproduced what was lost of his first family in Ireland. His

appearance was always scrupulously neat. He would never be seen unshaven at breakfast, his clothes were tidy, and his hands and fingernails he kept thoroughly clean.⁷³ The hours Duggan worked were similarly conscientious. He was away from the house early in the morning and back late at night. But at work he received, and deserved, the respect of those under him for his fair dealing and common sense. His movement around the shop was later characterised in a story as a series of 'stern, efficient visits', and he was careful about quality and details.⁷⁴ At home Duggan's tools were all of the best brands. After use they would be meticulously cleaned and wiped with linseed oil, then secured with leather straps to hang at their right places in the small glass-house he liked to use as a work-shop.⁷⁵ The children would remember his mirth and annoyance when he carefully built a dog-house for the family cocker spaniel but found the kennel was too big to get out the glass-house door.⁷⁶ Duggan could be the genial Irishman, but behind this exterior he was also 'an awfully odd sort of chest of drawers in his way and very closed'.⁷⁷ His temper, when finally roused, was fierce enough for Maurice to be frightened of it.

Sydney Duggan did well in his five years at Sacred Heart College, and his departure from home was the occasion for the family photograph to be taken. In 1926 he received notable marks in Public Service and in 1927, his final year, he won the gold medal in Religion and the McVeagh Essay Prize. He was third on aggregate in class and first in Chemistry.⁷⁸ Sydney had converted to Catholicism of his own accord at the age of twelve and decided to become a priest. He and a school friend, Pat McCabe, were to leave for Eastwood in Sydney Australia to enter the Vincentian Order, which followed in the footsteps of Saint Vincent de Paul. The Order had no seminary in New Zealand. Robert Duggan initially stood against his son's choice of vocation, although no doubt his wife was pleased at the honour a priest brought to a Catholic family.⁷⁹ On a later occasion, when Sydney was in orders, Duggan advised him against visiting the family in Ireland because he did not think it would be possible for a priest to gain acceptance.⁸⁰ This was as close to a discussion of Irish politics, or politics of any sort, as Duggan ever came. The departure by ship of an older brother overseas, and the sense of genuine sadness mixed with guilt at not feeling more, was to contribute to Maurice's story 'Now is the Hour', the circumstances grafted onto an entirely different type of family.

In the front of the family portrait, between their parents, the younger children seem somewhat suspicious of the probably lengthy posings, and Maurice crosses his arms to appear more manly. It was his job to polish his father's shoes each night before work. His resemblance to his mother is striking. Mary Duggan had by now put on a great deal of weight, although whether this was the result of giving birth to three children or of illness is not clear. She was ill very often, and the care of Marie, Maurice and Kathleen had sometimes fallen upon Sydney while he himself was still in

his teens. Often too they were sent to visit Grandma Condon in Lincoln Street on the weekends. She was an elderly woman who habitually wore black clothes of mourning and a black bonnet. In the Condon house baking was done on Saturday mornings, and the delightful results were laid out for the children to have. Maurice's poem, 'Ponsonby Circa 1930', was to recall accurately visits to his grandmother and her fierce affection. After Marie had washed her hair the old woman used to part it with a double-sided comb so vigorously that for years Marie hated anyone interfering with it.⁸¹

We were clean children
and the school was bitterly neat
but in the dungeon kitchen
in the leap of Lincoln Street
dark grandma picked for nits
with the palping slums of her fingers.

Salt from Shelly Beach baths
might rime our local skulls
supple spokes of octop~~us~~s leave trace
on teasing hands by tidefall rock
embrace our kiddy wrists
in that dawdle of peccavi days

But grandma's eager headholds
knew no translation from the bogside Gael.
How we hated the black enactment
of her implacable memory but loved
her floury scones with skidding pats of cream.
God bless you go slowly stupid loves.⁸²

Although devoted to her children, Mary Duggan could become withdrawn. Part of her illness can be described, in contemporary terms, as depression.⁸³ She stayed in her bedroom during depressive episodes, and the neighbours knew there was something odd about it.⁸⁴ Her problem came and went, but its nature was not understood. Like Mrs Lenihan in 'The Deposition', Mary would have been visited by priest and doctor, but the prevailing attitude of the time is summed up in Mr Lenihan's explanation to his new housekeeper.

Mrs Lenihan wasn't to be thought of as an invalid: more as a woman--
did Mrs Byrne have any experience of such things?--going through a
naturally difficult time.⁸⁵

In 'The Deposition' Mrs Lenihan's difficulties approach genuine insanity as she shuts herself up continually in her room, and there is no doubt that in writing the story Maurice considerably exaggerated his memories of his mother's illness.⁸⁶ There were many times when she was well and appeared, as Maurice put it in the same story, a 'housewife aproned, bare-armed, hot and busy'.⁸⁷ Nevertheless something of the children's confusion at the intermittent 'anger and stubbornness, wilfulness and despair' that must have periodically shaken the household comes into its fictionalised account.⁸⁸ Melancholy was an Irish characteristic with a tradition of its own, but Mary's depression appears to have been metabolic, neither the result of gathering stress nor of past trauma. Its very lack of obvious cause must have been frustrating, and frightening for the family. Today such a disorder would be treated with antidepressant drugs, but all that could be offered Mary Duggan was tolerance, and the dilemma was to be resolved only by further tragedy.

The inside of the Duggan house in Albert Road, like Mr Lenihan's, 'was large and rambling and old, almost too comfortable and in good repair'.⁸⁹ It had a long central hallway dividing a succession of rooms on each side, and a sturdy kauri floor. The master bedroom was to the right on entering the house, and further along was a sewing room for Maurice's mother. The dining room was dark with dark panelled walls. The children liked to hide behind curtains in the central corridor when visitors arrived. The children's bedroom was on the opposite side of the hallway to their parents', and off it a generous veranda faced the concrete street and wrapped around the left side of the house. From the veranda along the side of the house the children could sit and watch occasional searchlight displays from Narrow Neck army camp in the evening, and from a window seat under the front they could watch fireworks on Guy Fawkes day. The front veranda also had a clear view of Takapuna Racecourse. Race meetings were a major form of entertainment and pageantry in what was still a young country. While Duggan and Mary attended the annual meet, Maurice and his sisters would watch the horses go round the track through their father's binoculars.⁹⁰ Maurice wrote later of the experience in 'Race Day'.

[A]n oval of rich green in the summer-coloured oblong park, washed on one side by the tide which rose through the mangroves and bound on the other by the shine of the harbour beach [...] Their eyes looked out over the sunken houses and the road to where it lay, beyond and below, almost empty at this hour of the morning, but hung above with flags and rinsed in the sun, a racecourse quite complete, for this one day in the year.⁹¹

As in the story, where the children observe but fail to comprehend the death of a jockey, severe accidents were not unknown.

Since the 1877 and 1914 Education Acts children between the ages of seven and fourteen were required by law to attend a secular state school, free of charge. But clause ninety sub-section one provided an exemption if 'the child is under efficient and regular instruction otherwise, or is attending some private school or some educational institution not supported by grants from the board'.⁹² Through this arrangement children from Catholic homes attended their own schools, funded with some small government assistance but mostly by the efforts of parents and the local parish priest. The schools aimed to gather children of Catholic background together in order to bring them up within the precepts of the faith. But as the system was run by clergy, sisters and brothers who were mostly Irish, and the pupils were almost entirely of Irish descent, a certain Irishism was a natural side-effect. Religion, education and ethnic background were all of a piece. Such schools tended to exist within a framework that at least one historian has noted was 'not socially different from that of an Irish village'.⁹³ Maurice and his older sister Marie began to attend Saint Leo's Convent School, on the corner of Victoria and Albert Roads, just two months before Maurice's fifth birthday in 1927.⁹⁴ The Sisters of Mercy had been teaching on the site since 1893.⁹⁵ Along with the basics of reading, writing and arithmetic, Maurice would have learned that a guardian angel had been delegated to watch over him. He memorised the pink-covered Baltimore penny catechism which asked and answered all the fundamental questions about his life, beginning with the most obvious: 'Who made you?'

Maurice joined the large number of New Zealand writers whose ability went entirely unnoticed at school. In later years Maurice's chief complaints of his early education were that its substance did not match antipodean reality and that his imagination was not awakened. At home the children were not often read to. Although there was in the house a large, heavy volume of stories they could read themselves, Maurice was later to recall: 'I grew up in a family where books had no place, where the imagination was unrecognised. That's real poverty, in the midst of plenty of meat and vegetables'.⁹⁶ Yet Robert Duggan was fond of the traditional Irish tales of fairies. He was not a storyteller, but his remarks and elaborations of their ways were so convincing that for several years his children completely believed in their existence. He was also fond of reciting a long rambling poem, 'The Bonny Bunch of Blackberries'. The children loved to have him tell it, chiming in on the parts they knew.⁹⁷

At the time of Maurice's schooling New Zealand Irish were caught, according to an Irish historian, 'in tense interplay with a majority culture they both detested and admired, better at the language than those who owned it, and equally determined to be both themselves and to fit in'.⁹⁸ As a further complication, even the majority culture was anti-intellectual and taught its children as if they were still part of a foreign

country. For Irish migrants this meant in practice clustering around the idea of an Ireland refracted through reminiscence, popular literature and legend. The result was the type of romantic country evoked in the *Tablet* by poet Eileen Duggan. She was no relation to Maurice, and he was to scribble in his own copy of *New Zealand Literature: A Survey*, beside E. H. McCormick's praise for her poetry, 'Ye Gods! He means it!'.⁹⁹ She had never visited Ireland. Maurice's stories, in which Irish New Zealanders successfully recite Kubla Khan on a tractor or fail to teach the Londonderry Air to a boy who thinks the song is about London, can be read as encounters with an Irish heritage which second generation descendants recognise only as artificial. '[T]hat brogue,' Maurice wrote of Margaret's listening to her father's carefully preserved accent in 'Race Day', 'telling tales, lay under her childhood like foundations of water'.¹⁰⁰

In the 1960 issue of *Manuka*, the magazine of the Auckland Teachers' College Association, Maurice wrote of the dampening quality in his schooling: 'The world had an appearance hardly to be matched with anything from those hours of preparation'. This was somehow in spite of the variety of a world with 'the menus in French, the mottoes in Latin, and the place names in Maori'.¹⁰¹ The famous Irish love of words came to Maurice through a basic ambivalence about a New Zealand language at several removes from his origins, not even a tongue simply imposed by a foreign conqueror. To Albert Wendt he wrote:

My father, a migrant from Ireland, knew no Gaelic: his family had not spoken it within his memory; yet until he came to NZ he never used the word 'screwdriver' to describe that particular tool--he'd called it a turnscrew. Joyce has the same point, somewhere, about 'tundish' for funnel.¹⁰²

'[W]hat was the *use* of Kubla Khan or a sonnet to a nightingale?', he asked in *Manuka*.¹⁰³ This challenge to the New Zealand imagination Maurice was to answer later in the same year by appropriating Coleridge's poem for 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', a story in which he offers his own vernacular poetry in the opening dialogue between Buster O'Leary and Fanny Hohepa. The passage remains the most famous of all New Zealand literary trysts. Buster and Fanny tempt each other with talk of a swim.

Every day the pupils of Saint Leo's Convent School, from primer one (aged five) to standard six (aged thirteen), lined up outside the entrance to the school buildings. There were three classrooms in a row, primers, intermediates and seniors. The boys in their small black and yellow ties, and the girls in their tidy gym dresses and blouses, were watched by the diminutive Sister Mary de Sales. In Catholic schools, like schools everywhere, the quality of teaching staff could vary, from those who genuinely fulfilled the goals of their vocation to others who were little more than

'clerical thugs'.¹⁰⁴ When Maurice dipped a girl's pigtails in an inkwell he was beaten with the belt of a habit. Robert Duggan thought the punishment excessive and removed his son from school for three days until the matter was settled. But this was an exception to the norm.¹⁰⁵ Maurice's marks were always good enough to keep him out of scholastic trouble, but he was more interested in outdoor activities. Beside the classrooms was a grassy area for football and an asphalt court for basketball (now replaced by netball). At the rear of the school stretched a row of plum trees that the children took fruit from in summer. The brick piles of the classrooms were high enough for the children to run under during games, and there was a tin shed to eat lunch in when it rained. Perhaps the only thing wrong with the school, from the pupils' point of view, was the solitary tap for everyone to drink at, so that on hot days the queue was always long.¹⁰⁶

Mary Duggan had given birth to Maureen in October 1929, and in the months that followed the condition of her heart began to deteriorate. She went to see Dr Bennett, the family GP, on the first day of May 1930, complaining about pains in her upper chest. The diagnosis was angina pectoris.¹⁰⁷ On the morning of 5 May, a Monday, Mary felt the pains again. Strapping her seven month-old daughter in a pram, she pushed the child up the steep driveway beside the house to the Hands, who lived at the rear. Mary looked so ill at the doorway that Mrs Hand suggested she lie down in the bedroom. It was while Mrs Hand was making her a cup of tea out in the kitchen that Mary suffered a massive heart seizure. She was discovered dead when Mrs Hand came back with the ready cup. Robert Duggan was at work and was summoned home. Dr Bennett came from his house in Victoria Road, examined the body and signed the death certificate. At school the children were kept at the convent for lunch. Usually they had lunch at home with their mother. This was their first inkling that something was wrong. Maurice was seven, Marie nearly nine, and Kathleen was five. Later when they were allowed back to Albert Road their father told them the bad news.¹⁰⁸

In accordance with Irish custom of those days the body was kept in the house of the deceased. The coffin lay on the bed of the master bedroom. The local nuns came and dressed Mary in a brown shroud and the scapula of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, laid across her shoulders. There was incense and a crucifix. Candles were lit and the Rosary said. The children felt acutely but understood little else. They knew that their mother was gone, shut away in the bedroom as irrevocably as Mrs Lenihan was to be later in Maurice's story, 'The Deposition'. Before the coffin was closed the children were lifted up to kiss their mother goodbye.¹⁰⁹ All his life Maurice was to have vivid memories of his mother in a wooden box, being carried down the front steps and out of the house by a group of strangers.¹¹⁰ Years afterward he was to record his understanding of the awful finality of that moment in 'The Deposition'.

[He] watched them ease the long box down the steps: the silver handles, which no one held, burned in the grey light. Without pomp, with perfect anonymity, the coffin was borne, curiously mourned by the discreet instructions of the undertaker dressed in ancient black. It was a crying to dead ears. The box slid into the hearse, into the glass and flowerless carriage: the men heaved their shoulders free of the burden, and it was done.¹¹¹

The trauma stayed with him. Later coffins for Maurice were always to carry a special physical horror. Visiting Fairburn's grave as an adult, he recorded that one can have no communion with the dead because the grave represents only a place from which the cadaver has leached away.¹¹²

A funeral service was held at All Souls Church in Devonport on the Wednesday morning, followed by the burial at Waikumete Cemetery. 'Friends please accept this invitation', the funeral notice read in the formula of the day.¹¹³ However the children, as was often the case at this time, did not attend. During the service they were sent to stay with the Tripp family, three or four houses down the road, whose children they sometimes played with. Thus Maurice never saw the burial he imagines briefly in 'Riley's Handbook':

Gone. Through needled branch on needle-strewn earth the slow rain falling, funereal, the longbox descending [...] these tears for a greater relief and grand unfettering.¹¹⁴

The weather was in fact fine and dry.¹¹⁵ Mary's cousin, Mary Finan, soon arrived to help look after the house.¹¹⁶ Mary Duggan had been only thirty seven. The children were to miss their mother's love throughout the remainder of their childhood.

For the second time in his life Robert Duggan found himself tragically bereaved, with young children and an infant of seven months to take care of. The nightmare of Ireland had come back to him, and once more he acted with an ill-considered haste. As he had after his first arrival in Auckland, he soon began responding to the attentions of a woman who worked at George Court's, behind the cosmetics counter. Her name was Phyllis Alice Alma O'Grady, the daughter of a police sergeant. She had been born in Auckland but had grown up while moving with her family all over the country. Phyllis, or Phyl as everyone called her, was a large dressy auburn-haired woman with an extrovert manner. But with her sense of fun came indiscretion. In Whangarei, before her final return to Auckland, only her father's intervention as senior police sergeant had saved her and her sister Molly, a similarly brassy woman, from occasional trouble. Now at thirty years of age, Phyl was looking to marry. Her outgoing ways may have been a useful tonic for the withdrawn, beleaguered Robert Duggan, and they made her attractive. Even though he was considerably older than her at forty four, Duggan was a rich catch. They began to see each other, keeping

their relationship a secret from the children. It is unlikely that Phyl ever visited the house, or that the children ever met her, until one day on 3 October 1931. Their father brought her home from a marriage ceremony at Saint Patrick's Church in Panmure and introduced her. 'This is your new mother,' he said.¹¹⁷ It was seventeen months since Mary's death, and Duggan may have thought he had waited long enough before trying to recreate his family in its third incarnation. But the neighbours fully intended to be scandalised, and the children were sufficiently old to comprehend the talk.¹¹⁸

The children were left in shock. It is doubtful that Maurice ever got over this coming on top of his mother's death. Deceased mothers and unsatisfactory step-mothers appear repeatedly in his published and unpublished work, whether naturalistically in 'A Small Story', 'Now is the Hour' and 'The Departure', or in the deliberately vicious exaggerations of 'Riley's Handbook'. 'One parent is more than enough,' he wrote bitterly in the latter, 'a certain adjustment and there it is'.¹¹⁹ He became convinced that suspicious police called to examine the death certificates of Duggan's first and second wives, and he held this conviction against all reasonableness throughout his life.¹²⁰ There is no doubt he felt a strong antipathy to both his mother and her would-be replacement--to his mother because she had left him, and to his step-mother because she had dared to try and intervene in the relationship. The children's rejection of Phyl was immediate, and some nasty scenes of temper and retribution followed, heightened by the pressure of gossip. No one was happy. Phyl had no experience of children and was taking on a burden of four. She was well out of her depth. But she was more successful with the younger children and even doted on Maureen, who was only twenty three months old. Their relationship was always close.¹²¹ Phyl was a possessive wife. Although it is doubtful that she had ever met Mary Duggan, she was jealous of the woman's presence and tried to eradicate it. Phyl was considerably helped in this by her new husband, whose stubborn will never revealed itself so strongly as in his removal of all traces of Mary's memory. Mary's things were disposed of. All photographs of her alone and with the children were destroyed. Robert Duggan never mentioned her in the house again.

So thoroughly was Mary Duggan buried that her children did not even know the cause and circumstances of her death. They had to make do for the rest of their lives with what little they could remember. In 1950 Maurice wrote to a friend, 'twenty years ago my mother, I am told, long subject to fits of melancholy, died of a self-generated disease'.¹²² This mistaken belief that melancholy had somehow led to his mother's death both incited his anger and increased his fears as Maurice later fought his own battles with depression. 'There are interior burdens that cannot be shared or in any way lightened', he noted in 'Riley's Handbook', an exaggerated upsurge into fiction of mother-love both withheld and repudiated.¹²³

Back through the millennia to the days and weepings of my youth, which is but another and the same, the dark head bent in darkness at the door, the shut door and locked, of a Pegeen [mother] raging in silent inconsolable melancholy. Did I imbibe my present at that past breast in the thirty seconds before she thrust me from her in repulsion? Was I in that frequent vigil at that dark door listening to nothing less than a description--silence, breath, a smell of candlewax--of my future now all but past? If those copious tears continued, I may here remark, at the same spate, she must have been standing thigh-deep in dewy lymph, the lachrymal tide, the furniture floating while I held dangerous post beyond the dam. That would be it for sure. Bejesus the grievings I've seen flowing through my time. Have a good cry and get it over, there's the wise prescription for you. If you try the laughter you'll^{1.152} be slapped; though it's something to be hysterical over all the same.¹²⁴

In the strained atmosphere at Albert Road bad decision followed bad. Grandma Condon wanted nothing to do with the remarriage and so the children were forbidden to see her. Their grandmother arranged for them to meet in secret after school. When this was discovered there was trouble. The children were smacked hard and relations permanently severed. Only Mary's sister Nora, known to the children as Auntie Cis, made an effort to get along with Phyl. In doing so she kept a slim line of contact with the Condon family open. Fortunately Phyl received some invaluable guidance in handling children from her own mother. Also Maurice and his sisters were enchanted by her father, Sergeant Thomas O'Grady. An imposingly tough but kindly and understanding man, they called him Pup.

The entire house at Albert Road was remodelled after Mary's death, the changes reflecting some of the tastes of its new mistress. The lounge was expanded to include the children's bedroom, when the wall between was removed. The sewing room was no longer wanted, so the children received new bedrooms of their own on the other side of the corridor. These were lined up behind the master bedroom, Kathleen and Maureen together, then Maurice, then Marie. A live-in maid was hired, the first of a series of three or four in the next four years, and her room was at the back of the house nearest the kitchen. They included Mrs Ferguson, an elderly woman the children did not like, and Dorothy Simpson, their last maid, who was young and whom the children liked very much.¹²⁵ After changes to the family house in 'The Deposition', Margaret feels her home is 'spring-cleaned of its former gloom and yet suggesting something now which would not be joy'.¹²⁶ The Duggan family began to settle down to some sort of harmony again, but the process was slow and, ultimately, incomplete.

Duggan continued his regime of work and garden. The children continued to hold concerts in the big wash-house, dressing up and using it as a playroom. Maurice and Marie began to mow the lawns of their neighbour, Mrs Roberts, each Saturday morning for sixpence. Close to the end of the year in which Maurice's mother had died a new boy named Bill Kirker, conspicuous by his shock of curly red hair, had joined Maurice's class from Saint Benedict's Convent School.¹²⁷ When school began again after the summer holidays he, Maurice, and another boy, John Hale, were given the job of pushing a wide hand-mower across the seemingly vast expanses of the school lawns. After class Maurice would race with Bill down the road in a trolley-cart.¹²⁸ The new boy lived with his mother and sisters at 10 Cambria Road, just along the street, and they soon moved even closer into Church Street. Bill was a year older than Maurice, although his birthday was only one calendar-day later, on November 26. His father had deserted his family when Bill was five, and this loss of a parent shared with Maurice may have helped to underpin a bond which grew steadily between them. Because of his excitable nature and the colour of his hair, which was easily made fun of, Bill often got into fights. Always loyal to a friend, Maurice would rush in to help out.¹²⁹ After Phyl's arrival at Albert Road it was all too common in the difficult family atmosphere for Maurice to be in trouble and locked in his room. Bill would sneak along the side of the house and talk through the large double-hung bedroom window, sometimes clambering up and inside.

On the slopes of Mount Cambria the boys built a hut together, in which they collected treasures such as lengths of old rope. The hut was nicknamed 'the Maubill tea rooms' by Maurice's father. The pair had toy six-shooters, and when they brandished these at the front door of a nearby elderly woman she thought they were robbers and fainted. Maurice and Bill had become best friends, almost to the exclusion of others. Bill had a paper round, and he delivered copies of the *Auckland Star* to the Empire Road region for one shilling and ninepence a week. Sometimes Maurice would help him. With the money from his earnings Bill kept an account at a local shop, run by a man they called 'Mingy' Miles. There Bill would get halfpenny currant squares for himself and his mate. Maurice liked this so much that he opened up an account of his own, to buy things for Bill and others, but he had no money at all and ran up a large bill. Eventually his father had to come and pay it off.¹³⁰ Maurice's family was among the more prosperous on the North Shore. As the country slid deeper into prolonged depression, Bill's was severely disadvantaged. But this meant nothing to the two boys, who shared whatever they had. On an April evening in 1932 there was mob violence outside the Town Hall and looting along the length of Queen Street. The boys would have heard of the commotion as sailors from the Devonport naval base were hurriedly sent across the harbour to face the rioters.¹³¹ The shame of being out of work never touched the Duggan household. At school

lunchtimes Bill would take out some mutton and bread wrapped in old newsprint. From grease-proof paper Maurice would reveal a pile of crisp tomato sandwiches on fresh white bread, the crusts all cut off, prepared by the family maid. With a shy excuse about not being hungry he would slide them over in Bill's direction.¹³²

Maurice's reaction to the domestic troubles at Albert Road was to be outside the house with Bill as much as possible. The two boys began to view each other's houses as alternative homes.¹³³ Each enjoyed what his adopted family could provide. At Church Street Maurice loved the greater freedom and relaxed atmosphere of the Kirker family. Once he and Bill spent the day fixing the chimes in Mrs Kirker's clock. It never worked again. On another occasion they bought a book to try and master an old ukulele they had found, without much success. Bill was always thinking of ways to visit the Duggan's house and play. He would duck Wednesday evening benediction, and even sometimes Sunday Mass, so that Mrs Kirker would have him tell her who the altar boys had been as proof of attendance. In Robert Duggan's beloved glasshouse-workshop was a cast-iron vice used for working metal, and one day, as the boys were playing there hammering at something, Bill split the vice into two pieces. He was very upset. The boys pushed the broken halves together again, and tried to forget about it. They were going for a swim when halfway down to Cheltenham Bill's conscience caught up with him, and he knew he would have to go back. Maurice said that he would take the blame and not to worry. Bill refused, and Maurice insisted. But at last Bill returned, now in tears, and approached Mr Duggan to confess. Much as he loved his tools Duggan forgave the boy immediately.¹³⁴

There is no doubt that Bill's presence had a calming effect on the household. Phyl could love Maureen as if her own daughter, but to the older, resentful children she had developed a version of benign neglect. Bill's cheerfulness appealed to her, and she was happy to have him about. Robert Duggan had become a Wrestling Association member and he enjoyed using his ringside pass for two each week. Wrestling had considerable prestige as a sport and its exponents, Lofty Blomfield, Earl McCready and George Walker, were well-known figures. First Duggan would take Maurice, who had hazel eyes and dark hair, into town to see the wrestling. Then next week he would take Bill, with his mass of bright red hair, and Duggan would enjoy puzzling the doorman by saying, 'this is my other son'.¹³⁵

In the house entertainments were centred mostly on the lounge, a large room with an open fireplace. Visitors could not help but notice some of the trappings of wealth. The Duggans had a telephone, one of the few in the area. A large valve wireless stood in one corner, a luxury item, and there was a Pianola to gather round at and sing. Music was a popular pastime. On one occasion Police Inspector Scott and his son came and played the bagpipes, and even with all the windows open the noise was deafening. Most winter Monday evenings from 9 pm Duggan and the children

enjoyed listening as Gordon Hutter gave a running commentary over the radio of the wrestling. On Sunday evenings the children liked to listen to Uncle Tom's Friendly Road Choir, and they would sing along to the hymns and inspirational songs, using the small red Friendly Road Songbooks their father had bought for them.¹³⁶

Maurice and Bill became altar boys at the local church. Father Furlong was away on holiday in Ireland, and in his absence the parish was managed by a more liberal priest, Father Wright. Instead of picking the usual compliant children to help serve Mass, Father Wright decided on a cross-section. On his return Father Furlong was shocked to find the Duggan and Kirker boys among his assistants. The Church of Saint Francis de Sales and All Souls stood nestled against Mount Victoria, a small brick building erected in 1919 over a chapel which had served as the first Catholic church on the North Shore.¹³⁷ Its interior was airy and elegant, with exposed beams in a high wooden roof, and ornately framed stations of the cross around its walls. There were prominent statues of the Virgin, Jesus and Saint Patrick, and a carved wooden altar-rail. A small statue of Saint Francis de Sales perched above the confessional. The Mass was conducted entirely in Latin, and the boys joined the half dozen or so who were taught to memorise the prayers at the presbytery after school. On Sunday morning Maurice would arrive at church early, put on his red soutane and white surplice, help light the candles, and put out the water and the wine. Almost against his will, his boyish feeling of the tiresomeness of it, he was attracted to the beauty and majesty of the instruments of ritual. He was being made witness to the mystical power of an elevated language to effect a transformation.¹³⁸

When the 7.30 am church began Maurice and Bill would lead the procession out from the sacristy. They had been fasting since the midnight before, and as the Mass progressed their faces would grow ever whiter. They would long for some fresh air, hoping not to faint.¹³⁹ Ten o'clock Mass was even tougher. Maurice wrote of these in one of his first stories:

Serving mass: always remember to stand (or kneel) on the opposite side of the altar from the priest. Genuflect each time you pass before the tabernacle. Hard thing [...] trying to go down on one knee with all the weight of the book and the bookstand in your hands [...] The striker has a padded knob of purple leather scratched all over with the initials of the altarboys. Ring the bell--loud--soft--loud--when the chalice is raised, just at the limit of the upreaching ascent, then just at the moment when the priest's knee touches the pileworn carpet, and once more.¹⁴⁰

Maurice had inherited his father's perfectionism. He took pleasure from doing a job well. When Mass was over he and Bill would extinguish the candles with snuffers, sometimes racing to see who could finish their side of the church faster. Outside afterwards they would release their pent-up energies by gathering acorns from the tree

on the corner and throwing them at each other.¹⁴¹ On Sundays after the Mass the Duggan children were each given a large cupful of senna tea and liquorice, to assist regular bowel movements. They dreaded returning home to find the cups lined up on the kitchen bench. Sometimes Phyl would also administer sulphur and treacle for the children's skin.¹⁴² A photograph of Maurice in his surplice at this time reveals a tall, healthy-looking boy with large hands, an oval face, high cheek-bones and a heavy jaw-line. He does not look comfortable about being photographed in such Sunday clothes.¹⁴³

'I'm not one of those who join the holy roman catholic and apostolic church and alcoholics anonymous', Maurice wrote in 'Riley's Handbook', though in the course of his life he was to be a member of both.¹⁴⁴ The impact of the Catholic faith was permanent. The use of sonorous language as a means to salvation, the endless intellectual qualification and elaboration of Thomism, and a presiding belief in the essentially flawed nature of humanity were all central to his later mental development. So too was *mea culpa*, a self-destructive feeling of guilt at some inexplicable crime, and a furious reaction against it. Later in life, when his intellectual nature had developed but his professed religious interest had not, Maurice never missed an opportunity to scorn the faith of his boyhood as being superstitious and puerile, as 'toy concepts and sugarcoated reassurances for ingrown adults afraid of the dark and their humanity'.¹⁴⁵

On 1 February 1933 Maurice and Bill began to attend standard four classes at Marist Brothers' School. Marie and Kathleen were still attending St Leo's in Devonport. Adolf Hitler had been made Chancellor of Germany only two days previously, but he would have seemed only a cartoon-like monster to the boys, aged ten, who would one day be eligible for conscription in the war against him. The Marist school was in Vermont Street in Ponsonby, and backed onto Lincoln Street where Grandma Condon lived. Sydney Duggan had gone to Vermont Street over a decade ago before going on to Sacred Heart College. Each day Maurice and Bill would walk from home to the eight o'clock Devonport ferry and cross the harbour. In the city they stood on a crowded tram that trundled up Hobson and Pitt Streets, past George Court's and down Ponsonby Road to school. Classes finished at 3.30, and the boys would try to get back to the brick and sandstone Ferry Building in time for the four o'clock boat. If they missed it they had half an hour to wait. Commuting made life seem suddenly more adult, arduous but also exciting. The Marist Brothers' School had been founded in 1912 and taught up to standard six. Discipline was enforced with a cane, so severely that on one occasion Bill had one broken over him while he was being punished. On the first Friday of every month Brother Philip, the headmaster, would march the boys down the road to worship at the local church, Sacred Heart. It was where Maurice's father and mother had once been married.¹⁴⁶

At Vermont Street classes were housed in a single old stucco-covered edifice, the classrooms attached to either side of a large central hall. At the back, between the school building and the Brothers' house, was a sloping tar-seal ground on which the pupils played. In winter there was touch rugby, the forwards against the backs, and Maurice and Bill were big enough to be forwards. During the week they played for one of the school teams in regular football matches. At one stage Maurice was made captain of the blue team, and for this his father bought him a new pair of rugby boots. A few days later Maurice was late for the ferry. He threw his boots into the departing boat with the intention of jumping after, and misjudged the distance. The brand new boots disappeared under the tide.¹⁴⁷ In summer there was cricket on the same tar-seal, and each class had its own stumps set up against the brick wall that separated the grounds from those of the girls' school next door. As an athlete Maurice was willing and average. There was nothing of the sensitive, artistic child about him, nor anything else to suggest him in any way different from other boys. His standard four examination marks over three terms, under Brothers James and Felix, showed him in the 40-55% range for English composition, slightly better for Reading, and his Spelling slipping badly throughout the year. He had abysmal scores in Arithmetic, and he hovered around the mean for History, Geography and Drawing. The next year under Brother Andrew his results were much the same, with a slight improvement in Arithmetic and twenty eight out of fifty in a new subject, elementary Science. For the first half of standard six, under Brothers Philip and Bernard, his marks were again similar except for a disastrous one out of twenty five in Spelling.¹⁴⁸ That year the child who was to become routinely described as 'the most sophisticated of contemporary writers', received 52% for English composition.¹⁴⁹ The erratic marks in English and Spelling imply a mind paying infrequent attention, but in other subjects there were not even glimpses of interest. For Maurice Woodwork class, to which the pupils were sent down the road after school, was much preferred.

Every day before class Maurice and Bill lined up together with the others near the bike sheds and the toilets at the back of the school. Bill usually called his friend Morry. He would call him by his middle-name, Noel, which Maurice did not like, if he wanted to tease him. Maurice was gentle by nature and difficult to anger, but once roused his temper could be explosive. If Bill got into a fight Maurice would do his best to stop it. He would set his tongue between his teeth with a grim, determined look on his face, and then join in. Moments of violence were not always confined among the children. Maurice and Bill were in the same class in standard four but not in standard five. In that second year Maurice told Bill of how he saw his teacher, a little man, goad a large boy named Owens until the boy could take it no more and lashed out with his fists.¹⁵⁰ The incident was to be transferred by Maurice to Sacred Heart College for the story 'In Youth is Pleasure'. Schoolwork consisted mostly of

rote learning and tests. The pupils printed A.M.D.G. on the top of their exam answer papers, short for *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. 'All men dig gum', they liked to joke. After school Maurice and Bill would sometimes walk up Ponsonby Road to George Court's. They would go in to see Maurice's father in his glass-walled office on the ground floor and ask him for money to get a haircut. Robert Duggan gave something to them both, because he knew the boys would divide whatever cash they had.¹⁵¹

Maurice had weathered a particularly difficult time in his life. He had learned reticence from his father. He never talked to Bill, nor anyone else, about his troubles at home or what his real mother had been like. It was Marie who gradually came to act as a buffer between the parents and the children, and to shoulder some of the burden of the children's care. When things went wrong the blame would find her. Maurice, a more clever and complex child than he seemed, watched from as safe a distance as he could arrange. He had grown up and down. However Phyl did try hard where the opportunity was given her. She encouraged her step-children in their neatness and good manners. They kept their rooms tidy and dressed with care. Through a tentative period the family had managed. But all this was disrupted one day in 1935, when Robert Duggan came home and announced that he was going to leave George Court's. The family would move to Paeroa, where he intended to start his own drapery business. No explanation was offered, and arrangements were made quickly. The house was rented out, and in the last weekend of June the household effects were loaded onto the first articulated lorry ever to appear on the North Shore. Maurice found himself forced to say goodbye to Bill. It was yet another loss for both boys. The Kirkers were about to move a few blocks away to a small rundown house at 7 Bulwer Street, a cul-de-sac near Ngataranga Bay. Paeroa seemed the other side of the world.¹⁵²

Maurice had been brought up to believe that life was fair and just, that everyone was equal and that God watched over the good and punished the bad. But all his own observation offered was that life could let you down. Within his family he felt he saw inequality, lack of justice, and failure of communication.¹⁵³ In fact it had been so for two generations. Thinking of his own childhood and what had followed, Robert Duggan must have wondered in his private moments why fate had chosen to be so hard on him. In 'The Departure' Maurice has Mr Lenihan walk through his tidy garden before leaving for 'a country store in a featureless plain', and reflect: 'Something had gone wrong. Wouldn't it, otherwise, have been harder to leave?' The family sits down to a last, strained meal in which Mrs Lenihan complains that the new town will be 'as dead as mutton'. Hers is a selfish personality that has been finding escape from a dull husband in flirting over the fence with the man next door. Maurice focuses on Mr Lenihan's character, so mercilessly that it cannot be doubted he aims at an implicit judgment of his own father, and describes him as having 'a

temperament from which some essential secret had been withheld'.¹⁵⁴ The secret, it is clear, is that he has remarried hastily and unsuitably, and that his relationship with his new wife has become cause for inadmissible regrets. In Duggan's sudden decision to move there was the same suggestion of unspoken compunction, and of yet again running away to make a fresh start.

Notes

1. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 319.
2. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 337-338.
3. Photographs in the possession of Marie Shaw.
4. Register of Saint Mary's Church, Athlone, ref p. 392.1.3, page 147. Representative Church Body Library, Dublin.
5. Duggan family tree in the possession of Marie Shaw.
6. *Cassell's Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland*. London: Cassell, 1900: 424.
7. Birth certificate of Robert Harbron Duggan.
8. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
9. Maurice Duggan. Memoir dated 3 Oct. 1974. Personal papers.
10. Parsons family tree in the possession of Marie Shaw.
11. Death certificate of Emily Kathleen Parsons.
12. Marie Shaw. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991. The Duggan and Parsons family trees.
13. Donald H. Akenson. *Half the World from Home: Perspectives on the Irish in New Zealand, 1860-1950*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1990: 11, 13, 17, 25, 41.
14. Photographs of the gravestone in the possession of Marie Shaw.
15. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
16. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 337.
17. Back cover of *The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories*, and confirmed by Marie Shaw. Maurice Duggan appears to have miscalculated the date of arrival as 1912.
18. Maui [pseud.]. 'The Life and Death of an Unknown Pioneer.' *Here & Now* Jul. 1954: 22.
19. Maui [pseud.]. 'The Life and Death of an Unknown Pioneer.' *Here & Now* Jul. 1954: 23.
20. Maui [pseud.]. 'The Life and Death of an Unknown Pioneer.' *Here & Now* Jul. 1954: 23-24.

21. Patrick O'Farrell. *Vanished Kingdoms: Irish in Australia and New Zealand*. Sydney: New South Wales University Press, 1990: 27.
22. Donald H. Akenson. *Half the World from Home: Perspectives on the Irish in New Zealand, 1860-1950*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1990: 53.
23. Donald H. Akenson. *Half the World from Home: Perspectives on the Irish in New Zealand, 1860-1950*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1990: 40, 63. These figures are exclusive of the Maori.
24. Patrick O'Farrell. *Vanished Kingdoms: Irish in Australia and New Zealand*. Sydney: New South Wales University Press, 1990: 177.
25. Robert Sydney Duggan. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
26. Department of Justice, Commercial Affairs Division.
27. *New Zealand Herald*. 25 Nov. 1922: section 2: 12.
- 31. Marie Shaw. Interview. 2 Jun. 1991. A biographical note by Duggan as a contributor in *Irish Writing* 5 Jul. 1948 claims his mother was born in Rathkeale, County Limerick, which may therefore be the Condon family's place of origin.
29. 'The Deposition.' *Collected Stories*: 212. The description is of Mr Lenihan's voice.
30. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
- 28. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
32. Notes in the possession of Marie Shaw. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. Electoral rolls for Auckland West Central 1914-22.
33. Robert Sydney Duggan. Letter to Marie Shaw. 31 Mar. 1973.
34. Donald H. Akenson. *Half the World from Home: Perspectives on the Irish in New Zealand, 1860-1950*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1990: 105.
35. P.S. O'Connor. 'The Era of Bigotry.' *New Zealand's Heritage*. Ed. Ray Knox. New Zealand: Paul Hamlyn Ltd: 1860-1867. Donald H. Akenson. *Half the World from Home: Perspectives on the Irish in New Zealand, 1860-1950*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1990: 182.
36. Edward Norman. *A History of Modern Ireland*. Harmondsworth: Pelican, 1973: 252.
37. War service records. Ministry of Defence.
38. Robert Harbron Duggan. Postcard to Mary Ellen Condon. 20 Feb. 1916. In the possession of Marie Shaw.
39. War service records. Ministry of Defence. Robert Sydney Duggan. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
40. As an adult Maurice Duggan would justify the learning of French at secondary school: 'elementary French might serve to express an elementary need, if ever we got to Armentieres'. 'Only Connect (a presumptuous note on the teaching of English Literature).' *Manuka* (1960): 6.

41. H. Stewart. *The New Zealand Division 1916-1919* vol. 2. Auckland: Whitcombe & Tombs, 1921: 74, 148, 150, 201, 276-268. Burton, O.E. *The Auckland Regiment*. Auckland: Whitcombe & Tombs, 1922: 268-271.
42. Robert Duggan. Letter to Bessie Duggan. 28 Nov. 1919. In the possession of Marie Shaw.
43. Robert Duggan. Letter to Bessie Duggan. 28 Nov. 1919. In the possession of Marie Shaw.
44. *The New Zealand Book of Events*. Ed. Bryce Fraser. Auckland: Reed Methuen, 1986.
45. Marriage certificate of Robert Harbron Duggan and Mary Ellen Condon, and notes made by Marie Shaw.
46. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
47. Richard Lennon Duggan. Letter to Robert Harbron Duggan. 15 Nov. 1958. In the possession of Marie Shaw.
48. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
49. Robert Sydney Duggan. Letter to Marie Shaw, 31 Mar. 1973. Letter in the possession of Marie Shaw.
50. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
51. Marie Shaw. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.
52. Robert Sydney Duggan. Letter to Marie Shaw, 31 Mar. 1973. Letter in the possession of Marie Shaw. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
53. Birth certificate, Maurice Noel Duggan.
54. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993. Christine Cole Catley was also born in 1922.
55. *New Zealand Official Yearbook 1923*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1923. The national population at that time was 1.2 million.
56. David Lowe and David Elias. *The Heart Of Auckland, Yesterday, Today*. Auckland: Lodestar Press: n.d. David Lowe, and David Elias. *Around Auckland, Yesterday, Today*. Auckland: Lodestar Press: n.d. David Johnson. *The Auckland Ferry Building*. Auckland: Remarkable View Ltd, 1988.
57. Peter Shaw. *New Zealand Architecture: from Polynesian Beginnings to 1990*. Auckland: Hodder and Stoughton, 1991.
58. Jean Bartlett. Conversation. 2 Mar. 1994.
59. J. de Joux Oswald. *History of Saint Leo's Convent School, Devonport*. [Unpublished]: 1.
60. Jean Bartlett. Interview. 3 May 1993.
61. Maurice Duggan. 'Tesserae.' Personal papers.
62. Jean Bartlett. Interview. 3 May 1993.

63. Notebook of reminiscences made by Marie Shaw, 1991. Notebook now in the possession of the writer.
64. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
65. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
66. Maurice Duggan. 'Tesserae.' Personal papers.
67. 'The Sailor on the Hill.' *The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories*: 97.
68. 'Sunbrown.' *Collected Stories*: 53.
69. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 281.
70. Notebook of reminiscences made by Marie Shaw, 1991. Marie Shaw. Interviews. 2 Jun. 1991, 24 Aug. 1991, 3 Sept. 1992. Notebook now in the possession of the writer.
71. Photograph in the possession of Marie Shaw.
72. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
73. Dorothy Simpson. Interview. 4 Mar. 1994.
74. 'The Deposition.' *Collected Stories*: 214.
75. Marie Shaw. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.
76. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
77. Maurice Duggan. Undated note. Personal papers.
78. Brother Maurice Russell. Interview. 4 May 1993. School magazines of Sacred Heart College, 1926, 1927.
79. Marie Shaw. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.
80. While this may have been true from Robert Duggan's experience in the early years of the century, the Catholicism of the New Zealand Duggans did not prevent a happy reunion with the Irish branch of the family in the mid-1970s.
81. Marie Shaw. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
82. 'Five Poems: Ponsonby Circa 1930.' *Islands* 9 vol. 3 no. 3 (1974): 239.
83. Robert Sydney Duggan. Letter to Marie Shaw. 31 Mar. 1973. Letter in the possession of Marie Shaw.
84. Jean Bartlett. Interview. 4 Sept. 1992.
85. 'The Deposition.' *Collected Stories*: 211.
86. Robert Sydney Duggan. Letter to Marie Shaw. 31 Mar. 1973. Marie Shaw. Interview. 3 Mar. 1992.
87. 'The Deposition.' *Collected Stories*: 212. Duggan is describing the housekeeper, Mrs Bryne.
88. 'The Deposition.' *Collected Stories*: 215.
89. 'The Deposition.' *Collected Stories*: 212.
90. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
91. 'Race Day.' *Collected Stories*: 74.

92. Quoted in Donald H. Akenson. *Half the World from Home: Perspectives on the Irish in New Zealand, 1860-1950*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1990: 174.
93. Patrick O'Farrell. *Vanished Kingdoms: Irish in Australia and New Zealand*. Sydney: New South Wales University Press, 1990: 75.
94. School Register. St. Leo's Convent School. National Archives, Auckland. Duggan entered St. Leo's on 12 Sept. 1927.
95. J. de Joux Oswald. *History of Saint Leo's Convent School, Devonport*. [Unpublished]: 4.
96. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 11 Sept. 1974.
97. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
98. Patrick O'Farrell. *Vanished Kingdoms: Irish in Australia and New Zealand*. Sydney: New South Wales University Press, 1990: xiv.
99. E.H. McCormick. *New Zealand Literature: A Survey*. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1959: 107. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
100. 'Race Day.' *Collected Stories*: 75.
101. 'Only Connect (a presumptuous note on the teaching of English Literature).' *Manuka* (1960): 5.
102. Maurice Duggan. Draft of letter to Albert Wendt. 4 Apr. 1974. Personal papers. Duggan notes that the letter was not sent in this form.
103. 'Only Connect (a presumptuous note on the teaching of English Literature).' *Manuka* (1960): 6.
104. Patrick O'Farrell. *Vanished Kingdoms: Irish in Australia and New Zealand*. Sydney: New South Wales University Press, 1990: 98.
105. Marie Shaw. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991. Notebook of reminiscences made by Marie Shaw, 1991. Notebook now in the possession of the writer.
106. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
107. Death certificate of Mary Duggan. This would appear to be the meaning of its somewhat cryptic reference, 'angina pectoris--4 days'.
108. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
109. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
110. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
111. 'The Deposition.' *Collected Stories*: 221.
112. Maurice Duggan. 'Visiting ARD's grave'. Note in undated commonplace book. Personal papers. Riley, too, takes exaggerated interest in Pegeen's decay in the grave in 'Riley's Handbook'. *Collected Stories*: 312.
113. Funeral notice. *New Zealand Herald* 6 May 1930: 1.
114. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 336-337.
115. *New Zealand Herald* 8 May 1930: 7.
116. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.

117. The same words are used by Mr Lenihan in 'A Small Story'. *Collected Stories*: 80.
118. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
119. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 344.
120. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
121. Dorothy Simpson. Interview. 4 Mar. 1994.
122. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor, undated, but probably May 1950. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. In 1973 he referred to her having died of a 'tumour'. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
123. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 348.
124. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 348.
125. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
126. 'The Deposition.' *Collected Stories*: 227.
127. School Register. St. Leo's Convent School. National Archives, Auckland. Kirker entered St. Leo's on 26 Nov. 1930.
128. Notebook of reminiscences made by Marie Shaw, 1991. Notebook now in the possession of the writer.
129. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
130. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
131. *An Eyewitness History of New Zealand*. Ed. Robin Bromby. Victoria: Currey O'Neil, 1985: 168.
132. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
133. Dorothy Simpson. Interview. 4 Mar. 1994.
134. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
135. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
136. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
137. J. de Joux Oswald. *History of Saint Leo's Convent School, Devonport*. [Unpublished]: 2-3.
138. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 331.
139. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
140. 'Faith of Our Fathers.' *Collected Stories*: 30.
141. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
142. Marie Shaw. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
143. Photograph in the possession of Marie Shaw.
144. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 323. The comment may be a sly dig at James K. Baxter, who at the time it was written had recently done both.
145. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 333
146. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
147. Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.

148. Register of Admission, Progress and Withdrawal, and Registers of Examination Results, Vermont Street Catholic School.
149. David G.H. Anido. 'The Genesis and Development of "Landfall" and its Influence in Relation to the Culture of New Zealand and the Commonwealth.' [Unpublished PhD thesis: English]. University of Canterbury, 1972.
150. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
151. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
152. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
153. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
154. 'The Departure.' *Collected Stories*: 231, 237.

Chapter 2--Some Place Names and a Boy [aet. 12-21]

'As the piano floated past I grabbed it and played a tune.' (Remembered from a Sunday walk)¹

Why Robert Duggan left his prestigious position at George Court's was to remain a mystery to his immediate family. But he did confide by letter in his eldest son. Sydney had left Australia the year before to be ordained in Rome as a priest, and was now studying canon law for his doctorate of divinity amid the clamour of Mussolini's Italy. Duggan claimed to have had a series of disagreements over policy with the directors of George Court's, and plans were afoot to bring in a new director who would limit his authority. When he discovered, by accident, correspondence which he believed indicated some prejudice against him among the board-members, he resigned.² It was an act of pride. Duggan had been one of the main factors in the company's steady rise to prominence. However these were not propitious times for setting up a small business. Economic depression still gripped the country and unemployment was high, although the beginnings of a recovery were not far off. In the November 1935 election the Labour Party under Michael Joseph Savage, an Auckland M.P. of Irish Catholic parentage, won a landslide victory. The new government's spending programme, which set in place the Welfare State, combined fortunately with an upturn overseas, reduced unemployment from 57,000 to 14,000 in one term. Over the next few years pensions were increased, state houses built, and a virtually free national health service instituted. But boom times were not to return until the war.

Paeroa, 130 kilometres distant from Auckland, was an abrupt shift to the countryside for the city-born Duggan children. It had a population of 2,000 in the mid 1930s, with a strong Irish influence.³ Until 1938 the Paeroa Racing Club held permits for two race days a year, and one of these was usually enjoyed on Saint Patrick's Day.⁴ Originally a port on the Ohinemuri River, Paeroa was established on undulating country with the Coromandel Range immediately to the east and the broad expanse of the Hauraki Plains to the west. At first the town found prosperity in the Coromandel gold-rushes. Mining proceeded intermittently on the rich Komata Reefs, ten kilometres to the north-east, as late as the early 1930s, and the Waikino battery did not cease operations until 1952. Gold in the area was extracted from quartz using stampers and a chemical process. Potassium cyanide dissolved the gold out of the crushed rock, and the solution obtained was then run over zinc turnings until the precious metal was precipitated out in a black mud. The process took six days and its waste was dumped into any adjacent stream. The resultant pollution gave Maurice the title for his attempted novel, 'Along the Poisoned River'. The waterways became so badly silted up that at times of heavy rain much of Paeroa

would be in flood. Nearby Karangahake had had three batteries in its heyday--the Woodstock, the Crown and the Talisman. The Talisman, which in 1918 was the last to close, had used fifty stampers and a large cyanide plant. Its equipment was dismantled in the 1920s, but its scrap iron and concrete foundations remained long visible. These were described by Maurice in 'Six Place Names and a Girl'.⁵

By the time of the Duggans' arrival Paeroa was famous only as the source of Lemon and Paeroa, a drink resulting from the chance discovery in a paddock of a spring of mineral water, which the locals had improved with handy citrus fruit.⁶ The town was quiet and rural, a service centre on whose sealed and metalled roads farmers from the surrounding dairy country would visit Hare Brothers to inspect shining new milking machines. They could stop off at the billiard rooms, at the Commercial, Paeroa, Criterion or Royal Mail Hotels, the Gaiety Theatre for a church bazaar, or Brocket and Shand the grocers.⁷ Maurice may have had this landscape in mind for his dark and sardonic view of a farmer in 'Riley's Handbook':

contemplating maybe with satisfaction but deservedly, surely, with pain his scrubfarm, his onehundredandfiftyacre dream of riches. The yob. Gorse and buttercup and sour thistle and fences fallen and falling and perhaps in the really fertile paddocks, the good rich land you understand, half an inch of dusty topsoil to be off somewhere on the next shower or the next wind. I exaggerate, designedly; there wouldn't be as much as half an inch.⁸

Robert Duggan bought Gee Brothers' Drapery, an established business in Belmont Road on Paeroa's main shopping street. Alongside was a cross-section of the town's business interests--Dave Vincent's Pioneer Saddlery, the office of the *Hauraki Plains Gazette*, Edwin Edwards's land agency, Bessie Wilson's haberdashery, the Martin Sisters' confectionery shop, Butler the tailor's shop, the Self Help, Flatt's the *Herald* agent and booksellers, S.J. Hedge the chemist, the county's ivy-covered Coronation Chambers, and a large Farmers' Trading Company emporium.⁹ The reopened drapery shop was named Duggan's Store. The store sold clothing of all types and appeared stylishly modern, a glassed-in display island showing the latest items before the recessed entrance. Both Duggan and Phyl worked behind the counter.¹⁰

The Duggan family at first rented a house on 33 Waihi Road (now Normanby Road), opposite the borough council offices. Sometime later they bought the large, villa-style house of the local GP, Doctor Davies, at the top of Willoughby Street near what seemed to the children the huge Paeroa Domain. The house was grand, with a wide garage alongside. Although neither Duggan nor Phyl knew how to drive, they bought a car. The first was an Essex named 'Connie' by the children, the next a black 'Chryssie' or Chrysler Plymouth. On the left-hand side of the house, in

a town where membership of the tennis club was a social badge, the Duggans had their own grass tennis court. Dorothy Simpson remained with them for some time as maid before she returned to Auckland. These were remarkable financial outlays at a time when relief camps were still in existence.¹¹

Behind the house Robert Duggan put in a vegetable garden by trenching, back-breaking work inverting layers of ground. At the rear of the property he and the children set in order an old home-orchard that had been neglected and become overgrown. They cleared the ground and removed wasps' nests. Duggan loved to retreat there, away from the difficulties of his household, and stoke bonfires with rubbish collected from the garden and trees. On one memorable occasion a nearby tree caught fire and caused the children to dash to the house for a hose on a reel. Only a trickle of water came out, and the flames had to be stopped some other way.¹² It was in his father's quiet habits that Maurice, who as an adult also took satisfaction in burning rubbish, was to find the opening chord of 'O'Leary's Orchard'. O'Leary prefers the smoke of disguise and is disappointed when his blaze produces not 'an obliteration of white' but 'a trembling of fierce heat and no smoke at all'.¹³ Fire, symbol of unfettered passion, is something that frightens him. These were traits of the hard-working but increasingly withdrawn Robert Duggan.

From the second week of July the Duggan children began attending St Joseph's Convent School in the south-east corner of the town. Marie, Maurice and Kathleen were in the upper standards, and Maureen was in the lower primers. Marie appeared to her classmates as a fair-haired girl with an aquiline nose and large eyes, and Kathleen as brunette with a short page-boy cut and bangs. Maurice continued to wear his Marist Brothers' navy-blue jersey with a yellow v-neck and so stood out. His parents did not bother to get him another one in the green-with-white-and-gold of his new school colours.¹⁴ The school had been opened by Father Hackett and the Sisters of St Joseph in 1900. In 1935 it was under Father Hunt and had a roll of around eighty. There were three classrooms, all with large high windows, ranged together in a long rectangular building beside the church. Sister Mary Ineen, the head-teacher, was in charge of Maurice's class. She dominated her pupils and could be strict with the cane, but she also had the wiles of a capable teacher. She often wore dark glasses, and when she sat at a table with her hand under her chin her pupils did not know whether she was asleep or watching their every move. She was also diligent. To prepare her class for the national Proficiency Examination at the end of the year, Sister Ineen had her pupils come to school at eight o'clock every morning of the last term, an hour before normal classes began. She would then distribute a copy of an earlier Proficiency Mathematics Exam, twenty mental and twelve written problems, for her students to complete before nine. During the day

she would mark the papers and return them. After school the pupils had to stay on until they had eliminated all errors.¹⁵

Under this dedication and attention Maurice's talents began to appear. His marks have not survived, but he started to excel in class at writing essays. He often had the pleasure of hearing Sister Ineen read out his essay to the class as an example of how one should be written.¹⁶ Heavily ornate prose with an impressively artificial vocabulary was the style favoured in schools for composition at this time, and such a view of writing as aspiring to something rich and poetic was to stay with Maurice always. Towards the end of the year he entered into the Paeroa Inter-Schools competition with a recitation of 'The Spanish Champion'. So serious and capable did he seem, that even though the whistle of a passing train drowned out the final stanza he still managed to win first prize. As half of a duet Marie won the singing, and they went on with the other prize-getters to give a performance in Thames. When her moment came once more to sing Marie was beset with nerves, but before and during his recitation Maurice seemed calmly confident.¹⁷ His ability with language had become something to take pride in, but as an alternative interest to sports it was to remain dormant. Finally the day of the Proficiency Examination arrived. The standard six pupils sat the test not at St Joseph's but at nearby Wood Street School. The presiding inspector was a Mr Warren, who had visited St Joseph's earlier in the year and was fondly remembered for telling stories of his experiences on a troop ship during the Great War. He seemed friendly that day, but the unfamiliar concrete building and the aura of difficulty that surrounded the test were frightening. Nevertheless, when the results came out everyone in Sister Ineen's class had passed.¹⁸

Maurice seemed to enjoy his time at St Joseph's. He liked going with the other boys to woodwork classes in the Manual Training building at Miller Avenue, taught by a Mr Mitchell, where they joined pupils from Netherton School. Maurice and his friends would climb to the top of a hill behind the building and roll boulders down its slopes, many of which crashed through the fence of an unfortunate neighbour, damaging his garden and chicken coop.¹⁹ Paeroa was small enough for almost all the children of the town to know one another, so that separate communities bounded by religious or ethnic background did not exist, nor even seem relevant. Maurice quickly made friends with two local boys from outside his school, Ian McCorquodale and Desmond Royal. They would watch rugby games together, (St Joseph's was too small to have its own team), go eeling, kick a football round a paddock, or ride bikes. Later in fiction Maurice would use the word 'pastoral' to describe memories of similar childhoods.²⁰ Ian McCorquodale's father worked for the Borough Council and was a qualified horse-trainer. His family owned a horse which Maurice enjoyed riding, and in return Ian was allowed to practise driving the

Duggans' car around the block. 'Penny' Royal, as Desmond was called, was a Maori, and as a first-born son he was brought up in accordance with custom by his grandparents on the family farm at Komata.²¹ He lived with six cousins, and as Maori were very rare on Auckland's North Shore they were probably the first that Maurice ever met. In the past several tribes had inhabited the Waihi area, so that occasionally burial grounds were found, together with tools and implements, fragments of greenstone or obsidian, quartzite drill tips and chert hammers.²² In 1935 race relations seemed uncomplicated, mostly because they existed entirely on Pakeha terms, though as a chiefly family of some influence the Royals were well-known and respected in the district.

To his friends Maurice was an ordinary boy with ordinary interests. He was not a great reader, nor did he allow any special interest in writing to show.²³ Childhood friends would always be surprised to discover later that he had chosen to become an author. Far more characteristic of Maurice was playing truant from school for the day to go to the Paeroa races. On that occasion he had saved a little money in secret from his parents. He managed to put the stake on a horse, which came in and paid five pounds. Unable to enjoy his winnings openly, Maurice bought a shèath-knife, a small tomahawk and a torch. These he hid in the garage, but he could produce them to show friends only when there was no danger of being found out.²⁴

In Paeroa family relations began to deteriorate once more. Phyl found the town dull, and this was exacerbated by her husband's unsocial ways. He worked every available minute of the day, in the shop or at home. 'A bit of company occasionally, instead of your old garden all the time wouldn't do you any harm,' Maurice in 'The Departure' has Grace Lenihan admonish her husband, 'A picture show or a drink, where's the harm in that?'.²⁵ Increasingly Phyl spent money on clothes, or went out on her own. Throughout the family's time in Paeroa she drew a full wage from the business as her personal spending money.²⁶ The tension in the house rose or fell unpredictably. Mealtimes, where the whole family came together, could be a torture for the children, which Maurice later described.

[T]hey could feel their father's bitter anger, could see the heavy blood in their stepmother's face. One wrong word, one incautious glance, could involve them also. They ate with care, sitting in silence and rarely raising their eyes from their plates.²⁷

Maurice found such prolonged tension intolerable. The atmosphere of continual instability frightened him.²⁸ When confrontation happened, the best the children could hope for was to be ignored.

One day, without giving any hint or warning to his friends or sisters, Maurice ran away. It appears to have been a sudden decision, made and then kept to with a

will. Towards evening he set off on his new three-quarter size bicycle, with its wide 'bloom' tyres, over the metal roads of the countryside. He was pedalling for Auckland.²⁹ What happened when the twelve year-old boy reached Ngatea, a township twenty seven kilometres distant from Paeroa, is evoked accurately in 'Six Place Names and a Girl'.

[T]he long bridge over the river, the camping ground where they had the fair that night I ran away from home and stopped there about midnight when they were packing up to move on next morning. The festoons of light going out, the dull sounds of hammering, the merry-go-round horses leaning faded and stiff in a heap against a wagon, the gramophone grinding endlessly...

Rain

When you gonna rain again Rain,

Make the rivers deep again,

Shower,

Your blessin's on me.

Rain...

Over everything the sound of the flooded river. The car lights crossing the bridge. I stayed and slept cold and alone and afraid under a stiff tarpaulin and the moon came up and shone through the tent flap and the grey tarpaulin looked like the moon's surface, hump and hollow, the rough canvas strung with shadows...

Riding on next morning, very early, the dew still on the grass, the cattle still some of them lying on the paddocks, the hills I would have to cross still night shadowed. Picked up by a commercial traveller who tied my pushbike on to the back of his car and sat beside him while in the back seat loose boxes of corsets spilled open on to the floor. And even so early in the morning the traveller was drunk and kept squeezing my knee until I was riding on the road again while he drove off shouting and drunk with a cloud of dust spinning up from the wheels.³⁰

The description conveys the vividness of an adventure intensely experienced and never forgotten. It is strangely exotic, from the appearance of the wondrous circus to the hint of rebuffed paederasty with the travelling salesman, suggesting a threshold crossed into the unfamiliar territory of manhood. When the circus had finished on the night of his arrival Maurice helped pack up the equipment and was paid two shillings for his work.³¹ The events of that evening, the flooded river, and the journey across the Hauraki Plains, contain the embryo of another of his stories, 'The Fabulous McFanes'. It also began a pattern of unpremeditated escape from

tense surroundings, of 'sudden departure' as Maurice put it in 'Riley's Handbook', which he would follow for the rest of his life.³²

By the next morning Maurice was officially missing. In Paeroa his name was over the radio news. It usually took four or five hours for a truck to negotiate the roads to Auckland, so for a child on a bicycle it was an unheard-of feat. Grimly and doggedly Maurice pedalled on, over the Bombay Hills, across the Tamaki peninsula and through the central city. Somehow he managed to dodge payment on the vehicular ferry. He arrived at 7 Bulwer Street towards evening, staggeringly dirty from the dust and grime off the road, and was hardly through the front gate when a policeman appeared. His destination had been all too obvious. Bill Kirker loyally accompanied Maurice as he was taken to the house of Sergeant O'Grady, who by then was retired from the force. As Bill returned home on the ferry that night a policeman stopped him to ask if he had seen a missing boy. Word had not yet got through that Maurice had been found.³³ Next day O'Grady put Maurice on the service car for the Hauraki Plains, with the bicycle tied to the bus's roof. In Paeroa the news of his marathon made running away less a scandal than an admired piece of endurance, but Maurice was not happy to return.³⁴

Running away may have had some influence on the decision by Maurice's parents to send him the next year as a boarder to Sacred Heart College in Auckland. But there were other considerations. Sydney Duggan had been a day-boy at the school before going into the priesthood, and Sacred Heart's credentials were impeccable. It was one of the premier Catholic high schools in New Zealand, with a number of famous old boys, the kind of institution that offered opportunity to a young man. Maurice's education seemed assured. The family's summer was spent at a bach at Waihi Beach, swimming and sunbathing. Then in late January preparations were made for Maurice's departure. There was a great fuss. An entire sea-chest was filled with the different wardrobes which regulations required he would need for class, dinner, sleep, sports, and every other conceivable occasion.³⁵ Maurice began school on 3 February with mixed feelings. He was back in Auckland, but not on the side of the harbour that he wished to be.

Sacred Heart had been established by the Marist Brothers as a college in 1903, and its grounds were located on Ponsonby's Richmond Road (the site of Saint Paul's College today). Its motto, *Confortare Esto Vir* (take courage and be a man), was fixed on its heavy iron gates, and behind these reared a four-storey brick building. This was the original school administration and classroom block, known to masters and boys as 'the old stone jug'. Other school buildings were ranged nearby--three converted army huts used as classrooms in which Maurice would frequently have been taught, and the College's three dormitories. The junior dormitory was the newest. The senior dormitory, down on the far boundary, had attached to it an

assembly hall that doubled as a gymnasium, and also the student common room with a ping pong table and facilities for making hot drinks. The dormitory rooms were long, spartan, and lined with beds on each side. There were lockers beside the beds.³⁶ Maurice later described his dormitory in 'Guardian' as 'a phalanx of graves'.³⁷ Toilets and showers occupied the centre section of the dormitory, dividing it in half. There was a cubicle at each end of the rooms for dormitory masters. If boys were ill there was a four-bed infirmary and two isolation rooms back in the main building.

In 'Guardian' Brother Ignatius looks out over the school from his cubicle, towards the main house where a row of windows which he knew to be the chapel were^{lit} still, and out over the playgrounds to where, in invitation to the rugged game, the white goalposts stood. And while he watched the chapel lights went out and only the moon shone now, pale in the silence.³⁸

Masturbation was the night-time sin of the rooms, and the dorm masters could be as much guards as guardians. Brother Mark is noted 'creeping through the dormitory with a torch--illuminating only his own suspicion', while Brother Ignatius ignores 'a stirring only of life and unpractised lust'.³⁹ Maurice's participation was laced with guilt. The cold showers which began the morning at 6.30 were already applied too late to have any deterrent. A typical day was Mass at seven o'clock, breakfast at 7.30 am, then chores, and study preparation from 8.10 to 8.40. School lasted until 3.30 pm, with evening study for half an hour before dinner at six o'clock, and lights out in the dormitories usually by 9.30. Punishment included caning, detention, and most feared of all, the loss of a free Sunday. The routine of the day, with its rigid regulation and harsh discipline, created only resistance among the boys. The College felt this opposition was an *esprit de corps*.⁴⁰ Some pupils, like Dan Davin, found that the friendships made in adversity with other boys like M.K. Joseph and Rupert Cuddon-Large (later Cumberlege) more than made up for the unhappiness they faced. But Maurice made no friends at Sacred Heart. He felt afraid of the school environment and very lonely, resentful that he had been completely deserted by his family.⁴¹

If 'Guardian' is a later rebuke to the dormitory system, the story 'In Youth is Pleasure' is an all-out attack on the school's classes. At Sacred Heart College Maurice's education came to a grinding halt. Among his teachers he had Brother Manuel for English and French, Brother Ignatius for Commerce and Mathematics, Brother Mark for Latin, Brother Remigius for History and Brother Siegfried for Woodwork. Brother Mark was a martinet, a demanding man whose Latin classes were known to be hard. From his desk on a raised dais he conducted himself with a vindictiveness that Maurice was not to forget. Latin had its importance. It was

necessary for the legal or medical professions. Everyone worked towards matriculation, the university entrance exam which, even if a boy did not go on to university, marked him out as ready to join an élite. The College had pupils who failed their matriculation and returned year after year into late adolescence in the hope they would one day pass. They were the strength of the front row of the school's first fifteen. In 'In Youth is Pleasure' a boy named Hopkins who is larger and stronger than his Latin master, Brother Mark, is regularly victimised in class until he lashes out with a blow that leads to his expulsion. When the story appeared in *Landfall* in 1953 the College was shocked to find the real Brother Mark and his teaching style recognisably portrayed. It was Brother Remigius who was his opposite. He was a capable teacher and a kindly man, who would stand up for a downtrodden boy as the fictional Brother Ignatius does in Maurice's story.⁴² Nevertheless the seeds of Maurice's eventual vehement anti-clericism were sown in his exposure to the cruelty of the teaching brothers.

Throughout the school year Maurice was distinguished only in failing to make any sort of impression. He won no prizes for composition or debating. Despite, or perhaps because of, the College's organisation into pseudo-British clubs, he took no recorded part in the games on which so much emphasis was placed, the boxing, rugby, cricket, tennis, rowing and other sports. The pupils were divided into four houses--Basil, named after the first brother at the school, and Coolahan, Lenihan and Pompallier, named after bishops. Maurice was in Basil House. He is listed as completing the midget marathon, a one and a half mile (2.4 kilometre) run, in under standard time. But it was a tepid effort from a boy whose endurance had amazed a whole town the year before.⁴³ His only activities were those of the normal week--classes, followed by sport on Saturday mornings, supporting Marist Brothers football teams on Saturday afternoons or swimming at the Shelly Beach baths, and study or hobbies on Sunday mornings with compulsory walks in the afternoon.

One Sunday a month Maurice was free, between morning Mass and evening Benediction. At those times he would visit Bill Kirker across the harbour on the North Shore. Bill had failed his Proficiency Exam at Marist Brothers' School the year before and found a job making ice-cream in a small factory. Later he worked for a while as a groundsman at the Remuera Golf Club. He divided his time between a fully waged job and looking after his brother and sisters at home. Bill's life must have seemed very grown-up to Maurice, who was still in a school uniform of Cambridge and Oxford blues and red, the Sacred Heart colours, and having to go regularly to church. Nevertheless when Bill left the dairy company it was to Maurice, who was good with words, that he went for help with his letter of resignation. 'Dear Sir,' Maurice wrote, pulling out all stops. 'As from this date I

hereby wish to terminate my employment [...]. 'You never wrote that!' Bill's boss exclaimed when the letter was handed over.⁴⁴

Sometimes Maurice and Bill would meet in town and, as in 'Salvation Sunday', they would go somewhere together for a rum-flavoured milkshake. The story captures the boredom of those times, the sense of endless waiting to be grown up which is the inevitable experience of early adolescence. On one Sunday Bill borrowed bicycles for Maurice and another boy from Sacred Heart, and the three of them spent the day riding from Devonport out to Albany along the metal roads on the outskirts of the city. Maurice loved the freedom of movement and of physical exertion. 'This is life!' he sighed at the end of the afternoon. But when the day was over he had to take the ferry back to school.⁴⁵ On other occasions Maurice would use his Sunday to visit Sergeant and Mrs O'Grady in their rented house at 54 Bellevue Road, in Mount Eden. This was later described by Maurice as 'a house where remote relatives, aged and ill, lived remotely in huge rooms, permitting me this sanctuary and cups of tea and tram fares'.⁴⁶ It was also a house with a large number of books, and there, away from school and alone, he began to taste the 'mystery and solitude' of reading.

Maurice had entertained vague ideas of studying medicine.⁴⁷ Later in life he was fond of browsing through medical books and copies of *The Lancet*. He joked, when he was ill and dying:

I wanted once to be a doctor. Circumstances were not favourable. I organised my talents and became a patient. The profession has been more or less continually practised over the last thirty years.⁴⁸

But at thirteen what he wanted now was to be out of Sacred Heart College. He wrote to his parents, begging to be allowed to quit. Perhaps because of this, or perhaps because he had always felt reservations about the school, Robert Duggan relented, and Maurice came home nine months after he had first left. A further reason may have been that he was needed in the shop. An accident in early October, when the top came off a hot-water bottle in bed, left Phyl scalded badly along one leg and hip. Marie, who had at one time thought of being a nurse, left the commercial course she was doing at school to help look after Phyl at home. She was not encouraged to go back.⁴⁹ In 1936 the spectre of the depression still lay over the country. Children were often hurried out of schooling as soon as possible into the security of some sort of employment.

Maurice began working in his father's store just over a month before his fourteenth birthday. He delivered goods on a bicycle with a large cane basket and helped behind the counter, for wages of two shillings and sixpence per week. The job seemed to suit him. He could be charming and chatty, and he became very popular. Mothers liked to bring in their children to play with him. Maurice worked

at the store for some time, but then Phyl was well enough to come back and he was no longer needed. The family atmosphere soured. Once more he ran away, bicycling the distance to Auckland and staying with Bill on the North Shore. Despite its penury, Bulwer Street was vastly preferable to the gloom his own home induced. He was returned once more by the police.⁵⁰ Not to be outdone, Bill decided to bicycle to Paeroa. He had to leave at three o'clock in the morning, catching the ferry, and with a hard day's pedalling he still did not arrive at Willoughby Street until three in the afternoon.⁵¹

Since he was mechanically very capable, Maurice found work in a garage. Again the job seemed to agree with him. One day, however, he was to deliver a powerful, brand new Chevrolet to a farmer out in the countryside. Unable to resist going too fast, Maurice drove the car off the road. The vehicle rolled, and it was wrecked together with his job. Shortly afterwards he worked for a time in a local haberdashery.⁵² Like so many of his generation in New Zealand, Maurice was to have a succession of small jobs for short periods through much of his working life. To be cavalier about employment was part of his colonial inheritance, a reaction against the family trade of the old country, and it was possible in a land where labour was usually scarce. 'I did not so much drift from job to job as rush, in a fever of excitement, a fever of hope, from one unskilled and unending chore to the next', he later claimed.⁵³ For now the variety seemed beguiling, and it provided the broad general knowledge of everyday life that his stories, even at their most complex, were never to lose sight of.

At fifteen Maurice was a young working lad about town, almost a man but not quite. He, Ian McCorquodale and Penny Royal were too young to drink, and although Penny was a talented musician and dancer Maurice did not go to dances often. On Saturday afternoons there were sometimes organised bicycle races to Thames and back, but Maurice took part in only one or two. There were also late summer visits to Waihi Beach, where a group would collect toward evening, as Maurice remembered in 'The Fabulous McFanes'.

The bonfire blazed and sparks blew up and faded in the night. There were hundreds of people gathered about it. The McFanes walked up to the strumming of a guitar and the sudden explosion of a song. They found themselves, in a moment, each with a bowl of pipis, and potatoes that had been cooked over hot stones in the sand. They waited for the food to cool a little, and sang happily with their mouths half-full.⁵⁴

But Maurice did not stay camped in tents overnight, as some of the others did.⁵⁵ The centre of his youthful world was a few kilometres to the north of the town on the Royals' farm at Komata. Later Maurice was to use Komata as a real-life measure

for the rural idyll. It is extolled in 'Six Place Names and a Girl', and there is even reference to it in *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*.⁵⁶

The Royals' property was large and well maintained. In the past the family had owned all of the Komata area. There were three homesteads housing families of relations, and the farm was busy with family members and visitors at most times of the year. Desmond Royal lived in the middle house with his grandmother, an uncle and aunt, and their six children. On the farm the Royals kept mostly cattle, with a few pigs for bacon. There was also an extensive vegetable garden towards the back of the property, which everyone was expected to help cultivate, and a large home orchard. For any farm the vegetable garden had been an important resource during the recent depression. The Royal house had been known as generous to the hungry swagmen who roamed the countryside, and Mrs Royal liked to set a well stocked table, replete with starched tablecloths and polished glassware.

On hot days a swim at the Municipal Baths cost twopence, and the town's young people much preferred to bicycle to Komata. Visitors to the farm could play tennis on a grass court, rounders in one of the paddocks, or frolic in the swimming pool. Mrs Royal would usually supply drinks and biscuits. There was also target shooting in the Komata range, and some ponies kept for playing polo at Hikutaia could be ridden after the matches were finished. What was called the swimming pool was in fact the Komata Creek as it passed the houses and the cow sheds. It was a broad, slow-moving part of the river, deep enough for a diving board at one end, and long enough for the North Komata School swimming sports to borrow for races. Subsequent flooding was to do it a great deal of damage. Maurice loved the exertion of '[a] long clean dive from the bank; then down through the water with a sudden surge of bubbles in the underwater wake; then twice up and down the length of the swimming hole and on to the bank to dry in the sun'.⁵⁷ The town's youths used to swim all day, until Mr Royal would call out that it was time for them to be going home to their parents. Ian McCorquodale, his brother and one or two others sometimes stayed overnight on the farm, but Maurice never did. Mr Royal was Maori and his wife was half Tongan, half Irish. The first five of their six children were girls and the second oldest, Belenaise, was dark with black hair so long that she could sit on it.⁵⁸ Everyone called her Pele, and although she was only thirteen at the time of Maurice's visits, and of a strict Methodist background, she was to be turned into the seductive Pelly of 'Six Place Names and a Girl'.⁵⁹ However the addition of a sexually available girl, with conveniently agreeable parents, was merely a transformation into fiction by Maurice of the happiness he saw all around him at Komata, and which he envied. There one could swim all day and every day. At Komata there were always friends and a warm welcome, and on the farm the prevailing family atmosphere was patently loving.

The unhappiness of the Duggan family was entering its worst phase. For Robert Duggan constant work substituted for most kinds of contact. Phyl, on the other hand, had reacted to her isolation and unhappiness by becoming a spendthrift. She led a loud and exaggerated social life. As well as using her wage from the shop, she ran charge accounts at the local stores for clothes. Her wardrobe was large and showy. She continued to get about in the black Chrysler, and a local man named Ivor Vause would act as her driver. He was a mechanic who drove the weekly lorry bringing forty four-gallon drums of gasoline from Auckland to the big new Texaco service station. Sometimes Phyl would go to dances, and sometimes a tennis-playing friend would come over from Auckland for a tennis weekend. The drapery store was not going well and Phyl's expenses were a serious drain on its profitability. Even as the business sank to its lowest, Maurice could ruefully remember his step-mother taking two £5 notes from the cash register. These were to finance a day at the races in Thames which would include lunch, dinner, drinks and a local dance.⁶⁰ Maurice was sometimes rebuked by his father when money was missing from the till.⁶¹ Robert Duggan never ceased to love his young wife and to show it in word and deed. Even though he had given Phyl her freedom he would worry about her when she was out, somewhere. Maurice ran away a third time. It was his only means of expressing his feelings.⁶² This time Duggan let him stay on at the Kirker house, where his son was obviously happier. It was mid 1938, and at fifteen Maurice had, in effect, left home.⁶³

Now that he was back in Auckland Maurice found work in the Brown Barretts factory, which made condiments, for fifteen shillings a week. At first, as he recalled it, he 'canned pork and beans, sitting before a primitive machine, in a spray of tomato pulp'. Later he progressed to mixing 'mountains of curry powder on a concrete floor with a square-mouthed shovel'.⁶⁴ He returned to Bulwer Street each evening with the powder worked deep into the skin all over his body. It would come out in his singlets whenever he perspired. The wage was poor. Sometimes when he was completely broke Maurice would have to go to Mrs Kirker for the fare to get across the harbour on the ferry. He and Bill shared the same bedroom at the back of the house. Ian McCorquodale was also nearby, living with his parents at Narrow Neck. He had worked for a time at Gamble's Menswear, the rival of Duggan's Store in Paeroa, and was now with Woolworth's in Auckland. He and Maurice would sometimes see each other on the weekends, but most days it was Maurice and Bill together in almost everything. Bill was much under Maurice's influence, and he began to pick up his friend's fastidious habits. Although he was comfortable with the rough and ready conditions in which the Kirker family lived--the ragged furnishing, the leaky roof, the lack of running hot water--Maurice would insist that Bill follow him in tying his necktie correctly, that jackets and ties matched properly,

shoes were polished, and things put away in their rightful places. Every evening after work Maurice scrubbed himself in an effort to remove the last traces of curry powder, and for the rest of his life Bill was to remember his friend's lesson on the correct way to fold a pair of trousers.⁶⁵ Maurice had become extremely methodical in everything he did, reflecting a desire to control as much of his unsettled life as he could manage. This care later permeated both the writing process and the pieces he wrote.

Sydney Duggan arrived back from Rome early in 1939. He had grown accustomed to being called not Sydney but Robert by the Vincentians, and he asked his family, who had not seen him for ten years before he visited them in Paeroa, to call him Bob. As the Reverend Doctor Duggan he was now a figure of some importance. He was fêted by Sacred Heart College, and he met Maurice during a visit to Bellevue Road.⁶⁶ Ian McCorquodale, who was present, was struck by the difference in sophistication and bearing between Bob and the New Zealand-educated priests who accompanied him.⁶⁷ Bob had a beautiful, precise speaking voice. Elocution had been part of his training. The Vincentians were a teaching and administrative order, and Bob was to be for the next five years at the Diocesan Holy Cross College in Mosgiel. Later he was transferred to Queensland, Fiji, and then Eastwood in Sydney, but while in New Zealand he spent his annual two or three week holidays in Auckland. For Maurice it was his first encounter with a person of real learning, his own half-brother. The realisation that someone could be so transformed through a development of the intellect was not lost on him. But Bob had embraced the church, while since returning to Auckland Maurice had ceased going to Mass. It was not uncommon for teenage males to be cavalier about church and 'the pretence', as he called it in 'Beginnings'.⁶⁸ Father Furlong would see Maurice and Bill on the street, and he would either stay behind or cross the road in order to avoid admonishing them.⁶⁹

Maurice and Bill put all their free time into a new passion, competitive cycling. They belonged at first to the Takapuna Cycling Club and then became foundation members of the North Shore Cycling Club, training hard in the evenings and racing during the weekends. Maurice owned a steel and chromium Leadercycle, one of the best racing machines available, made for him by Clark's in Newmarket. As a junior, in early 1939, he could cover the standard fifteen and a quarter-mile (24-kilometre) course around Lake Pupuke in thirty two minutes fifty nine seconds. Later in the year he was the winner of the same race. Maurice captured his impressions of cycling on the North Shore in 'Wheels to Glory', a story published pseudonymously in the *New Zealand Listener* in 1950.

The smell of embrocation, shouts of voices, a thin cheer as each bunch of riders rode away. Sixty-two miles with a following wind

for half of it and they went away well spread out, leaning down to strap their feet into the straps on the pedals, bright colour under the palms along the esplanade. The crowd huddled against the wind, watching from doorways, watching from parked cars, calling to the riders, shaking hands, and every few minutes another group going away.

Out on the bay the water was breaking and low shreds of cloud tattered in the wind. The spray was breaking over the end of the jetty and a lone sailboat tacked up the harbour. The bare legs of the cyclists goose-fleshed in the cold. They stood around waiting their turn to start or bent over their bikes in last-minute adjustments. One rider sat in the gutter putting on a hair net. Sea smell and the smell of shellfish on the piles of the jetty--and the smell of embrocation.⁷⁰

'Wheels to Glory' is a skillfully written account of what to look for in a cycle race--the handicapping, the starter with his yellow scarf and bottle of beer in his pocket, and the scratch riders who 'went away fast and eager, clean, falling into line, every action whittled down, the crowd already gone from their minds, riding off their seats and leaning into the corner'. The story opens at the Devonport Reserve, where the Great Northern Race began, one of the country's biggest with up to one hundred riders. The race ran from Devonport through Northcote and Birkenhead, out to Albany and up the winding Albany Hill to Orewa, then back to finish by the orphanage at Barrys Point Road in Takapuna. Maurice took part on more than one occasion. Most of the races were over metal roads, and those who suffered punctures or breakdown ended up in the 'dead wagon', a truck that followed in the rear.⁷¹ At its finish-line 'Wheels to Glory' suggests the exhilaration of spent effort which must have appealed to Maurice's desire to be tested:

The first one in coming very fast through the aisles of the crowd and then flung off his bike pale and huge, gasping and exhausted, lying on the road verge with nothing sounding in his ears but the pounding of his blood.⁷²

Maurice's fitness and dedication were unquestionable. Sweat would break out across his upper lip when he was riding hard. But unfortunately he had an alarming habit of losing his way.⁷³ Once when leading a stage out to Browns Bay he took a wrong turning and got lost. At the finish Bill waited patiently for his friend to arrive. It was dark and everyone else was long gone home when Maurice appeared, angry, from the distance. Later he used to joke that he was leading all the way because nobody passed him. On another occasion, a race over East Coast Bays to Albany and back to Takapuna, the North Shore Cycling Club solemnly reported:

'The limit men went off fast, and were racing very well until they took the wrong road at Browns Bay. This is the second time M. Duggan has taken the wrong turning over the Bay route, this time leading two other riders astray'.⁷⁴

In Auckland Maurice was isolated from his family at Paeroa, and he made a conscious effort to forget their troubles. But in 1939 his father became bankrupt. The business had been in trouble for some time. Robert Duggan, characteristically, did not make the details clear to his children, though Maurice later noted, 'the years were not good years for that sort of venture and it would seem to have been an unwise venture'. He also saw that his step-mother's 'drain upon the business must have been a critical factor in its failure'.⁷⁵ Duggan was not a declared bankrupt, and so he did not have to work towards formal discharge. Sargood, Son & Ewen and Ross & Glendenning, his two main creditors, agreed to take the proceeds from the sale of premises and stock in settlement, together with the rent from the Duggans' Devonport house over a fixed number of years. This latter must have lasted a considerable time, as in 1952 Maurice was writing that his father 'still owns the house [...] it is knee-deep in mortgages I should think'.⁷⁶ The family never lived in the Albert Road property again, and although repossession was eventually granted to Robert Duggan it was then almost immediately sold.⁷⁷ Once more Maurice's father faced the task of picking up the pieces of his life.

Now without means, the family moved back to Auckland to stay with the O'Grady's in Bellevue Road. Phyl's mother had died while they were in Paeroa, but Sergeant O'Grady had remained in the house together with Phyl's brother, though both were to die over the next few years while the Duggans were with them. The house they rented was a grand looking villa set back from the road behind palm trees, and with broad verandahs on two sides. The passageway walls were of kauri covered with scrim, and in the small kitchen at the back of the house, where the family sat down for porridge each morning, a caged budgerigar lived on a mantelpiece above the range. There were many books on shelves and, perhaps in part because money was tight, reading became a household pastime. The back yard contained a trellis and gazebo, and Robert Duggan set out to build up the garden, growing vegetables in tidy beds with paths between. Maurice later used the back yard as the setting for 'The Departure', making an unkind alteration to the truth by describing Mr Lenihan's vegetables as not so good as his neighbour's. Despite its four bedrooms, the house must have suddenly seemed crowded.

In fact the family reacted well to adversity and relations improved. It was now a family of young adults, most of whom used the nearby tram-stop to take them to employment and increasingly independent lives. Through their father Marie and Kathleen found jobs as machine operators at Fayreform, a brassière and girdle factory, and Marie later moved to work for several years behind the counter of

Strevers Lingerie in Queen Street. In one of the rooms of the house Phyl eventually set up an industrial machine--bought by Duggan--and made money hemming sheets. Duggan used his extensive contacts in the drapery business to make some money brokering in cloth and napery. Later he started work for a Mr Mercer at Linensworth in Karangahape Road. Maureen began to attend Saint Benedict's Convent School, and Maurice moved into the house from Bulwer Street. Bill was a regular visitor. Suddenly the family seemed to have come full circle and returned to the better days of Devonport. Bill liked to stay at Bellevue Road on Friday nights. He would arrive in his soiled working gear from his new job of spraying timber. After washing he would borrow some of Maurice's clothes and eat dinner with the family. Then the pair would spend the evening in a billiards saloon in Balmoral, at threepence for fifty points. Points were racked up every time a ball was pocketed, and the youths would purposefully miss to extend their playing time, while looking out for complaints from the proprietor.⁷⁸

Towards the middle of the year Maurice found new employment driving a van for Culpan's Dry Cleaners in Parnell. He worked, as he later joked, 'through all one hot summer collecting suburbia's dirty linen'.⁷⁹ Maurice loved racing about in the van. He prided himself on being an excellent driver. He was to allude to the tenor of his youth when he later recalled: 'I batted about in dangerous cars, drunk on rum-flavoured milkshakes and round-wine biscuits. I batted about with the boys--and with the girls'.⁸⁰ Girls were a new departure. Maurice was a tall, powerfully built and handsome young man with an open, smiling face. In the evenings he went out with several young women, using the firm's van for transport, although his relationships seem to have been no more than friendly.⁸¹ He was well known for his gentlemanly ways, a courteousness which was much appreciated, and which he learned could gain respect while keeping people at a comfortable distance. Maurice sometimes visited Ces Worthington, his wife Cis and their family, who lived at Achilles Crescent in Narrow Neck. Cis was a cousin of Jack Prichard, a member of the cycling crowd. On one of these visits Bill bicycled over with Maurice and met Edie Taylor, Cis's sister. Cis and Edie's mother had died when they were young, and Edie was now living with the Worthington family. Bill asked Edie to go out with him, and they soon became a couple. Eventually they were to marry. But at first Edie's father was unhappy when serious attentions were paid to his daughter by a Catholic boy, and this caused Bill some heartache. For a short time later he went out with Kathleen Duggan, who had a similar nature and temperament to Maurice, but it was Edie he was interested in. Everyone seemed to be growing up fast.

Work and independence had given Maurice a cheerful confidence. It was to remain one of his most attractive features, usually expressed in a quick wit and pleasant volubility. Such a wit needed an audience. Maurice found one when a

group of young people, including Bill, Edie, the Worthingtons, Olive Harvey, the cycling boys and Edie's basketball girlfriends, began to go on frequent Sunday walks. They would assemble for a party at Jack Prichard's parents' spacious Stanley Point house, then later walk back together into Devonport. During these walks, and at other parties held at the Kirker house and elsewhere, Maurice would entertain everyone present with his ability to spin tales. He would announce, 'how did the Venus de Milo lose her arms? Because she bit her nails too far'. Then he would go on and give a whole history of the de Milo family and what sad circumstances had led their daughter to this nervous condition. His eyes would incandesce with pleasure as he talked, a chuckle discernible behind the words. The challenge of embroidering a tale and the success of his efforts delighted him as much as his listeners.⁸² Although he did not know it, he was within the tradition of the Irish storyteller who amuses by extending endless logic into brilliant absurdity. But Maurice may have had these walks in mind when he wrote of Falter Tom's ability to enthrall the boys of the town with his sea stories.

Falter Tom would tell them a salty tale, wink at them, then shoo them off as though they were tame birds. When next he saw them he would tell them the same story back to front and upside down: but whichever way he told it, the story was as wonderful. He didn't, however, want them to believe too much.⁸³

Maurice could be the life of a party. His friends thought of his talent as a sparkling diversion, and so did he, but no one saw it as anything more.

Throughout 1939 the world had watched Germany's increasing aggressiveness in eastern Europe with alarm, and on 3 September, following Britain's lead, New Zealand declared war on the Nazi regime. It was the first time New Zealand had independently issued such a declaration, and the mood among those members of the public who remembered the losses of the Great War was resigned and subdued. In a speech two days later Prime Minister Savage 'emphasised that "none of us has any hatred for the German people", that the true enemy was Nazism, "militant and insatiable paganism".⁸⁴ But for young people like Maurice and Bill the 3 September declaration meant that the war their fathers' generation had been to, an opportunity for daring and adventure, had begun its second act. Ireland's neutrality was at best an irrelevance, at worst anathema. Members of the First Echelon raised by the New Zealand army from mid September were required to be between twenty one and thirty five years old. Maurice was not yet seventeen and Bill not quite eighteen.⁸⁵ In any event the recruiting of the first batch of 6,600 men was swamped by 12,000 volunteers within the first week.⁸⁶ At Culpan's Dry Cleaners an ex-navy man was recalled to the services. In early November Maurice obtained a copy of his birth certificate. Towards the end of the year he went without telling anyone to the

air force recruiting office at the Banks Box Company building in the central city, to sign papers for the air crew.⁸⁷ When he let his friend know later that same day, a highly annoyed Bill Kirker rushed to join him. Both went on the waiting list and hoped to be called up as soon as possible.⁸⁸

Meanwhile they listened to reports on the radio of the Centennial Exhibition's popularity in Wellington, the successful action of *HMS Achilles* near the River Plate, and the jubilation of the phony war. They bought leather jackets and black trousers, all the rage at the time. The pair tried meeting the cost of these in weekly instalments until at last Robert Duggan went to the store and paid off both accounts. Maurice would one day describe himself, with more than a little nostalgic glamorisation, as: 'A hard-fingered larrikin, a wide boy in leather jacket and trousers with 24-inch bottoms, and even, for all I can remember, in black shirt and white tie'.⁸⁹ The account of the clothes is accurate, but the youths' attitude was considerably more naive. Around this time Maurice and Bill bought themselves pipes, and Phyl obligingly put some sherry in to sweeten them up. Proudly they lit the pipes in the lounge, sucked on the bits, inhaled, and retched. Alcohol consumption consisted of small glasses stolen from the sherry decanter when everyone else was out, or the occasional beer somewhere, but the importance of cycling training precluded much else. If they were racing on the weekend Maurice would go to stay at Bill's house on Friday night, coming back to Bellevue Road on Sunday evening to be ready for the working week.

One day in early 1940 Maurice and Bill were training as usual when Maurice stopped and complained: 'My leg's giving me gyp'.⁹⁰ He eventually went to a doctor and was treated for water on the knee.⁹¹ But on the morning of 14 April he woke up and found that as he got out of bed he could not put his foot to the floor without excruciating pain. Maurice was brought to Auckland Hospital, where doctors discovered osteomyelitis had taken hold in his left tibia and fibula.⁹² A bacterial inflammation of the bone and bone marrow, osteomyelitis was curable with penicillin. But although the drug had been discovered in 1928 it appeared in therapeutic treatment only after 1942, following the publicity over its use on the victims of a Boston nightclub fire.⁹³ In 1940 standard treatment was bed-rest with the legs bandaged firmly, and the occasional application of an infra-red heat-lamp.⁹⁴ Maurice's health had always been robust. He had come without difficulties through the polio scares that had flared up on occasion from the 1920s onward. But by early May he was gravely ill. The German armies were invading western Europe, and the war he so wanted to join was under way in earnest. Michael Joseph Savage had been dead and buried for just over a month. Maurice was lying sedated with morphine in Ward Four, the grey drab room full of the rotting smell of decayed bone, while doctors called his father in to the hospital and explained that the

condition of the disease was acute.⁹⁵ As Maurice was still a minor they would need Robert Duggan's permission to operate. One Friday evening Bill was visiting Bellevue Road when Duggan took him into the lounge, and said suddenly: 'I've got some bad news. Maurice has had his leg taken off'. Bill was to remember the shock for the rest of his life.⁹⁶

The amputation was made just below the left knee joint, and it required two blood transfusions. The doses of morphine were stepped up, and Maurice was at best only semi-conscious when visitors were able to come to the room, separate from other patients, where he was kept. Several times Bill visited to find him lying with his eyes rolled back and no understanding of where he was.⁹⁷ For three weeks when he was not heavily drugged Maurice was in pain. The window of his room had a venetian blind through which the afternoon sun filtered in golden bars, and even in his stupefied condition he was impressed by the flooding beauty of the light.⁹⁸ Maurice could still sense his leg under the sheet, and so he had no idea that it was gone. One day, as he was beginning to feel revived, a new nurse on her rounds entered the room and by accident uncovered the amputated stump. It was a waking nightmare. The trauma was immediate, deep, and permanent. Maurice was hysterical.⁹⁹

There were many opinions among Maurice's friends as to what caused his illness, ranging from a badly treated ingrowing toenail to crashing the Chevrolet in Paeroa. But the family thought of a knock sustained playing rugby as the mostly likely origin. Osteomyelitis can result from several forms of injury, so that in fact each of the supposed causes is possible. A chronic soft tissue infection such as an ingrowing toenail could allow bacteria to enter the bone. Damage from a blow playing football or an open wound is also a likely cause, as the small bones of the feet are common sites for contiguous focus osteomyelitis. However chronic osteomyelitis may follow the sort of infection sustained in an injury from a car crash, with the patient being asymptomatic for years while experiencing only intermittent pain.¹⁰⁰ Maurice certainly believed that he had contracted the disease from a rugby injury. This was the reason he offered most frequently in later life, and he never again was interested in or comfortable with the country's national game.

The first hint of how hard life would be from now on came in Maurice's initial encounter with other patients.

At seventeen when at last they carried me, from the single room where I had lain for several weeks, out into a bed in the open ward I was appalled to find it filled with old men lying grey in white linen and trailing tubes that led to pouches of red rubber (like hot water bottles) suspended from the bed rails. Their urine was piped away:

they dripped, and were snappish and hopeless [...] Through the weeks and months many died and few got really well.¹⁰¹

Maurice's family and friends came to see him--Bill, Edie, the Worthingtons, the cycling crowd. When Phyl visited she was not sure at first if Maurice understood his leg was gone, but he told her quietly that he knew about it.¹⁰² Olive Harvey brought him fresh eggs each Friday from the small farm she lived on in Mangere, and she would sit with him for hours.¹⁰³ It was several months before he was up and about on crutches, and not until 19 November that he was able to go home. In Bellevue Road he lay about in the back yard, getting the early summer sun onto his stump. At first Maurice seemed resilient and likely to retain his old cheerfulness, but gradually he became more despondent. He suffered from phantom pains. At night Maurice would dream that he was intact and running about. The dreams went on long after he had got accustomed to having the stump, and they were absorbingly vivid. Then in the morning he would wake to reality. He did not talk about his leg. He did not welcome talk about it from others. As a subject it soon became taboo. Everyone had to act as if Maurice were simply unwell.

Maurice's bitterness was acute. He began a long process of attempting to conceal his disability from others and from himself, a task which occupied him with increasing ferocity for the rest of his life. On the street he had to lumber about with crutches, so that his hands were never free. When startled children asked him what had happened to his leg, he would quip, 'I wore it out playing hopscotch'.¹⁰⁴ But the quips and the silences hid a devastated young man who felt everything of importance in the physical world had been taken from him--cycling, cars, his job, girls, the air force. He had been horribly emasculated. His loss made him despair of the justice of life. Maurice believed that no loving God could have treated him so badly, and his irreligiousness blew up into a virulent anti-clericism. Throughout his life the church was to remain anathema. Of it he wrote: 'It spoke not at all of love, tolerance, charity, the frailty of human tenancy: it roared about damnation, carnal transgressions, sin, the perpetual and infinite pains of hell'.¹⁰⁵ Time began to weigh him down. There was no end, no day when he would wake up free. In 'Beginnings' he recalled:

I stopped running and tried to think of something else. Maybe, when I felt better, I'd read a book. Why not? I could read, couldn't I?¹⁰⁶

So bookishness began as a form of escape.

Maurice now entered a dark period in his life about which little is known, partly because of his isolation, and partly because of his lack of physical activity, but mostly because the mental transformation which proceeded is so remarkable as to be almost incredible. At first there were the distractions of being in and out of hospital on innumerable visits. The stump was checked and there were examinations for

further inflammation. Bill had joined the Territorials at Narrow Neck with Eric King and others from the cycling club. Then on 8 August he entered the army's Ninth Heavy Regiment on seven shillings a day as a gunner.¹⁰⁷ The Regiment's chief attraction was that its garrison received pudding with rations. Bill was on Motutapu Island for basic training, but he was back before the year was out, having fractured both his ankles in the rigours of marching practice. At Auckland Hospital his legs were put in plaster and he spent some time in a wheel-chair. When Maurice visited they both went for a race on crutches down the hospital corridor.¹⁰⁸ This sharing of immobility may have been the only time that Maurice ever enjoyed his disability. He had started to keep his stump always covered in a woollen sock, although he would take this off sometimes in front of Bill. Bill was surprised to see how raw and bloody the stump remained.¹⁰⁹ But Maurice was not given to grumbling about any form of physical discomfort. Others were to admire his refusal to complain about his stump, though this resulted from an exhibition of will-power rather than having adjusted well. Maurice had a high tolerance for pain, but his stump was to hurt more or less continually. He saw very few people, and his days were occupied with reading. He began going frequently up to Brooking's second-hand bookstore in Custom Street East. There he bought books, it seemed to his family, by the yard. His energy went into mental pursuits. Maurice could do nothing halfheartedly, and he was transformed by this reading as much as anything else. He began to see himself as a person involved with books and words, and at the same time books and words actually became interesting.

After leaving hospital Bill had gone down to the South Island for a time on convalescent leave. Over the summer he worked at the tobacco plantation of a cousin in Motueka. When he grew tired of this Bill travelled north once more with his savings, looking to meet up with Maurice again. The pair would take some of Bill's money out of the Post Office and go off to the pub, or they would loll about the esplanade at Devonport, smoking cigarettes and 'leading the life of Riley'.¹¹⁰ Maurice's talk seemed more about books than it had ever been before, and Bill was simply not interested. But there was plenty to do and say. It was a wonderful late summer until the money was gone.

In July an examination showed that Maurice still had osteomyelitis. The inflammation was spreading from the remains of the tibia into the rest of his leg. It was so virulent that further amputation would be necessary.¹¹¹ 'They're running out of meat for the hospital meals', Maurice joked desperately to Edie Taylor, as he departed for surgery once more.¹¹² When he was placed, this time knowingly, on the chrome and rubber operating table and went out under the anaesthetist's mask he was terrified.¹¹³ The incision was made in the thigh. Visiting him in hospital, Bill was amazed to find his friend in the same ward, 22A, in the same room of five

patients, that he had himself been kept in for his ankles only months previously.¹¹⁴ This time Maurice was discharged at the end of July.¹¹⁵ He went back to Bellevue Road, where he continued reading.

The German army was driving deep into Russia, with the Japanese into the Pacific, and catastrophe was part of the daily news. Everyone seemed to be leaving to join the forces. Ian McCorquodale had gone into the army in 1940 and later entered the navy. By now everybody in the cycling club, except Maurice, had joined up. Bill talked of signing for the navy, and on 3 September 1942 he entered *HMS Philomel* for training. Before he left for overseas service Maurice gave him a silver tiki, which Bill kept under his uniform all through the war. On the back was an inscription: 'Bill, from Morry'.¹¹⁶ Within three years Maurice found that all the young men his age had disappeared overseas. From North Africa and the Mediterranean some had already returned who were *hors de combat*. Maurice found himself often mistaken for an ex-serviceman as people tried to buy him drinks, or asked him in which battle he had been hurt. Their embarrassment when he explained seemed the last twist of the knife.¹¹⁷

Not long before Bill entered the navy Maurice's stump was considered sufficiently healed for him to be fitted with a prosthesis. All his hopes were pinned on this artificial leg. He would be able to stand, and he would walk again without the impediment of crutches. Above all, he would appear normal. To be fitted out he visited Zenith Artificial Limbs in Cook Street. The company was run by Archibald Nugent, a First World War amputee, and staffed by his son Trevor and another amputee, John Chappell. The factory took up the basement of a boarding establishment, Porchester House, and had something of a medieval look. At length Nugent sold out to the government, but it was not until after the war that the premises were moved to Mount Eden and became the Artificial Limb Centre.¹¹⁸ Following the first measurements, Maurice had to wait two weeks while the leg was made. However when it was finally ready, at a cost of £60 because of a lack of imported parts, the new limb came as a terrible disappointment to Maurice's expectations. The design of prostheses was virtually unchanged from the time of the battle of Waterloo. The leg was a piece of willow hollowed to make it light, with a foot built on and a steel knee-joint on a buckskin bearing. The wood was covered with rawhide to keep it strong, and a so-called 'double swivel pelvic band', a leather strap around the waist under the clothes, kept the prosthesis in place.¹¹⁹ It was not a new leg at all but something 'wholly extraneous', as Maurice described it in 'Beginnings'.¹²⁰

Below-knee amputees find that with practice they are able to walk in a manner indistinguishable from ordinary people. But Maurice found that for an above-knee amputee it usually took a month to learn to kick the limb forward, getting the knee

straight to walk over the top of it, so that the contraption could be hauled up for the next step. The best he would ever be able to manage was a swinging, bobbing gait.¹²¹ Furthermore the prosthesis was heavy, weighing fifteen pounds (6.8 kilograms). Maurice dragged it after him like a cross. He was reminded of his disability with every step, as is Falter Tom in the opening paragraph of *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*.

At one stride he would seem to be setting off on some far journey; at the next, drawing his stiff leg up to his good leg, he would falter and frown, pause, and stride out again. The look on his face matched his walk. When he was striding out, his face was bright and his eye was lively; when he faltered, his face became angry and sad. Falter and frown, stride and smile; so he went along.¹²²

Perhaps in part because of his reliance on fifteen pounds of dead wood, Maurice's loss began to assume for him the dimensions not merely of an absence of limb but of a gross deformity, like a hunchback's spine or a disfiguring disease. It was, as he recorded, 'crippling above all to my vanity'.¹²³ But more than vanity was at stake. Maurice's entire self-image had been destroyed and was in the process of being recreated. Later in life he received an aluminium leg covered with flesh-coloured paint, but it remained held on with a belt. Maurice eschewed the later inventions of suction cups and hydrolic knees, convinced that nothing more could be done for him.¹²⁴

During 1942, while the disappointment of his artificial limb was still new, Maurice sat up one evening at the kitchen table and wrote a story with a pencil in an old school foolscap pad. It was called 'Smoke', and he later recalled, 'it was written at one sitting, from start to finish, and [...] it was without erasure or deletion of any kind [...] an abstract consideration of man's destiny--no less'.¹²⁵ The story occupied nineteen handwritten pages, and it was undertaken with complete confidence. But when it was finished creator and object 'looked at each other in profound suspicion'.¹²⁶ Maurice's father and step-mother were not impressed. If reading books was a waste of time, writing stories was something even stranger. This was not the recovery they were hoping for. Many men had been disabled during the First World War--they were known as 'limbies' or 'wingies'--and they now did useful work such as wool-classing. Already, perhaps in a form of compromise, Maurice had got a job as a dogsbody in the back of Brooking's bookshop. He was pleased to earn some kind of income. Brooking's was a large and cluttered shop with Sam Brooking himself, the son of the store's founder, a figure of almost Dickensian shabbiness. He walked with a limp, smoked heavily and pawed at pages with long fingernails. Enormous stacks of books lay all over the store, frequently with abandoned cups of tea perched on top and marking the covers with brown

rings. But Maurice had the opportunity to read even more widely and to meet people of a type he had never previously encountered in his life, those who were interested in literature.¹²⁷

Maurice had been for some time treating the Public Library, as he later described it, as 'night-school'.¹²⁸ It contained all the information that had been lacking in his education, or which previously he had not had the will to pursue. 'Autodidact in everything', he wrote of Riley in 'Riley's Handbook', and it was also a phrase he used to describe himself.¹²⁹ The hard-won nature of his learning may have been another factor in his later prolixity, as he was never inclined to say simply 'self-taught'.¹³⁰ Trips from home to the library and work required the use of public transport. Before his illness it had been easy to jump on and off a tram. But now, walking unaided on an artificial leg, Maurice found it was a problem requiring care and determination. The process of bending the knee while sitting was the most difficult of all to master, and so on a tram ride Maurice simply did not sit down. He learned, as he sardonically noted, 'the insouciance of the platform rider, cigarette for excuse'.¹³¹ Smoking up till then had been a pastime. Now it became a habit he was to keep all his life. It was fine and could look manly, and it was, throughout the decades that immediately followed, almost universally acceptable. But standing on the platform of a crowded tram, enjoying the rattling movement with a stack of books from Brooking's in one hand and a cigarette in the other, was only a source of antagonism. It was felt that any young man looking fit and able should be in the armed forces. In fact, being unable to enter the war may have saved Maurice. The shocking casualty rate among pilots, combined with Maurice's mechanical flair and impetuous nature, would almost certainly have meant his death. A white feather came through the post, and he received another from a woman who approached him on the tram.¹³² How was he to reply? For a person of his heavy build even standing for too long on a prosthesis almost always inflamed his stump. He soon had to give up the job at Brooking's. He retreated to Bellevue Road where he could sit and cover nineteen pages of foolscap with speed and fervour.

'Smoke' was a major turning point in Maurice's life. He was finding support from something he could do, and with which he could express himself as he wanted to be. In 1960, as the second-ever Burns Fellow, he was to recall his moments of literary commencement:

I began where, I imagine, so many writers begin--with myself. I was possessed of all the wonderful freedom of a complete ignorance; excited by possibilities so vast that, ludicrous and untutored though I know the view to have been, I can yet sigh for the faith of it, the strength of it.¹³³

But the story was not good enough. Later he grew dissatisfied with it and put it in the fire. He began reading with an eye to seeing how writing was done. It would not occur to him, until too late, that writing a story was not something that could be perfected. In the meantime he wrote regularly, exercising his pen, to Bill who was now overseas. Maurice's letters always contained entertainingly written gossip, but they also became more self-consciously artistic. Bill was intrigued to read carefully worked-up descriptions of the moon, or the view from Devonport wharf. There seemed to be a new one in each new letter. Maurice's mature style was in evidence right from his first forays into language through fiction and correspondence--elaborative rather than plot-driven writing, and a reliance on descriptive over narrative power. He was interested in mood, in the evanescences of human experience, and although he did not know it yet, in the formal problems all this entailed.

Bill also read in one of Maurice's letters that his friend had been manpowered into essential industry. Maurice was working for Radio 1936 Ltd on Quay Street, a company that built radio receivers for American troops in the Pacific.¹³⁴ During 1942 New Zealand industry was stretched to peak capacity and beyond in an attempt to raise production while more and more young men were overseas. The threat of invasion from Japan had become real. New Zealand had been virtually defenseless until June and the arrival in Auckland of the US Marines. Meanwhile pillboxes, machine-gun emplacements and barbed wire entanglements had been set up to protect beaches. At Browns Bay and Takapuna rubber insulation was fitted to allow the wire to be electrified. Tank traps were constructed, and sewing circles prepared field dressings.¹³⁵ Having been too ill even for the Home Guard, Maurice was delighted to be doing something that might loosely be described as war service. His task was to stamp out the metal chassis for the radio receivers. The working arrangements he described in 'Beginnings': 'The firm's contract was negotiated on a cost-plus-ten-percent basis, with a piece-rate bonus for the men on the presses and an extra bonus for setting up one's own power-press from the templates'.¹³⁶ What Maurice did not record, but complained of to Bill, was how much he hated the demands of the heavy, repetitive work. His new intellectual interests, if anything, made the job even worse. Later it became raw material for the early story 'Machinery Me'.

I worked all morning. I wasn't talking much, just moving steadily, feeling sore at the job and letting my thoughts drift on, my hands feeding metal into the machine with the precision of long habit. There was a heavy press operating on the floor above thumping in a perfect rhythm and shaking the whole building. Usually it is annoying only at the start, but this day every quivering pound of the

down-driving shaft wormed into my brain and the concert was piling up inside me pretty fast.¹³⁷

Like his unnamed protagonist, Maurice's escape was to go outside in the breaks and read beside the wharves. Most of his pay went on old books from Brooking's. No record was ever left by Maurice of how he finished the job, although most likely the constant standing on his stump left it too inflamed to continue. On later occasions it was to prove not up to similar types of manual work.

Maurice began to apply himself more and more to the problem of writing. He transformed his bedroom into an author's den. His room at the back of the house was small and on two levels, with a step in between. It had been crowded before, but now Maurice could scarcely move in it for the piles of musty second-hand books it contained.¹³⁸ He bought a serviceable typewriter. His tinted lead-light windows caught the setting sun, and the room was filled with a golden efflorescence when he wrote through the late afternoons. His desk faced a wall, as he had read somewhere that he should not to be distracted by a view.¹³⁹ He was reading his way doggedly through literature, and it may have been his perfectionism, his determination always to improve on what he had done before, that prevented him from staying on the diet of adventure-novels with which he began.

An important early hero was Jack London. Maurice may have started with the simple tales of excitement, like *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang*, but he was soon going through the more difficult socialist novels like *The People of the Abyss* and *The Iron Heel*. He read all of London's fifty or so books, captivated by the writer's power of vocabulary, flashing phrases, and his ability to describe exotic landscapes. Before Bill had gone overseas Maurice told him of a book of London's which it was proving impossible to obtain. Loyal as always to his mate, Bill went to the library and ordered a copy. Before shipping out he borrowed the book, with no intention of returning it, and handed the volume over to Maurice. Later in his letters overseas Maurice frequently referred to London's novels with enthusiasm.¹⁴⁰ At his friend's insistence that he read one Bill finally ploughed through *John Barleycorn*, London's autobiographical memoirs of a suicidal alcoholic. 'I hope to God you don't turn out like that', Bill wrote back.¹⁴¹

To others this new interest of Maurice's was incomprehensible, and it seemed to be getting worse. Just a few years later he was to describe this time shut away in his room to Frank Sargeson, with more than a dash of youthful theatricality, as:

a womeworld [...] myself surrounded with the solution to mere practicality...writing because I *knew* then, and for that moment the knowledge was beyond question. So? I did all my writing then. Between waking and sleeping there was only the blank page to fill out, because I must, and that took me beyond the engendering 'desire

to write', the momentary fruition, the cacoethes scribendi [...] *I was right*. I knew then what I was doing. I knew without ever thinking about it very much that the pubs and the factories, the Kirker people contained all the reality I could handle, all the life...etc. I had the impetuosity, the sheer virility of feeling right in and to myself [...] I didn't know good food from bad and didn't care and my drinking was in every pub. But out of all the life I had barely seen there grew a sort of instinct...for the unstated and incoherent and blunt forces...the necessities [...] I was building, quite slowly and surely, word upon word, something from which would issue not me but me in everything...If you like I am the grocer or the debt collector, the masturbator and the Don Juan...the world was never moral, only somehow tidy, with all the loose ends clipped.¹⁴²

Seldom had negative capability been so confidently put. By the end of 1943 Maurice was reading writers as diverse as Keats, de Quincey and Liam O'Flaherty.¹⁴³ His 1928 Shakespeare & Co. edition of *Ulysses* was bought second-hand on 9 November. Maurice read it over and over until it almost fell to pieces. He could scarcely contain his excitement at Joyce's rich phraseology and endless virtuosity, at the Irish writer's ability to transform everyday life into something beautiful and meaningful through language. Maurice felt his personality developed after reading *Ulysses*.¹⁴⁴ From Joyce he also learned that writers were people who had problems with their parents, who had abandoned all religious faith, and who took gloomy consolation in their art. Many years later he commented: 'Between the beginning of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and the end of *Finnegans Wake* lies everyman's domain and all literature, our hopes, fears and velvet curtains'.¹⁴⁵ He could even quote passages of Joyce from memory in a facsimile of an Irish brogue.

During 1943 Maurice's parents moved down to Wellington. Both Robert Duggan and Phyl had been offered jobs at McCready's drapery store on the corner of Manners and Cuba Streets. By now Duggan was bald, bespectacled and stoutish. He suffered terrible congestion in the mornings from his smoking, but he had retained his vitality and was still cheerful and effective in a shop. Phyl was forty three and growing thinner with time. She and her husband had long since settled into comfortable orbits. Except for Maureen, who was fourteen, the children were grown up and out of her care. Duggan and Phyl found a place to rent in Hataitai. Maureen accompanied them to finish her schooling. With just Maurice, Marie and Kathleen at Bellevue Road the house seemed suddenly empty. They turned their parents' bedroom into a lounge merely to use up space. Maurice was largely isolated from his friends by the war and his disability.¹⁴⁶ He occasionally visited Ian

McCorquodale's mother, who had been educated at Teachers' Training College and the University College, and she would correct his grammar and pronunciation.¹⁴⁷ He went to stay for a time with the Worthington family. Bill had become engaged to Edie when on leave--another area where Maurice thought he could not follow his friends--and Bill had asked Maurice to look after her while he was away. Staying with the Worthingtons was very pleasant, although everyone laughed when Brian, Ces's child, swatted Maurice's left leg with the wooden handle of his toy rifle. The child was amazed when the toy was smashed. At this time Devonport drew its water virtually untreated from Lake Pupuke, and the lake's level had fallen disastrously low. When the water came through the taps brown, and even with small shrimps in it, Maurice insisted on going home across the harbour to have a bath.¹⁴⁸

But increasingly he saw no one at all. These were gloomy times for him. The war ground on, seemingly without end. In Eastern Europe and North Africa the tide had turned against the Germans, but D Day was still far off. The Japanese had been driven out of New Guinea but held on fiercely to their occupied territories. At times Maurice's thoughts appear to have reached a condition of quiet hysteria. Several of his unpublished stories written a year later deal with the hallucinations of someone confined to a room. One was entitled 'Man Alone', the title lifted from a well known novel by a New Zealander of Ulster Protestant descent, John Mulgan. In it Maurice wrote: 'The browngrooved walls of his room confined his body and his silentshrieking sense'.¹⁴⁹ The story begins, typically of these early pieces, with a nightmarish nocturnal walk:

Because of the aloneness, because of the quiet in the house and the faint rattle of a window intimidating his manhood, because of the wind outside and the night and the long, away, far stars; because of being one and existing as one, unaccompanied, an integer in a world of needed duality and plurality, because of the bloodfear in the night and the echo and smell of vagrant and casual death; because of this and the whited roundness of removed women and loneliness in crowds, and melancholia in the sight, the touch, the enveloping caress of black unlit water, he went out from the lighted room.¹⁵⁰

When Bill came back again on leave he found Maurice seemed to have acquired a new accent. His vowels were shortened, in a more precise, slow and careful way of speaking. Suddenly the words mattered. He wanted Bill to read *Ulysses*. Bill tried a page of what he thought 'gobbledygook', then gave it up.¹⁵¹ But Maurice could still tell a great story. He told Bill of a man he had seen getting ready to put in a window frame using a trimmer. The man had picked up a nearby axe and begun to bash the trimmer for all he was worth, then turned and seeing Maurice, asked, 'what, are you interested in carpentry, son?'. He also told Bill of a

man he had seen several times over on the North Shore who was digging an enormous hole in his front lawn. Every time Maurice passed the man seemed to be outside, working on making it bigger. Finally he said to Bill that there was a literary crowd on the North Shore that he would like to break into. Bill wondered where it would all end.¹⁵²

It was Frank Sargeson who seemed very much at the centre of any literary activity in Auckland. Maurice had seen him in the Public Library some time previously. Sargeson was wearing a tweed jacket and a knitted tie. He carried a haversack instead of a normal bag.¹⁵³ For this people thought he was odd, because few understood that he could not afford anything else. Sargeson was a professional writer. He was nineteen years older than Maurice, a qualified solicitor who had turned his back on a career with the Public Trust to live in his parents' seaside bach in Takapuna, where he wrote short stories. The stories had appeared in a variety of magazines. Sargeson had won the New Zealand centennial literary competition, sharing first prize with one Miss E. Midgley of Point Chevalier. He had even published two books of stories, a major feat in a still provincial country--*Conversation with My Uncle and Other Sketches* in 1936, and an expanded selection, *A Man and His Wife* in 1940. Maurice had read both. He especially liked 'Sale Day', where the inarticulate sexual energy of a young man is given expression by dumping a cat into a hot stove. A short novel, 'That Summer', was to appear in England in issues seventeen, eighteen and nineteen of John Lehmann's *Penguin New Writing*. Number seventeen was out but not available. Late in the year Maurice made his own bid for publication with a story called 'Flood', which he submitted to the *New Zealand Listener*. The story no longer survives, although Maurice paraphrased it as:

the floodwaters were bringing down cattle and trees and a foamy rubble. The men were trying to lasso the beasts as they checked against the bridge before going under. The rain had stopped. The river water was yellow from the mining battery in the gorge where gold was extracted by a cyanide process. A girl, with thighs, rode up bareback on a pie-bald horse. The nooses fell short: the cattle bellowed: the rubble piled up. And I, of course, was in the thick of it.¹⁵⁴

'Flood' appears to have borrowed heavily from popular cowboy fiction, and Maurice understood his all too obvious reasons for giving himself the most active role. But the piece may have been reworked for the later children's story, 'The Fabulous McFanes', where Jennie and Laddie observe similar activity on the bridge of a town as some farmers try to rescue stock from flooded plains and a swollen river. The water, once again, has 'curds of yellow foam'.¹⁵⁵ A young boy rides up on a horse

which rears and knocks Laddie into the river. He is likely to drown, but a farmer manages to lasso him and he is hauled out.

The inevitable rejection from Oliver Duff, the *Listener's* editor, followed before the year's end. 'Not this time, but you interest us. Try us again', Duff scribbled on an enclosed note, and Maurice was heartened.¹⁵⁶ But he felt he needed the help of a real author. During the heat of January 1944 he located Frank Sargeson's address, and with great care Maurice drafted him a letter. Overseas there were horrific battles on the Eastern Front, at Anzio and in the Marshall Islands, as Maurice posted his note in early February. In it he asked for advice on how a story should best be written and inspiration courted. He wanted to know about trends in literature, and what books would be the most useful for him to read.¹⁵⁷ When the letter arrived Sargeson noted to a friend:

A fan-mail letter has just turned up--from a young man--21--artificial leg--very flattering--very young-shy-intelligent--he makes one of the best comments I've seen on my 'Sale Day' [...] Maurice Duggan the name and he wants to write [...] If I get to know him will he have enough native grit bounce resilience independence to take what good he can from me and reject the bad? Or should I be an old devil and claim him if I can as an enslaved disciple, a sycophantic prop for my old age [...] Anyhow I'll let you know the sequel.¹⁵⁸

Maurice had taken a decisive leap into his new life. He had chosen to join Auckland's small literary community.

Notes

1. Edie Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
2. Robert Sydney Duggan. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
3. The population of Paeroa borough was 2,149 in the 1936 census. *New Zealand Yearbook*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1937. 849.
4. 'Onlooker.' 'The Paeroa Racing Club.' *The Ohinemuri Regional History Journal: Historical Section W.A.C.M.A. (Inc) and Paeroa & District Historical & Arts Society (Inc)*. Aug. 1980: 41.
5. Gary Staples. 'Extraction of Gold and Silver.' *The Ohinemuri Regional History Journal: Historical Section W.A.C.M.A. (Inc) and Paeroa & District Historical & Arts Society (Inc)*. Jun. 1977: 43-5. Audrey Argall-Glasgow. 'Paeroa and the Surrounding District During the Early 20's and 30's.' *The Ohinemuri Regional*

History Journal: Historical Section W.A.C.M.A. (Inc) and Paeroa & District Historical & Arts Society (Inc). Nov. 1981: 5.

6. *Ohinemuri County Diamond Jubilee--1885-1945* [souvenir booklet]. Ed. Ohinemuri County Council. Paeroa: Gazette Print, 1945: 31. Paeroa and Lemon appears to have been the drink's original name.

7. Brian Crosby. 'Through the Town on Our Way to Tech--1935.' *St. Joseph's School Paeroa 70th Anniversary Souvenir Booklet*. Paeroa: Thames Valley News (1967) Ltd, 1970: 26.

8. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 318-319.

9. Brian Crosby. 'Through the Town on Our Way to Tech--1935.' *St. Joseph's School Paeroa 70th Anniversary Souvenir Booklet*. Paeroa: Thames Valley News (1967) Ltd, 1970: 24-6. Subsequent descriptions of Paeroa's commercial establishments are also from this article.

10. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992. Estelle Baker, Belenaise Rautahi, and Jane Winiata [all formerly Royal]. Interview. 29 Aug. 1992.

11. Marie Shaw. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.

12. Marie Shaw. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.

13. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 241-242.

14. Brian Crosby. Interview. 5 Sept. 1992.

15. Brian Crosby. 'Proficiency Examinations, 1935.' *St. Joseph's School Paeroa 70th Anniversary Souvenir Booklet*. Paeroa: Thames Valley News (1967) Ltd, 1970:

30. Brian Crosby. Interview. 5 Sept. 1992.

16. Brian Crosby. Interview. 5 Sept. 1992.

17. Marie Shaw. Interview. 2 Jun. 1991.

18. Brian Crosby. 'Proficiency Examinations, 1935.' *St. Joseph's School Paeroa 70th Anniversary Souvenir Booklet*. Paeroa: Thames Valley News (1967) Ltd, 1970:

30. Brian Crosby. Interview. 5 Sept. 1992.

19. Brian Crosby. 'Through the Town on Our Way to Tech--1935.' *St. Joseph's School Paeroa 70th Anniversary Souvenir Booklet*. Paeroa: Thames Valley News (1967) Ltd, 1970: 26.

20. 'Chapter.' *Collected Stories*: 103.

21. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992.

22. H. Rawle. 'Waihi Beach.' *The Ohinemuri Regional History Journal*, Historical Section W.A.C.M.A. (Inc) and Paeroa & District Historical & Arts Society (Inc). Oct. 1981: 27.

23. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992.

24. Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.

25. 'The Departure.' *Collected Stories*: 236.

26. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.

27. 'The Departure.' *Collected Stories*: 235.
28. Maurice Duggan. Psychiatric Records, Oakley Hospital.
29. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
30. 'Six Place Names and a Girl.' *Landfall* vol. 3 no. 1 (1949): 8. The version published by Duggan in *Immanuel's Land* has small improvements to the prose, the main change being that 'squeezing my knee' becomes the less erotic 'punching my thigh'. The detail of being given a lift by a commercial traveller is biographically unsubstantiated although it would explain how a small boy might get so far. In an interview of 6 May 1993 Bill Kirker felt Duggan had bicycled all the way.
31. Bill Kirker, Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
32. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 307.
33. Bill Kirker. Interview. 28 Jul. 1994.
34. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992.
35. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992.
36. Brother Maurice Russell. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992.
37. 'Guardian.' *Collected Stories*: 67.
38. 'Guardian.' *Collected Stories*: 68.
39. 'Guardian.' *Collected Stories*: 68.
40. Brother Maurice Russell. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992.
41. Maurice Duggan. Psychiatric Records, Oakley Hospital.
42. Brother Maurice Russell. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992.
43. Sacred Heart College school magazine, 1936. Brother Maurice Russell. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992.
44. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
45. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
46. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 331.
47. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker,. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
48. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 11 Sept. 1974.
49. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
50. Maurice Duggan. Psychiatric Records, Oakley Hospital.
51. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
52. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
53. From a speech by Duggan reported in *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.
54. 'The Fabulous McFanes.' *The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories*: 34-35.
55. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992. Duggan noted: 'Some of "McFanes" is on Hauraki Plains, Waihi Beach, Karangahake Gorge.' Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 11 Sept. 1974.

56. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 5.
57. 'Six Place Names and a Girl.' *Collected Stories*: 71.
58. Estelle Baker, Belenaise Rautahi, and Jane Winiata [all formerly Royal]. Interview. 29 Aug. 1992.
59. The Royal family was not happy to find Pele recognizably named in the story when it was published. A strictly brought up and respectable family, none of its members owed money or produced home-brewed beer. The reasons why Duggan might have introduced these changes to the Maori portrayed in 'Six Place Names and a Girl' is discussed in the *Immanuel's Land* section (see page 307).
60. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. Robert Sydney Duggan. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992. Estelle Baker, Belenaise Rautahi, and Jane Winiata [all formerly Royal]. Interview. 29 Aug. 1992.
61. Maurice Duggan. Psychiatric Records, Oakley Hospital.
62. Maurice Duggan. Psychiatric Records, Oakley Hospital.
63. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
64. From a speech by Duggan reported in *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.
65. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
66. Sacred Heart College school magazine, 1939. Brother Maurice Russell. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992.
67. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992.
68. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 335.
69. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
70. Noel Harbron [pseud.]. 'Wheels to Glory.' *N.Z. Listener* 6 Apr. 1950: 8. Bill Kirker confirmed in an interview of 6 May 1993 that Duggan told him he had written the story.
71. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
72. Noel Harbron. 'Wheels to Glory.' *N.Z. Listener* 6 Apr. 1950: 8.
73. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991. Newspaper clippings on the activities of the North Shore Cycling Club in the possession of Bill Kirker.
74. Newspaper clippings on the activities of the North Shore Cycling Club in the possession of Bill Kirker.
75. Maurice Duggan. Note on father's finances. Personal papers. A note by Robert Sydney Duggan among Maurice Duggan's papers mentions: 'Maurice's summary of reasons for bankruptcy is correct.'
76. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 9 Jan. 1952.
77. Maurice Duggan. Note on father's finances. Personal papers.
78. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
79. 'Writers in New Zealand: A Questionnaire.' *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 1 (1960): 51.
80. From a speech by Duggan reported in *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.

81. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991. Duggan notes in a letter to Frank Sargeson, 27 Jul. 1948, describing this period: 'I was, blithely, fairly asexual for a long time.'
82. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
83. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 5.
84. F.L.W. Wood. *Official History of New Zealand in the Second World War: Political and External Affairs*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1958: 11.
85. *Documents Relating to New Zealand's Participation in the Second World War*. Ed. H.K. Kippenberger. Wellington: Government Printer, 1949: 34.
86. F.L.W. Wood. *Official History of New Zealand in the Second World War: Political and External Affairs*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1958: 98.
87. Obtained from the Auckland Registrar of Births and Deaths, 3 Nov. 1939, and among Duggan's personal papers.
88. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
89. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991. From a speech by Duggan reported in *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.
90. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
91. Marie Shaw. Interview. 2 Jun. 1991.
92. Auckland Hospital records. National Archives, Auckland.
93. The tragedy of this fact was never forgotten by Duggan and lies behind Ben McGoldrick's 'Hooray for Sir Somebody Fleming, then' in 'The Magsman Miscellany.' *Collected Stories*: 367.
94. Brian Crosby. Interview. 5 Sept. 1992.
95. Olive Gibson [formerly Harvey]. Conversation. 3 Mar. 1994.
96. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992. Marie Shaw. Interview. 2 Jun. 1991.
97. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
98. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
99. Maurice Duggan. Psychiatric Records, Oakley Hospital.
100. Dr Reiner Heigl, North Shore Hospital, and Dr Anna Benes, Auckland Public Hospital. Interview. 4 Mar. 1994.
101. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. Dated 26 Jan. 1974.
102. Marie Shaw. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
103. Olive Gibson [formerly Harvey]. Conversation. 3 Mar. 1994.
104. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
105. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
106. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 332.
107. Paybook in the possession of Bill Kirker. Bill Kirker. Conversation. 1 Mar. 1994.

108. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
109. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
110. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
111. Auckland Hospital records. National Archives, Auckland.
112. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
113. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor, undated but written in May 1950. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
114. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
115. Auckland Hospital records. National Archives, Auckland.
116. The tiki is in the possession of Bill Kirker.
117. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
118. John Chappell. Conversation. 2 Mar. 1994.
119. Trevor Nugent. Interview. 23 Jul. 1994.
120. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 332.
121. Trevor Nugent. Interview. 23 Jul. 1994.
122. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 3.
123. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 332.
124. Nick Duggan. Conversation. 27 Jul. 1994.
125. From a speech by Duggan reported in *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.
126. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 332.
127. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
128. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 332.
129. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 318.
130. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 27 Jul. 1994.
131. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 332. In 'O'Leary's Orchard' O'Leary observes of an awkward moment: 'a cigarette or the action of lighting one could do so much to relieve situations such as this of their rigor'. *Collected Stories*: 254.
132. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 333.
133. From a speech by Duggan reported in *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.
134. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
135. John M. Ross. 'Defence on the North Shore.' *Takapuna, People and Places*. Ed. Jean Bartlett. Auckland: Takapuna City Council and North Shore Historical Society 1989: 121-122.
136. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 333.
137. 'Machinery Me.' *Collected Stories*: 32.
138. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
139. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.

140. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
141. Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
142. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 27 Jul. 1948.
143. An all too random sample taken from Duggan's bookshelves--of books surviving from this period and in which he has also written the date of his having read them--helps give an indication of the sheer quantity that was read at this time and the year immediately following: 5 Feb. 1943, Plutarch *Lives*; 8 Aug. 1943, Swinburne *Collected Poems*; 9 Aug. 1943, O'Flaherty *The Assassin*; 23 Sept. 1943, O'Flaherty *Famine*; 9 Nov. 1943, Keats *Collected Poems*; 8 Jan. 1944, Epictetus *Moni Discourses*; 12 Feb. 1944, Shakespeare *Complete Works*; 14 Mar. 1944, Gilbert *Free To Laugh and Dance*; 14 Mar. 1944, Saroyan *My Name is Aram*; 18 Mar. 1944, Auden *Selected Poems*; 18 Mar. 1944, Hyde *The Godwits Fly*; 31 Mar. 1944, MacNeice *Selected Poems*; 4 Apr. 1944, Lee *The Hunted*; 8 Apr. 1944, Ruskin *The Crown of Wild Olive*; 14 Apr. 1944, Forster *A Passage to India*; 15 Apr. 1944, Kafka *Amerika*; 17 Apr. 1944, Fairburn *The Sky is a Limpet*; 28 Apr. 1944, Mason *China*; 6 May 1944, Hamilton *Falls the Shadow*; 3 Jun. 1944, Lorca *Selected Poems*; 3 Jun. 1944, Eliot *The Waste Land*; 8 Jun. 1944, Eliot Sweeney *Agonistes*; 15 Jun. 1944, Isherwood *Goodbye to Berlin*; 15 Jun. 1944, Faulkner *Dr Martin and Other Stories*; 8 Jul. 1944, Read *To Hell With Culture*; 8 Jul. 1944, Joyce *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*; 22 Jul. 1944, Spender *The Destructive Element*; 12 Aug. 1944, Pater *The Renaissance*; 23 Sept. 1944, Auden and Isherwood *The Dog Beneath the Skin*; 3 Nov. 1944, Joyce *Stephen Hero*; 12 Jan. 1945, Sender *A Man's Place*; 19 Mar. 1945, Faulkner *Pylon*; Jul. 1946, Joyce *Chamber Music*.
144. Maurice Duggan. Psychiatric Records, Oakley Hospital.
145. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Nov. 1962.
146. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
147. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992. In 'Riley's Handbook' Riley finds among Myra's things 'a paperbacked book, *Mend Your Speech*, ambition or an impediment or what?'. *Collected Stories*. 331.
148. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
149. Maurice Duggan. 'Man Alone.' Unpublished story. Sargeson papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
150. Maurice Duggan. 'Man Alone.' Unpublished story. Sargeson papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
151. Bill Kirker. Interview. 28 Jul 1994.
152. Bill Kirker. Interviews. 17 Jan. 1992, 6 May 1993. Given that this activity by Bill Anso, a friend of Sargeson's, visitor to his bach and frequenter of R.W. Lowry's parties, is identified as the probable basis of Sargeson's 'The Hole that Jack Dug', published in 1945 [Robin Lowry Hay, *Islands* vol. 6 no. 3, Mar. (1978): 245], then it

may be that Duggan first heard the story told by Sargeson at some time later than this and recycled it for Kirker's pleasure.

153. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 334.

154. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 333.

155. *The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories*. Queen Charlotte Sound: Cape Catley, 1974: 17-20.

156. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 333.

157. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 16 Feb. 1944.

158. Anonymous source, through Michael King.

Chapter 3--The Views From the North Shore [aet. 21-27]

'The mind. The mind. Pick at it and it will never get well.' (Letter from Maurice Duggan to John Reece Cole)¹

'Dear Maurice Duggan', Sargeson wrote on 16 February 1944 in a quick reply. 'Thank you for your letter--it seems to me have plenty of lively intelligence in it--I like it'.² He was impressed by Duggan's appearance, on the written page, of youth and talent. The possible rôle of guide and supporter was deeply appealing to a man whose devotion to art was almost apostolic. Sargeson was aware that New Zealand literature as a possible entity was still in the process of being built, and he was already playing mentor to a number of hopeful authors, such as E.P. Dawson, A.P. Gaskell, G.R. Gilbert and Greville Texidor. Over time Sargeson's willingness to help others, as well as his continued existence as a professional author in New Zealand, was to provide inspiration and encouragement to several generations of writers. An issue of *Landfall* in 1953 marked his fiftieth birthday and contained a tribute signed by almost every author of importance in the country, including Maurice Duggan.³ But Duggan was the first major writer Sargeson was to discover.

The would-be mentor's reply to the young man suggested trying to find *Three Lives* by Gertrude Stein. He also advised that *Winesburg, Ohio* by Sherwood Anderson was available in the public library. These were both authors with some influence on Sargeson's own work. Duggan rushed to read them. Sargeson had been a hypochondriac since childhood, and he was not above regaling others with unwanted details of his health.⁴ However he was now recovering from a prolonged illness which had proved equal to his greatest fears. He was on a government benefit for tuberculosis contracted near the beginning of the war, and the disease still caused him genuine intermittent trouble. Sargeson's observation in his letter to Duggan that they were both invalids was a shrewd act of kindness. There was some flattery, and some reassurance, in his going on to suggest a meeting in terms of risk:

because maybe 20 years hence the critics will be saying: 'Duggan had great promise but Sargeson's influence ruined him.' Or am I taking the greater risk myself? You'll surely lose any illusions if you see I'm a nondescript sort of person, no longer young, an awful highbrow, living in an untidy bach full of cobwebs. Even so, I am a good cook and gardener. Anyhow don't say no just out of shyness--I'm easy going--all the writers I know are--easy to meet and talk with.⁵

Within a few days Sargeson received a shy but enthusiastic response. He wrote again a week later, suggesting Duggan visit for lunch the following Saturday, and even bring manuscripts if he wanted to. G.R. Gilbert, author of *Free to Laugh and Dance*, was staying for a short time and might also be present. At the bottom of the

page Sargeson drew a handy map, showing how to find his address at 14 Esmonde Road by ferry and bus at a cost of one shilling and fivepence.

Sargeson described his own history to Duggan succinctly in a letter a few months later.

Very middle-class puritan wowser home--High School and matric-swot night after night until qualified as a solicitor--£200 and a trip to Europe--N.Z. Civil Service--1st breakdown in health and farmlife in King Country--Auckland and slump--milkman, relief, fishing and hawking fish, gardening and selling produce, going out gardening and variety of odd jobs--2nd breakdown in health and invalidity benefit.

Writing since 1928--novel (dud) play (not so bad) stories.⁶

Born in Hamilton forty one years previously, his real name was Norris Davey. His pseudonym he had borrowed from Oakley Sargeson, a much admired uncle who farmed at Okahukura. As with Duggan, Sargeson later pointed out, there was a familial Irish connection. His maternal grandmother was from Belfast. Sargeson had been immersed in his parents' Methodist faith when young, but he had grown up to replace religion with literature, creating himself as a writer in the process. Since May 1931, after nearly two years of staying at Oakley Sargeson's farm, he had been living in dire poverty in his parents' one-room bach at Takapuna, on Auckland's isolated North Shore. He kept himself alive by having much of his section under cultivation, by occasional journalism and book reviews and, wherever possible, by writing fiction. No other source of funds existed, except for sporadic acts of kindness from family and friends. Since the 1930s he had written his stories on any scrap paper he could find, including the backs of indignant letters from the Unemployment Board, before developing a liking for the green paper obtainable from savings banks, which he felt was restful on the eyes.⁷ A committed author, he believed, could be exempt from the stultifying *mores* and rules of bourgeois society. With immense single-mindedness Sargeson was trying to make a go of living as a man of letters.⁸

Sargeson was a wiry build, sandy-haired, and with a bright and steady gaze. His personality was an extraordinary combination of benevolence and waspishness. Along with remarkable kindness he could also manage an acerbity and a fondness for smutty jokes that were more prurient than witty. Some attributed this to his homosexuality, about which he made no secret among friends. Others saw it as a symptom of his ill health, but it was certainly derived from his position in every way utterly on the margins of New Zealand society. His bach was cramped and narrow. It looked like something the army would use, with camp beds along both sides, a table, and a small gas stove near the entrance. All available space was inundated with books and papers. The only source of water was an outdoor tap. Going to the

toilet meant squatting over a long drop. Sargeson once tried to embarrass a friend's visiting father-in-law by expounding a theory that squatting was the most natural way to defecate. He was nonplussed when the elderly visitor passionately agreed with him.⁹ Meals, mostly of garden vegetables, were eaten off various bakelite dishes which occasionally Sargeson had warmed up too close to the stove's burners. Guests had to manipulate their plates so that their food did not fall through the small holes the burners had made. But Sargeson's claim to being a good cook and gardener was no idle boast. His interest in then exotic vegetables, like green peppers and garlic, and in drinking wine when it was available rather than beer, reflected a lifestyle which he saw as determinedly European. His neighbours saw it as degenerate and Bohemian.

On 26 February, the agreed Saturday, Duggan found Esmonde Road. He had taken a taxi from the ferry terminal to make certain. The street was a cul-de-sac of holiday houses tucked amongst manuka and fern, ending with a farm-gate, some pohutukawa and a steep drop to the mangroves of Shoal Bay. Duggan walked past the hedge at Sargeson's front gate and stood under the roof of a small porch, where tobacco leaves were drying. He was nervous about making a good impression. He had got his hair cut and had his clothes specially dry-cleaned. To his annoyance he was sweating a little in the heat. After they had shaken hands Sargeson showed his visitor around the garden. He guided Duggan away from the *paspalum*, repeatedly saying, 'mind your trousers' in a way that made the young man feel like some sort of dandy.¹⁰ Duggan never quite forgave him this initial embarrassment. In the last weeks of his life he was to write a poem on the encounter, which he misdated: 'Calling on F.S. (1945)'. The final version contains only half of a more revealing earlier draft.

At my first visit he mischiefed me
on the prim correctness of my dress--
where was nothing inappropriate, surely?
I was calling to meet a living writer
in the formal substantiality
of his paper mansion.
Later, among green capsicum,
in a grove of exotic pawpaws,
I loosened my knitted tie, spoke,
tentatively produced a manuscript
I just happened to have with me...
on the pavement outside we identified
two soldiers walking back from a war.¹¹

Duggan enjoyed his lunch. Both men talked through the gathering heat of the cloudy afternoon, each pleased with the other's intelligence and perceptiveness. G.R. Gilbert had departed for the Pacific islands a few days before. But towards the end of the afternoon Sargeson suggested they visit Greville Texidor and her husband Werner Droescher, in Milford at 48 East Coast Road. When Texidor and Droescher had earlier lived in Paparoa Sargeson had met them on his way back from Rawene and seeing Dr G.M. Smith, the crusty Scottish hospital superintendent who seemed to run almost everything in the Hokianga.¹² These names and places were bewildering to Duggan, but he agreed they should go. The pair set off for the bus-stop, the smaller older man swinging his canvas haversack and the younger keeping up as best he could on his artificial limb.

Greville Texidor and Werner Droescher were by far the most exotic people Duggan had ever met. Droescher was a tall, moustachioed, amiable man, completing his B.A at Auckland University College. He was German, and although he had fought with the Republicans in Spain against Franco and been associated with anti-Nazi groups, he was lucky not to be interned in New Zealand as an enemy alien. In England when war broke out, he had been put into a camp in Devon. Through being married to him Texidor had gone into Holloway. The two had only got out to New Zealand through influential friends.¹³ Sargeson may even have told Duggan that in Northland the local policeman had hidden himself outside the Droeschers' bedroom window one night, in case signals were being made to enemy ships out in the Kaipara Harbour. He had been rewarded instead with the sight of Texidor undressing.¹⁴

Texidor was English, born Greville Foster in Wolverhampton in 1902, and so a year older than Sargeson. Her life appeared to have come straight out of a Bohemian novel. Her father, a barrister, had committed suicide when she was young. Her mother had been a painter, and through her Texidor and her younger sister Kate had got to know many artists, including Stanley Spencer and Mark Gertler. Texidor claimed to have been painted by Augustus John and, by implication, to have been briefly his mistress.¹⁵ She and Kate had danced on the stage as Bluebell Girls in Europe. In Buenos Aires she met and in 1929 married a Spanish industrialist, Manolo Texidor. Together they had moved to Spain in 1933, and it was not long afterwards that Texidor met and had an affair with Droescher. After the Civil War began in 1936 she and Droescher married. They were involved with the POUM group and then the Anarchist Centurias, before leaving for England to work with Quaker relief schemes. Texidor was a lean, good-looking woman, her fair hair greying. Her sophisticated wit and ways had not allowed her to settle happily in New Zealand, neither in Paparoa nor now in Auckland. In conversation this made her brittle and inventively sardonic. At times she still saw herself as a

batty 1920s showgirl, but she was writing and publishing under Sargeson's encouragement. Because of the wartime shortage of paper, some of her stories were being composed on the backs of Sargeson's discarded drafts.¹⁶

Droescher and Texidor lived together with Cristina, Texidor's daughter by her first husband, her mother Mrs Foster, Kate Kurzke her sister, and her sister's daughter Charlotte. The house, which belonged to Mrs Foster, was behind a small shop on a long back section. This could be entered from either East Coast Road or Stanley Avenue.¹⁷ Together with Sargeson, Duggan tottered in. He was immediately pitched into a conversation about literature, over coffee and ice-water, among dazzling and excitable people. Their interests and sense of passion strangely matched and expressed his own. Texidor's Spanish husband had been an international long distance cyclist. She and Droescher had heard Federico García Lorca reading his work in Spain, and Texidor was preparing translations of Lorca's poems. Her story, 'Home Front', about a Spanish Civil War veteran's visit to a bleak New Zealand dairy farm, had been published in England just the year before in *Penguin New Writing*. Sargeson and Texidor did most of the talking. Duggan sat soaking up all he could. He was feeling tired and, in his own words, 'a little strange'.¹⁸ Then suddenly he had to leave. It was getting late and perhaps, though certainly without his admitting it, his leg was aching badly. He was hurried to the bus-stop. There was only time on the bus's bottom step to shout a quick 'goodbye' as he departed. It had been a heady day. Later in the week he read 'Home Front' and wrote to Texidor in an appreciative letter: 'I had never thought of it but wine does "flood the teeth", doesn't it?'.¹⁹ Duggan's only experience of wine to date was in Communion, but he was determined to master the subtleties of this exhilarating new world.

After the encounters of 26 February Duggan formed an intense friendship with Sargeson and Texidor. At no subsequent time in his life was his view of literature, and his experience of the world, to be refracted so completely through only two people. The crowd at the North Shore Cycling Club and most other young men were overseas in the armed forces. Duggan's new friends came from an entirely different sort of North Shore. The previous few years of his life had been characterised by a nagging solitude filled with heavy reading. Now with writing came literary friendships. An apprenticeship of sorts had started. But before these exciting relationships could be pursued Duggan received a brief note, signed with Sargeson's customary 'F.S.'. In it Sargeson said he was going on holiday and did not expect to be back in Auckland before the end of March. He was in the midst of writing *When the Wind Blows*, a semi-autobiographical novella. The strain of sitting down to the recalcitrant manuscript day after day was enormous, and he planned a break as a guest of E.P. Dawson at her Tauranga house.²⁰ Duggan was a little hurt.

Greville Texidor did not get in contact either. As if in reaction, Duggan went out and found a job. At what is a mystery, although it may have been as a clerk in the correspondence department of the Farmers' Trading Company. However he soon discovered that full-time work took away time and energy from writing. He sent a letter to Sargeson in the Bay of Plenty asking for advice on how to serve both art and Mammon, and waited.²¹

It was not until the end of April that another note from 'F.S.' arrived. Sargeson had at last returned, feeling much better for 'a *real* holiday'.²² He warmly hoped to see Duggan soon, and he recommended looking at A.R.D. Fairburn's *We New Zealanders*, which was appearing from the Progressive Publishing Society in Wellington. Texidor had not been in contact because she had been unwell. The anti-climax was over. Duggan bought a copy of the Fairburn pamphlet and read a diatribe against the complacency of New Zealanders' Eurocentric culture and institutions, and of 'dullness as a national idol'. 'The spirit of the maypole is completely lacking,' Fairburn wrote.²³ Yet Fairburn criticised New Zealanders' everyday life mostly from a highbrow viewpoint. Their boorishness would be cured by the upgrading of culture in New Zealand to European standards. Duggan had already sloughed off his Catholic background and much of the Irishness that went with it. Now he was among people who could hold the values of the ordinary 'good bloke' in distinct disregard. This confirmed everything he wanted. Sargeson (and Katherine Mansfield before him) had found it necessary to change his name and remove himself in order to become a writer. By joining him Duggan could escape his old life but keep his name and stay where he was.

A few days later Sargeson wrote with advice on how to live and work as a writer. These were suggestions he found himself giving to all his *protégés*. A nineteen year-old cub reporter at the *Auckland Star*, David Ballantyne, had visited Esmonde Road together with Roderick Finlayson only five weeks before Duggan had. Ballantyne was asking the same questions about a literary career. Sargeson had suggested to Ballantyne that he drop his International Correspondence School academic courses and continue to exploit his flair for journalism, as the lesser of two evils. 'For wage earning keep clear, well clear, of anything that at all *resembles* what you really want to do', Sargeson now repeated.²⁴

So Maurice my friend I just don't know. All I can say is I have the highest regard for your intelligence and intentions [...] I do know that all you say about NZ is along the right lines [...] but what is wanted is someone who will present his vision of things concretely, that is, in a novel, that actually shows the thing as it is and works. If eventually you can do that you will have done something that has never been done yet, that is crying out to be done, and that I, for one, will be

deeply grateful for [...] The trouble with a precocious young writer is that he'll go too fast and use up material before he's in a position to do his best by it. So don't go too fast if you can help it, and don't worry about not going fast enough. And judiciously but persistently use your disability (pardon me for mentioning it) to achieve your own ends.²⁵

The assumptions behind such advice had enormous impact. Sargeson had kept himself going through most of his career with a miscellany of odd jobs. His influence was to ensure that Duggan followed the same course for the next seventeen years. Employment at Farmers' Trading Co. did not last. Through his mentor, and the prevailing view of the time, Duggan began from the first to see a great, all-encompassing novel as justification for the outsider's literary life. Sargeson, for his part, had learned from their first meeting that Duggan's prosthesis was not a subject for discussion, although this did not always deter him. He²⁴ both fond of and capable at nursing physical illness in others. Duggan may have alluded to the older man's approach in a cryptic note he left later.

He said it, on more than one occasion and with more than one thing in mind: 'One thing's for sure--it slows up your dancing.'

And for myself a key phrase at that time was: 'I think I'll have to think about that, sometime.'²⁶

Duggan began to learn the techniques of the writer's craft. Sargeson recommended reading Firbank to learn how to keep a narrative moving with scraps of conversation. He also suggested Proust, 'because only Dostoevsky has outdone him in psychological knowledge [...] Writing is an art, and Proust is a very great artist [...] Just get what you can from him at your present stage of development'.²⁷ It was a tall order. Duggan read *Remembrance of Things Past* in portions as large as he could manage while still keeping pen to paper. He wrote a new story, 'Vance and Me', and sent this to Sargeson along with 'Flood'. The older man read it in the wintry chill of his bach. The invasion of Normandy by the Western allies had begun only a few days before and the end of the Third Reich was now inevitable, but for both men the war's events were of only peripheral interest. Sargeson praised 'Vance and Me' as 'the start of Huckleberry Finn all over again'.²⁸ Duggan may have written it with his mentor's enthusiasm for Mark Twain in mind. Sargeson counselled:

Now broadly speaking I'd say these two pieces are more the work of a man with a camera than a man with a paint brush. You are a little uncertain of yourself yet, you don't quite know what to do with and what to make of your material, so you just photograph it. Well, lots of even mature writers do that--the American Farrell does it I think to

a large extent. As for me I feel I want something more than that. I want to feel that the writer is a painter rather than a photographer--that he has selected, left out, re-arranged, and added. I don't say that you haven't altogether done this, but perhaps you will see what I mean.²⁹

This was probably not what his impatient *protégé* wanted to hear, but Sargeson knew that the young man had to sharpen his skills. Sargeson added: 'Leave a bigger left hand margin, and always put your name and address at the end of your typescripts'. These regulations Duggan faithfully kept to all his life.³⁰ His mentor suggested sending 'Flood' to the *Listener* for publication, and 'Vance and Me' to *New Zealand New Writing*. When Duggan admitted that Duff had already turned down 'Flood' he was told to try the *Sydney Bulletin*, whose literary editor was Douglas Stewart, a former New Zealander.³¹ Neither story ever appeared in print.

Duggan and Sargeson were close from their first meeting, with the austere older man teaching and encouraging. But it was to the cosmopolitan and urbane tastes of Greville Texidor that Duggan aspired. Texidor liked wine but could not stomach New Zealand beer, while Duggan was the opposite.³² Texidor's accent was genuinely British, with an upper-class tone she had cultivated. Duggan's speech became so carefully perfected that, as with a writer like Dickens before him who had moved out of his class, none of the intellectuals he later met would suspect it as something acquired. Texidor could be difficult to approach, but Duggan was smitten with her. He took over a copy of Kafka's *Amerika* for her and Driescher to read, and a copy of Lorca in English for interest. He sought her approval for a recently bought translation of Ramon Sender, the Spanish author of several lyrical metaphysical novels. Together they admired Sender's celebrations of portentous mystery, talking what Driescher quickly coined 'literary bibble-bobble'. Sargeson fussed to Texidor about better influences, like Anderson, Melville's *Redburn* and Mark Twain. But she noted conspiratorially to Duggan: 'I am not the Huck Finn type, so what can one do about it?'³³ Sargeson admired the spare realism of A.P. Gaskell's 'One Hell of a Caper', recently published in the *Listener*.³⁴ Texidor was in the throes of writing 'These Dark Glasses', which would be finished by the end of June. This was a novella, influenced by Cyril Connolly's *The Rock Pool*, set in a place named Calanques in the south of France.³⁵ *Ennui*-ridden, isolated and increasingly desperate Bohemians, 'living off the state of the world', meet and rue the imminent loss of Spain to the Fascists.³⁶ The novella contained the kind of richness Duggan admired and would master, himself well acquainted with Connolly, in 'Voyage'.³⁷

At mid year Duggan visited Esmonde Road and brought Sargeson a new story, 'Machinery Me'. He stayed for dinner, and in the evening the two men wore

themselves out with talking. 'Machinery Me' showed off Duggan's interest in Hemingway. Its young hero even reads *A Farewell to Arms*. The opening has Hemingway's characteristic patina of toughness, and the story's emotional disengagement makes clear its protagonist's contempt for ordinary life.

Every morning it was a drag to get out of bed and the limited, unthinking routine was worse than a hard sentence. It wasn't doing much good to swim against the tide of regimented existence but hell, I was keeping my head up and my senses clear, and at the best the whole merry-go-round of work and sleep couldn't last more than a month or two. I probed into the dull, mediocre, comfortable lives of the crowd I worked with, but I kept clear of their pattern.³⁸

The story's second half was full of Hemingway-like dialogue, short and staccato, which duly moved the narrative along. Duggan left the manuscript with Sargeson, who a few days later was writing in warm support and careful criticism.

There seems to me half a dozen and more things wrong with the thing but that's not the point [...] Such indignation, such rage, such energy. You take hold of words (sometimes, perhaps, the wrong ones), and infuse them with all you have until they dance and tear at you like a tribe of dancing dervishes gone madder than is usual. The point is that you can write.³⁹

Sargeson showed the story to Texidor, who was most impressed with it. It was to become standard for Duggan's stories to go first to his mentor, and then to Texidor. Sargeson returned the manuscript with pencilled suggestions. These ranged from substituting the word 'sacked' for 'dismissed' near the story's close, through to instructions on how far to indent paragraphs.⁴⁰ Sargeson detected a basic uncertainty of tone. Did Duggan want to use literary or colloquial language? He also found himself reassuring the young man, whose native grit and resilience he had questioned just four and a half months earlier, that: 'I'm not much good at helping you solve the pressing personal problems, but whenever you can cut through all that and get something down on paper I hope I shall always be here to help to the limit of my capability'.⁴¹ At times Duggan seemed alarmingly intense, but Sargeson had him picked to be a major writer. As a gesture of his own faith Sargeson wrote to Rosemary Seymour, who was involved with plans to begin a new magazine, named *Anvil*, through Auckland University College's Anvil Club. He asked her to watch for anything Duggan might send in.⁴²

'Machinery Me' is the story of a young man who gives up his factory job because of the danger of becoming an automaton. He sits with his book among the other workers at lunchtime, feeling 'implacable hatred for the figures, seated smugly in the sunshine, eating and talking'.⁴³ Then he watches a shag dive into the water

off the nearby wharf and rise again 'in a long planing lift'.⁴⁴ Stung by the bird's freedom in comparison to his own state, the young man announces: 'I knew then I wasn't going back to work. There was no decision'.⁴⁵ But the attempt by Duggan to reveal the protagonist's thought processes through a response to his environment is clumsy. Moreover the barriers to the young man's freedom seem as much mental as to do with heavy machinery. The sense of *weltschmerz* in the story is all-pervasive. 'Trembling youth and the usual messy ferment of adolescence', Duggan was to label it in 'Riley's Handbook'.⁴⁶ The young man's studied gloom is unrelieved by the conversation with the sundowner which continues the story. The sundowner has been asleep on a packing case. He is shabby and somewhat eccentric, with a 'crazy red feather' in his hat and his posture 'looking like a question mark', a Sargesonian type in fact.⁴⁷ He is not an automaton and claims to be a reader. Repeatedly he recommends H.C. Armstrong's *Grey Wolf*, a biography of Kemal Mustafa, the founder of modern Turkey. The sundowner's reading is as socially subversive as his lifestyle, since Kemal led the Turkish forces against the Anzacs at Gallipoli. He seems an indication of how those who resolve to live outside normal society may become. Nevertheless his inability to remember the book's author, nor even the name of its main character, betrays a mere escapist attitude to fiction far removed from appreciating Hemingway's art. The young man, it is implied, is an outsider on a different plane. 'Machinery Me' as a whole is an appeal to the specific values of Bohemian people. It is an in-crowd story not so much on the difficulty of working in dark satanic mills, nor on the emptiness in bourgeois habit, as on the awfulness of living without a vital interest in literature. It reflected just how far Duggan's fundamental attitudes had come.

Duggan was given to a somewhat theatrical display of his troubles, in the manner of any late-adolescent. But he also had problems that were real enough. The raw stump of his leg had him in more or less continual pain. Another visit to the hospital in June over its failure to heal properly had left him so enraged that he decided to keep away from doctors for a while. He and Sargeson, who had an abscess on his chest from a new flare-up of the TB bacillus and also intermittent difficulties with his eyesight, traded commiserations. Duggan had become one of Sargeson's many allies, but for the young man his mentor was his only support. By the end of July Sargeson was introducing Duggan to other people 'who are genuinely interested in writing'.⁴⁸ Sargeson was not a person to attend parties or large gatherings. A few friends at his bach was what he liked best, and at only half an hour by ferry and bus from downtown Auckland the bach was a useful meeting place for a stream of literary people. To leave himself time to write he had had⁺pin a sign in pencil up on the bach's corner near where a grapevine climbed over the grey wood: 'No visitors in morning, please'. Duggan noted the pun on 'mourning'.⁴⁹

It was among Sargeson and his literary visitors that the cheerfulness Duggan had displayed on Sunday walks with friends would sometimes return, alongside a gloomy wit now burnished by his reading and the sophistication he was accumulating. 'Bitter and gay, that is the heroic mood', W.B. Yeats once wrote, as if summing up this kind of humour.⁵⁰ Duggan was to meet the shy and somewhat *gauche* young David Ballantyne, a Marxist, a devotee of James T. Farrell and proud of his common-man's appreciation of literature. Ballantyne was then confidently into the second draft of a novel, 'A Summer Storm', about a family in his home-town of Gisborne. There was also Lionel Grindley, another journalist who was interested in writing and whom Sargeson thought had talent. Grindley moved south at the end of the year to work on a newspaper in Invercargill, and subsequently went overseas. John Reece Cole, a thin, quiet first-year student at Auckland University College, was introduced to Sargeson at his bach by R.A.K. Mason, though Duggan and Cole were not to become friends until early the next year.⁵¹

The Auckland literary community was small enough for almost everybody to know everyone. There were established writers like Roderick Finlayson, who was living at Weymouth while working on *Tidal Creek*, and European refugees from the war like the German poet and scholar Karl Wolfskehl. The short, serious, bushy-haired R.A.K. Mason, who was editing a union newspaper and whose early poetry had been some of the first of unquestionable quality the country had seen, lived at the top of Crown Hill in Milford. His friend the tall, athletic and garrulous poet A.R.D. Fairburn, was to move across the harbour to 7 King Edward Parade at the end of 1946. In the Europe of the past such men would have gained recognition as the dependents of wealthy patrons. But up until the previous generation in New Zealand's brief history, it was felt: 'There was room only for the artist considered as a young gentlewoman. The male poet, if he were more than an entertainer [...] was bound to be a rebel'.⁵² This was still true, but it was a notion being challenged by people now numerous enough to be a group, and who loathed the polite dilettantism of the past. Nevertheless it was a group still largely isolated from the community. Not for nothing had the quickness of Fairburn's wit become legendary in the apologetic literary atmosphere. Once in the Occidental Hotel, earlier in the war, he had been introduced to an American naval doctor who announced his home-town as Dallas, Texas. On the spot Fairburn extemporised:

There was a young woman named Alice,
Used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina
And part of her rectum in Dallas.⁵³

It was characteristic of this new and mostly male New Zealand intelligentsia to be at times so shamelessly, but so brilliantly crude. Its members had a sense of mission. They wanted a rôle in New Zealand society. There was still a widespread lack of interest, and even frequent suspicion, directed toward the arts by the public at large. When the landscape painter Eric Lee-Johnson had his first exhibition in Auckland at the City Art Gallery in late 1945, with Fairburn a fellow exhibitor, the *Herald* sent its racing reporter to cover the show as there was no one else.⁵⁴ Such determined national vulgarity was a symptom of an almost fanatical egalitarianism which thus ultimately encompassed the intellectuals themselves. Margot Ruben, who had come out to New Zealand with Karl Wolfskehl, was amazed to meet on the street one day a member of the Auckland University College Philosophy Department on the way home from supplementing his income with a job at the local freezing-works. Irreverent legend had it that on six o'clock closing at the Central pub, the first *en route* from the university back into town, one could see Professor Arthur Sewell of the English Department leaving the front bar, and his colleague, P.S. Ardern, being thrown out of the back bar.⁵⁵ At their worst the literary community's members could still insist on themselves as an island of high European culture in a sea of New Zealand philistinism, where being intellectual meant 'drinking coffee instead of tea, eating at the Chinese', as Texidor archly put it.⁵⁶ But at their best they saw their task as rendering authentically the raw experience of life in a new country to New Zealanders and others. They all lacked funds, most lacked acclaim, and they each looked after one another. They were, as James K. Baxter said, 'outside the labyrinth/ Of time and money'.⁵⁷ Duggan had become a young member of an informal but exclusive club that just a few years ago he had not even known existed.

Duggan continued writing at ever greater speed. He finished a story set in a gun-pit, possibly about a defensive gun he had seen on North Head as a boy, and took it to Esmonde Road. He finished another piece entitled 'Throw the Stone', a story inspired by William Saroyan. After this latter's rejection by the *Listener* he posted it to Sargeson, who was once more with E.P. Dawson in Tauranga. His mentor replied with satisfaction that it was his best technical achievement so far.

[I]t shows an interesting, and I think *rapid* development. In other words what I will be looking for now is something in which--click!--the technical skill of this one is fused with the rich meal of the former ones. I don't altogether blame Duff for turning this one down [...] wouldn't he say that this is the result of a reaction to writing rather than life--or something like that?⁵⁸

Duggan wanted to appear in print, but outlets were few. *Anvil* had accepted 'Machinery Me' but was stalled, a victim of wartime paper shortages and censorship

regulations. Kennaway Henderson's *Tomorrow*, in which Sargeson had appeared during the 1930s, had been suppressed in May 1940 under the Censorship and Publicity Emergency Regulations. There was the Progressive Publishing Society's *New Zealand New Writing*, an imitator of the British *Penguin New Writing*, which was popular but lambasted by critics for political timidity. *Letters*, an amateurish and undiscerning journal which had begun the previous year, was being hand-set by Noel Hoggard in a backyard shed in Wellington. Australian journals provided better prospects, such as *Meanjin Papers*, a democratic left-of-centre quarterly in Brisbane interested in overseas writing. There was also *The Bulletin*, Australia's most prestigious journal, whose Red Page (named from the inside of the magazine's distinctive red cover) was devoted to literature, and *Angry Penguins*, a four-year-old magazine which promoted the *avant garde*. The latter had accepted Texidor's story, 'At Home and Alone', and her Lorca translations for December, and it would publish Sargeson's 'Old Man's Story' and Texidor's 'Time of Departure' the following year.⁵⁹ *Angry Penguins* was also notorious after it had been revealed in the *Sydney Sun* just a few months earlier that the acclaimed modernist poems it had published of one Ern Malley, a recently deceased mechanic and insurance salesman, were in reality a hoax. The pieces were constructed by two anti-modernist poets, James McAuley and Harold Stewart. They had written them in an afternoon by quoting from any handy books that were lying about. None of these outlets, however, showed any interest in Duggan. 'You'll fetch something off soon in print I bet', Sargeson consoled, but Duggan was yet to be a published author like the writers he was being introduced to.⁶⁰

Then one day in October Bill Kirker and Edie Taylor walked through the door of the house in Bellevue Road. Bill was on leave from his ship, fit and well despite the privations of the war. He was full of adventure stories about what he had seen and been doing, much of it familiar to Duggan from their regular correspondence. Bill had visited Ian McCorquodale on the other's ship and been taken below decks to polish off a quantity of rum.⁶¹ Literature merely vanished as the friendship rekindled. It was an early summer's day, and when Bill asked what they should all do next Duggan replied: 'I'd love a swim'. The three found some bathing suits, took the Chrysler which was still in the garage, and headed for Milford Beach. After finding a spot that was deserted Duggan changed, took his prosthesis off, and hopped unsteadily over the sand into the waves. It was windy on the shoreline and the surf was rough. He lost balance frequently as he splashed about, and Bill and Edie had to stand on either side to prop him up among the breakers. Duggan was entirely unselfconscious. The brine worked into the tender skin of his stump. He floated and felt more at ease than he had been in a long time. He did not forget the incident quickly. Edie was surprised to receive a Christmas card that year which

referred to it with gratitude.⁶² For the period of Bill's leave Duggan dropped out of the literary scene. His new friends did not know what had happened to him. Disappearing for two or three weeks with the mysterious red-headed sailor was to become a pattern repeated every subsequent time Bill was on leave. But when Bill returned to his ship, Duggan would be back to see Sargeson and Texidor again.

By the end of the month Duggan had finished 'Faith of Our Fathers', a story attacking the Catholic church. Sargeson was enthusiastic even though he himself was well disposed to Catholicism at the time, to the point that he would later consider conversion. He was in contact with Catholic friends and priests.⁶³ Harry Doyle was a Roman Catholic. In February the next year Sargeson would have conversations about theology with Duggan's brother Bob, though only when his *protégé* was safely absent. Nevertheless, in *When the Wind Blows* Sargeson was making criticisms of his own Methodist upbringing that were similar to Duggan's. Sargeson observed, 'your control--your literary skill generally has increased enormously'.⁶⁴ When shown the story, Texidor felt that it was much better than 'Throw the Stone'. She suggested removing the word associations on 'Deo gratias' as they were out of character, but when Sargeson made no objection they were left in. Duggan, meanwhile, read Texidor's 'Santa Cristina' and suggested correcting some words relating to Catholic ritual.⁶⁵ Texidor made no changes. 'If you are brought up in a religion until you are twenty you still have it when you are ninety, probably', Duggan wrote in his story, reflecting a determination, like James Joyce and Sargeson before him, to replace his faith with literature. 'Real, considered blasphemy must taste like bravery'.⁶⁶

'Faith of Our Fathers', which takes its title from a pugnacious Irish hymn, was a compendium of Duggan's strengths and weaknesses as a writer at this time. The story focuses on Roy Gallagher's inability to break away from the Catholic church when Father Kerr returns him his discarded missal. Its aura of failure and frustration, in conception at least, would not be out of place among the stories of Joyce's *Dubliners*, which Duggan had read a few months before.⁶⁷ Duggan's descriptive passages are extensive and beautifully wrought. His ability to embed words of subtle commentary in his opening paragraphs indicates that he had also absorbed techniques from his careful reading of Joyce. The path is a 'scar', the vegetation 'dying', the girl makes an 'infant gesture of devotion' and the priest's face is a 'farmer's'.⁶⁸ But an elaborate medical conceit of the grass as stitching is Duggan's own, and it reveals how much power his writing derived at the beginning of his career from an intense and poetic response to landscape. However plot and character are problems. Roy's announcement to his mother that he has thrown away his missal is too brief to seem psychologically convincing, and the story only regains confidence when Roy looks out of the window so that Duggan can describe the

view. When alone later Roy begins to think of the duties of an altar-boy, in an enormous interior monologue which manages to include Bing Crosby, football, word games with the word 'nuit', the Tower of Babel, Atlantis, Plato, and concludes with the unintentional bathos of goat hunting. Its snatches of popular song and compound words make up a pastiche of Joyce, and it indicates Duggan's determined effort, through a display of technique, to mean more than he really does. Much to his annoyance, no doubt, the surest and most elegant parts of 'Faith of Our Fathers' are the boy's vivid descriptions of the Mass.

For several years the still-burgeoning passion and energy Duggan had once put into cycle racing and football had been diverted to reading in gargantuan quantities. Now Duggan's immense restlessness was centred on writing. Most of his social activity consisted of meetings over a manuscript at Sargeson's bach or the Droeschers' house at East Coast Road. Thus within weeks Duggan wrote a new story, 'Man Alone'. He had already tried out various styles, and 'Man Alone' suggests something of the Spanish surrealist Lorca, who through Texidor had become a member of Duggan's Pantheon. The story depicts the hallucinatory nocturnal ramble of a self-tortured young man. He visits a brothel, meets the whores Molly, Gina and Zoya, drinks hard spirits and asks them about a 'deep rotting' fear that's more of loneliness and lonely living than of anything you could touch'.⁶⁹ Soon he runs back to his room. The story attempts to be shocking in its worldliness, but its erotic touches and blasphemies are clumsily handled, as Duggan has little sense of distance from his main character. The language, characterised by compound words and a wide vocabulary, does manage to become emotionally charged, but these emotions are loneliness and sexual frustration. It was writing as a form of therapy. The sunny side of Duggan's nature did not need to go down on paper. This type of morbid frolic was a useful outlet for what had been for too long a fenced-in emotional life, '[t]he whole shooting box of madness melancholy and rebuff' as Duggan later defined it in 'Riley's Handbook'.⁷⁰

'Man Alone's' style, even the story's crisis of solitude, was something Texidor would appreciate, and Duggan showed it to her first. She thought it wonderful. The story was for a long time her favourite, though she objected to the word 'sheloins'. 'Surely it's in the same category as teasetts,' Texidor wrote. 'It doesn't look in the least what it means'.⁷¹ Sargeson was clearly miffed at being only the second reader. He saw the fostering of Duggan's talent, perhaps rightly, as a delicate task. But he also commented:

The piece is wonderful--in what it does, in what it promises. Nobody I know of in NZ makes me feel such a reserve of quite boundless potentialities [...] You'll work it all out for yourself--and incidentally

it's going to be even a worse hell of solitariness for you than the content of the story.⁷²

This was no idle flattery. Sargeson was writing to a friend, '[Duggan's] word experiment may lead him astray for a while, but [...] he'll go a long way technically and every other way--or else I'm a hopelessly bad picker'.⁷³ He sent a list of magazine addresses for the young author to try, but the story was never published.⁷⁴

However Sargeson did hold out some news of prospects. Denis Glover of the Caxton Press in Christchurch was back in New Zealand on leave from the navy, having just been awarded the D.S.C. for his part in the Normandy landings. Sargeson was promoting a collection of A.P. Gaskell's work which had already been turned down by the Progressive Publishing Society, and he hoped Glover would be interested. It was published by Caxton as *The Big Game and Other Stories* in 1947. Sargeson also mentioned Duggan to Glover. Even more importantly, at the end of November Sargeson wrote to the Progressive Publishing Society, suggesting that he put together a short story anthology. He hoped such a book of New Zealand fiction would encourage contact among writers and be marketable to the general public. If it came off, he promised Duggan could have a place.⁷⁵ The anthology in particular excited Duggan, but he could make little of it. He was back in hospital again.

Duggan was readmitted just four days before his twenty second birthday. An abscess had developed on his stump which needed excision. Moreover the stump had never healed properly, and so the doctors decided on a further amputation. They made a cut into the upper thigh. The operation was described by the hospital as 'trimming'.⁷⁶ Sargeson fussed and seemed to wish he could involve Dr G.M. Smith or Mr Douglas Robb, but Duggan was resigned. When Sargeson and Texidor visited him in hospital to bring a supply of books, however, something happened that he had never anticipated. The writers and his sisters made contact. Sargeson rang Marie to check on her brother's progress, and he and Texidor would meet Marie and Kathleen during visiting hours. After Duggan's discharge from hospital in mid December Sargeson even visited Bellevue Road to check on the convalescent.⁷⁷ Duggan was appalled that his sisters, who were so obviously uninterested in what he called 'things literary', should manage to get along well with literary people. Texidor saw them as 'lovely kids'.⁷⁸ Sargeson could have a winning manner, and though Marie and Kathleen found the author a little unusual they were quite willing to be tolerant for their brother's sake. But this was not what Duggan wanted.

Both high and lowbrows alike accepted that culture was for the few of discernment. In this case Duggan's view was reinforced by his intensive reading. Virginia Woolf wrote of 'that anonymous monster the Man in the Street' and Ezra Pound of ordinary people as a 'mass of dolts', being 'the waste and manure' from which grows 'the tree of the arts'. Even J.B. Priestley used the term 'Admass' for the

environment of advertising, mass communication and materialism that produced 'the mass mind, the mass man'.⁷⁹ Acquiring culture from Britain included receiving a legacy of mutual distrust between a public school-educated élite and the working classes. Moreover Duggan saw the literary world as a place of escape, a refuge to light out for. He no longer felt a comfortable part of the everyday scene, but he was still only studying the habits and values of the intelligentsia, a magpie building, as he admitted, 'a curious nest out of the bright pieces'.⁸⁰ At heart lay a question of confidence. Duggan did not know how to act in front of literary people and his sisters if they were together, since he was different with both. His response was a desire to compartmentalise his life that was to stay with him always.

Despite Duggan's operation, Texidor was soon reading a new story called 'Saint Louis Blues', again before Sargeson. The story is clearly a forerunner of 'Blues for Miss Laverty', which Duggan was to write in 1960. Texidor's comments on 'Saint Louis Blues' are all the more tantalising because it has not survived.

[T]here is too much in it. One cannot digest that as a short story. It is like a cake made entirely of raisins--it ceases to be a cake if you know what I mean. I see at least two stories there--possibly three. The one about the man and his gramophone records, gradually narrowing down to Blues then to one Blues. Playing the same record for 24 hours then smashing it and walking out. That's an absolutely terrific idea when you get it sorted out from the others.⁸¹

Duggan later claimed that it was his literary friends who introduced him to serious music, and that he listened 'first as an affectation and then with a genuine interest'.⁸² Before this his main devotion had been to the popular tunes of the Romanian tenor Joseph Schmidt.⁸³ Duggan had a good ear. All his life he was to remain a great fan of jazz, particularly of Bessie Smith, the Blues singer who died in a car accident in 1937, apparently after a whites-only hospital refused her admission. The wailing tones of the blues, searching for what Duggan later defined at the bare minimum as 'a little human warmth', suited his tragic view of himself.⁸⁴ Later he even wrote an article with Werner Droyscher which was published in Owen Jensen's *Music Ho*, defending jazz against an attack by A.R.D. Fairburn. Like Sargeson, Fairburn heard in such music only the primitivism of African rhythms, but Duggan felt no doubt that jazz could 'express this twentieth century complete with laxatives, mass-production, industrialization, and all the other unlovely phenomena'.⁸⁵ However at this early time his collection of 78's would have been minuscule. During his gloomy convalescence, at home in his room all day while his sisters were at work, it may be that Duggan found himself listening to the Saint Louis Blues over and over again as he waited to get well.

With time on his hands Duggan was quickly sending Sargeson a story called 'Dream of Dreaming', which he threateningly subtitled 'a fragment from a longer work'. Sargeson read it to Una Platts, a primary school teacher and student of painting whom he had just met. He wrote, as much in astonishment at the exhibition of creative energy as at the quality of what he was receiving: 'You're probably a genius but don't let that worry you'.⁸⁶ The story is several pages of episodic dream sequence. It begins with a man leaving his room and ends with him thrusting his harpy-like wife into a 'colloid bog-marsh' and bludgeoning her with a wooden branch. He does so to escape the influence of someone on a cross whose 'gangrene colours his legs from below the knees'. But among the teeming macabre images only one offers a direct glimpse of the story's source, in the recurrence of Duggan's nightmarish experience a few weeks before.

The air is filled with the smell of antiseptic and for a moment I am back in the hospital with ghostwhite doctors and nurses and the triangular rubber mask is hovering with sickening stench above my mouth and nostrils.⁸⁷

Editors were still rejecting everything Duggan submitted. Praise from friends was commonplace, but what he wanted was a wider audience. Sargeson advised him to keep his manuscripts circulating. To raise Duggan's spirits he even offered to send 'Dream of Dreaming' to his most famous contact, John Lehmann at *Penguin New Writing*. It was another gesture of faith. A Cambridge graduate, a partner in the Hogarth Press from 1938, and the publisher of W.H. Auden and his circle, Lehmann had been interested in Sargeson since William Plomer gave him a copy of *Conversation with My Uncle*. 'I'm pretty sure he wouldn't take it', Sargeson added, 'but it'll make its mark on him all the same. He'll remember that name, Duggan'.⁸⁸ On a more down-to-earth level Sargeson suggested Glover, who was thinking of reviving the magazine *Book*, an irregular miscellany begun in 1941 and published by him at the Caxton Press. But in the end the story joined the other discards.

Duggan completed one more work before the end of the year.⁸⁹ It was 'Sunbrowne' and he showed it to Texidor first. This made Sargeson so jealous that Texidor had to warn Duggan not to do it again.⁹⁰ Both older writers admired the bravura of the piece. Its first sentence could have been lifted from *Ulysses*: 'In solitary position, posed among grassgreen and treegreen, leaning, he lay'.⁹¹ At the story's opening a young farm-hand sunbathes naked. The weather is hot, the atmosphere lazy. He is within view of Jean, a farmer's daughter, who finds the youth's confidence in his own body almost overwhelming. Furthermore the youth's thoughts and snatch of quoted poetry suggest that he is educated, a sophisticate, while Jean is unable to follow his word games. Jean's father is dead, and she and her mother, Maria, run the farm. Jean is a New Zealander half from another culture,

since her mother is Italian. The youth's pagan sexuality also overcomes the exotic Maria. After he and Jean have made love on the riverbank in the evening, the mother seeks him out in his bed on the verandah and gives herself to him.

Under the shadow of D.H. Lawrence such stories were given more currency in the first half of the twentieth century. Now its origin in sexual fantasy is all too obvious. Certainly any consideration of human relationships in the story is subordinate to a general admiration of the youth's physical prowess. As Texidor noted, 'The women are only the butter melting in the sun'.⁹² Duggan's young man, like Lawrence's Count Dionys Psanek, is a subject of the sun which belongs to no country.⁹³ Duggan had given the story to Texidor ahead of Sargeson as a shy gesture of infatuation for a cosmopolitan woman with her foreign, early-teenage daughter. But if the youth's virility and Maria's smouldering Latin passion were meant to convey a special message then Texidor's only response, that such gorgeous men were not to be seen in New Zealand, was disappointing. Duggan knew that he was finding it increasingly difficult to be straightforward with people. His new personality did not have the same naturalness of response as the old. '[D]irectness in all things', he wrote to Sargeson, 'in human relations more than anything, directness is taboo. That is a point with me'.⁹⁴ His stories were beginning to substitute for the simple expression of his feelings, and his stories were to become more complex, more obscure, and more difficult to write.

For the Christmas season Maureen came up from Wellington to stay, and Bob from the seminary in Mosgiel. Bob went about Auckland relaxed and in non-clerical clothes. He was cultured and stimulating, and he was the only family member whose subtlety of mind matched Duggan's own. At one time before entering the priesthood Bob had even considered becoming a writer, but had been put off by the difficulties of finding his own voice.⁹⁵ However his younger brother's hatred of the clergy had become implacable and interfered at every stage of their relationship. This obvious discomfort left Bob at a distance. Duggan felt that they were poles apart, although Bob never did. From mid December Sargeson was largely incommunicado. His TB had flared up, an abscess had burst and he was running a temperature. At the same time he claimed to be making great progress with *When the Wind Blows*. Texidor saw in the new year with quantities of alcohol. Duggan spent his time reading the typescript of 'That Summer', which Sargeson had previously lent to Ballantyne, and had received back together with a daunting 300-page typescript of 'A Summer Storm'. After finishing the novella Duggan wrote his mentor a long letter in appreciation. Sargeson was delighted when Duggan identified the anecdote of the 'joker' in the park as the key section in the work.⁹⁶

On 19 January 1945 the *Listener* carried a short story by Sargeson entitled 'It Shows That Sinatra Can Be a Good Influence'. Inspired by it, Duggan wrote a brief

piece called 'Sinatra This Way Too'. Even though his story ended with a bloody suicide, Duggan worried that it might seem he was 'lifting the idea' when he sent it to Sargeson, and then Texidor.⁹⁷ Sargeson praised the story but added: 'I always think you are older than I am when I'm with you--when I see your work I know (with something of a shock) you're not'.⁹⁸ It was so gory that its chances of publication were nil, and so to help out Texidor secretly slipped a copy of 'Sunbrown' into a letter to Max Harris in Melbourne. Harris edited *Angry Penguins* together with John Reed. Duggan visited the Droeschers on a Saturday evening to talk, have a drink and listen to Beethoven, but he was obviously depressed.⁹⁹ His health was still bad. Doctors were advising him to go about only on crutches for twelve months to help his stump, and his writing seemed to be taking him nowhere. At the back of his mind were 'complex fears about dying and madness and so on', and he was already beginning to worry, with a morbid precipitancy, that he might not live long enough to write a novel.¹⁰⁰ There was some talk about him moving into a caravan at the bottom of the Droeschers' section, but before this could go any further Duggan's parents invited him down to Wellington.

Perhaps his parents suspected that with all his friends overseas Duggan was lonely in Auckland. They may have heard from Marie and Kathleen that he was unhappy. In any event it was arranged that Duggan should accompany Maureen back down to Wellington by train when she returned for school. Tickets were not easy to get. To secure them Duggan had to go down to the station a week in advance at 4.45 in the morning. He departed south, leaving his typewriter for Sargeson to use as the older man's was broken. In Wellington he stayed in his parents' flat at 116 Hataitai Road and did no writing at all. Instead he explored the city. He went over to Picton, Blenheim and Nelson, until he felt sated with scenery. But even at a distance Duggan continued interested only in the Auckland literary scene. Through Texidor he received an unexpected letter from Max Harris, rejecting 'Sunbrown' as too much borrowed from Joyce, underwritten and badly put together. Duggan sent her a furious reply to post on to Melbourne. Fortunately she did not.¹⁰¹ He was also alarmed to hear from Sargeson that the Borough Council was hoping to demolish the Esmonde Road bach. Sargeson began writing large numbers of letters in his own defence to the appropriate bureaucrats. The potential loss seemed to worry the younger man more than the older. If the bach went, and his mentor with it, Duggan would have nothing left, nothing on which to centre his new life. But demolition was soon stalled. Before he departed for Auckland in late March Duggan formulated a new goal which he announced to Sargeson in a letter as: 'I'll give myself till I'm 30, to show New Zealanders a better pattern--a *righter* pattern'.¹⁰² The older man counselled to give himself until thirty, and then give himself another ten years.

Duggan returned from Wellington with his spirits apparently improved. Texidor sent him a quotation from Chekhov that he felt summed up his feelings: 'And it seemed that but a little while and the solution would be found and there would begin a lovely new life'.¹⁰³ He was fond of repeating it later, both sincerely and ironically. The war in Europe ended on 8 May. Shortly beforehand John Mulgan had committed suicide in a Cairo hotel. But while Duggan had been with his parents, *Barjai* in Australia had accepted 'Faith of Our Fathers'. Issue nineteen soon appeared with the story inside. *Barjai* was not a magazine of status. It had begun in 1943 for senior classes at Brisbane High School and its title until the fifth number had been *Senior Tabloid*. But it made Duggan a published author. The first issue of *Anvil*--there would only ever be two--was due to appear in September with 'Machinery Me'. Furthermore Sargeson's proposed anthology had now become a Caxton Press project, to be printed not in Christchurch but in Auckland by R.W. Lowry. Sargeson had raised some financial backing and had been collecting manuscripts for several months. With this in mind Duggan finished two more stories packed with the surrealist hyperbole of Lorca--'Notes on an Abstract Arachnid' in April and 'Fantasy at Full Moon' in May.¹⁰⁴ His mentor read both with admiration, but also with foreboding for their author. 'Maurice and Greville--oh dear', Sargeson observed to a friend. 'Gloom. Quite overpowering sometimes. And it does get into their writing so much'.¹⁰⁵ Duggan's stories seemed to have little in common with his own, nor with any other author's in New Zealand. He told his *protégé* that he would offer no more criticism, 'letting you go your own way in the meantime'.¹⁰⁶

In 1945 John Reece Cole was beginning his second year of studying English and Political Science at Auckland University College. Not long after Duggan's return from Wellington, Cole moved from his central city lodgings into the caravan at the bottom of the Droeschers' section. The move suited his requirements. Screened from the house by gorse, manuka and piles of compost for the vegetable garden, the caravan was secluded enough to write in. Mrs Foster charged only ten shillings a week, electricity included. She insisted on calling Cole by his middle name, and this was soon universally adopted. Cole was an ex-air force man. Before the war he had been an enthusiastic member of the Left Book Club and a pacifist, but after meeting some Jewish refugees he became convinced that Hitler had to be stopped. He joined the air force in 1941 and had been sent to England for combat duty the following year. However when on leave in Eastbourne Cole had witnessed a German bombardment of civilians, and this had contributed to a nervous breakdown. He himself never really understood what the illness meant and he did not like to talk about it. A breakdown came under the catch-all category of 'war neurosis'. At its core was a simple horror at carnage, and exposure to a prolonged

stress which had emphasised the nervous anxieties of Cole's childhood. His father had died when he was two in the 1918 influenza epidemic. His mother had gone into service, always finding it hard to cope, and he had been brought up haphazardly. His main memory was of her shouting. As a result he could not bear loud noises or raised voices. He had trouble sleeping.¹⁰⁷ After his Eastbourne crisis Cole entered Princess Mary Hospital outside London. Later he instructed Lancaster bomber pilots for some time, itself a harrowing task as he recorded in the story 'She's All Yours'.¹⁰⁸ He was discharged from the air force in February 1944. Cole was six years older than Duggan, had seen articles published in the *Auckland Star* and the *Bulletin*, was writing stories and, according to Sargeson, was 'nearly very good'.¹⁰⁹ Both he and Duggan had lost parents early. Both had had unhappy childhoods and both believed implicitly in the romantic conception of a life redeemed by art. They became close friends.

After lectures Cole had meals at the pie cart opposite the Ferry Building, but on Saturday evenings he ate at the Droeschers' house. There he joined the literary gatherings that were beginning to be a weekly social event. Other regulars included Duggan, Sargeson, R.A.K. Mason, Dorothea Bader, Eileen Elphick and Barbara Platts, and occasionally there could appear Terry Bond, Len and Gladys Salter, or Elspeth Annand-Smith. The guests ate an eclectic Mediterranean meal and drank Lemora wine, a citrus concoction put together by the Migounoff family in Matakana. Lemora was favoured by many of the literary set. It was considered health-giving--even good for rheumatism--which satisfied the natural-food followers, and it was cheap and available, which satisfied everyone else. But Lemora took some getting used to. At twenty seven percent alcohol it was, Duggan once said, 'a stinking drink', but its only competition was from a small range of appalling local wines.¹¹⁰ Over Lemora manuscripts were produced and read, and the subsequent discussion went on into the night. Duggan later wrote of 'smoke and argument of evenings while sitting close in a circle like one petal in a flower'.¹¹¹ Duggan and Texidor usually stuck it out to the last. Texidor's acerbic tongue made her a useful sparring partner for his own wit. Sometimes they moved into a small room adjoining the lounge and the kitchen, where for hours they would communicate in what to the guests seemed a convoluted verbal free-association.¹¹² Typically Duggan preferred talking about other people's writing to his own. Within a short time Cole was showing him stories like 'The Sixty-Nine Club', 'First of the Few' and 'She's All Yours'. Duggan judged them as 'bloody good', his standard phrase of the time for work he liked.¹¹³

Barbara Platts, a member of this circle, had been born in Auckland in 1922 and grown up in Hamilton. She was named after her English mother. Her father, Frederick William Platts, had had a distinguished career. A graduate in law from

Otago University, where he captained the football team, he had been Mayor of Port Chalmers for three years from 1909. He was Resident Commissioner of the Cook Islands from 1915 until 1921, when the integrity and benevolence of his dealings with the islanders made him unpopular with the New Zealand Government. Platts was conveniently returned and promoted to the position of magistrate, which he also served with distinction.¹¹⁴ A year back from the Islands, in the same year he was made a Companion of Saint Michael and Saint George, and when at fifty seven most men would be thinking of retirement, Platts found to his amazement that he would be a father once more. Barbara was born the youngest of three children, eight years behind the nearer of her two brothers. Until Platts died in 1941 he never knew whether to treat his daughter differently from his sons, but he seemed to hope that this might not be necessary. His sister, Dr Elizabeth Platts-Mills, had been one of the country's first woman medical practitioners. Platts had even supported her through medical school. He was hopeful that she would provide a model for Barbara's future.¹¹⁵

As a child Barbara grew up surrounded by capable, affectionate and rational adults and older siblings, but she was also lonely. The family had a bach at Kawhia which she loved to visit. At the time there was no access by road, and the family would wait until the tide was out and drive round on the beach in a Model T Ford. There was even a seagull which Barbara could call from the wild to accept morsels of food. But as local magistrate Platts would often be gone during the day to sit in court, and Barbara would sit in the top of a macrocarpa waiting for his return. The family knew Mrs Maurice Hewlett, known publicly by the nickname 'Old Bird'. She was an Englishwoman who had been superintendent of an aviation school during World War One and the first female commercial pilot in the world. This was the person Barbara chose to idolise. Mrs Hewlett lived in Tauranga in a house filled with *objets d'art* collected from her extensive world travels. Its floors were beeswaxed, and the kitchen crockery consisted entirely of individual items of pottery. An adherent of the theories of Rudolf Steiner, Mrs Hewlett would exercise outside in bare-feet every morning.¹¹⁶ She was the most unconventional and Bohemian person Barbara had ever met.

As an adolescent Barbara had done well in her studies, but she suffered from being tall and somehow never quite able to meet expectations. In her predominantly male household she was almost, but never quite, good enough to be a boy. Her family had given her confidence, but kept it fragile. While at school, aged five, she had been advised by her father to secure a career. It turned out to be excellent advice. Both Bill and Fred, Barbara's older brothers, had studied medicine at their father's *alma mater* and become doctors. Originally it was intended that Barbara should do the same. But after Platts's death it was clear that the family finances

would not accommodate such a burden, and she settled on studying physiotherapy instead. The break with family tradition suited her rebellious streak. At Otago University her course lasted three years. After graduating at the end of 1944 Barbara found work with Auckland Hospital. She moved into a furnished flat in the bottom half of a house at 5 William Street in Takapuna, just one house back from the beach, and began to organise her adult life. She sought out groups that would interest her.¹¹⁷

Barbara had always hoped to keep her life filled with intelligent, talented people. In Hamilton, and in Auckland before going to medical school, she had given help to refugees from Europe. These were well educated, urban but demoralised arrivals who were often baffled by the customs of a largely rural, practically minded and homogeneous population. Barbara shared her flat with a woman from Munich named Gretel Fry. In Dunedin Barbara had known Mario Fleischl, a Polish psychiatrist, and his wife Hilda. Fleischl was a cultured man. He had been a colleague of Freud, and he was to become an early patron of Colin McCahon.¹¹⁸ It was natural that in Auckland Barbara would gravitate toward the literary community. She already knew George Haydn, a Hungarian immigrant who had come to New Zealand several years before and who had become friendly with Rex Fairburn in the army. Her cousin Una Platts was already an established member of Sargeson's circle. Barbara held occasional parties in her flat at which literary people like David Ballantyne and Kendrick Smithyman began to appear.

Barbara soon met Fairburn at the houses of friends, where he would arrive and stay for up to several days. Fairburn seemed to specialise in acts of carefully staged outrageousness. After one party in William Street, when those who could not get home were bedding down on the floor, he strode stark naked into the living room. Quickly he picked up one of the female guests and swept with her out of the door, before seconds later depositing her back again. The next morning he woke up, went for an early swim far out off Takapuna Beach, towelled himself back on the shore, and did not return to the flat. Later he told others he had passed a privet bush in flower and felt he should go straight home.¹¹⁹ On another occasion, when Barbara was visiting Fairburn's house at King Edward Parade, the poet sat in the living room in a pair of white shorts and talked about literature. As he stood up to see Barbara off to the ferry she suddenly realised that in fact he was in his underwear. Fairburn paid no attention to this. He did not even break off his continuous literary monologue as they walked down the street to the ferry. It was raining. Fairburn was holding an umbrella high over both their heads, still talking of art, and as his underwear became wet it turned more and more transparent.¹²⁰

When she began to appear at the Droeschers' on Saturday evenings Barbara found Duggan was a young star of the literary scene. He was handsome, powerfully

built, with a piercing gaze, bushy eyebrows and a somewhat fierce countenance softened by his round jawline. His intelligence, energy and confident charm were overwhelming. He was also utterly determined to be a writer, even though he was living on a Social Security benefit for his disability of only thirty shillings a week. Duggan's wit was dazzling and his occasional displays of vulnerability, if he sat gloomily through an evening, inspired protectiveness. Meeting Duggan seemed to open up a fascinating and important new world of literature and the arts, one which neither Barbara's mother nor brothers wanted to understand.¹²¹

Barbara was good looking, slender and almost the same height as Duggan. She was long-limbed, with a long neck and well-defined features--a straight nose, a strong jaw, dark curling hair. People thought of her graceful and poised presence in a room as voluptuous. She was very quiet, but intelligent. When she spoke up in conversation it was clear that she had been listening and understood what was said. She claimed to know little about literature, though others noticed that she enjoyed Henry James, a writer many found difficult. The response she provoked in others was curiously different from her own view of herself. She was still prone to doubts that she was only big and *gauche*. Duggan saw in her a woman who carried naturally everything to which he ascribed value. She could be an unstintingly civilised person and yet, intriguingly, 'an indolent disregarder of that crap called society'.¹²² Both sensed that to share something of the other's life would be to partake in a kind of excitement. They soon became a couple. They began to appear together at gatherings at Una Platts's home in Lake Road. Even Sargeson, who could be prickly about his male *protégés* taking up with women, was quickly won over by Barbara's sensibility. But by entering Duggan's life Barbara found herself in a world with the pitfalls of a disability. On one occasion at the cinema Duggan was unwilling to rise up out of his chair for the national anthem, and Barbara stayed seated with him. To the strains of *God Save the King* an elderly woman behind started to object vigorously with her handbag, but explanations were not allowed.¹²³ Barbara began to take an interest with Duggan in jazz concerts. She liked music anyway. But she was made to understand that any approval of sports would be considered disloyal, a direct comment on the fact that her boyfriend had one leg. A consciousness of Duggan's hiding his disability pulled at their relationship like an undertow. She gave up all such physical activities.

Duggan wrote two more stories, 'That Long, Long Road' and 'Mezzanine Reading', and began a story about a runaway boy which soon grew bogged down. When he found that several hours work would produce only a bad sentence or two he gave it up.¹²⁴ Later he was to criticise what he saw in his own writing at this time as 'a habit of rhetoric', of which 'Mezzanine Reading' proves a good example.¹²⁵ It begins in a language borrowed from Sargeson, with two men going

to visit a caretaker named Werner who lives on the mezzanine floor of a factory. The narrator says, 'seeing we found out Werner was a writer, that's partly the reason I'm writing this, I suppose it's the same as if I was a plumber and had a bag of tools'.¹²⁶ When Werner dies a few weeks later the narrator rescues one of his manuscripts, 'My Red Eye Rabid Through the Dark', which makes up the second half of the story. This manuscript is crammed to the brink of incomprehensibility with Joycean neologisms. It begins:

Quiet of dewmoonèd afternìght of deathsmells. This secret circle of drabdead bodies, bonereaching...Ignoceremenèd from clatterheaving slothveyance by gruntacheod drabby they passed in mourning procession.

What the bloated language disguises, and slowly relaxes to reveal, is an account of a man named French visiting the graveyard where his mother was buried the day before:

She had died in terror and agony in the night, alone, and they had coffined her later and yesterday, in the midmorning sun, she was borne between the columns of the cemetery gate. Borne achingly on the stalwart loyal shotlders between the twin pillars [...] He was glad his mother had died in promise of the sun. He was glad too that he had hated her yesterday at the graveside, felt no diminishment of feeling and no pity, had hated her intensely while the earth mounded over the coffin.¹²⁷

Clearly unhinged, French takes a cat from a sack, drugs it with chloroform and erects a makeshift wooden cross on his mother's grave-mound. As he leaves the story ends: 'In the air was the sweet reek of anaesthetic and on the cross the cat was nailed, unconscious of its purpose or its impending agony'.

This was more therapy. The story exhibits the unhealed psychic wound of Duggan's early childhood. He had grown up in a time not entirely without counselling. Such was of course a role of the priesthood, which he felt had let him down so badly, but it was assumed that children were not deeply affected by loss. In everyday life Duggan was voluble, funny, and charming. At a party, particularly after a drink to relax him, there was no subject he could not talk 'around and over [...] until it doesn't exist any more'.¹²⁸ But in his stories the closer he grew to the honest expression of his own experience the harder it became to get the words out. From Sargeson, who had always found writing difficult, Duggan was slowly to associate the sweat of creation with its quality. 'I learned to murder my darlings', he wrote of cutting his favourite passages.¹²⁹ It was a wasteful process, but he was only interested in saving the very best.

Duggan found yet another factory job, from 8 am until 2 pm in a radio assembly plant where he wound wire onto radiator bars and packed transformers. In the afternoons he borrowed Barbara's flat while she was away at work and wrote, looking out toward the beach. He joked about writing a factory novel, but instead he began to produce poetry. At Texidor's suggestion he had removed a poem from 'Mezzanine Reading' and kept it as an individual piece, his first ever.¹³⁰ Another, which he sent to *Barjai*, was eventually published.¹³¹ The arrangement for work and writing seemed ideal. By VJ day on 15 August the world's economy was heading into a prolonged boom, fuelled by the reconstruction of Europe and similar plans for much of Asia. It was a boom in which New Zealand was already sharing. Between 1938 and the mid 1950s New Zealand factory production doubled, and farm production rose 36%. The future seemed suddenly bright, and it seemed easy to earn enough until making a living as a writer was possible. Even a wife might perhaps be supported, though certainly not a family.

In Christchurch Glover was printing *When the Wind Blows*, and in Auckland Sargeson's Caxton anthology, *Speaking for Ourselves*, appeared with a cover design by Eric Lee-Johnson. It had stories by authors such as Ballantyne, Cole and Texidor. Of Duggan's work Sargeson most preferred 'Fantasy at Full Moon', but he had wanted to put 'Saint Louis Blues' into the anthology. He was afraid the former's obscenity would damage sales. In the end some sort of compromise was reached by using 'Notes on an Abstract Arachnid'.¹³² The anthology was well received, which made up a little for Sargeson's disappointment at the lack of thanks or congratulations passed to him from any of the contributors.¹³³ H. Winston Rhodes reviewed *Speaking for Ourselves* in the *Listener* and praised its modernity. He felt the editor had collected 'New Zealand stories by contemporary writers who are able to talk easily and naturally', although his comparison of their informality to a detail on the cover--an outhouse--may not have won over many readers. However 'Notes on an Abstract Arachnid' came in for attack as 'a form of pretentiousness which is likely to appeal only to the few'.¹³⁴ But few others admired it. The exception came early in the next year when Noel Hoggard turned *Letters* into *Arena*, (a later issue of which would reprint Duggan's *Barjai* poem without permission). A review by the twenty one year-old Louis Johnson offered: 'For an initial story by this young Auckland, the story was a wise choice, and one which may prove difficult to live up to'.¹³⁵

Speaking for Ourselves encompassed a variety of styles. There were *avant garde* pieces like Max Harris's 'The Papeye and the Molacca' or Helen Shaw's 'Noah', but even among them 'Notes on an Abstract Arachnid' stood out as poetic, experimental and inaccessible. Ostensibly the description of a man watching a woman whom he has stabbed to death, it is in essence another verbal construct that

allows for the release of intense feeling. The story's lack of psychological motivation and explanation leaves only melodrama, overwriting, and a floating sexuality. The woman is wearing a satin evening dress which is revealingly torn, and the stabbing knife is described as 'the lethal libidinous taper, submerged, violent and dormant, sliding through unresisting'.¹³⁶ The body begins to decay in an appropriately run-down house, while a watching spider speaks its sententious wisdom. The enormous vocabulary employed would have had diligent readers scrambling for their dictionaries. There are bad lapses. 'I am the reason growing like hair on the hands of your memory' must rank among the worst sentences published in New Zealand literature.¹³⁷ Many years later, concurring with Rhodes, Duggan was to cross out every page of the story in his complimentary copy and scrawl at the bottom, 'what embarrassing crap'.¹³⁸

But in October Duggan was back in hospital again. The strain of the factory job had left another abscess on the stump of his leg. Duggan did not want any visitors except Barbara, who found herself relaying progress to their friends. This time there was no embarrassing meeting between his sisters and the highbrows, although Sargeson telephoned Bellevue Road and then wrote: 'They tell me [...] you're doing nicely--I infer this means there must be something of you left--I only hope it's a considerable amount and composed of some of the more important parts'.¹³⁹ Duggan's convalescence was comfortable. He read stories by Ramon Sender, also *Cliffs of Fall* by a young New Zealand author, Dan Davin, and even wrote a short sketch, appropriately titled 'Insistent Anaesthetic'. On 25 October, with Barbara's encouragement, he discharged himself from hospital. He was on crutches and did not expect to be fully mobile for some time. But he had someone to look after him, and he noted his problem succinctly as: 'Biped--man--or pendulum?'.¹⁴⁰ Barbara came to visit at Bellevue Road and met his sisters for the first time. Duggan reapplied for, and received, an invalid pension.

Bill Kirker was demobbed on 29 November and soon back in Auckland. He was the same as ever and looking to pick up his life where he had left off. Within a few weeks of his return he and Edie set a wedding date for 2 February the next year. Bill asked Duggan to be his best man. From Wellington Robert Duggan and Phyl arrived for a fortnight over Christmas. During their stay they arranged and paid for some hard-to-get material, so that Duggan and Bill could have new suits for the wedding. The pair took up with each other again. Bill wanted to meet Barbara. But for the moment Duggan would only point her out from a distance on the Devonport ferry, as they crossed the harbour. All Bill had a chance to see was that she was wearing red shoes.¹⁴¹ When at last they met Barbara commented innocently: 'So you are the Bill that Maurice would sometimes disappear with'. This was not entirely the return Bill had expected. Earlier he had done some carpentry at his

timber treating job, and he was soon learning cabinet-making as part of his rehabilitation. But Duggan was not working apart from writing stories. On one occasion the two went together into the Mon Desir Hotel in Hurstmere Road, Takapuna, and Duggan saw a literary acquaintance at the bar. 'Watch this,' he said. Going up, he introduced Bill to the man as his good friend William Kirker, the celebrated arachnologist. Even the professional title left Bill feeling lost.¹⁴² Duggan did all the talking, and he did it so well that they succeeded in the deception. But Bill began to realise, with some apprehension, that Duggan had chosen to keep his two sets of friends apart. He would allow no crossover if he could not control it.

There was some jealousy from Greville Texidor of Barbara's place in Duggan's life. At first Texidor had not paid her much attention, since Barbara was not overtly literary. For her own part, although it had never bothered Duggan, Barbara was wary of Texidor's penchant for being maliciously indiscreet. On the other hand Duggan soon became jealous of Werner Droescher's interest in Barbara. By the end of the year Texidor was having to apologise for being rude to the new couple at a pre-Christmas party.¹⁴³ The Sargeson-Texidor-Duggan triumvirate had broken up. Sargeson was largely absenting himself from all company to work on *I Saw in My Dream*, his extension of *When the Wind Blows*. At one point he had to reassure an annoyed Duggan: 'I still think of you often'.¹⁴⁴ But the mentor did manage to read Duggan's latest stories, 'Autobiography' and 'Old Man', before handing them on to Texidor. 'Autobiography' was another nocturnal fantasy beginning with a character, named 'the writer', leaving his room. One of its images is of 'seven hairy men', whom the writer calls his friends. Another is a worm which 'a great fate had laid in his belly', and which grows to gnaw at him.¹⁴⁵ A drawing by Eric Lee-Johnson based on the piece was to appear in the *Yearbook of the Arts in New Zealand* two years later, but the story itself was never published.¹⁴⁶ Texidor called it 'the most consistent thing you've done yet', but it has a noticeable lack of intensity compared to similar earlier pieces.¹⁴⁷ Duggan's self-administered literary therapy had for the most part ended, and this was the last of his surreal stories. For the moment his passions had other outlets. He was in love.

After Christmas Duggan and his sisters moved to Eldon Road in Balmoral. The Bellevue Road house had been sold and they had been given time to find new accommodation. Eldon Court was a stucco building containing three flats. They rented one at the rear. However Duggan would move out again within a few months. Marie would also move later in the year in August, when she married returned soldier Ron Shaw. Shaw had been taken prisoner on Crete during the war, and he had come back to Auckland to work as a gardener at the Wilson Home for Crippled Children. Kathleen would go still later, when she moved to Dunedin and married Charles White.¹⁴⁸ With the New Year, 1946, the day of Bill and Edie's

wedding approached. They had decided to hold the service at the Methodist Central Church in Pitt Street and to have the reception at the Masonic Hall. This would avoid the difficulties of Bill's Catholic and Edie's Anglican backgrounds. But now ready-cash was a problem. The tailor who had made the suits for Duggan and Bill charged them £11 each, even though the material had been supplied. There was no money left. Bill had his deferred pay coming from the navy--the cheque in fact arrived on the morning of the wedding--but before then he could not pay the minister. Duggan told him not to worry. He took his much-used typewriter up to Harmony House by the Town Hall, pawned it for £25, and gave Bill the money. It was not to be the last time he did so when his own funds were low. Duggan later joked that over the next few years his typewriter spent more time in hock than out of it.

The day before the wedding Bill, Duggan and Edie's father made arrangements for the reception's catering and for the delivery of alcohol. As an extra, a five gallon (22¹/₂ litre) keg of beer was stored at Bulwer Street in Mrs Kirker's free-standing wardrobe. That night a reunion of the cycling crowd, which Duggan and Bill attended, was held at the rowing club in Devonport. A number of young men who had not seen each other for several years celebrated their safe passage through the war amid an atmosphere of general thirst. In the early hours of the morning Mrs Kirker was awakened by her son, Duggan and Eric King drunkenly demanding the key to her wardrobe, and threatening to break in through the back when the key was refused. Duggan was staying with Bill. King eventually departed. However, much later in the morning Bill and Duggan were roused by their despondent friend, who was standing at the door with a spectacular hangover. King asked quietly if anyone could find his suit anywhere in the house. Eventually the three proceeded into town. By that stage they had recovered enough to have a few more beers at the pub opposite the church, and the wedding went off without a hitch.¹⁴⁹

There had been only one sour note to the celebrations, a few days earlier when Duggan accompanied Bill to the office of the Registrar to get the marriage license. Afterwards over a drink in a bar Duggan had announced out of the blue that he was getting married to Barbara a week after Bill's wedding. Bill was dumbfounded. 'I'll be on my honeymoon,' he said. All his friend replied was, 'I know. Don't worry about it.' Duggan tried hard to be nonchalant. Bill was deeply hurt. He and Edie offered to delay their honeymoon, but Duggan would have none of it. He had not even told his family. Bill was the first to know. In fact Duggan and Barbara had been planning to marry for some time, although Duggan protested that he had no intention of taking up any career other than writing. Barbara happily agreed. She thought literature important, even though her brothers were to object to her fiancé's lack of skills as a provider, a point that particularly rankled with Duggan. They

claimed that this was typical of their sister's rebellious behaviour. Duggan also refused to have any kind of wedding ceremony at which either his, or Barbara's, family and friends would be present. Barbara acquiesced. Finally Duggan did not want to be married in a church. However Barbara's mother was so upset at this prospect that he allowed himself to be persuaded.¹⁵⁰ The Duggan family, like Bill and the Platts, were surprised at the suddenness of the wedding and disappointed at not being invited. But they had little opportunity to offer a reaction. Undoubtedly a snook was being cocked at convention, and the arrangements were discussed in such terms, but beneath lay the fact that Duggan could not draw the strands of his old and new lives together.

Maurice and Barbara Duggan were married on Monday 11 February 1946 at the Anglican Church of Saint Peter in Takapuna.¹⁵¹ They had known one other for about a year and were in love. Each had qualities the other admired, but in neither case were these wealth, stability, or a desire to live like everyone else. On the marriage certificate Duggan put his profession as 'writer', an act of daring that impressed their literary friends. Barbara tactfully left her space blank. The only guests present, as witnesses, were George Haydn and the artist Molly Macalister, who as Barbara's friends were now Duggan's as well. They were an exotic pair, the volatile Jewish-Hungarian Haydn and the practical New Zealand-Scottish Macalister. They had married the year before. Barbara had known Macalister in Dunedin, where they shared a flat, and it was she who had suggested her friend come up to Auckland. When the minister arrived he found Duggan and Haydn engrossed in discussing the architecture of the church. Duggan smiled to the clergyman and suggested: 'Make it short and sweet, will you?'.¹⁵² The couple wore their everyday clothes, and the wedding ring, which for the time being Duggan simply could not afford, was borrowed from Dorothea Bader. After the ceremony the minister asked if it had been short enough. The two couples then left the church and celebrated in lieu of a reception at a local milkbar. Later that evening they held a party for the literary crowd--Fairburn, Sargeson, R.A.K. Mason, Odo Strewe, R.W. Lowry and many others. This took place at the William Street flat into which, with Gretel Fry obligingly leaving, Duggan had moved. Most felt that marrying Barbara was the cleverest thing he had ever done.

To all intents and purposes Barbara was the first woman in Duggan's life. Osteomyelitis had deprived him of much of his adolescence. To discover that a woman would be willing to have a normal, happy, genuine relationship with him was a liberation and a delight. 'Would you ever marry a man with one leg?' he had once asked the wife of one of Sargeson's friends, who had not known how to answer him.¹⁵³ He had earlier had the briefest of sexual encounters with Greville Texidor, but nothing further. Nevertheless his family felt that he was falling in with a very

Bohemian group. Duggan's style of dress had changed. He wore the corduroy trousers, jerseys and tweed jackets favoured by the intelligentsia. He stopped wearing a tie and gave most of his collection to Bill. At Marie's wedding Duggan shocked the family by arriving without having bothered to put on a suit. He had simply added a yellow knitted necktie to his shirt and corduroys.¹⁵⁴ However his clothes always remained immaculate, and his tidiness and care for his appearance was anything but Bohemian. Duggan grew a large moustache, which made him look considerably older, but he always kept it neatly trimmed and combed. He used the right amount of hair-oil on his head and would not have a hair out of place. His hands, after he had washed them, were so thoroughly cleaned that they smelled of soap.

Duggan was a Bohemian by design but not by temperament, so that he was only in part a member of the group whose interests he so intently pursued. All Bohemians smoked, men and women, and Duggan was already a heavy smoker of cigarettes at twenty a day. Barbara in fact loved rolling her own cigarettes with tobacco and papers, and she would make them for anyone else who was interested. But Duggan never used a pipe, the emblem of the thinking man. Fairburn did, and his was always full of spit and gurgled noisily. It went out while he spoke, and he was forever having to light it again. The floor of his work-room would be bestrewn with dead matches that he had dropped as he wandered about. His wife refused to sweep them all up.¹⁵⁵ Duggan, on the other hand, kept the William Street flat spotless. Dirty dishes had to be washed and not left in the sink, forgotten clothes put away immediately in their proper places, and the kitchen scraps dumped out regularly in the compost. Such fastidiousness had not been Barbara's way. Duggan complained as he tidied up after her. His writing desk was always neat, with his sheets of paper, pens and pencils all carefully stored. Sargeson wrote, after Bohemian fashion, in what he described as an uncouth scrawl. Duggan's was a regular, flowing hand that in the fifties turned into an italic, with the top bar of the word 'I' characteristically missing. Every morning without any fuss Duggan sat down at the same time and started writing, work habits he had learned from his mentor. When visitors occasionally asked what he really did for a living he would reply: 'I've got a cleaning job. I clean for Barbara Duggan'.¹⁵⁶

For their honeymoon Duggan and Barbara went to stay on a spectacularly beautiful outcrop of land, Separation Point, just north of Kerikeri and on the Kerikeri inlet.¹⁵⁷ It had an isolated bay, named Pokoura Inlet, that was accessible only by launch from the township. There the couple camped in a tent and enjoyed the life of fortunate castaways. The entire Point belonged to the notable pacifist Ian Hamilton, who knew Greville Texidor. Hamilton was seventeen years older than Duggan, English and of good family, a nephew of General Sir Ian Hamilton who had

commanded the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force in the first World War. Hamilton had been schooled at Oundle, then lived in South Africa, and he first came to New Zealand in 1929. When the Second World War broke out he was in Oslo, but he returned to Auckland with his companion, Anna Kavan, and become one of 800 military defaulters who refused to enter the armed services. Hamilton's non-cooperation with the authorities led him to Hautu camp near Turangi and then into Mount Eden prison. Despite, or perhaps because of, the fact that Prime Minister Peter Fraser had been jailed for sedition during World War One for advocating the repeal of conscription, the 'conchies' were harshly treated. They were pariahs in the eyes of the public. At the time of the Duggans' marriage Hamilton was still waiting his release. Kavan had already returned to Europe as soon as it was safely possible, where she began assisting Cyril Connolly with the journal *Horizon*.

When he was finally free later in the year, it was to the Duggans' that Hamilton came. The William Street flat consisted of no more than a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen and sun-porch. Hamilton stayed for some time on an old divan-bed in the living room. Barbara would get up early in the morning, walk through the living room toward the kitchen and find Hamilton sitting up in bed, a short, blond-haired, intense man with piercing blue eyes. Hamilton would be smoking a cigarette in a holder and hoping to have an argument, with anyone, about anything. It was through Barbara that he first met Eileen Elphick, a war widow who was living not far away in Tennyson Avenue with Dorothea Bader. One day while visiting Barbara mentioned that Hamilton was staying with her and that she would bring him around.¹⁵⁸ The result was an enduring second marriage for both Elphick and Hamilton.

Later Hamilton and his wife lived on what was always known as 'Ian's Point', at first in their launch and then in some rough *pisé* baches they had built for them. Duggan and Barbara were occasional guests. The launch and the Kerikeri wharf were to be remembered, years later, for inclusion in 'Chapter'. Hamilton was a devotee of Sir Albert Howard's *An Agricultural Testament*, and he hoped to make a living at organic farming. Duggan enjoyed helping him try to put the land in order while they talked of Hamilton's interest in Carl Jung or Simone Weil. Barbara noticed patches of remarkable grass growth under some trees. In each case Hamilton had buried a whole fish beneath them as fertiliser. Fishing was a popular pastime, and a net would be spread out at high tide, then brought in with the fish collected after the tide had gone out. But the greatest attraction of the Point for Duggan was the opportunity to swim. After arriving in the launch he would be able to take off his prosthesis and hop in and out of the water, without anyone around to see. The brine and sun was always good for the persistent inflammation of his stump. Only once was his happiness interfered with. While he was swimming a

boat of local people arrived to visit from further around the point. Duggan stayed in the water and would not get out until they were safely gone. To the Hamiltons he was a fascinatingly effervescent man, very entertaining but highly temperamental. His disability was something never forgotten, but never mentioned. By this stage Barbara was routinely asking friends not to allude to Duggan's leg in any way, but to let him carry on as if there were no problem.¹⁵⁹

During the week Barbara would take the ferry into town to work at the Public Hospital, and Duggan would stay home in the flat and write. It was an unusual arrangement. This was not yet the era of the house-husband, and Duggan was not of that temperament. For all his desire to ignore convention the fact that his wife was the breadwinner bothered him immensely. Barbara, for her part, made it clear that she regarded writing as important and was happy to support Duggan at his writing. His literary friends in fact admired his full-time devotion to literature. But Duggan was a man for whom manliness counted. Despite his powerful physique, his large appetites, his proud manner, and all the masculine qualities which he possessed in natural abundance, there was the lack of his leg to be made up for. He liked to joke about 'the male reek', the sweating man who brought in food from the hunt and on which, successful hunt or no, his family was solely dependent. A job helped to give one an identity, but the job that Duggan wanted was to be a writer, and it didn't pay. Texidor told Duggan with some calculated malice that he had to produce in order to justify Barbara's efforts. But the fecundity that had characterised his entrance into literature seemed to have disappeared. During the year Duggan convinced Barbara to stop work and try and live on his Social Security, but when the money quickly ran out she was back to the Hospital on the ferry each day.¹⁶⁰

In February 'Still Life' had been published under the title 'Short Story' in *Book*, the first issue of the magazine to appear since 1942. The story does little more than sketch an alienated, isolated man on the Auckland wharves. His apartness is emphasised by his foreign name, Ricci. Duggan may have borrowed this from his knowledge of Lorenzo Ricci, who became General of the Jesuits in 1758 and died in the Castle of Sant' Angelo when the Society was suppressed. When the Jesuits were first attacked Ricci followed the counsel of Pope Clement XIII to be 'silent, patient and prayerful'.¹⁶¹ As a Joycean epiphany the story works well because it allows Duggan to lean on his lyrical and descriptive strengths. But it was a success never returned to, possibly because the work's brevity left no room for the engagement of intelligence. In June 'Old Man' was published in the second issue of *Anvil*. With his loft to live in, his foetal position when sleeping, his sense 'not of time stopped but of time repeating itself', and his withdrawal from the world into an inner life for the 'slothful duration of his tenancy', the old man described seems in many ways a precursor of Gambo O'Leary.¹⁶² His fears are like Duggan's: 'Never to hear his

name called softly or imperiously down the pillared corridors of achievement'.¹⁶³ The story is more successful than much of Duggan's early work in that there are no obvious points where the material fails through a lack of control. But the withdrawal and death of the old man, and the destruction of his memory, is too large a subject to be presented in only a few pages. Thus in this case the story seems too slight for the poetic prose ladled upon it. In searching for a kind of writing that would enable him to use all his talents to best advantage Duggan was inevitably becoming interested in the problems and exigencies of style.

Throughout the year, when Duggan and Barbara were not working or writing, they pursued an increasingly active social life, albeit mostly with other writers and artists. With the war over, a flock of young writers and intellectuals, Duggan's generation in fact, was coming back to civilian life from the armed forces. They were happy to have survived and eager to get on with their lives. They socialised at largely impromptu gatherings in people's homes. Keith Sinclair, just out of the navy, a student finishing his M.A. in History, met Duggan at a party at Una Platts's. He saw a young man standing shyly behind the piano, at which someone was playing, so as to hide his artificial limb from the room. Sinclair went over and said something witty but rude.¹⁶⁴ Duggan was amused to meet someone whose huge personal warmth seemed equally matched by intelligence and a fine carelessness of the sensitivities of others. Referring later to the young man's upbringing with nine brothers and sisters in the Point Chevalier home of a dock-worker, Sargeson claimed he had 'proleterian bounce'.¹⁶⁵ Sinclair and Duggan became friends.

The most famous party venue was undoubtedly the more-or-less open house kept by Bob and Irene Lowry at their home in 32 Gladwin Road, on the western slope of One Tree Hill. Lowry parties, which over time were to become synonymous with Auckland Bohemian depravity, had been going on for as long as anyone could remember. They continued through several generations of guests into the 1960s. Sinclair had been invited to one in 1941, when he was only nineteen, but he had cried off because his mother would be scandalised. Lowry was an expert typographer who had printed *Phoenix* in the thirties and published Sargeson's first book from his Unicorn Press, before eventually leaving the business and debts to his partners.¹⁶⁶ A large-hearted ebullient man, he had been in the army from 1942, initially with a Survey Troop and then as divisional printer for the Army Education and Welfare Service in the Pacific. Sporadic parties had still gone on in his absence. Now he was teaching at Seddon Memorial Technical College, printing what would eventually become *How to Ride a Bicycle in Seventeen Lovely Colours*, and displaying what has been called his 'genius for disorganisation'.¹⁶⁷ On a recent visit to the Caxton Press in Christchurch he had amused himself after a few drinks by

opening the phone book at random and placing fake business orders to be delivered to Denis Glover.¹⁶⁸

The Gladwin Road house was a spacious villa that had once belonged to Captain Wynyard, the son of the sometime Superintendent of the Auckland Province. Its condition was ramshackle, so that one visitor was surprised to notice elephant-ears of fungus growing along the top of the high entrance hall.¹⁶⁹ The interior had a large sitting-room for conversation, while music from a record player added to the background. There were verandahs on two of the room's sides, and under one a set of French doors opened out onto the garden. Later an extensive patio was added. When at one stage the house was to become a base of operations for *Here & Now*, a press and printing equipment were kept in the master bedroom. A sign in the toilet said: 'Please don't throw your butts in the pan, it makes them soggy and hard to smoke'. There were often people staying, mostly short-term but some, like the painter Eric Lee-Johnson and his family, for long periods. An annex, added by the architect Vernon Brown a few years later when the entire villa was remodelled in accordance with his specifications, provided further bedrooms which the party-goers found convenient for amorous liaisons. Thus towards the end of one evening, for the amusement of the other guests, Molly Macalister called her husband by pushing open the door to a bedroom and announcing: 'George! Drop that woman. We're going home'.¹⁷⁰

Lowry parties were generally on Saturday nights, and any excuse would provide for one--Saint Patrick's Day (despite Lowry's Northern-Irish Protestant background), an exhibition of paintings, anybody's birthday, or someone's departure for England. Sometimes the parties were planned, even with elaborate invitations printed. But more often they were simply gatherings to which guests were expected to bring some beer, Lemora, 'Dally plonk', home-brew, or even home-brewed mead. The men drank and held forth. A supper of smoked fish or similar was prepared, and the women got their inebriated spouses home. Most people arrived by tram or foot, and for those who lived on the North Shore the sailing of the last ferry had to be remembered through the revelry. Missing it meant a choice of going all the way round the head of the harbour through Riverhead and Albany, or simply staying put. Lowry had once dug up an old iron coffee-mill in the back garden, and after midnight there was often freshly ground coffee for those spending the night or feeling especially seedy. Next morning the accumulation of empty bottles would be huge.

The mix of people attending Lowry parties was varied, and by no means all were as debauched as reputation suggests. The historian Willis Airey was well known for being inclined to refuse another beer because he might be driving. The philologist P.S. Arden was similarly abstemious. But almost every writer in

Auckland arrived at a Lowry party sooner or later, along with a large number of people loosely interested in the arts. Fairburn was a regular, with his right elbow up and his beer held over his lapel, also Honey and Frank Haigh, Martyn Finlay the new M.P. for North Shore and the first of his two wives named Peggy, Nora Dumble, and literary visitors to town, memorably Allen Curnow and Denis Glover. Among these the Duggans were a tall, handsome couple. At an early post-war party Kendrick Smithyman, a young poet and ex-aircraftsman working as a teacher, had Duggan introduced to him by Shirley Barton, who ran the Progressive Bookshop. She told Smithyman that this was a man who sang a wonderful rendition of the Saint Louis Blues. Duggan was already well known as a *protégé* of Sargeson, and thus he carried himself with an air of confidence.¹⁷¹

Such gatherings were places at which to talk about art. Long complex opinions and tremendous remarks were loudly asserted to anyone who would listen by those who could hold the floor, Duggan among them. Some years later the newly appointed head of English at Auckland University College, Professor Sydney Musgrove, stunned the guests at an evening in his own flat by interrupting Rex Fairburn in full flight. 'I'm sorry, I don't understand what you're saying,' Musgrove said. Someone had to explain quietly to him that this just was not done.¹⁷² When Fairburn was talking one nodded wisely and hoped that sooner or later one could add something to it. Musgrove and Fairburn were soon close, and the newcomer learned to fit in. When Duggan and Barbara visited Musgrove at his home sometime later he threw himself onto the floor and began to declaim Shakespeare.¹⁷³

At a good party Duggan enjoyed drinking, and he seemed to get drunk very quickly. Alcohol was exhilarating, and a means of escape into the boozy and garrulous personality he enjoyed. 'Wasn't I drunk, though?' he joked to Smithyman after one of these gatherings. 'Frankly a bit disgustin' and the tragedy is that it really happens so rarely'.¹⁷⁴ Duggan soon liked to think of himself as in the tradition of the hard-drinking, silver-tongued Irish author. Everyone found him a remarkably clever conversationalist, often on no specific topic, or at least not one kept to, but rather with dazzling displays of imagery and of word-associative imagination. His memory was also quick with favourite witticisms from his extensive reading, such as Peacock's:

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.¹⁷⁵

Barbara liked to say that Duggan after two glasses spoke wonderfully, but not after more. He was not a good drunk as he approached real inebriation. But at a gathering of drinking intellectuals trouble was not unknown. At one Lowry party a

drunken Denis Glover tottered into the kitchen where Texidor was helping get supper ready. With his jaw thrust out, and in what some called his 'poop-deck voice', he ventured a low opinion of the efforts by 'Potato' Jones to run a French blockade of Spain during the Civil War. With equal vitriol Texidor proceeded to win the argument. Glover was a solid, ruddy man, with a cauliflower right ear that attested to his experience at boxing. He wanted to hit Texidor but could not, and so he swung instead at Charles Bartlett, who with his wife Jean was standing conveniently closeby. Irene Lowry rushed forward to prevent fisticuffs. By now Bartlett was furious.¹⁷⁶

But not all literary quarrels were so physical. Early in the new year of 1947 Smithyman found himself involved in an acrimonious correspondence with Clem Christesen, the editor of *Meanjin Papers*, over some remarks made by Duggan at a party. Duggan had sent a story to *Meanjin* which the journal accepted, but meanwhile *Barjai* had accepted the same story. Without saying why, Duggan wrote asking *Barjai* to return their copy. Since they could not locate it they wrote to *Meanjin* and asked the editor to forward his copy to the author as soon as possible. *Meanjin* returned the story, and Duggan's mention of a lost manuscript, repeated by Smithyman, provoked a furious reaction from Christesen. Duggan told Smithyman in weary response that he was ceasing to send his work around, 'From personal dissatisfaction and all the rest of that crap one believes in'. At length *Barjai* found Duggan's story again and refused to print it on grounds of obscenity.¹⁷⁷

Something destined to be discussed at every party and gathering for the next decade would be the latest issue of *Landfall*, a literary magazine edited by Charles Brasch of Dunedin and printed by the Caxton Press. *Landfall* was to publish its first issue in March 1947. For years everyone in New Zealand with an interest in the arts would rush to buy their copy, both because it was the country's main repository of literature and because one was likely to know people in each new number. The idea for *Landfall* went all the way back to Brasch's involvement in the 1932 Auckland University College Literary Club magazine, *Phoenix*. This had initially modelled itself on Middleton Murray's *Adelphi* and had run to four issues. During war-time discussions with Glover in London Brasch had planned what he frankly called 'a revived *Phoenix*', but he worried that there were not enough good writers in New Zealand to support a purely literary journal.¹⁷⁸ He gradually allowed his thinking to be influenced by *New Writing*, *Horizon*, the *Dublin Review*, the *Criterion*, and once again the *Adelphi*. Duggan was present at a subsequent gathering to name the journal, of which he left this account.

The discussion took place on the verandah of Ron Mason's house [...] the building was small, and made of pine stained with a mixture of creosote and stockholm tar: the facings--frames,

architraves, mullions, barge-board were painted white. Vernon Brown's distinctive signature was upon it and around it were black wattle, solanum, hakea, a eureka lemon, a poor man's orange.

The company consisted, as I remember, of Charles Brasch, James Bertram, Bertram's wife [...] Douglas Lilburn, Dorothea Bader, my wife and myself. People came and went through the afternoon. Do I remember Bruce Mason among the flora, Rex Fairburn, George Haydn? There was Dally wine, sunshine, the harbour roads, dreary old Rangitoto.

Landfall seemed a curious title, to me. But I was young, I'd published nothing and I'm not sure why I was there. But we were not long married, we had social energy.

Tuatara was poked at--oh the college magazines--and something of Antipodes and Southern Stars. None of it very clear--except that [...] the embrace of the whole thing [would be] wide, imaginative, exciting.

What does remain clear, as my wife and I dropped Douglas Lilburn at a bus stop in Takapuna, is the figure of the young composer standing in a gabardine raincoat (why, it was summer?), with one arm extended in imperious or desperate hail, about to be run down by the bus as it swept into the bay in the kerbing. Douglas Lilburn was very nearly killed: but he waved, and his spectacles looked benign, at the back of the yellow bus running down to Bayswater.¹⁷⁹

The first issue contained work by Allen Curnow, R.M. Burdon, James K. Baxter and James Bertram, together with commentaries on the arts and reviews. The journal announced Brasch's concern '[t]o rediscover a just relationship between the arts and men's other activities, and a single scale of values to which all can be referred'.¹⁸⁰ *Phoenix* had claimed to begin New Zealand literature. *Landfall* had the same pioneering hopes, but *Landfall's* professionalism was something entirely new in the country's cultural history. Contributors were paid, although its editor worked full-time without salary. Brasch had a substantial inherited income through the clothing retail firm Hallenstein Bros. Ltd. (He was grandson of its first Managing Director). The *Listener's* editorial doubted *Landfall* would last longer than a year. Brasch quoted this on the back cover of the second number. With the exception of a trip to England in 1957, when W.H. Oliver acted as editor for two issues, Brasch was to bring out *Landfall* on a quarterly basis for the next twenty years.

As 1947 began Duggan solved the question of his future and prospects by enrolling at Auckland University College. He hoped to complete an M.A. in four years. He had not matriculated but was given provisional entrance. At Stage I level he enrolled for English, Philosophy (Logic & Ethics), Education and Greek, changing Greek to History after a few days. Up until now he had resisted the thought of university. Duggan was superbly well read in authors he liked, such as Coleridge. He enjoyed quoting for its sonority a passage like Tennyson's: 'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white', from the songs of 'The Princess'. But he still had deficiencies where his interests had not led him. Jean Bartlett, who published poetry as Jean Alison, suggested to him that the university's structured reading would take him into areas he might not normally explore, such as Wordsworth. Duggan merely replied, 'why would I want to read Wordsworth?'.¹⁸¹ Partly in reaction to his own background of extra-mural studies at Auckland University College, Sargeson was deeply anti-academic. Under his influence Duggan was keen to regard a degree after one's name as only 'the fond academic luggage labels'.¹⁸² But to John Reece Cole, who had just moved to Wellington to begin a year's study for qualifications in librarianship, he wrote enthusiastically. Duggan outlined future courses and asked if he could borrow notes and textbooks.¹⁸³ With the College, Student Association and enrolment fees coming to just over £3, and a further £5.5.0 tuition per subject, he had very little money left.

Founded in 1883, Auckland University College was undergoing gradual change as a demand for more staff lowered the proportion of British-educated lecturers in comparison to those educated at home. However even in the post-war period, when the College had twenty two departments, the claim could be made that 'New Zealand called itself a Dominion, but in its university education, as in its economy, the word was simply Colony writ large'.¹⁸⁴ The chair of the Department of English Language and Literature was empty. Professor Sewell had scandalously run off to Europe with Rosemary Seymour, the former *Anvil* editor, two years before. Departmental administration had been temporarily managed by P.S. Ardern, a capable though eccentric bachelor who had been at the College for thirty seven years. The only other full-time lecturer was M.K. Joseph, who had joined in 1945. There were junior lecturers, but these were part-time positions. However at the beginning of Duggan's first year the chair was given to Sydney Musgrove and two senior lecturers were appointed, E.H. McCormick who was formerly Chief War Archivist, and E.A. Sheppard. Keith Sinclair, newly married to Mary Land, became a lecturer in the History Department. He found Duggan in his Stage I class. Robert Chapman, who had spent the war in the air force, joined the History Department the year after. Between 1942 and 1946 the student roll had jumped from 900 to 2,900, and it thus was not surprising that almost all departments were taking on new staff.

Classes had become huge, often with 200 or so students.¹⁸⁵ Even Fairburn, who had failed matriculation twice, managed to secure a tutoring job in the English Department when tutorials first began in 1948. It was an appointment in which friendship with Musgrove played some part. As a fresher Duggan found himself being taught by his own friends.

For someone of Duggan's calibre the courses were undemanding. Stage I English consisted of two papers. For 'Outlines of the English Language' students read Arthur Sewell's lively *The Practice of Prose* (it included Fairburn's 'The Sky is a Limpet' as an example of virtuosity). 'Outlines of English Literature' studied representative poems, the novel, *Anthony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear*.¹⁸⁶ Arts Faculty lectures were held in the evenings, to allow school teachers and trainees from the teachers' college to attend as students. Duggan began regularly taking the ferry across the Waitemata harbour. However after just a few days of classes he was complaining of 'the boredom of sitting in lectures', and of 'manuscripts slowly turning yellow in the drawer of the desk'.¹⁸⁷

Despite his claim that he no longer submitted work to magazines, Duggan's writing continued to surface in print. 'Conversation Piece', a witty attack on Hemingway, was published in the final number of *Book* in July. In it Duggan practised his dialogue skills by burlesquing not so much Hemingway's novels as the popular conception of a writer's lifestyle, which Hemingway himself attempted to cultivate. Art Passaway's new novel, *Monotonously Tolls the Little Bell*, is completed with an ease Duggan would by now have scorned, and it seems written purely for money and fame. Passaway reads the last paragraph of his book, a skilful parody of the end of Hemingway's 1940 novel. He then indulges in some inflated literary criticism of his own work, which imitates the language Duggan would have been hearing at parties. Duggan also fires squibs at the *lares et penates* of Sargeson's bach: 'Woody Anderson or Johnny Come Lately Steinbeck or Bill Faulkner or Gertie Stein or that little runt [William Saroyan] someone was talking about the other day'.¹⁸⁸

As a student Duggan took advantage of student literary outlets. 'That Long, Long Road' and 'Still Life' appeared over the initials M.D. in the Students' Association annual journal, *Kiwi*, towards the end of the year. A review by J.C. Reid was printed in the Collège weekly, *Craccum*.

'That Long, Long Road' is an acutely observed study of impulsive eroticism, with symbolism not gummed on, but actually the stuff of the story. This sort of thing is not my tumbler of absinthe, but it is uncommonly well done here. The story is more than a bag of tricks: it carries conviction in every staccato sentence.¹⁸⁹

In fact 'That Long, Long Road' had been written nearly two years earlier, and its obvious weaknesses showed clearly the difficulties Duggan was by now consciously seeking to overcome. Ostensibly an account of the seduction of a woman by her taxi driver, the story tries unsuccessfully to avoid plot through an evocation of landscape. But the work has no development. Duggan had yet to learn how to make the psychology of his characters interact with their environment, as later the mental disposition of Willie Graves or Mary May Laverty would seem almost to create the landscape which in turn affects them. Furthermore the woman has been drinking, and the implication is made that this will lead to her amorous complicity. The man's thoughts are not presented at all. The taxi driver and the woman may have their real source not in life but in the activities of 'The Waste Land's' 'young man carbuncular', with the woman in the taxi '[n]ot resisting [the driver's] exploring hand'.¹⁹⁰ 'All my female characters at that time were pieces of anatomy', Duggan later observed.¹⁹¹ He had a long way to go before coming to his deep and unsentimental understanding of the vulnerability and endurance of women in a predatory world, which he would exhibit in 'Blues for Miss Laverty' and 'An Appetite for Flowers'. But it was towards this that he was trying to develop.

Despite his studies, his writing and his literary social life, Duggan was still seeing something of his early friends. Occasionally he would have a drink with Ian McCorquodale, but Ian was soon to leave Auckland to move up and down the country, working in the management of various stores in the Woolworth's chain. Bill Kirker was working as a builder in Bayswater, and on Fridays Duggan would often meet him after work at four. They would go to the Mon Desir Hotel until the bar closed at six, and afterward to the William Street flat for a glass or two of Lemora. When Bill heard that his long-absent father had died his mother encouraged him to attend the funeral. Bill asked Duggan to come with him and his sister, and his friend did so. They stood at the graveside, not knowing anyone else. Duggan still sometimes visited Mrs Kirker with Bill--she eventually remarried to become Mrs Tulloch--and she would announce, 'you boys had better have a feed!' She would prepare some steak on an old breadboard with the sound of a tremendous wallop, until later it was served well done and beautifully tender. The old friends could find much to talk about, but occasional incidents emphasised how much Duggan had changed. One evening at the 'Mon' they met another amputee, a returned serviceman. He began joking with Duggan about their prostheses and suggested they have a race. Duggan was furious. Bill had to get his friend out of the bar when Duggan began announcing that he would beat the crap out of the ex-soldier. At other times they would be out walking and Duggan would betray no more than a slight look of discomfort, but later Bill would watch Duggan take his prosthesis off and be shocked to see the woollen stump-sock soaked with blood.

Literature, like the loss of a leg, was an experience Bill could not share. When he needed money he had sold the engineering books he once used in the navy at Brooking's shop, without a second thought. Duggan would talk about his writing, but Bill had no real interest. His friend would give him books, but he was not a big reader and often ended up giving them away to others. He or Edie would meet Sargeson on the street occasionally and would stop to say hullo. Sargeson was always polite but liked to pass some remark against the priesthood, since he knew about Bill's Catholic background. Bill could not have cared less. He continued to see his mate. He was talking to Ron Shaw on one occasion when Shaw said, 'you know you're beginning to sound like Maurice'. Unconsciously Bill had been adopting Duggan's careful accent.¹⁹²

Late in the year John Reece Cole visited Auckland once more, bringing with him a woman he had met in Wellington in April. The pair were now living together, wary of the king's proctor, until Cole's divorce from an impulsive wartime marriage to a nursing sister was finalised. The woman was Christine Bull, (now Christine Cole Catley). She was a journalist and a foundation member of the Labour Party daily *Southern Cross*, which had begun in March the year before, but she had grown up in a wealthy Rangitikei pioneering family. Her great-grandfather was James Bull, after whom the town of Bulls was named. Cole's mother had been a servant to Christine's aunt, Lady Duncan of Otairi near Hunterville. The incident which became the story 'It Was So Late', describing a rich little girl who has a birthday party and the servant's child who is kept away, had happened between her father's first cousin and Cole. When Christine read the story later she was left furious at the injustice it portrayed. She and Cole came to the William Street flat after dinner for drinks, where the other guests were Sargeson, Curnow and Fairburn. Christine knew Curnow from her days as a student at Canterbury University College, but she had never met the others before. She sat amazed through the night as the conversation went back and forth. It was like watching a sporting event. Cole, as usual, spoke little, but the three other men shone. Later Barbara said privately that it was always like this. Christine became more aware than ever that she would like to be a helpmate to such literary titans. She was aware, too, of being quietly judged. She felt that both Duggan and Cole were conscious of social distinctions between their partners and themselves.¹⁹³

In October Duggan passed in all his four university subjects, though he may have been somewhat distracted by the complex plans he and Barbara were making to build a house.¹⁹⁴ Land was hard to get. It had in effect to be tendered for, with ex-servicemen receiving priority by law. Duggan and Barbara managed to buy a half-acre (2,000m²) section out of the farmland at Seaman's Hill. This was on the Old Wade Road in Takapuna, on what was the extreme northern edge of Auckland. The

area and its road were later both named Forrest Hill after Lieutenant Hugh Arthur Forrest, who was killed in action in World War One. Nevertheless until the mid 1960s Duggan preferred to spell any reference to the area with one r. The road past the section was sparsely metalled. There was no house number, and the black and white cattle on the adjoining Currey farm came up to the fence-line to graze under dark macrocarpas. The farm-house next door, which was occupied by a manager named Shannon and his wife, and a large property and house further down the hill owned by Len and Gladys Salter, were the only nearby dwellings. But towards its rear the section had a magnificent stand of elms, which attracted both Duggan and Barbara to its purchase. The section's price was set by government valuation at £200. The owner also wanted a further £100 under the table, as was common practice. Sargeson suggested the Duggans see Frank Haigh, a liberal lawyer well known to them who was helpful to the literary community. With Haigh's assistance Duggan and Barbara were able to borrow the entire £1,500 needed for the house from the Northern Building Society. They were staggered by the sheer size of the loan.¹⁹⁵ After the land was secured Bill accompanied the new owners out to what looked like an overgrown paddock and helped them clear the section of tangled scrub. Bill had a new axe with him that he had bought with money won through cycling. He lent it to Barbara while he and Duggan were discussing the property, and soon he heard a sickening series of clangs. 'I've struck something hard,' Barbara announced. She was trying to cut through a water-pipe.¹⁹⁶

The house the Duggans intended to have built was designed for them by Vernon Brown. He was English-born, a lecturer at the Auckland School of Architecture, politically left-leaning and a friend to almost everyone in the arts. Brown had already designed a number of simple and elegant homes for the Auckland intelligentsia. His house for the Duggans was typically radical, with a low single-pitched roof, an open-plan use of space, large sash windows and roughcast weatherboard walls. Brown did not approve of distant views. Although the Duggans' property provided an excellent vista of Rangitoto, he purposefully ignored it in his plans. He also made no provision for a refrigerator in the kitchen. A meat-safe was quite bourgeois enough. When Duggan and Barbara bought a small fridge later there was no space and it had to be hung up on a wall.¹⁹⁷ But apart from these quirks the house was wonderful. Between the kitchen and a large living area was not a wall but a breakfast-bar, which eventually became the comfortable focus of almost all social activity. A bedroom was off the living room to one side. The floors were bare wood. The furniture consisted of director's chairs, a wooden table--it was in fact an old door--hinged to the wall so that it could be put down or up, and a couch that George Haydn no longer needed. There was no money for anything else. There was not even a wash-house. Barbara had to go to the farmhouse next

door to do the laundry in a battered copper. On the neighbours' property she discovered an old well, which at her insistence was boarded over as she worried that it might be a danger to children.¹⁹⁸

The carpenters who built the house were two English communists named Joe Herman and Bob Sillis. The construction went over budget to £3,000, but despite their Marxist ideals of needs and abilities the builders demanded, and received, a bonus after the job was complete. Because the cost of the house was double what was expected, Barbara went to the family bank and managed to arrange an overdraft. The debt went unpaid for years. Barbara liked to remember that on one occasion the bank manager asked her with studied jocosity: 'I've just been looking at your overdraft. What I'd like to know is, is it a phase or a trend?'. Barbara replied that she hoped it was a phase.¹⁹⁹ Later Bill Kirker did several jobs on the house for which Duggan always insisted on paying, although Bill knew it was from his wife's earnings. One of the early improvements was to add a sundeck. Duggan prepared the timber and the foundations himself, then arranged for Bill to help him put it up. A photo records the two friends leaning casually against the side of the house, grinning broadly in their discovery of a common task. But Bill had the worse end of the arrangement. While he was helping spray the completed deck with creosote the foot-pump was upset and he was thoroughly tarred.²⁰⁰

'House at Forest Hill--quelle folie', Duggan wrote on the backs of photographs taken of the newly completed building. Later he described it in words.

[We] put up a Vernon Brown nucleus, 'leanto' roof, arse to Rangi and the road, and stained the oregon weatherboards with creosote and stockholm tar, painted white the frames and bargeboard, stained the huge pine deck which was eventually replaced when houhou had eaten it through. We could look across the gully of Nile Road to Ron Mason's wattles, the Texidor gable, a slope of paddocks shelter-belted with macrocarpa, pine lawsoniana and dappled with fresians, holsteins--under the Crown Hill reservoir.²⁰¹

Being so far out of town, the Duggans were given a car by Barbara's mother to get about in. It was a second-hand Morris 8. This was a touch of luxury. Even second-hand cars were difficult to get in a massively regulated economy of import licences, currency restrictions, and fixed prices. The car provided for a major increase in Duggan's mobility, and he kept it meticulously maintained. Every Saturday morning he would take it down to a nearby garage to have the water and oil topped up and to check the air in the tyres. The controlling rhythm of such regular activities was always important to him, and he would become irritable if for some reason his routine was interrupted.²⁰² Duggan also helped out by keeping the engine in Una Platts's car in running order, although he had an aversion to petrol fumes which he

feared might cause cancer.²⁰³ Duggan was to live at Forrest Hill, on and off, through all his life.

During the same period that the house at Forrest Hill was built, Vernon Brown designed a new home for Frank Sargeson to replace the bach at Esmonde Road. Sargeson's health had improved, which put his Social Security in doubt. Fortunately the Secretary of Internal Affairs, Joseph Heenan, a bureaucrat with a rare talent for making decisions, had offered the writer a Civil List pension of £4 per week. One quarter of the sum granted for the next few years was to be given in advance, for the purposes of building a house. Sargeson had also persuaded his father to make the property over to him.²⁰⁴ When Brown had finished the designs Sargeson took them to George Haydn and exclaimed, 'Bloody Vernon! Look what he's done, he's given me a terrazzo sink!' Terrazzo, Sargeson felt, was the epitome of suburban bourgeois living. In any event, despite raising further funds from his parents and his uncle, he simply could not afford a Vernon Brown house. Instead Haydn, who was part-owner of the building firm Haydn and Rollett Ltd, drew up a new set of plans that were as economical as possible.²⁰⁵ The house would be square, for maximum space with minimum materials. It would use just enough wooden framing to follow the by-laws and would be covered in fibrolite. There would be three rooms, which involved some loss of cultivatable land and the purchase of curtains. Haydn put in only one entrance, but he included built-in bookshelves and a sizeable kitchen separated from the rest of the main room by a long counter. After the demolition of the bach, the house was built in 1948. Haydn did not want to be near the job as Sargeson was a friend, and so he had a foreman take charge of the work. His instincts were proved right. Each day the writer hovered over the builders, fussing and fretting. At last, to get at the prissy intruder, a plumber announced loudly: 'Oh, it's not fair! It's not right!'. Sargeson rushed forward in a minor panic, asking, 'what's not fair? What's not right?' 'A nigger's left bum!' the plumber answered. To his disappointment Sargeson enjoyed the joke immensely.²⁰⁶ When the house was completed Sargeson moved in his books and fixed pictures on the walls. It was, to him, a palace.

At the end of March 1948 Texidor left Auckland for Brisbane, where she stayed with the family of a friend, Bess McCormick. She was going 'not with any particual[sic] enthusiasm', but was determined that she must make a break from the narrowness of New Zealand. The strain of life had her worried that she would 'crack up', and she may have been on medication for her depressions. 'I will never really like anyone again', she complained.²⁰⁷ A factor contributing to her difficulties may have been that in the previous year, aged forty five and under Dr G.M. Smith's new delivery method of 'twilight sleep', she had given birth to another daughter, Rosamund. Texidor had not published any stories for three years. She was at work

on a novel that seemed unlikely to be completed, although her novella, *These Dark Glasses*, was being set by Bob Lowry for printing on behalf of Caxton Press. Sargeson would read the proofs and write the blurb. The dust jacket was designed by Kendrick Smithyman.²⁰⁸ The Department of Internal Affairs, again through Heenan, had been persuaded to give financial assistance. But Texidor departed, leaving Sargeson with the fear that Internal Affairs might discover it had made over funds to someone no longer resident in New Zealand. Droescher followed in August, though not before the Duggans had had him, Mrs Foster and Kate Kurzke to Forrest Hill for dinner. Throughout Duggan was quietly irritated by Kurzke's constant reference to 'how terribly terribly bloody it is in N.Z.'. ²⁰⁹ But when Droescher had departed across the Tasman, Duggan noted, 'all, I think, gone and going forever. Farewell to those Halcyon caravan days--aah--ah nuts!'.²¹⁰ Cristina eventually found a flat in town. Kurzke and her daughter remained with Mrs Foster.

For his second year at university Duggan enrolled in English and History. This meant the study of Old and Middle English, the poetry of Renaissance Britain, Chaucer's 'Prologue' and 'The Knight's Tale', *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, and *Troilus and Cressida*.²¹¹ Attending lectures was becoming even harder, particularly when Duggan took on the task of editing the year's *Kiwi* from May. He did so, he claimed, to have the joy of rejecting manuscripts.²¹² *Kiwi* had been a literary periodical since the arrival of *Craccum* in 1928, but over the years it had undergone a steady decline. Duggan hoped to exclude the usual photographs of the students' executive, the list of graduates, competition winners and graduate quotations, and to restore the magazine's devotion to literature. An unsigned article in *Craccum*, probably by Duggan, argued that *Kiwi* needed to sell outside the College to offset projected losses, and that there were now too many graduates for each to be listed with an epigram. 'Such Remuera-Round, we're-in-the-news mentalities are not worth catering for in an annual University magazine', he wrote.²¹³ A second article in *Craccum* under the initials M.D. announced, 'Kiwi Is Dead. In Its Place A New Kiwi'.²¹⁴ There were critics of the proposed changes and the article fended them off by arguing that the College had an obligation to pay serious attention to the arts, and by invoking the name of *Phoenix*. A *Phoenix*, with himself at its heart, was undoubtedly Duggan's intention.

The new editor got his way. Despite the gravity of his intentions, Duggan joked to friends that he would like to conduct business 'mainly at the New Wynyard Arms weekday afternoons 3 to 6'.²¹⁵ The magazine's typography would be improved by having Lowry print it at Pelorus Press. While himself a student Lowry had in fact printed the 1932 *Kiwi*, along with *Phoenix*, and although these had led to troubles with the College authorities he had gone on to design the much admired *The Golden Jubilee Book of the Auckland University College 1883-1933*. Pelorus Press

was a firm Lowry had founded with a former Training College student named Pat Dobbie, when Ronald and Kay Holloway, Lowry's previous business partners, would not have him back.²¹⁶ Nicknamed Perilous Press, it had its headquarters in an old bakery at 2A Severn Road. In using the company Duggan was taking a calculated risk with getting his magazine out on time. He remembered the wonderful but wonderfully delayed publication of Fairburn's satire and planned 'to resist the bicycle streak in Lowry'.²¹⁷ The truth was that the printer's goal of meticulous craftsmanship was at odds with his happy-go-lucky attitude to finances and deadlines. Nevertheless Lowry's own view was that he was merely hurried. He occasionally referred to himself as a 'sprinter' and grew angry at any suggestion that he might be tardy.²¹⁸ When a client complained at receiving a batch of printed Christmas cards in January, Lowry pointed out with sincere indignation that not many printers could supply these so far in advance.²¹⁹

Duggan wrote to friends and contacts outside the College, soliciting and occasionally cajoling for material. 'What *Nothing*, absolutely *nothing*? Really? *Truly*? Nothing?' he replied when Cole in Wellington, now busy working for the National Library Service, said he could not contribute.²²⁰ Cole eventually fronted up with 'Return'. This was an early version of 'It Was So Late' which had appeared previously in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Duggan asked Smithyman for a few sonnets out of the poet's first publication of two years previously, and he was rewarded with new material. He approached O.E. Middleton, a short story writer. Duggan had recently met Middleton at one of the regular Sunday night parties held at the Devonport house of Olga Stringfellow, a journalist whose husband was a Devonport naval officer. He even asked Sargeson, who was busy on longer work and unable to comply. Contributions came from writers as various as G.R. Gilbert, Denis Glover, and James K. Baxter, then a student at Canterbury University College. There would be complaints that the Auckland students were under-represented, but Duggan was determined that the only criteria be quality and daring. 'It may be that *avant-garde* is a dead horse,' he wrote to Smithyman, 'but at the A.U.C. they didn't even see it run so I wouldn't mind experimental stuff'.²²¹

Duggan's own writing was not going well. He was still working at it regularly and hard, but he destroyed what was produced almost as quickly as he wrote it. More often than not the sentences just did not come. In April Sargeson asked Duggan to keep the typescript of *I Saw in My Dream* at Forrest Hill. He had become panicky that a fire or similar disaster might destroy the only existing copy. Duggan read the novel and was full of praise. One comment on it especially, 'the participation of nature as a sort of extra character at every party, the gatecrasher, the guest whom no one knows, whom no one invited', suggests the style toward which Duggan himself was consciously striving. He wanted description to be 'a part and

not an adjunct, a necessity and not an exercise'.²²² But he was stymied. 'Conversation Piece' and 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' were the only stories he had finished lately, and neither showed him doing anything more than treading water. When visiting the house one day Jean Bartlett asked if she could see the *I Saw in My Dream* typescript. Duggan brought it out of a drawer and only with great reluctance would allow her to hold it, in case the pages were damaged. She took his reverence for the bundle of papers as indicative of Sargeson's tremendous influence on his behaviour. But for Duggan this was also a holy relic, words assured of successful publication and immortality.²²³

In July, the month of the Berlin airlift, 'Still Life' was republished in the fifth number of *Irish Writing*, but it was old work. Duggan was the only non-Irish-born writer in the magazine. He had considerably misrepresented himself to get in. To the editors he claimed that both his parents had been born in Ireland, that he had a volume of short stories coming out later in the year, and that he had plans to visit Dublin in the foreseeable future.²²⁴ The idea of being a Joycean, Irish writer-in-exile may have had its momentary appeal, but it did not have the emotional pull of New Zealand. Lowry had been brought up in the Paeroa area as a child, and some time after accompanying him to a family gathering at the Hikutaia Hall, Duggan began to consider writing of his own boyhood on the Hauraki Plains.²²⁵ He wanted something that would be not so much a memoir as an evocation of nostalgia itself.

At the same time Duggan was travelling into the heavily forested country of Northland whenever possible. There were the Hamiltons to see at Kerikeri, and occasionally Duggan and Barbara turned up among the crowd of Fairburn friends at Terry Bond's house in Mahurangi West. But their most frequent trips were to Hokianga, where Eric Lee-Johnson, his wife Vivienne and two children, were living in G.M. Smith's summer bach at Pakanae, near Opononi. The Lee-Johnsons, itinerant and penniless, had just moved up from Piha, where the Duggans had occasionally seen them. At Pakanae Duggan and Barbara were their first visitors. Lee-Johnson was born in Fiji and had grown up in the King Country's Oparau and Te Rauamo, but he had worked for many years in advertising in London. Later he returned to Wellington to head the creative department of the firm J. Ilott Ltd, but after only five months he had contracted tuberculosis and spent over two years in Pukeora sanatorium. Thereafter he had sought to turn his back on the commercial world and begin a precarious career as a full-time painter.

The bach at Pakanae was spartan, a row of unpainted barrack-like rooms opening onto a long verandah which caught the sunset. The autocratic G.M. Smith had originally planned it as a prototypical home for the northern Maori, with new rooms to be added as a family expanded. The idea had not caught on. The property of just over three hectares was rough. There was an enormous aloe beside the bach,

a garden of neglected shrubs and fruit trees, and on one boundary lay a *tapu* Maori graveyard. The bach had no electricity, but there was also no rent, and its isolation allowed Lee-Johnson to get on with his painting. Nevertheless visitors such as his friend Fairburn were frequent. Lowry would occasionally appear, and Cole when he could come up from Wellington. Sometimes Lee-Johnson took guests out camping, sleeping under a tarpaulin tied to a handy fence.²²⁶ Over time Northland was to become well known to many members of the literary community.

Duggan and Barbara drove northwards in their Morris 8 whenever they had time to spare. Later in the year the car was rebored, resprung and reconditioned, so that the only requirement for the long trip was the energy of the driver. By jamming his prosthesis onto the clutch when he needed to change gears, Duggan could drive as well as ever. Benzine was still being rationed, but Lee-Johnson had a larger allowance than was needed for his motorbike and sidecar. He was generous with coupons. Duggan obligingly acted as dogsbody for the painter in Auckland, sending up materials or running errands, and he often stayed at Hokianga for extended periods. Barbara was more constrained by her job. Several times she drove the two hundred and eighty kilometres up, and then the same distance back, in a weekend. Duggan also went to Paikanae alone on occasions when he ran away. As an ingrained response to stress, running away from home was to be a continuing feature of his adulthood. Sometimes the cause might be a row with Barbara, but it could just as often be trouble with his writing or the writing lifestyle, a crisis of unhappiness about his leg, or merely an accumulated irritation over the sheer aggravating trivia of the everyday scene. This was 'life in the putty-knife factory', as he frequently called it.²²⁷ For Barbara there would be no warning and no farewell speech. Duggan would simply disappear to whatever bolt-hole was convenient for some days or weeks, as if the living embodiment of the Romantic 'man alone'. Then he would return and carry on calmly as before. Lee-Johnson became accustomed to him arriving unannounced in the middle of the night.²²⁸

Lee-Johnson never pried, and no doubt this made him all the more congenial to Duggan. The painter found the young man good company. It was easy to get on with his work while Duggan was about, reading or writing. Although the bach was beside the sea, with a view over the sand dunes and harbour to the dry northern head, it was a place too public for Duggan to swim. At a fence between the property and the beach Duggan could cross at a stile by standing on his prosthesis and swinging his good leg over. To go from the road to the house it was necessary to cross a small stream and negotiate some narrow planks laid across ditches. Duggan would lean on Lee-Johnson to do this, but otherwise he hated accepting help. The painter told him that with his gait he could gain sympathy from people who would think he had been wounded in the war. Duggan would have none of it. Instead

Duggan seemed to feel guilty about involvement in the arts when he could be doing what others thought of as real work. Lee-Johnson, whose tuberculosis had once brought him close to death, felt no guilt at all about such a life. He reminisced with Duggan about his eight year's experience of advertising in London as a young man, and then of his time with Ilotts'. But he did not miss it.²²⁹

Lee-Johnson was widely read, particularly in New Zealand history, as he became steadily more inspired by the rich Maori and European past of the area he lived in. Around the Hokianga there were terraced pa-sites and Maori corn cribs, and the homes of Frederick Maning, John Webster and James Clendon. Nevertheless Lee-Johnson was astonished at the breadth of Duggan's reading. Whatever the painter expressed an interest in, the young man always seemed to know what he should read next. Duggan drew up lists of Penguins the painter should buy, on a wide range of subjects, and Lee-Johnson sent large orders off to Paul's Book Arcade in Hamilton. As well as a voracious appetite for books, Duggan seemed able to absorb large quantities of beer. He and Fairburn would routinely get in a dozen bottles for the evening if they were both up together, which would amaze the more moderate Lee-Johnson. Their conversation left him gasping. They seemed able to discuss anything. Lee-Johnson would go off to paint and leave them to talk literature on the verandah well into the night.²³⁰

By mid year Duggan was announcing: 'I'm through with the University. Can't see much there if one is determined to get done what one needs must--I mean writing--and I still think of myself that way even in the face of recent silences'.²³¹ Sargeson continued to argue persuasively that academic work and creativity did not mix, even though he himself addressed the University Literary Club on *Don Quixote* only two months later.²³² Duggan accepted his mentor's counsel, but he had further reasons for quitting the College. He found it hard to wait out the study for a degree while men his own age, like Sinclair and Chapman, had finished theirs and were being made lecturers. For some staff, too, he showed little respect. One was J.C. Reid, who was appointed lecturer at the English Department in 1948 and whom Sargeson disliked. Reid was energetic and an excellent populariser of his subject. He could improvise a lecture and still make it interesting. However Duggan thought him glib, though his real objection may well have been that Reid was an important Catholic layman, albeit a radical. As a convert Reid had published fervent religious verses in *Kiwi* in the late 1930s. Finally there was the inescapable atmosphere of camaraderie among the many students who were ex-servicemen. '[H]ow I do hate these *returned* people, on the whole', Duggan complained.²³³ At this time members of the students' executive routinely had their photos published in *Craccum* in their armed forces uniforms. The July issue showed the newly elected Student President, Bob Tizard, had been in the RNZAF.²³⁴ Returned servicemen were entitled to two

unspecified Stage I units without examination. To be of Duggan's age without connection to the war meant unpleasant explanations and a feeling of guilt.

One day Duggan asked E.H. McCormick, who was among his lecturers but did not know the young man well, if he could visit him at home. Duggan had a great respect for McCormick, whom he later described as 'a thoroughly good bloke, his great taste for antipodiana quite offsetting my own bad-tempered and ill-informed bitching and grumbling and snorting and lowering/louring'.²³⁵ Duggan appeared at the house and amazed the older man when he suddenly confessed to a heavy conscience over being supported by his wife. McCormick was not sure what to do. He had also lived off others in order to further his own writing career. He felt that if Barbara did not mind there was no problem, and he said so. He was surprised that Duggan did not seem to have the confidence in himself to feel that living this way might be justifiable.²³⁶ Try as Duggan might, all his upbringing told him that he should be supporting Barbara. That was what a whole and intact man would be doing. The decision to cease his studies was in many ways a bad one. Duggan's broad knowledge, intelligence and wit were the makings of a superb academic lecturer, a job which might have stimulated him. But without a degree he had no long-term prospects and no real educational background. Of this latter he was to be always conscious. The eccentric claim: 'He attended the University of Auckland but did not graduate' was to appear on the blurb of his most famous book, *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.

Despite leaving the College, Duggan decided he would go on editing *Kiwi*. It was, after all, a literary magazine. He hoped more vehemently than ever to exclude 'the odes to examination desks and the immature politics, and all the worst aspects that have made the word undergraduate in N.Z. a term of contempt and a description of an informed imbecility'.²³⁷ In search of direction he turned as always to Sargeson, in a second long letter, like that which he had written four years earlier, asking how to live and stay creative. With his fluency gone Duggan felt all too keenly that he was writing at the limits of his ability. He was suffering from 'a sort of fundamental difficulty in getting things expressed in the right words, perhaps even an incapacity to see the linkage between things, the chain of action between cause and effect'. He explained this as:

[H]aving been reared to an expression incomplete, inaccurate, romantic and sentimental, having questioned the validity of the whole of my environmental terminology, having now reached the point where, in use if not in interest, I have brought this into question, I am now faced with the necessity of finding for myself a new set of terms, a new language, within which I may comfortably express myself [...] Between the old and the new, between having abandoned one

language and having not yet reached the *crystallization* of another, what? In the no-man's-land between the two--inarticulateness--can I then do more than watch, fill out notebooks and hope that the writing has not faded before I am ready to use it?²³⁸

It was another indication for Sargeson of the zeal of Duggan's sensitivities. This had been shown to him again recently when he offended Duggan by lending him a copy of *The Small Back Room*. Sargeson had forgotten that the first sentence was: 'In 1928 my foot was hurting all the time, so they took it off and gave me an aluminium one that only hurt about three-quarters of the time'.²³⁹ Although this was only incidental to the book, Duggan had demanded to know what Sargeson was getting at. But now the older man knew what to do. He wrote counselling faith.

If you follow your heart in theory at least you can't go far wrong. The heart has its reasons as you know, and they're not the reasons of the head. But I doubt much whether the heart has any scruples. I sometimes fancy you listen to the scruples of your conscience too intently [...] How can one enjoy the world, people and things, with a sensuous enjoyment, as an artist must, if one erects a barrier of words and explanations between one and the objects of enjoyment?²⁴⁰

Most of *Kiwi* was with Lowry by the end of August, its title being set into the Playbill type of which the printer was fond. The introduction, quickly penned by Fairburn, justified the publication of writers outside the university on 'ecological grounds'. When Fairburn argued: 'The parts, process, institutions and functions of society are not potatoes in a bag', he may have been taking inspiration from the plate of egg and chips he was eating as he composed.²⁴¹ The magazine did contain work by Auckland students, including a piece by Bill Wilson denouncing the design of the state house as 'planned mediocrity'. Wilson was aged twenty nine and in his fourth year at the School of Architecture. He was the leader of an iconoclastic collection of students eventually known as 'Group Architects', who were much under the influence of Vernon Brown. Wilson also admired the Bauhaus. He was a well read, well-educated man and a great enthusiast. He would announce that an interesting house was being built in Whangarei, and with some friends, Duggan and Haydn among them, he would go north to see it. However the bulk of *Kiwi* was by outsiders, with stories by Ballantyne, Cole and Gilbert, translations of Lorca by Texidor, and poems by Fairburn, Glover, and Baxter. There was also a photograph of a modelled head by Molly Macalister, and even among the advertisements at the back was a full-page taken by George Court's. Duggan judged the twenty two-year-old Baxter's poetry, which included 'Virginia Lake' and 'To My Father', the best thing in the magazine.²⁴² Neither of these important poems would appear in book form for another five years.

To *Kiwi* Duggan himself contributed 'Sunbrown' under his own name and 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' under the initials N.H.. These stood for Noel Harbron, a pseudonym under which Duggan had appeared once in print a year earlier. In a letter to the *Listener* as Harbron he had criticised James Bertram's assertion, in a review of *That Summer*, that only Australasians could appreciate Sargeson's virtuosity.²⁴³ This tactic had avoided giving away Duggan's well-known partisanship. Duggan described N.H. to Cole as 'my lighthearted insouciant--slightly rough--slightly effeminate--rather literary--completely healthy--beer drinking *alter ego*'.²⁴⁴ N.H. was also listed in *Kiwi's* Notes on Contributors as 'a student at Auckland University College', which helped swell numbers.

But Duggan may also have had private reasons for printing 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' under a pseudonym. The story is far more revealing than he no doubt meant it to be. Paul Blake, a young Bohemian, a wastrel interested only in the arts, enters 'the inferno of the department store' where his friend Ron is working.²⁴⁵ Later in the day Paul will have an appointment with the editor of *The Courier* to try for a job. Paul would like to do book reviews and concert notes, but he knows that he will have no opportunity as these are regarded with scorn by everyone, including the editor. Behind the shop's counter Ron works so hard that Paul is almost ashamed of him. Ron is fastidious, ambitious, practical and neat, all qualities of Duggan's salesman father which were passed on firmly and ineluctably to his son. When Ron hears that employment is at stake he tries to coach Paul, in between serving customers, on how to 'create an impression'. He advises a wash, a change of clothes, a haircut, sobriety, punctuality, even saying the right things, and Paul jauntily follows his suggestions with the quip: 'You're like a mother to me, Ron'.²⁴⁶ But in the end, despite playing the game Ron's way, Paul is still told by the editor that there is no vacancy. 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' aims to be another in-crowd story that satirises bourgeois values. But also, possibly unconsciously, it dramatises Duggan's anxieties over achieving an identity as a writer by contesting them with the values, within him, of his father. In the story Paul the Bohemian defeats the importuning and bourgeois Ron by the certainty of his failure. It is his conviction that he will fail the interview which gives Paul his devil-may-care attitude. There will be no place for someone like him on the newspaper, regardless of what approach he makes, because of who he is. Life, Duggan was deciding, was not about success, but about failing in a manner that might be managed satisfactorily.

J.C. Reid was given a dummy of *Kiwi* in secret, so that Duggan was surprised when a preview of the magazine appeared in the last September issue of *Craccum*.

[T]he new 'Kiwi' is just an excuse [...] to start another literary paper, and provide space for New Zealand writers of all kinds [...] if one aim was to eliminate inferior material this has not been achieved;

1948 'Kiwi' contains roughly the same proportions of good, bad and mediocre as previous 'Kiwis'. What has largely disappeared is the distinctively University quality, and in its place we have a somewhat inferior version of 'Penguin New Writing' of about the middle thirties.²⁴⁷

Reid went on to be highly critical of every piece in the magazine, except Cole's 'Return'. Duggan described these views as 'the thin bile of prejudice'.²⁴⁸ Glover had suggested to him that *Kiwi* would be better off with club notes, but he had pressed on and was justifiably proud of his achievement. Duggan presented himself as the magazine's editor on the two occasions in September when he met Dan Davin. Davin was a former Rhodes Scholar with a distinguished war record, Assistant Secretary at the Clarendon Press, and a successful author. He had been flown out to New Zealand from England by the War Histories Branch, an unusual government expense at the time. The purpose of his visit was to have discussions with Sir Howard Kippenberger and others on a proposed official history of the Crete campaign. Davin and Sargeson also recorded a radio talk together in Wellington for the NZBC, which ranged over the advantages and disadvantages of expatriation for a New Zealand writer.²⁴⁹

Duggan met Davin once at Esmonde Road, a rather inebriated gathering which Fairburn and the lawyer Bryce Hart dominated in a competitive display of wit and limericks.²⁵⁰ Duggan then met the visitor again at a more sober evening in E.H. McCormick's flat. He liked Davin's unaffected air, his refined but unfussy Oxford accent, and his confidence. Davin had been born in Invercargill in 1913. He was a man of tremendous analytical intelligence and Irish charm, but also tough and nuggety. He was exactly what Duggan, and many other people, thought a writer should be. Even his books were controversial. After its publication in England the previous year, *For the Rest of Our Lives* had been effectively suppressed for a time by the New Zealand government. Booksellers and libraries had been intimidated through the Customs Department with the possibility of prosecution under the Indecent Publications Act.²⁵¹ At last praise by the literary community, a favourable *Listener* review by Kippenberger, and above all interest from returned servicemen, led to the book's introduction and gradual respectability. Duggan had read it towards the end of his first university year and thought it wonderful but flawed, 'a monumental near-miss'.²⁵² Charles Brasch was also present at McCormick's, but the *Landfall* editor seemed quiet and cautious when Duggan suggested he look at *Kiwi*. 'Would probably be better in less of a crowd', Duggan concluded.²⁵³ He did not know Brasch well and only a short time earlier he had been asking friends what the editor was like.²⁵⁴

If Duggan was willing to interpret Brasch's sober reserve as wariness, he may have had in mind a review of the first four issues of *Landfall* printed in the April *Craccum*. Under the initials M.D., Duggan had criticised the breadth of the new magazine's stated interests and the high ratio of non-imaginative to imaginative writing. He was also harsh in his judgment of many of the articles and stories.²⁵⁵ Furthermore Duggan and Brasch had already entered into an uneasy correspondence. In August Sargeson had helped arrange for Duggan to review the Auckland University College Drama Society's production of *Doctor Faustus*, for *Landfall*'s December issue. The play was directed by Professor Musgrove and held in the Auckland Town Hall concert chamber. In September a rapturous review of the production appeared in *Craccum*.²⁵⁶ Duggan went to see the play twice, so that twice he had to endure the Carter and the Horse-Courser in scene sixteen, as they teased Faustus about his wooden leg. Duggan's review was scathing of the direction, the staging, the acting and even, ultimately, the choice of play. There was something in what he claimed. During the penultimate scene the actor playing Faustus delivered his long speech on eternal damnation while lying flat on the floor.²⁵⁷

Duggan's letter to Brasch accompanying his review was brusque and shy.

Sargeson passed this job on to me and I think he has mentioned that to you. Anyway here is the review, and a copy of the programme.

If you can't use this would you kindly return it to me *airmail*.
Stamps enclosed.²⁵⁸

Brasch replied, objecting politely but firmly to the 'crabbing tone' of the review, especially its final paragraph. He wrote: 'I think your suggestion that A.U.C.D.S. should rather have done Shaw is simply perverse. One expects of a university dramatic society just what one doesn't get elsewhere [...] I'd be glad if you would think this over and let me have a line about it'.²⁵⁹ Duggan's response was the epitome of wounded pride.

I do in fact rather agree with you but I don't want to seem as if I have been convinced by your arguments. Put that down to human nature, if you like. But again, am I completely wrong in voicing a tiredness at the endless 'brave attempts'.*[sic]* Let's at least see something done successfully [...] If you send the thing back to me I will change the last and perverse paragraph [...] I will tone down the crabbed bits also, if I can recognise them, but against my failing to find them you might indicate, if you care to, the worst of them.

Thank you for your rather surprisingly frank letter. I will await your reply to this.²⁶⁰

Brasch returned the article and added, 'the review is already a third as long again as the 1,000 words I told Sargeson (and asked him to tell you), and if you want to shorten it a bit I'd be glad because I don't want to have to cut it myself'.²⁶¹ Duggan complied, admitting: 'I feel much happier with it myself now'.²⁶² To several friends he complained of editors who had set ideas, and that Brasch was patronising. But the fact remained that in their first encounter he had been thoroughly bested. It was the beginning of a long and fruitful relationship.

With *Kiwi* published, Duggan returned to writing five or six hours a day. However his output was still meagre. Once Sargeson had asked him if he wanted to use literary or colloquial language. Now Duggan knew that unlike his mentor he wanted to write in a mandarin prose. In a letter to Texidor in Redcliffe just outside Brisbane, where she was living in a garage, he noted his suspicions 'of Frank's stories where it is raining or it is fine but where it is never about to rain or about to be fine weather again [...] an artificial way to transfix time'.²⁶³ What was taking shape on seven different pages of paper, as Duggan rewrote each and judiciously cut, was something unexpectedly simple. This was a work in which the language of rhetoric, which Duggan later called 'a sort of bejewelled and empty casket', was scrupulously avoided. It seemed 'less a story than a prose celebration of a topography and a time'.²⁶⁴ Of primary importance was for the work to be true to the emotional essence of remembering an experience.

Stylistically the story was a breakthrough. The seven scrawled-over pages each described one part of the Paeroa area, except for the last which brought in the briefest outline of conventional plot. Duggan agonised over the words, and even over the order of the sections. For some time Waihi seemed to belong ahead of Karangahake. He took the pages with him up to Pakanae and worked at them on and off while staying with Lee-Johnson. He even left one behind and had to write to get it back.²⁶⁵ Eventually Sargeson supplied the title: 'Six Place Names and a Girl'. When it was finished Duggan was proud of the result. He sent the story to Brasch in October. The editor wrote back immediately accepting it for *Landfall*. Brasch's own poetry dealt with the evocative description of landscape, and he responded easily to the story's merits. He questioned the words 'young voices' in Hikutaia and 'schoolboy knee' in Ngatea, suggesting that the adjectives were too detached and self-conscious. He also suggested the use of a colon rather than three stops after each place name.²⁶⁶ This time Duggan wrote back without rancour, agreeing 'the points you made were good ones'. The word 'young' was changed to 'sharp' and the 'schoolboy knee' eventually became 'my knee'.²⁶⁷ Duggan asked to keep the punctuation unchanged because a colon gave too definite a demarcation, and he suggested using the place names as titles. Nevertheless he was delighted by Brasch's

meticulousness. Though he strove not to admit it, his apprenticeship was over, but only just.

With 'Six Place Names and a Girl' finished, Duggan attempted to raise his income by working for Charles and Jean Bartlett in their small Takapuna furniture shop for three hours each morning. The Duggans were particularly friendly with the Bartletts at around this time. Charles Bartlett was an Australian. He had been an upholsterer in Melbourne and moved to New Zealand when the Depression had thrown him out of work. During the war he had been an air force sergeant at Whenuapai, and afterwards he had started his own business. Felix Millar arrived at Forrest Hill one afternoon to find Duggan and Bartlett sitting at the breakfast-bar, thoroughly drunk. Millar was a violinist who occasionally boxed welter-weight. He was to play amongst the first violins in the New Zealand National Symphony Orchestra. Millar listened as Duggan and Bartlett rehearsed their favourite topic of mutual conversation--the awfulness and violence of their step-mothers. To Jean, who had grown up in Albert Road in Devonport, and who could even remember Duggan as a pudgy and energetic child, there was something forced in the bitterness of both men's memories. At the bottom of their resentment was the fact that they had not been loved, and from this they had created a personal mythology.²⁶⁸ For Duggan such a past also fitted into the prevailing Romantic view of what led to an artistic nature.

While working in the furniture store Duggan found his experience under his father at Paeroa was once again useful. He enjoyed being behind a shop's counter. Duggan could cut curtain material like a professional. He instructed the Bartletts in the importance of measuring cloth accurately, claiming the profit was in the end of the roll. Jean would come to replace him in the afternoons. One day she found Duggan proud at having sold some canvas for deck-chairs, because he had managed at the same time to charge the customer sixpence for tacking the new material onto the old frames. Duggan's charm and impeccable manners made him a great favourite with the local patrons. But after only a few months he suddenly decided that he was not doing enough writing and would have to stop. He asked if he could take the firm's workbook with him when he left. In many places Duggan had written into it lines of poetry and notes for stories.²⁶⁹

The close of 1948 revealed a year of odd highs and lows. Duggan had given up his academic hopes, but he written a story which rendered everything else he had done second-rate. *Kiwi* at last appeared in October, to praise in literary circles. Louis Johnson as 'Palette' had reviewed it favourably in the *Southern Cross*, as had D.H. Monro, once of the *Phoenix* group, in *Landfall*.²⁷⁰ But Duggan was restless. When Cole posted him a library copy of *The Great Gatsby*, to be returned later, he worried that it was possible 'to end like Scott Fitzgerald without ever having been

Scott Fitzgerald'.²⁷¹ Even the literary community was beginning to lose its lustre. Curnow, Glover and the business manager of the Caxton Press, Dinny Donovan, visited Auckland from Christchurch, and a large dinner party to be called the Feast of St. Swillin was organised for them at the Star Hotel in Albert Street. Lowry printed a special bill of foodstuffs. This was a cornucopia of puns, from the list of 'Whores d'oeuvres & Canopies' to the final 'Topoffs & Unsavouries'. The main course was 'ye olde roaft fucking pig caxton'.²⁷² Duggan and Haydn attended the event. The master of ceremonies was Fairburn, in a striped jersey and top hat, and Martyn Finlay was speaker. But the food, ignoring the menu, was plain fare. The jokes somehow fell flat, and the occasion lost its sparkle. Afterwards Duggan and Haydn walked back towards the ferry terminal, feeling surprisingly depressed at how far a gathering of New Zealand literary luminaries had failed to live up to expectations.²⁷³ Duggan was beginning to think that perhaps there could be a job for him in Wellington. Since he had not seen New Zealand from the outside, he might even go overseas for a little time.²⁷⁴

'Six Place Names and a Girl' appeared in the March issue of *Landfall* in 1949. Among its many admirers was a young Dunedin writer, Janet Frame. She had never been to the North Island, and the story painted for her lush, northern landscapes of heat and mangroves. The work's technique seemed daring. There were clauses without verbs, one-word sentences, and portions of song-lyrics. Its construction was startlingly original. The story made Frame feel young and inexperienced, but it was also liberating.²⁷⁵ Duggan wanted all his friends to read it. He sent a copy to Texidor in Australia, and he was disappointed when there followed only silence, 'like a leaky umbrella held overhead in a torrential rain'.²⁷⁶

However Duggan was not the only writer breaking new ground. By March a few copies of David Ballantyne's first novel, *The Cunninghams*, were arriving in New Zealand. The book was a rewritten version of 'A Summer Storm', and it had been published the previous year by Vanguard Press in New York.²⁷⁷ This had come about through the assistance of Ballantyne's literary hero, James T. Farrell, with whom he had managed to make contact. However, owing to New Zealand's shortage of American dollars, copies of the book were hard to get. Nevertheless overseas publication was a rare achievement. Sargeson, who was both pleased and disconcerted by Ballantyne's sudden eminence, felt the book 'a very handsome affair, slightly kitchy[sic] in the American style'.²⁷⁸ Like Sargeson, Duggan gave it qualified approval.²⁷⁹ Duggan was seeing Ballantyne on and off for drinks, and sometimes the young journalist would visit Forrest Hill to sit at the breakfast-bar and talk. Ballantyne was such a heavy smoker that when he stood up to leave his stool would be circled by a large ring of ash. On one occasion, when the pair had been drinking heavily, Barbara ran their guest home in the car. Eventually she returned to

find Duggan even more drunk and suddenly jealous. He demanded to know where she had been for so long, and before she could reply he slapped her face without warning. It was the only time in their marriage Duggan ever struck her, and he felt ashamed afterwards.²⁸⁰ Normally he was adroit enough with verbal argument.

As well as Ballantyne's book, Texidor's *These Dark Glasses* was finally appearing from Lowry. It was another well crafted but endlessly delayed publication. Soon the book was being reviewed in the *Listener* as technically accomplished, aesthetically satisfying, yet reading 'like the product of a sick mind'.²⁸¹ J.C. Reid in *Landfall*, again adopting the easy role of the knocker, panned *These Dark Glasses* but was pleased that it was something

which deals convincingly with a foreign setting, which is not concerned with the fantasy-world of a child, 'dumb-oxen', adolescent sex repressions, life on a backblocks farm or men who drop cats into hot stoves, and which at the same time has a local application, for this country has its Calanques, too.²⁸²

By now Texidor, Droescher and their daughter Rosamund were living in a camp for displaced persons in Bathurst, New South Wales. Droescher had found a job there teaching English to the residents. • These were refugees from Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and the Ukraine, known to their Australian administrators as 'the Balts'.²⁸³ The Droeschers stayed in B block under category *c.15 Temporary Civil Servants*, and they seemed to live in a manner not much different from the refugees.²⁸⁴

Earlier, in 1947, Ian Hamilton had sojourned in Queensland for seven months, working on a manuscript about his experience as a conscientious objector during the war. He was interrupted only by fierce electrical storms, and he had returned to New Zealand with the book complete. Entitled *Till Human Voices Wake Us*, it was an indictment of the conditions he had encountered in defaulters' camps and prisons. Duggan took the manuscript to Frank Haigh to seek a legal opinion over libel if the book were published. Haigh advised the cosmetic changing of prisons', camps' and guards' names, and the toning down of coarse language. Hamilton did so over the next twelve months, and Duggan found himself with Fairburn, Mason and Nigel Wilson, a notable legal man, seeking subscribers in support of publication. Potential buyers were contacted and asked to pay £1 each in return for a copy of the eventual book. In all £350 was raised.²⁸⁵

Also in March 1949, under accumulated pressures, Duggan ran away to Wellington after pawning his typewriter for the fare.²⁸⁶ He stayed with Cole and Christine in their home at 299 Willis Street. The Coles had married in a registry office the previous November. They had declared their priorities by going immediately afterwards to an art exhibition, to spend a £25 gift from Christine's aunt

on an Eric Lee-Johnson painting.²⁸⁷ Duggan's arrival was sudden, although he had written to Cole the year before asking: 'Do you have to climb to reach your place & how far are you from a pub? Hills--stairs--(any great number) and dry areas are anathema to me'.²⁸⁸ The Coles' house was a long, narrow, semi-detached villa in the central city. It had a wide living room, a dining room and a kitchen downstairs, and three bedrooms upstairs. Christine had bought the house before she met Cole, to provide a home for her now four year-old daughter Sarah. For Duggan it was to become a favourite bolt-hole. He enjoyed playing with Sarah and would listen carefully to her childish talk. They were to become very close over the course of his future visits. The atmosphere at Willis Street was welcoming but industrious. Cole was at work for much of the day, and he was excited over the expected appearance of *It Was So Late and Other Stories*. Glover was hoping to bring the book out from the Caxton Press before Christmas.²⁸⁹ Cole had also been writing a novel over the previous year. Christine was busy with journalism and her twice-weekly broadcasting of radio talk shows. Duggan was able to find work through the Coles, proof-reading for a time at the Public Standards Office.²⁹⁰

While Duggan was down in Wellington M.H. Holcroft was appointed editor of the *Listener*. Holcroft nursed literary inclinations. Despite three poor early novels, he had found success as an essayist. 'The Deepening Stream' had won the centennial literary competition's non-fiction prize, and books of essays followed in several volumes. Sargeson opined: 'M.H. may do quite a good job, it remains to be seen'.²⁹¹ The *Listener* was soon to offer greater scope to writers, particularly with the expansion of its book review pages. Throughout his editorship Holcroft needed to fight hard to keep the number of literary pages so generous. Reviewers were paid two guineas for a standard 300 words, although Sargeson had been privately receiving a higher fee from Oliver Duff. When Duggan returned to the North Shore after several weeks, he found Sargeson steadily at work on what the other man called a 'little diary novel'.²⁹² The work was an exposition of a spinsterish woman's character, based loosely on Sargeson's observation of Una Platts. It was to become *I For One*. Once the initial excitement had dissipated Sargeson found working on an extended piece of writing a 'daily boring task', but he felt that he was being diligent.²⁹³ Ballantyne was unhappy because his next book was growing only in eight-page spasms.

However on Duggan's return the biggest event in literary Auckland was the prospective beginning of a new periodical. A large meeting to get the magazine started was held at the Lowry house in Gladwin Road in April. There were grand hopes that the periodical would be independent, would appear monthly, and would act as a hybrid of the literary *Phoenix*, the socially dissenting *Tomorrow*, and the authoritative *New Statesman and Nation*. Some funding had been raised by an

editorial committee, which in its original form consisted of Mary Dobbie, Rex Fairburn, Frank Haigh, Harold Innes of Innes Breweries, Bob Lowry, and Jim McDougall of Adult Education and later Unesco. Plans for the magazine were lavish. Duggan found himself quietly approached to accept the position of editor. Perhaps, in the initial rush of enthusiasm for the project, there was talk of him being paid a salary. It was an illusion Duggan excitedly allowed himself to believe. For a short time he was busy helping prepare the first number. By late April a name for the periodical had not been decided on, but it was agreed that the contents would consist of political notes, a muckraking profile, a short story, satirical verse, book and film reviews, and a 'This New Zealand' column.²⁹⁴ The magazine was to be printed by Lowry and Pelorus Press, and it was scheduled to commence in June or July. The price was to be two shillings per issue. However, as it became clear that the magazine's money was going to be spent on high quality art paper, and not on an editor's salary, Duggan quietly dropped out. At length *Here & Now* appeared in October. Its first editorial was written by Fairburn, whose name headed an editorial panel. Fairburn privately listed his contributions to the first number as, 'a long and nasty article on Peter [Fraser]; a column ('Pig Island Chronicle'); a review of rugby football; a skit on Shelley; Beaglehole and Unesco; a short poem; a satirical crossword puzzle'.²⁹⁵ There was also fiction by O.E. Middleton, and articles by several more Auckland writers. Duggan was mentioned among twenty others on a contributing panel, but there was nothing by him in the magazine. He somewhat sourly told friends that he was 'not terribly excited over the thing'.²⁹⁶

After the magazine's first issue lost money there was a further large meeting at Lowry's house. Several members of the original editorial committee were present, along with others who were interested in mounting a rescue effort. Frank Haigh and Dove-Meyer Robinson argued angrily, and Fairburn tried to keep the peace. O.E. Middleton found himself appointed business manager with the task of boosting circulation and increasing advertising. It was a paid position, although the money came through Lowry and was irregular. With an election approaching, the back cover was held open for a party political advertisement. Labour showed no interest. But when Middleton visited the National Party headquarters in Auckland the incumbent candidate for the Remuera seat, R.M. Algie, chuckled over Fairburn's satire on Peter Fraser in issue one. He agreed to buy the whole back cover for National of this designedly left-wing journal.²⁹⁷ Lowry fell off a newly acquired motorbike in early November, breaking his leg, but the second number managed to appear on time. At the end of the month the National party under Sidney Holland ended fourteen years of Labour rule with a four-seat majority and took office for the first time. However the money for *Here & Now* had run out. The third number was

not to be published until November 1950, after which the magazine managed to continue erratically for seven years.

By now Duggan was writing nothing at all, and it bothered him. 'Six Place Names and a Girl' should have been a start in a new direction. Instead the story was beginning to look frighteningly like an end. An attitude of courted failure provided scant comfort.

I am out of it [...] In three years nothing to be laid at my door, thank Christ, but one short thing in *Landfall* and the empty bottles of all the liquor that has failed to bring one quite up to one's hopes and one's morbid expectations of oneself.²⁹⁸

Hella Hofmann, a Timaru-born woman, had come to Auckland in 1942. She lived in Remuera with her husband Frank, a photographer. She was a capable journalist who published short stories as Helen Shaw, and for the past year she had had an ambition to bring out a collection of essays on Sargeson. For some time Hofmann had been soliciting contributions. Duggan had already agreed to write on *I Saw In My Dream*, which had been published in London by John Lehmann, and he now threw himself into the task. He also found work eight hours a day proof-reading Trade Directories, and sometimes, *Newsview* and *Better Business*. The job, and the whole atmosphere of commerce, bored him. After a few months Duggan was sacked for a mixture of 'insubordination, too much alcohol [...] and the usual things'.²⁹⁹ Barbara's work at the Wilson Home, for which she had left Auckland Hospital sometime previously, was the only source of income, and Duggan's career chances remained nil. He asked Cole in Wellington:

If ever you see the bloke who hands out the Z.B. book reviews tell him I am starving, I am worthy, I will sell my cut-on-the-bias soul. Honest. If you see him. You know... young writer in a vernon brown garret, the G. N.Z. N.. If I can find out who he is I will write to him.³⁰⁰

Duggan's article on *I Saw In My Dream*, entitled 'Notes on the Edge of Criticism', was the result not so much of a close reading of Sargeson's novel as a close relationship with its author. The article is a confusing, fragmented medley of critical *aperçus*, ventures by Duggan into creative writing of his own, and personal communication with his mentor. Duggan even repeats his comment on 'Sale Day', as '[s]hock tactics in prose'.³⁰¹ Only Sargeson could have known how this had once encouraged the older, established author to arrange their first meeting. Most of the article is, as Duggan later noted on the front of the manuscript, 'inflated nonsense', where a young man cannot resist trying too hard to impress.³⁰² *I Saw in My Dream* is the story of young Henry Griffith's rejection of his puritan upbringing, and his attempts under the name Dave to find fulfilment in a new life as a farmhand. One

passage in 'Notes on the Edge of Criticism' suggests that the novel's attraction for Duggan may have lain partly in the way he viewed himself.

Henry is not abandoned. He is rejected and reassimilated. In a different environment, within a more profound framework, Dave surmounts the dichotomy, (outside his own character a major 'theme' of the novel). He casts out his childhood and, in the light of all that has happened to him since, he re-creates it.³⁰³

The possibility of escape to a new life was to inform many of Duggan's mature works, and the re-creation of character under a new name was to be the basis of the novellas 'Riley's Handbook' and 'O'Leary's Orchard'. In six years Duggan had absorbed far more from his mentor, and far more quickly, than Sargeson had ever expected or, on occasion perhaps, desired. Duggan sent the essay to Hofmann. She found it 'illuminating', though in fact it was anything but.³⁰⁴

By the end of the year Duggan and Barbara were occasionally discussing the idea of going to England. It seemed the right time to make such a trip. They were not yet pinned down with children. They had obtained a house. Barbara could finish up her job, and Duggan had no job to leave. But Duggan balked at the idea, precisely because the view from the North Shore seemed to aim so firmly in the direction of Europe. He began to express as much to friends.

I did once have an idea of going off to England next year but now I won't. Can't think of sufficient reasons. And besides it has become pretty fashionable among the castrati, the party petters and the red faced 'where's my wife' drunks, the wax dummies and the sippers of experience and the eaters of intellectual vegetables.³⁰⁵

He did not want to follow the route of Sargeson, Fairburn *et al.* Comfortably immersed in the Auckland literary community, Duggan did not relish being tested by those very European standards he had learned to espouse. What he wanted to do was write a New Zealand book. But that, he admitted, was not happening either.

Everyone looks for the great novel. I am reminded of the times I have stood at the side of the road and let go past a bus that would have taken me to my destination because I did not know exactly which bus I was waiting for.³⁰⁶

Instead, as Christmas arrived, Duggan wrote two 300-word book reviews for the *Listener*, on a weak Irish novel and a good collection of American short stories. He ordered a large supply of jars of Lemora in anticipation of a visit from the Coles. His half-brother Bob was due back in New Zealand for a visit on 19 December, and Duggan both did and did not look forward to seeing him. Over January 1950 Duggan and Barbara stayed with the Hamiltons on their Kerikeri property, where Duggan swam and enjoyed the simplicity of physical exercise. A new decade had

begun but he had no plans, and no idea what he was going to do next. Duggan quoted Nietzsche: 'Live dangerously', but he then described this as '[t]he frustrated advice of a romantic without courage'.³⁰⁷ Barbara still wanted to go to England. If they did not go now they would probably never go. Even Texidor, who was preparing to move to Macksville in northern New South Wales, wrote:

And why not go to England? I cannot but think that your alleged gloom would find itself at home in all that decaying grandeur--slimy Dickensian slums and rain-laden immemorial elms.³⁰⁸

Duggan still prevaricated and found reasons to do nothing. But early in the new year Barbara made a decision. She wanted to travel, and if Duggan did not come with her she would go to England alone.

Notes

1. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 3 Feb. 1950.
2. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 16 Feb. 1944.
3. 'A Letter to Frank Sargeson.' *Landfall* vol. 7 no. 1 (1953): 5.
4. Michael King. Interview. 23 Jul. 1994.
5. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 16 Feb. 1944.
6. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 3 May 1944.
7. Dennis McEldowney. *Frank Sargeson in His Time*. Dunedin: John McIndoe, 1976: 19.
8. Dennis McEldowney. *Frank Sargeson in His Time*. Dunedin: John McIndoe, 1976: 7-18. Michael King. Interview. 23 Jul. 1994.
9. George Haydn. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
10. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 334. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Jun. 1952.
11. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
12. Frank Sargeson. *Sargeson*. Auckland: Penguin, 1981: 346.
13. It may have been that Texidor's mother, Mrs Foster, held a New Zealand passport. Certainly it was understood that, however Driescher and Texidor may have got out of England, it was through Mrs Foster that they were able to enter New Zealand. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 29 Jul. 1994.
14. Frank Sargeson. *Sargeson*. Auckland: Penguin, 1981: 347.

15. Kendrick Smithyman. [Introduction.] *In Fifteen Minutes You Can Say a Lot: Selected Fiction: Greville Texidor*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1987: 9. Smithyman notes that no such painting by John has been identified.
16. Kendrick Smithyman. [Introduction.] *In Fifteen Minutes You Can Say a Lot: Selected Fiction: Greville Texidor*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1987: 10.
- Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
17. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
18. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only 'Thursday', but probably 2 Mar. 1944.
19. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only 'Thursday', but probably 2 Mar. 1944.
20. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 1 Mar. 1944.
21. Frank Sargeson. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 26 Apr. 1944, 3 May 1944.
22. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 26 Apr. 1944.
23. A.R.D. Fairburn. *We New Zealanders*. Wellington: Progressive Publishing Society, 1944: 12-13. It is tempting to see in this an influence on Riley's 'maypole dancing' at the opening of 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 307.
24. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 3 May 1944.
25. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 3 May 1944.
26. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
27. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Jun. 1944.
28. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Jun. 1944.
29. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Jun. 1944.
30. Few of Duggan's manuscripts survive. However those that do, such as typescripts of 'Riley's Handbook' and 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', display generous left margins and Duggan's name and address at the end.
31. Frank Sargeson. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 9 Jun. 1944, 27 Jun. 1944.
32. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably *ca.* January 1945. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 334.
33. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Undated but probably *ca.* May 1944.
34. A.P. Gaskell. 'One Hell of a Caper.' *N. Z. Listener* 28 Apr. 1944, later entitled 'The Big Game'.
35. Kendrick Smithyman. [Introduction.] *In Fifteen Minutes You Can Say a Lot: Selected Fiction: Greville Texidor*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1987: 16. A letter from Kate Kurzke to Barbara Duggan, dated only 4 February but possibly in the late 1970s, confirms that the story was based upon real people who were holidaying in Cassis in August 1938. The letter identifies some of the people and names their fictional counterparts: Mark [Julian] and Marjorie [Jane] Gertler and

their child Luke [Paul], Dr Morland, a T.B. specialist who was Gertler's doctor, and his wife Dorothy [Kate], Richard Carline and his then girlfriend. Many thought the story involved Kate Kurzke and her German boyfriend Jan but Kurzke claims they were in fact staying near Nice at that time and did not go to Cassis. [Duggan papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.]

36. Greville Texidor. *In Fifteen Minutes You Can Say a Lot: Selected Fiction: Greville Texidor*. Ed. Kendrick Smithyman. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1987: 75.

37. Kendrick Smithyman. [Introduction.] *In Fifteen Minutes You Can Say a Lot: Selected Fiction: Greville Texidor*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1987: 13-14. Smithyman discusses the date Texidor may have read *The Rock Pool*. A letter from Duggan to Texidor, dated only 21 September but probably 1949, mentions *The Rock Pool* as if it has been well known to both authors long before it became fashionable among well-read New Zealanders.

38. 'Machinery Me.' *Collected Stories*: 32.

39. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 3 Jul. 1944.

40. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Undated but noted by Duggan as received 11 Jul. 1944.

41. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 3 Jul. 1944.

42. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Undated but noted by Duggan as received 11 Jul. 1944.

43. 'Machinery Me.' *Collected Stories*: 32.

44. 'Machinery Me.' *Collected Stories*: 33.

45. 'Machinery Me.' *Collected Stories*: 33.

46. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 318.

47. In his chapter on 'Frank Sargeson and Colloquial Realism' Bruce King notes: 'In a colonial situation where English middle-class social values are inappropriate, the first really believable characters in fiction are usually the eccentrics and outcasts. It was Frank Sargeson who made such types representative of an authentic New Zealand.' Bruce King. *The New English Literatures*. London: MacMillan, 1980: 141. 'Machinery Me.' *Collected Stories*: 33.

48. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Jul. 1944.

49. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 334.

50. W.B. Yeats. *Letters on Poetry from W.B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley*. London: Oxford University Press, 1964: 7.

51. David Ballantyne. 'Sargeson at 44.' *Islands* vol. 6 no. 3 (1978): 292-293. John Reece Cole. 'Letters to a Protégé.' *Islands* vol. 6 no. 3 (1978): 261.

52. Keith Sinclair. *A History of New Zealand*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1959: 271.

53. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992. Although similar versions have appeared in anthologies of limericks since, none appears to have been in print at that time. Even allowing for the growth of legend, it is widely acknowledged that at his best Fairburn was capable of such lightning extemporisation.
54. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 12 May 1992.
55. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 28 Apr. 1993.
56. Greville Texidor. 'Goodbye Forever.' *In Fifteen Minutes You Can Say a Lot*. Ed. Kendrick Smithyman. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1987: 206.
57. James K. Baxter. 'Ballad of One Tree Hill.' *Collected Poems*. Ed. J.E. Weir. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1979: 295.
58. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 30 Sept. 1944.
59. Greville Texidor. 'At Home and Alone.' *Angry Penguins*. Dec. (1944): 29-30. Fredrico Garcia Lorca. 'Twelve Poems.' Translated by Greville Texidor. [Ballad of the Spanish Civil Guard; Suicide; In the Presence of the Body; Song of the Rider; Nude; Scene; Fairy; Self; Verlaine; Song of the Marquita; He Died at Dawn; The Dumb Boy]. *Angry Penguins*. Dec. (1944): 58-64. Frank Sargeson. 'Old Man's Story.' *Angry Penguins*. 1945: 8-10. Greville Texidor. 'Time of Departure.' *Angry Penguins*. 1945: 13-18.
60. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 21 Sept. 1944.
61. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
62. Bill Kirker. Interviews. 24 Aug. 1991, 6 May 1993.
63. Michael King. Interview. 23 Jul. 1994.
64. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 31 October 1944.
65. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Thursday' but probably November 1944. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 5 Nov. 1944.
66. 'Faith of Our Fathers.' *Collected Stories*: 30.
67. A copy of *Dubliners*, dated by Duggan on its endpaper '8/7/44', suggests that Duggan would have become familiar with Joyce's stories just a few months earlier. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
68. 'Faith of Our Fathers.' *Collected Stories*: 27.
69. Maurice Duggan. 'Man Alone.' Unpublished story. Sargeson papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
70. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 309.
71. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably November 1944.
72. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 13 Nov. 1944.
73. Anonymous source, through Michael King.
74. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 13 Nov. 1944.

75. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Nov. 1944.
76. Auckland Hospital records. National Archives, Auckland.
77. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 12 Dec. 1944.
78. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Tuesday' but probably *ca.* December 1944.
79. Quoted in John Carey. *The Intellectuals and the Masses: Pride and Prejudice among the Literary Intelligentsia*. London: Faber & Faber, 1992: 25, 38. Carey develops this idea considerably further.
80. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 334.
81. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Tuesday' but probably *ca.* December 1944.
82. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 334.
83. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
84. 'Blues for Miss Laverty.' *Collected Stories*: 177.
85. Werner Droescher and Maurice Duggan. 'Fairburn's Bogey'. *Music Ho* Jan.-Feb. 1946: 11.
86. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Saturday' but probably *ca.* December 1944.
87. Maurice Duggan. 'Dream of Dreaming.' Unpublished story Sargeson papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
88. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Saturday' but probably *ca.* December 1944.
89. On a page of his copy of *Kiwi* (1948) Duggan has noted above 'Sunbrown': 'written early in 1945' and then rubbed the words out, but letter evidence suggests that it was completed by late 1944.
90. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Sunday' but probably *ca.* December 1944.
91. 'Sunbrown.' *Collected Stories*: 52.
92. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Sunday' but probably *ca.* December 1944.
93. D.H. Lawrence. *The Ladybird*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992: 170.
94. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 27 Jul. 1948.
95. Robert Sydney Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 22 Apr. 1980. Letter in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
96. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only '25th', but probably January 1945. The anecdote is in 'That Summer', *The Stories of Frank Sargeson*. Auckland: Penguin Books, 1982: 169-70.

97. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably *ca.* January 1945.
98. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably *ca.* February 1945.
99. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Sunday' but probably *ca.* February 1945.
100. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably *ca.* January 1945.
101. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 14 Mar. 1944.
102. Quoted by Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Feb. 1945.
103. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Thursday' but probably late April 1945.
104. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 19 May 1945.
105. Anonymous source, through Michael King.
106. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 19 May 1945.
107. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993. John Reece Cole. 'Jabberwocky and Back to the Fern Roots.' *PEN Gazette* 94, Apr. 1975: 3.
108. John Reece Cole. 'She's All Yours.' *It Was So Late and Other Stories*, John Reece Cole. Auckland: Auckland University Press and Oxford University Press, 1978: 1-5.
109. Cherry Hankin. [Introduction.] *It Was So Late and Other Stories*, John Reece Cole. Auckland: Auckland University Press and Oxford University Press, 1978: xi.
110. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 28 May 1948.
111. 'Old Man.' *Collected Stories*: 42.
112. John Reece Cole. 'Jabberwocky and Back to the Fern Roots.' *PEN Gazette* 94, Apr. 1975: 3.
113. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 10 Jun. 1945. The phrase appears in many of Duggan's letters to Greville Texidor of this time.
114. Dick Scott. *Years of the Pooh-Bah: A Cook Islands History*. Auckland: Hodder and Stoughton, 1991: 166.
115. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 3 Mar. 1994.
116. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 3 Mar. 1994.
117. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 3 Mar. 1994.
118. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
119. Kendrick Smithyman, Interview. 5 Jun. 1991.
120. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 4 Sept. 1992.
121. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 4 Sept. 1992.
122. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 339.
123. George Haydn and Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.

124. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 10 Jun. 1945.
125. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 335.
126. Maurice Duggan. 'Mezzanine Reading.' Unpublished story. Sargeson papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
127. Maurice Duggan. 'Mezzanine Reading.' Unpublished story. Sargeson papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
128. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only 'Thursday' but probably *ca.* April 1945.
129. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 335.
130. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Monday' but probably *ca.* August 1945.
131. 'Poem.' *Barjai* 20 (1946): 44.
132. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 19 May. 1945. One who loathed the story was Denis Glover, who asserted that he was sick of such pretentiousness from younger writers. Kendrick Smithyman. Conversation. 28 Feb. 1994.
133. Michael King. Conversation. 29 Apr. 1993.
134. H. Winston Rhodes. 'Modern Short Stories.' *N. Z. Listener* 21 Dec. 1945: 24-25.
135. Louis Johnson. Review of *Speaking for Ourselves*. *Arena* 11 (Mar. 1946): 21.
136. 'Notes on an Abstract Arachnid.' *Collected Stories*: 37.
137. 'Notes on an Abstract Arachnid.' *Collected Stories*: 39.
138. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
139. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 11 Oct. 1945.
140. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 28 Oct. 1945.
141. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
142. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
143. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Undated but probably December 1945.
144. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 18 Dec. 1945.
145. Maurice Duggan. 'Autobiography.' Unpublished story. Sargeson papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
146. *Yearbook of the Arts in New Zealand: 3*. Ed. Howard Wadman. Wellington: H.H. Tombs Ltd, 1947: 123.
147. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Undated but probably *ca.* December 1945.
148. Marie Shaw and Bill Kirker. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
149. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
150. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
151. Marriage certificate, Maurice and Barbara Duggan.

152. George Haydn. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
153. Honey Haigh. Interview. 28 Apr. 1993.
154. Bill Kirker. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991. In 'Conversation Piece' Bertha Ramshorn is clearly a member of Bohemia because she wears 'a yellow sweater and pair of brown corduroy slacks'. *Collected Stories*: 45.
155. Jean Bartlett. Conversation. 4 Sept. 1992.
156. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
157. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably Oct./Nov. 1947.
158. Eileen Hamilton. Conversation. 1 Sept. 1992. Tony Reid. [Introduction], and [The Author]. *Till Human Voices Wake Us*. Auckland, Auckland University Press, 1984: vii-xiii, xiv-xv.
159. Eileen Hamilton. Interview. 1 May 1993.
160. George Haydn and Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
161. Catholic University of America. *New Catholic Encyclopedia*. vol. 12. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1967: 469. In Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* Lorenzo Ricci appears among the paintings Stephen Dedalus observes before entering the Rector's office, and his tactics presumably presage Stephen's 'silence, exile, cunning'. The entry to the Rector's office was a passage Duggan knew well (see the section on *Immanuel's Land*). Furthermore the proprietor of the Café Francaise in John Reece Cole's 'Blues in the Night', with which Duggan had been familiar since 1945, is also called Ricci.
162. 'Old Man.' *Collected Stories*: 42.
163. 'Old Man.' *Collected Stories*: 41.
164. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.
165. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 10 Dec. 1954.
166. Ronald Holloway. Interview. 1 Mar. 1994.
167. Quoted by Ronald Holloway. 'Remembering Bob Lowry.' *Landfall* vol. 18 no. 1 (1964): 58.
168. James and Helen McNeish. *Walking On My Feet: A.R.D. Fairburn 1904-1957, A Kind of Biography*. Auckland: Collins, 1983: 221.
169. Janet Paul. Interview. 19 Apr. 1994.
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171. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992.
172. George Haydn. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
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193. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
194. His marks were: English, 72/64; History, 66/55; Philosophy, Logic & Ethics, 50/60; Education, 40/67. [Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.]
195. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991. The loan required repayment at three guineas per week, and in emergencies Duggan more than once put his typewriter into pawn to meet it. [Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. Dated only 'Sunday'.]
196. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
197. Barbara Duggan and George Haydn. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
198. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 27 Jul. 1994.
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200. Bill Kirker. Interview. 6 May 1993.
201. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.

202. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 27 Jul. 1994. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
203. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
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210. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 30 Jul. 1948.
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216. Ronald Holloway. Interview. 1 Mar. 1994.
217. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 28 May 1948.
218. Brian Crosby. Interview. 5 Sept. 1992.
219. Kendrick Smithyman. Conversation. 24 Jul. 1994.
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221. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 28 May 1948.
222. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 30 Apr. 1948.
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228. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 12 May 1992.
229. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 4 Sept. 1992.
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231. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 16 Jul. 1948.

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233. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably Oct./Nov. 1947.
234. *Craccum* 23 Jul. 1948: 1.
235. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 3 Jul. 1958.
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238. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 27 Jul. 1948.
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240. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 4 Aug. 1948.
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243. Noel Harbron [pseud.]. 'That Summer.' *N.Z. Listener* 26 Sept. 1947: 17. A copy among Duggan's personal papers states clearly that Duggan is the author. James Bertram. 'The Little World: Frank Sargeson's New Zealand.' *N.Z. Listener* 5 Sept. 1947: 12-13.
244. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Dec. 1948.
245. 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' *Collected Stories*: 57.
246. 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' *Collected Stories*: 59.
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248. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. Undated but probably October 1948.
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251. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 11 Jan. 1949.
252. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably Oct./Nov. 1947.
253. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. Undated but probably October 1948.
254. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Aug. 1948.
255. M.D. [Maurice Duggan]. 'Landfall: 1947.' *Craccum* 26 Apr. 1948: 7-8.
256. A.H.F. "'Dr Faustus" Magnificent Was the Word.' *Craccum* 7 Sept. 1948: 3, 6.
257. Maurice Duggan. 'Doctor Faustus.' *Landfall* vol. 2 no. 4 (1948): 331-333.
258. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 19 Aug. 1948.

259. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 22 Aug. 1948.
260. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Aug. 1948.
261. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 30 Aug. 1948.
262. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 2 Sept. 1948.
263. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only '21 September', but probably 1949.
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266. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 14 Oct. 1948.
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270. Palette. 'University Writing.' *Southern Cross* 4 Dec. 1948. Duggan on his own clipping identifies Palette as Louis Johnson. D.H. Monro. Review of *Kiwi 1948, Hilltop 1 & 2, and Bookie*. *Landfall* vol. 3 no. 3 (1948): 294-296.
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279. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 3 Nov. 1947.
280. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 24 Aug. 1991.
281. P.J.W. [Phillip Wilson]. 'Despair in the Sun.' Review of *These Dark Glasses*. *N. Z. Listener* 30 Sept. 1949: 16.
282. J.C. Reid. Review of *These Dark Glasses*. *Landfall* vol. 3 no. 4 (1949): 378.
283. Greville Texidor. 'Bogomil-Kafka-Timoshenko.' *Here & Now* Mar. 1951: 21-24.
284. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Undated but probably *ca.* June 1949.

285. Tony Reid. [Introduction.] *Till Human Voices Wake Us*: Ian Hamilton. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1984: xii.
286. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. Dated only 'Sunday', but probably early Mar. 1949.
287. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
288. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. Undated but probably October 1948.
289. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 19 Jan. 1950.
290. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
291. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 23 Mar. 1949.
292. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 23 Mar. 1949.
293. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 23 Mar. 1949.
294. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Apr. 1949.
295. A.R.D. Fairburn. Letter to Philip Smithells. 3 Oct. 1949. Quoted in *Walking On My Feet, Rex Fairburn 1904-1957: A Kind of Biography*. James and Helen McNeish. Auckland: Collins, 1983: 172.
296. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 13 Nov. 1949.
297. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Nov. 1993.
298. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only '21 September', but probably 1949.
299. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. Undated but probably November 1949.
300. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. Undated but probably November 1949.
301. Maurice Duggan. 'Notes on the Edge of Criticism.' Personal papers.
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303. Maurice Duggan. 'Notes on the Edge of Criticism.' Personal papers.
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305. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Dated only '21 September', but probably 1949.
306. Maurice Duggan. 'Notes on the Edge of Criticism.' Personal papers: 11.
307. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. Undated but probably November 1949.
308. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Oct. 1949.

Chapter 4--Back, and Back Again [aet. 27-30]

'To go abroad is not an Auckland expression. We "go away": we "go overseas".' (Response to Charles Brasch's Landfall survey question: *How many times have you been abroad?*)¹

As the 1950s opened New Zealand was suffering a housing shortage from what would be the beginnings of the baby boom. At first Duggan and Barbara thought of letting the house at Forrest Hill in Barbara's absence to the navy for commissioned officers. By April it was being rented by a Mrs Woon. Duggan moved into a small army hut at the rear of Sargeson's house and Barbara went to stay at Lake Road with Una Platts.² Barbara hoped to depart for England in May if she could find a berth on a boat, but these were hard to come by. In any case she had a passage booked and paid for in July. Duggan was insisting: 'I shan't go to England. I want to, in a way, but not enough. Maybe later--I don't know'.³ He seemed permanently gloomy, and more than a little self-pitying. On returning from a holiday with the Hamiltons he complained that the Auckland heat was draining and described his situation to Cole as:

At 27 I am flat as a flounder, sweating slightly, my hair is getting thin and if I can 'cope' a little better I do not understand more. And Dave [Ballantyne] has laid aside 90,000 words which was the final draft of his second novel because it won't run and he can't finish it. Frank can't finish the thing he is working on [...] I have not written a line of *imaginative* prose, nor want to, nor want to do anything but find a cooler climate, better and more abundant alcohol, a beautiful negress [...] who will worship me debauchedly, a miracle that will restore me to the biped condition, a cuboid room.⁴

Sargeson had bought the army hut earlier for a friend who then did not need it. Over the years to come several writers, including E.P. Dawson and Janet Frame, were to find it an invaluable lodging. Duggan occupied himself constructing a built-in table of white pine, bookshelves, and a large cupboard with a curtain across its opening. The hut was sited almost exactly where the bach had once been. It already contained a bed, along with some sheepskin rugs which Duggan complained were most impractical. This was a little unfair as Sargeson had in fact gone to considerable trouble to fit the place out for him. Duggan once listed its other contents as:

a Keith Patterson painting of some bottles, an empty pack of American cigarettes and a small and very dirty kerosene heater which cannot be used for boiling an egg. a stack of records but nothing to play them on, a pair of very expensive dark glasses, a bottle of halibut pills

procured through social security and under the bed a secret store--two jars of bitter and strong lemora, unpaid for.⁵

Every night before going to sleep Duggan would take a torch and look into the bed for wetas. He could hear them in the walls.

Barbara managed to secure a place on a boat leaving from Wellington on 27 May. As her departure grew nearer Duggan constantly imagined travel.

letters with foreign stamps lie in all letter boxes, cheap maps may be found in all lavatories, dust from the suitcases settles on the floor, and the snapping camera shutter frees from time the rigid image for the passport photo.

you need a carnet to land at panama.

drinks on the boat are cheap, and cigarettes.

but for all that one doesn't intend to act like a tourist.

you are allowed only ten dollars but you can buy them at a price [...]

goodbye, you promise, yes, i will, goodbye, goodbye, yes i hear the

band, don't listen, yes, a fuckstrut they are playing, yes, goodbye.⁶

Kate Kurzke and her daughter had departed for England not long before. Mrs Foster was beginning to think of moving to Australia. Cristina Texidor and Renate Prinz, a young architectural student, were planning to visit England later in the year.

When the time came for Barbara to leave, Duggan accompanied her to Wellington. They stayed with the Coles, who were excited for Barbara but a little concerned at the separation of the nervous couple before them.⁷ The trip to England by ship took one month via Pitcairn Island, Panama and Curaçao. Two weeks after Barbara's departure Duggan returned to Auckland, upset and also penniless from the consolations of alcohol. To raise money he took a job proofreading for the publishers Whitcombe & Tombs and was made to resolve, under encouragement from Sargeson, to stay away from drink. Duggan protested by calling Sargeson an 'old mousetrap' to friends, but obeyed.⁸ However neither job nor resolution lasted more than a few months.

Barbara was soon in England. At Southampton she was met by a friend, Lettice Ramsey, who took her up to her house in Cambridge. They had met when Ramsey came out to New Zealand with Eric Godley, a botanist on the staff of Auckland University College, who had known her at Cambridge University. Ramsey was twenty four years older than Barbara, a brisk plump woman with a gap between her front teeth, and the widow of Cambridge mathematician Frank Ramsey, whose brother became the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1961. She was a photographer. Together with her business partner Helen Muspratt, Ramsey had distinguished herself by taking portraits of every person of significance who had passed through Cambridge for the past eighteen years. These included such notables

as Lord Rutherford, Virginia Woolf, and the spies Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, who were to defect a year later.⁹

Cambridge was very enjoyable. Barbara saw a production of *Heartbreak House* and tried her hand at pottery, which was to become a lasting interest, on a wheel in Ramsey's house. Ramsey lived within walking distance of Cambridge Station, and so Barbara visited Kate Kurzke in London. Before long she found work as a physiotherapist in a clinic at Ely and commuted there every day by train. It did not take long for her to realise that England was not like home. In her carriage on the way to work, as she sat happily rolling herself a cigarette, a middle-aged man opposite leaned across and offered her a tailor-made one, saying with a profoundly pitying look: 'Oh, do have one of these'. She wrote Duggan a long letter. He was delighted that it ran to fourteen pages. She had not forgotten him.¹⁰

Sargeson found Duggan sometimes difficult to live with, but the mentor tried to make the best of it. Duggan's presence stimulated him to keep at work on his writing, and he hoped his *protégé* might now produce some genuinely mature work. But Sargeson did not like moodiness in anyone, and he found what he called Duggan's 'complicated and possibly Celtic melancholy' very worrying. 'I feel,' Sargeson wrote to a friend, 'and I feel that he feels that I should be able to do something about it. But what?'.¹¹ Duggan for his part described them as 'two violeteyed typists trapped in a golden cage'.¹² Sargeson liked to live to a careful routine, rising at 7.30 for breakfast at 8, then beginning a morning's writing. But the schedule for the latter part of his day had been disrupted by a reoccurrence of eye troubles, so that in the evening he listened to the wireless or had Duggan read him poetry.

Harry Doyle, a former jockey and Sargeson's longtime intimate, would appear occasionally to stay. Sargeson was not shy among friends about his sexuality, though his schoolboyish sense of humour about any kind of sex meant that he did not always speak with taste. When Haydn said once that he knew of a cub-scout troop that needed an Akela, and was thinking it might be fun, Sargeson regaled him with stories of the ulterior motives of scoutmasters to such an extent that Haydn was simply too rattled to consider the position further.¹³ Doyle had little time for intellectuals or urbanity. Honey Haigh found he would leave the room immediately she entered it with no more than a 'giddy' or 'goodbye', but fortunately Duggan knew the world of Saturday races, country pubs and Irish bravura through which Doyle moved.¹⁴ Duggan was never bothered by his mentor's sexual preferences, which in any case were directed exclusively towards older men. Fairburn was, however, and this had contributed to the steady breakdown of his friendship with Sargeson. Fairburn had been irritated at the other writer being in favour of the New Zealand Literary Fund--often referred to in the literary community as the 'State

Literary Fund' or 'SLF'--which was set up by the government in 1946 to assist authors with work and publication. The Fund would mostly patronise a cabal of homosexual writers without family responsibilities, Fairburn felt, a group whom he characterised as the 'Green International'. In the July-August 1950 issue of *Parsons Packet*, a pamphlet put out by Wellington bookseller Roy Parsons from a shop in Woodward Street, Fairburn was to publish 'Sketch-Plan for the Great N.Z. Novel'. The article was a parody of the autobiographical approach popular among aspiring New Zealand writers. Tom Shaughnessy, who among his many early jobs becomes a jockey, 'but is unsuccessful owing to his shortness of stature', eventually lives with a man in a homosexual relationship, disguising himself as a woman. The homosexual pair then befriend 'a shy young man of Irish extraction named Shaun Tomassey, who is ambitious to become a writer'. When Shaun comes to live with the pair the connection with Duggan in the army hut is made clear. The names Tom Shaughnessy and Shaun Tomassey are both variations of 'John Thomas', a slang term for the penis.¹⁵ By this sort of slander Fairburn was moving to sever his connections with Sargeson forever. Duggan was annoyed, although he and Fairburn remained friendly.

While Duggan stayed in the hut Texidor wrote asking: 'Soon there will be a wonderful crop of something? There is Maurice Duggan who. Who? What?'.¹⁶ She reminded him that his forte was the diabolic, but instead he was working on a different type of story entitled 'Notes on a Final City'. However he found it read like Proust and did not interest him enough even to finish writing it.¹⁷ He distracted himself from idleness by becoming interested in reviewing. The previous year he had written to Holcroft asking whether *Kiwi* could be reviewed in the *Listener's* book pages and received a negative reply.¹⁸ Then towards the end of the year he had written again asking for work for himself, and Holcroft had responded positively.¹⁹ Over 1950 ten reviews by Duggan appeared in the *Listener*, on as many novels. Through the Coles, Duggan also found work reviewing for the commercial ZB radio network's book session, at three guineas for three minutes. He was rather pleased when the first of these, in April, resulted in his photo appearing above the *Listener's* notice of the programme.²⁰ The sessions were recorded at the 1ZB studio in Auckland. Both Holcroft and the ZB network valued Duggan's skills, and in a short time Sargeson was telling friends that the young man received more to do than he did.

Duggan was an excellent reviewer. He displayed a remarkable capacity within the limits of three hundred words to get to the heart of a book quickly. The need for brevity suited his pithy style but left little space for fancifulness, although he would sometimes let himself go. He described a book of short stories by literary critic Mark Shorer as, 'a man of some weight skating, with professional surety, over ice

just thick enough to bear his weight'.²¹ He was not afraid to be evaluative, but showed good sense in making readability his main criterion. Duggan's reviews are almost the only pieces of literary criticism which remain (see also Appendices Three and Four). They reveal, as friends also noticed in conversation, a careful reader who could sum up the point of a novel in a phrase, and had an eye for stylistic strengths and weaknesses. When reviewing Duggan always responded to the language of a book as much as to its story-line or characterisation. He showed a deep distrust of sentimentality and the cant that went with it, as indeed he did in himself and others, not least because he was often at the mercy of large emotions. 'It is like wearing a diving suit to go to the washbasin', he complained in one review of a particularly syrupy effort.²² Sargeson would say to others that he did not like reading for material gain, and Duggan likewise felt guilty about reviewing. He wrote: 'I have temporarily locked up my integrity in an old drawer along with a rotting apple so that when I uncover it again it shall have the required odour of nostalgia'.²³

Another distraction was the *Arts Year Book*. *Art in New Zealand* had been running since 1928, published by Harry Tombs at his small press in Wellington's Wingfield Street, and for the most part edited by C.A. Marris. During the war there had been a shortage of high quality printing paper, and with Marris's departure Harry Tombs had been ready to give up. Howard Wadman and Eric Lee-Johnson had become interested in saving *Art in New Zealand*, even arranging to bring the journal out on newsprint, which horrified Tombs.²⁴ Eventually Wadman supplanted the journal with the annual *Arts Year Book*, which took advantage of the small-scale arts scene to cover the year's paintings, etchings, sculpture, craft, and engravings, along with theatre in the four main centres. It also provided a selection of poetry and a review essay.²⁵ Wadman edited four issues from 1945 before returning to England. Tombs edited the next but then wanted to stop, and Lee-Johnson found himself stepping into the breach. When he compiled the *Year Book* in 1950 he asked Duggan to be associate editor of drama.²⁶ Fairburn was already handling poetry, Vernon Brown architecture, and Owen Jensen music. For Duggan the job meant writing letters to the appropriate people, and a great deal of running materials up from Auckland to Lee-Johnson in Hokianga. The *Year Book* eventually appeared with articles on Maori rock drawings, documentary film, a Group Construction Company experimental house in Takapuna, and three short essays on drama by Sydney Musgrove, H.V. Baigent and Frederick Farley. Lee-Johnson was meticulous with production standards, a fact which impressed Duggan, and he had frequent wrangles with the printers. When the annual was finished the compositors in Wellington presented the painter with a finely graded plastic ruler so that he could continue to measure whether columns were straight.²⁷

As Sargeson's guest, Duggan met the stream of literary visitors who arrived at 14 Esmonde Road. He was becoming less mobile as an abscess began to develop on the stump of his leg. It was to bedevil him for months to come. Some visitors he knew a little already, like the ex-journalist Frank McGorm, who had just come back from Christchurch and was doing odd jobs while hoping to write a novel. Others he met for the first time, such as the young painter Keith Patterson, who was nicknamed Spud. Over time Duggan and Patterson were to become close friends. Patterson was a schoolteacher who had devoted himself to painting full-time for two years, although he was now teaching again. He had taken up with Cristina Texidor. Despite his troubles with his stump, Duggan went up to Milford to assist Mrs Foster, who was frail with age, in preparing to join the Droeschers in Australia. The Droeschers were soon to move up the New South Wales coast to Sawtell, and Mrs Foster followed them through their nomadic existence.

Around the middle of the year Duggan received a letter from Barbara, telling him that she must have been pregnant when she left New Zealand. Her menstrual cycle had ceased, and a test had proved positive. It was impossible to have a child in Cambridge on her own and somehow make a living, and Barbara was now investigating ways of obtaining an abortion. Lettice Ramsey arranged for her to see a somewhat shady German psychologist. He offered to record conversations in which Barbara was to recite phrases suggestive of mental instability if the pregnancy were not terminated. She was also made to take large numbers of severely hot baths, which she loathed. Before Duggan could properly react, however, a further letter arrived saying that a second test showed she was not pregnant. Barbara had been suffering instead from an interrupted cycle due to travel.²⁸ But this was just the excuse Duggan needed. He now wanted to go to England, and as soon as possible.

The *Akaroa*, sailing from Wellington on 1 September, had a berth. But even with his savings from proofreading and reviewing, Duggan found that he could not afford the fare. In mounting desperation he wrote to John Reece Cole in Wellington, enclosing a letter to be passed on personally to his father. This stratagem was to prevent his step-mother from learning that he was asking for money. He suggested Cole drop the letter in at McCready's on his way to work at the National Library Service. Robert Duggan started at nine and Phyl did not arrive at work until ten. Duggan begged Cole:

This written in the middle of a *black* depression that can only be relieved by a decent reply and a prompt one from the old man.²⁹

Fortunately Cole complied and Robert Duggan was generous. Duggan found himself with enough money for the fare and about £20 for the trip. He packed what little he had in two suitcases and was soon down in Wellington, staying with his parents in Hataitai. Christine Cole had given birth to a daughter just a few days

beforehand, after going into labour at the cinema. The *Southern Cross* had ceased publication while she was on maternity leave. Duggan visited Willis Street and suggested Cressida as a name for the child. She was called Jane Belinda.³⁰

Duggan had little chance to get his affairs in order. He wrote hurriedly to Charles Brasch, asking him to send further issues of *Landfall* to Lettice Ramsey's address at Mortimer Road in Cambridge. Brasch replied too late, 'what are the plans? Or are you simply going to see?'.³¹ Sargeson, who was pausing before revision of *I For One* to work on four pieces for *Landfall*--these eventually became 'Up Onto the Roof and Down Again'--regretted that he had no time to send Duggan a parting telegram. Ian Hamilton, managed to do so, although the telegram's contents are no longer known.³² In 'Voyage' Duggan has his main character receive a now famous message saying: 'Do not let yourself be imposed on by reality'.³³ This was a phrase which Sargeson sometimes used and which would have had some relevance to Barbara's false pregnancy. But a further source for the message in 'Voyage' is a cryptic note in one of Duggan's later letters to New Zealand.

[T]o impose one's vision on reality but not to be imposed on by reality. (see D.W.B.[allantyne]) Did I say that?.³⁴

This reference is almost certainly to 'a thoughtful review of *The Cunninghams* by Robert Chapman in *Landfall*, his first contribution to the magazine. In it he contends that Ballantyne's naturalist style does not expand much beyond case history, nor his characters beyond types. '*The Cunninghams* cannot be said to be "news of reality"', Chapman concludes, 'for it does not empower apprehension. It is a chunk of reality but it is not news [...] it is a lesser work containing much truth but an untransformed truth, accuracy at the cost of art'.³⁵ Duggan's statement is a tidy paraphrase. The message in 'Voyage' may have come out of discussions which Chapman's article provoked, but who said it, when, and how is likely to remain a mystery.

Sargeson received several outstanding bills for Duggan after the young man's departure. He was soon writing ahead to him: 'Disabled Servicemen's 11/-. North Shore Transport £1-9-8. Carriers (Matthew and Jackson) April account 17/- [...] There was another small carrying one for lemora but of course I paid it'.³⁶ Duggan's eventual response was:

[P]lease return them marked *Not Known at this Address*, unless you like to send on the Mathews and Jackson to Ian [Hamilton] as it is his, being the cost of sending on his books. *Don't under any circumstances pay anything...* just scribble that on the envelope, re-post them, and then the hell with them.³⁷

Everyone was surprised at how suddenly Duggan had left. Texidor had to write to England to thank him for his help with Mrs Foster, and finished: 'But now you are THERE. What is it like?'³⁸

The *Akaroa* left Wellington in a squall which, unlike some of the other passengers, Duggan found quite pleasant. The entire trip was an exhilarating experience, which he later characterised as 'five glorious weeks of sailing, a world without end, without responsibility, a womblike paradise with all of the embryo's shelter and some things it never dreamed of'.³⁹ The *Akaroa* was known for having one of the best menus in the Shaw Savill fleet. Duggan enjoyed green peppers stuffed with rice and tomatoes, wiener schnitzel, scallops, chicken, turkey, duck, fish and fruit. He ate considerably better than he would have in normal circumstances. The bar was open and he tippled happily.

[A]t eleven in the morning gin and tonic till lunch and, at five, whisky and soda till dinner at seven, coffee and liqueur (ridiculous), and at eight cognac until one found oneself the last in the bar and the waiters emptying ashtrays and collecting glasses; sleeping wonderfully drunk, quite naked under the cabin fan and the done-to-death moon on the water outside the port.⁴⁰

He let Barbara know by aerogrammes en route that she need not worry about him, that he was drinking the last of his money and would be broke on arrival.⁴¹ On ship the limited mobility of his leg was almost an advantage. He lay about reading *War and Peace* in the afternoon sun and did a large amount of 'scribbling' which he felt added up to nothing in particular.⁴²

As Barbara's ship earlier done, the *Akaroa* stopped at Pitcairn Island, Panama and Curaçao, exotic ports that made a remarkable impact on Duggan's imagination. He was at last seeing with his own eyes places he had previously only read about. The shipboard scribbling increased, producing fragmentary and excited records of impressions which he began to grapple with somehow stringing together. By the end of the year Duggan was to send Sargeson paragraphs describing Pitcairn, Curaçao and Oxford which suggest that he was already thinking of writing what would eventually become 'Voyage'. Stylistically they follow the same pattern as 'Six Place Names and a Girl', where he felt he had solved 'the problem of hanging whatever it is on the conventional peg, finding the machinery'.⁴³ In each paragraph a location is enveloped in sensuous descriptions held together with numerous conjunctions. But Duggan felt these were still superficial, 'a fading photograph taken, perhaps, with a few *tricks*'.⁴⁴ They still lacked a psychological context, a Pelly against which to measure the observer's feelings. He hoped that they might be improved.

Pitcairn...even this hummock of land, grey and bare in the six o'clock morning light, a relief from the continuing sea, and the islanders, laden with fruit and with curios, walked without strain up the rope gangways to peddle their outsized grapefruit and bananas and oranges and their postcards, views of something, and the walking sticks and fish carved very unbeautifully from a red wood--useless and unbeautiful souvenirs. And after an hour we swung away again with dumped timber drifting in the heavy swell and the whaleboats hove beam on to it and the islanders waving and all at once without any discernible signal breaking into a hymn, a song for the tourists, the memory of it to outlast perhaps the ripe fruit but not the graceless enduring wood of the souvenirs. The words are unrecognisable but the harmony almost perfect riding over the hard voices and the rocking sea, cragged and covered with low scrub, and eroded patches of red clay...

Curaçao...and the shade temperature at 95 degrees and on the wharf a shining line of tomorrow's cars and behind the huge corrugated iron shed the land scarred and old with chalk or pumice white through the bare green and over the sea the dull shine of oil and the smell of it everywhere, the wharf piles black with it and the edges of the channel washed by an oily unbreaking wave. On the bare wharf a group of manged dogs, the skin showing pink and scabious through the hair, moved from one patch of shade to another as the sun caught them; the iron roof danced in the heat a hard light without shadow. And as the ship left, as the ropes fell one after another into the oily sea and the ship's siren blew, with the bow slowly swinging out into the channel and the narrow waterway through the town, against the red iron of the shed a negro girl stood in a white frock, looking but not smiling, not waving, untouched by the shouts and the whistles, with the wind blowing her white dress very close against her so that she stood there, almost sculpted, with a long curving throat and stiff breasts and a small rounded and protruding belly. And going out the harbour entrance a sailing dinghy tacked out against the wind towards the open sea as if for at least one person the bare baking hump of land with its reek of oil and its shrines of silver oil tanks had driven them finally into that unbounded rush of wave, to the sea, to nowhere. But it was no more than someone fishing, getting out beyond the scum of oil. The ship's radio was playing the Harry Lime Theme and a little man, like a Topolski drawing, hung

over the rail photographing, preserving for some fading and melancholy album the neat stretch of the shore line with its odd bastions and the gate at the harbour's entrance. Three days out the wind blew.⁴⁴

A further three days out from England a gale in the Atlantic finished the voyage. Duggan stood at Southampton among 'the huge sheds and my little luggage like two bricks on the immense floor'.⁴⁵

Although no longer a colony New Zealand's economic, institutional, military and sentimental dependancy on Great Britain was extreme. Most exports went to Britain under a conversion of wartime supply arrangements into a series of five-year trade agreements. British brand names predominated in New Zealand stores. The legislative and legal systems were modelled on Britain and followed its precedent. After the war New Zealand had even hoped, in vain, to join the British co-sponsored North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.⁴⁶ For several generations most New Zealanders had thought of the British Isles as 'Home', and of returning there as 'a sort of automatic pilgrimage'.⁴⁷ This was hardly surprising in the late nineteenth century when widespread migration to a newly settled country meant that much of the population was British-born. In 1901 66.8% of non-Maori New Zealanders were born in New Zealand. By Duggan's birth the figure was 74.4%, and by 1950 it had climbed to 86.3%.⁴⁸ The idea of a home in Europe had come to have only limited relevance, although many New Zealanders, like Duggan, had at least one parent who was born overseas. Generations of writers--Katherine Mansfield, Sargeson, Fairburn, Robin Hyde, the many who had been involved in the war--had discovered their true nationality by returning to Europe. That was how it was done. But the whole notion of this repelled Duggan. Ireland was his ancestral home, but he did not go there. Later he explained why to Dan Davin.

Once or twice, while on that side of the sideless world, I thought of a pilgrimage to Mountmellick and Athlone; but didn't. Perhaps because I didn't want to be taught, by another country, the meaning of myself.⁴⁹

England was as close to the bone as Duggan wanted to get.

Lettice Ramsey kept a bed-sitting room on the second floor of a large Georgian building beside Kensington Gardens. Barbara moved there so that she could meet Duggan when he arrived in London. On his first evening he passed out completely on the floor of the flat, just after midnight. Barbara tried to telephone for help, but she found that there was no list of doctors in the front of the London directory. She dashed downstairs to pound on the landlady's door, disturbing her in intimate circumstances. Eventually Barbara learned that a doctor lived directly across the Gardens. She ran through the dark and soon found the house. Hurriedly

she entered to see a man sitting in full evening-dress, with eerie calm, at his desk in the lamplight. In fact he had just returned from the theatre. He followed Barbara and examined Duggan, who by now had revived. At length the doctor decided that nothing serious was wrong. Duggan was suffering from the after-effects of prolonged alcohol abuse.⁵⁰ He had had, as he wrote to a friend, 'a bloody good voyage'.⁵¹

Duggan was in London, though from what he could see Kensington was 'all brick and traffic'.⁵² From the flat it was not far to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. As Brasch had been over twenty years earlier, Duggan was delighted with the Gallery's paintings by Piero della Francesca--'The Baptism of Christ', 'Saint Michael', and 'The Nativity'. The fact that they were all pictures of Catholic devotion did not seem to occur to him. Duggan and Barbara travelled across London to Hampstead and saw Kate Kurzke, who in England was more relaxed and pleasant. They were introduced to a friend of hers, the painter Richard Carline. Carline had just returned from the wonders of the Lascaux caves but gushed: 'I don't at all know that I have ever seen a New Zealander before'.⁵³ Britain was a country where many a proper English accent was as carefully acquired as Duggan's own, but the tightness of real upper-class voices amazed him. Duggan wrote what he thought he heard in a letter to Sargeson.

Social conversation:

'At your cervix, madam.'

'Dilated to meet you, sir'.⁵⁴

This was so much Sargeson's cup of tea that it was added to his satire on Fairburn, 'Episode From the Great N.Z. Epos'. The satire was 'all about a pale lily-white lad called K.U.N. Struck, a great poet', and perhaps fortunately it was never published.⁵⁵

After Kensington Duggan and Barbara spent a weekend with the Davins at Oxford, catching a train from Paddington Station for the one and a half-hour trip. Barbara had visited the Davins already in September but it was Duggan's first view of the great university town. The Davins lived at 103 Southmoor Road, within comfortable walking distance of the Clarendon Press building in Walton Street. At this prestigious academic arm of the Oxford University Press Dan Davin worked under fellow New Zealander Kenneth Sisam in the role of what would now be a commissioning editor.⁵⁶ The Davins' home, which they had bought through the Press four years previously, was a typical semi-detached Oxford house of yellow brick, with a small cutaway front garden that revealed basement windows, then three storeys of rooms and bedrooms above. A narrow untidy garden ran behind the house to a canal, a backwater extending past a factory to the Oxford University Press warehouse, where it abruptly ended. Across the canal was the common land of Port

Meadow, then the river Isis with a houseboat sunk in its murky waters off Medley boat-station, and a railway line leading to nearby Oxford Station. Davin met them at the train. They walked the short distance along the tow-path back to the house, pausing frequently to admire the view. Duggan was to use these scenes for the final paragraphs of the first section of 'Voyage'. He felt very strongly that he had arrived at the end of his journey from the antipodes.

The Davins were always very welcoming to visitors. Duggan immediately liked Winnie Davin, though his stay got off to a disastrous start. Davin had several colleagues from the war who were amputees, particularly Sir Howard Kippenberger and Jim Henderson who had written of their experiences, and these men on visits to the house had treated their disabilities openly, almost as badges of achievement. Davin's three small daughters had grown accustomed to seeing prostheses as toys. One man had even encouraged Brigid, the youngest, to drum out rhythms on his artificial limb. When Duggan appeared she was delighted and began immediately to play with his leg, banging at it like a musical instrument. Duggan became so angry, so livid with rage, that he simply lost the power of speech. When he eventually calmed down he offered no explanation and his hosts were too embarrassed to ask for one. Duggan forgot the incident as soon as possible. His only further reference to it was oblique, in a letter to Sargeson, that the Davins were pleasant and their children nice 'in the only way that kids can be pleasant, that is by keeping out of the way'.⁵⁷

Duggan soon went off with Davin to join him as he held what seemed, to the visitor, 'Saturday-morning court' at The Lamb and Flag in Saint Giles', a pub virtually surrounded by parts of St. John's College. Davin's regular pub-life was part of his own inclination toward self-creation, and a very agreeable one for Duggan. There he met Enid Starkie, a small fiercely energetic woman in trousers, an expert on French literature who liked to boast to newcomers: 'I'm a Catholic, a real Catholic. I'm a bad Catholic'.⁵⁸ She reappeared after dinner at the Victoria Arms, where Davin had his own table in The Tudor Snug for his evening drinks. In the course of the day at these two pubs Duggan also met Joyce Cary, then at work on *A Prisoner of Grace*, the excitable painter Gerald Wilde, the critic Lord David Cecil who made kind remarks about the New Zealand education system for which Duggan found himself grateful, the raucous author Julian Maclaren-Ross, and an enraged Caitlin Thomas who was searching for her husband.⁵⁹ This was Davin's circle, the friends he prized and of whom he was to write so lovingly in *Closing Times*. For Duggan to find that he could hold his own in such heady conversation was wonderful and exciting. Later ensconced at Southmoor Road he had some whisks with Davin in the study, a room lined with books except for a desk before the back window. That night in the spare bedroom at the top of the house he and Barbara

could hear the trains rumbling past through the dark, much as Davin had done in his Southland childhood.

Duggan described the area he woke up to next day in a marvel of close and exuberant observation.

Oxford on a Sunday morning in mid October with the early mist thinning and the air cold and full of bells and at the end of the shrouded garden the cold waters of the canal run between banks of slime-green concrete and a cat basks in the first rays of the sun. The mist clings to the trees and the frosted stone of wall and sill steams with the first heat.

You walk out from the town towards the factory chimneys which are like spires in the distance and through a barred gate over a rutted field, walking in cart tracks past young boys punting a football--arcing end over end as though it must never fall--and along the banks of the river. The grass is damp still but the morning mist is slowly lifting and the sun begins to come through through the bare trees or through the branches where the leaves hang late, purple and brown, drifting sometimes, wavering into the stream which bears along indifferently that burden and others, moving slowly, dark and unclear. Fishermen with camp stools and cane creels, filled only with the fading reek of some long past catch, sit in line along the bank, with the long rods held in their laps and curved out over the water, tapered and firm, suggesting an impossible phallus, threaded to the water with silver gut. Their backs bent in the same indolent curve they sit catching nothing, wrapped in the river's damp. Further on, over the bridge, a houseboat lies sunken at its mooring and rests on the mud so that the gabled roof and the top of the doorway--a dark rectangular cave--show above the water. Inside the doorway, in the dark shadow a pillow floats in mute symbol of summer residence and evening parties, and near it flaxen hair is afloat on the tide weaving and shifting as the water moves so that one waits some Ophelia, shrined in that blistered paint, embowered by those waterlogged boards, afloat on the grey small sea scattered with leaves, to drift out from the shadow with each shift of the tide. But it is only a rope-end, frayed and yellow...⁶⁰

On Sunday Duggan had the unusual pleasure of being able to go to the pub. He and Davin crossed Port Meadow to The Perch Inn before returning to the house for a large roast meal. They sat about in the afternoon to the sound of the B.B.C. Third Programme, on which Davin had been broadcasting book reviews for several years.

Davin was in the midst of the busiest period of his extraordinarily busy life. His job was exacting. He had literary friendships and duties to keep up, daughters to help raise, and the enormous task of his war history, *Crete*, to be completed. No doubt he welcomed a break with a fellow New Zealander.⁶¹ By the end of the visit both men felt they had got along well, and both looked forward to their next meeting. For Duggan after the delights of Oxford arrival in Cambridge seemed something of an anti-climax.

At first Duggan liked Cambridge. Lettice Ramsey's house was 'higher and more soundless,' he suggested, 'than the tomb', another three-storey edifice climbing from basement to living room and then to two storeys of bedrooms, with connecting stairs up one side.⁶² Like Davin's it also was semi-detached, but its living room extended from the front of the house through to the back, with the kitchen in the basement. Mortimer Road was one street over from Gonville Place and Parker's Piece, an open area of land named after a cook at Trinity College who had leased it in 1587. From the windows of Ramsey's house, which were dripping with mist, Duggan could see football players out on the Piece, and red double-decker buses passed by, 'scraping the ceiling of the typical day'.⁶³ In the walled garden at the rear he observed an occasional seagull on a pale green wall, and bare sycamores. Ramsey seemed nice, with 'a formidable manner but one that it is possible to get through'.⁶⁴ Duggan settled in with Barbara, resolving to buy a radio on hire purchase. They went to see an Irish University Players production of *The Playboy of the Western World*, which Duggan enjoyed not least because he could smoke in the theatre and have drinks at the intervals. They were able to get the latest *New Statesman and Nation* as soon as it appeared on Fridays. Barbara even bought a surface mail subscription for Sargeson.⁶⁵ Reading the left-of-centre *New Statesman* was very much part of being a member of the liberal intelligentsia. Readers started with the commentary on the front pages or the reviews of the arts at the back, depending on their temperament. Duggan was firmly of the back.

But as the rain and fog of winter continued Duggan's mood became more sullen. The abscess on his leg grew considerably worse, and even though he would soon have to find work he was unable to go out much. Ramsey, who was by now accustomed to Barbara's eminent reasonableness and patience, was not ready for the arrival in her home of a large, complex, and moody New Zealand male. Despite being her guest, Duggan soon developed an extreme dislike for her. He complained of 'keeping up the middle class facade, lower m/c or middle m/c or upper m/c [...] Amid all this accepted *duty* of respectability I am smothered'.⁶⁶ Stuck inside, he read the first volume of Osbert Sitwell's autobiography and was revolted by the 'tricky sensibility and breeding and "appreciation polite" instead of guts'.⁶⁷ Soon he was writing to Texidor, who had not been able to bear living in New Zealand:

But of course no one would *want* to live in England, only until one gets the fare to somewhere else. Who could take all these cosy pubs where one can't afford anything but stinking beer? Or people cemented in time saying 'frightfully' and 'awfully' and 'well really' and saying 'Supper' as if Christ were to be there [...] But it is 'rather lovely' driving along in a car past thatched cottages, standing, a little self-consciously now, by the road, and the quite incredible range of colours in autumn, and the rowing eights on the river in the mist and a megaphoned voice calling Pull-Push, Pull-Push and the long sweeps going into the water with a hollow sound and the smell of burning coke, acrid and unpleasant, everywhere in the air.⁶⁸

Similar letters went to other friends. At length Sargeson replied rebuking Duggan for not enjoying himself, and telling him to have confidence. Duggan wrote back the same day his mentor's note arrived, chastened, and promising that he would be all right. He gave up on Sitwell and began reading stories by Katherine Mansfield.⁶⁹

With arrival in Cambridge had also come a great deal of news from home. A sixpenny aerogramme took only seven days or so to cross the globe, and there were letters waiting. Sargeson had written that *I Saw In My Dream* was banned in Eire and asked Barbara--in a letter both to her and Duggan--to encourage Duggan to produce. E.P. Dawson was staying in the army hut, though to Sargeson she was an indolent writer and he found this a strain.⁷⁰ In the new year she returned to Tauranga and the hut was taken over by Renate Prinz. Patterson and Cristina Texidor were thinking of travelling to England soon, as was Frank McGorm who wanted information. There had been a dispute over an article of radio criticism Sargeson had written for the *Listener*, 'The Specialist and the Buttercup', which Holcroft found inappropriate. Sargeson claimed he had demanded payment regardless, and that the ensuing row meant there would be no more work from the *Listener*. It was in fact a clash of two stubborn personalities. Each man was to write vindictively about the other over the years until the original cause of disagreement was lost, if indeed both ever understood it.⁷¹ From the far side of the world Duggan found it easy to be disinterested.

For Duggan the most important news was from the New Zealand Literary Fund, to which he had applied for assistance. In its first three years the Literary Fund had given £1,337 to writers and £3,012 to publishers of New Zealand books, along with a £625 travel grant to Allen Curnow. Waiting in Cambridge was a letter from Pat Lawlor, a Wellington journalist and the Secretary of the Literary Fund Advisory Committee, which read:

Your application was considered at a meeting of the committee last week. The matter has been deferred pending further details, preferably in MS or in printed form, of your literary qualifications.

The approach in each case should, of course, be made through a publisher.⁷²

To this Lawlor had appended in his own hand: 'This is plainly a stereotyped reply and hardly covers your case except that you indicated that your plans were uncertain. When you have a definite plan to submit it will be considered'. The officialese and its sloppiness irritated Duggan, but he knew that he must gather copies of published stories for submission. Given the prestige of novels, the extra submission of a first chapter would be helpful. He joked of calling the book *Slow are the Steeds*. But no such chapter existed, and Duggan observed: 'I am happiest writing about place names'.⁷³ He thought of rushing a novel out with the first five books of Moses as a framework, or of using *Genesis* and *Exodus* as the beginning and end, with a centre idyll. From the concept of the idyll he wrote to Sargeson: 'I will probably *do* Kerikeri for that sample chapter with copulation in the warm sea all Thomas in the Brackenish, about not being understood'.⁷⁴ To save postage Sargeson agreed on sending his own copies of Duggan's published stories to Wellington. In Cambridge, as snow fell and he watched it for the first time in his life, Duggan began working at his Kerikeri piece every day. But he was soon admitting:

I can't do that sample chapter--am I happy to say it?--just like that because everything opens out under the pencil and I am amazed to find that it is like, o what?, finding one knew, could see, apprehend, o endless emendations!, much more than one thought.⁷⁵

He would just have to tell Lawlor that he had something in progress.

In November a friend of Ramsey's arranged for Duggan to meet E.M. Forster at his rooms in King's College. Duggan felt that at seventy one years old Forster had an air of frailty, with 'hands almost transparent, a small face and a small figure, a soft voice that wasn't all swallowed up in university accent, a shyness'.⁷⁶ They sat before a fire in a large room lined with books, while Forster poured out copious amounts of gin and vermouth. He showed Duggan the libretto he had recently written with Eric Crozier for Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd*, bound neatly in a black leather folder and still unperformed. Duggan felt diffident, that 'in that room and in that company I was something quite unaccountably large perched in a straightbacked chair, being gently prompted to talk of N.Z.'. ⁷⁷ The conversation centred on Sargeson, with whom Forster had been corresponding since the publication of *I Saw In My Dream*, a novel which Forster said he doubted many would penetrate. The Englishman spoke about perspectives on one's country and about the necessity of a

margin, outside the routines of society, for the development of culture. He thought the idea of a national literary fund most enlightened. He asked: 'It must be odd to find everything so shockingly old, the place strewn with chips of antiquity?', to which Duggan replied: 'No. The most surprising thing is that I had never thought of England as being a great number of the English in the one place'. 'Ah,' Mr Forster said.⁷⁸ They dined together in the university hall, on a venison pie Duggan thought rather crummy, surrounded by 'the painted faces of the distinguished staring down from the walls'.⁷⁹ Duggan had been confronted with his own sense of awe, and the fact that both diffidence and exasperation were a colonial's response. He reported to Sargeson:

I came away feeling 'Well that is E.M. Forster; met in Cambridge', rather relieved because I had not wanted to go, would rather just stick to his novels [...] he too would have been acutely conscious of the futility of the whole thing, the stupidity. I felt rather embarrassed!⁸⁰

Despite continuing trouble with his leg, Duggan found a week's work at the Post Office sorting the Christmas mail. Before this he had painted Ramsey's kitchen and grimy basement for £5, washing the walls and ceiling first in work anticipatory of Riley's 'hosing and scrubbing and scouring and flushing cold'.⁸¹ Barbara started wearing Duggan's overcoat to work. The first time she walked through Ely station in it a porter told her: 'I'm glad to see you've got something on, love. For the last few days you've been looking perishing'.⁸² The Cambridge bookstores seemed to stock everything in print, but Duggan could afford only to browse. He and Barbara arranged to move into a flat in Kate Kurzke's house at Hampstead from early January. They spent Christmas with the Davins at Oxford.

Seeing the Davins again was hugely enjoyable. Enid Starkie joined them for Christmas lunch and they dined on turkey, obtained by Davin through handy connections, with Château Neuf du Pape. That evening they all went to a party at the house of Wendy Campbell-Purdie, a New Zealand heiress who was later famous for her work on reforestation of the Sahara Desert. She and Duggan became rapid friends as they got comfortably drunk. During the course of the Christmas stay Davin and Duggan had a long talk together while alone in a pub.⁸³ They had much in common. Both were New Zealanders of Irish parentage, both had been born into Catholic families and come to reject their religion. Both felt they had grown up in unpropitious circumstances and both had memories of Sacred Heart College. With his own involved and tragic inner life, Davin responded sympathetically to a young man whose complicated lows of mood were a more open version of his own. He was good at getting people to talk about themselves. As they warmed to each other, and as Duggan began to describe events in his childhood, Davin may perhaps have told him that this was the material he should be using for his art. Davin's own

collection of short stories, *The Gorse Blooms Pale*, had been published in 1947. Each of those stories was based on a moment of experience he desired to make live again, *objets trouvés*--as he later called them--'smoothed by long pondering and the affections of memory'.⁸⁴ Certainly from this time on a new influence began slowly to appear in Duggan's writing, which consisted above all of a desire to explore the experience of his childhood. Duggan still felt he was under Sargeson's wing. He described himself to his old mentor just after the Oxford visit as 'playing a sort of Maupassant to your Flaubert'.⁸⁵ He was disappointed that Sargeson was still continuing a policy of not commenting directly on whatever he wrote. However his stories were to appear as if written more along Davin's principles.

The Hampstead flat at 40 Steele's Road was in an area of London that belonged to the city's expansion in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. To Duggan it was all considerably more congenial than Cambridge. The street came out onto Haverstock Hill and a nearby pub, The Load of Hay, made up in proximity what it suffered in excessive gentility. The area was handy to the Chalk Farm tube station, and almost between the green spaces of Regents Park and Hampstead Heath. Duggan and Barbara occupied two rooms on the ground floor of what was yet another three-storey house, this one in a ruinous state. They had a living room, which was really a closed-in sun porch, beside the main house-door, and a bedroom with a small cabinet-kitchen off it. This was a cupboard which opened onto a sink and a narrow bench. They had to bribe the Gas Board to install a gas stove in what were really sleeping quarters, and when they were successful Duggan and Barbara had to bed down each night amid the smell of cooking fat. The roof of the living room leaked rainwater onto Duggan's papers and in the winter-cold icicles formed inside. Further back on the same floor Kate Kurzke lived in a room so jammed with the family furniture that it was difficult to weave between the various pieces. Upstairs was a German woman named Annie Brock who seemed to shift her furniture around her room after midnight over the wooden floors. At such times Duggan would bang on the bedroom ceiling with a stick.⁸⁶ The layout of the house and its ramshackle condition bears similarities to Tunny's Reach in 'Riley's Handbook', the 'threedecker ruin' with its upper floors of occupied and empty rooms.⁸⁷

But the flat was no worse than much other London accommodation and Duggan's spirits remained high. He saw with amusement that the local library had two copies of *That Summer*, and that it bought a copy of *I Saw In My Dream* when he put in a request. He went alone to visit the grave of Karl Marx at nearby Highgate Cemetery. At the back of the Steele's Road house was a walled garden with a large mulberry tree, and on a line rigged from it Barbara hung the laundry she had washed in the bath. She was shocked when the clothes turned black.⁸⁸ Before

London became a smokeless zone in 1955, and the Clean Air Act of 1958, the city was still very much the foggy, ancient, decaying metropolis of Eliot's 'The Waste Land' or Dickens's novels, covered in the unscoured grime of the industrial revolution. Duggan was struck, as had been the generation of extra-European writers who preceded him, by the direct relationship in England between art and reality, with what Henry James called the 'thick detail' of the city.⁸⁹ For people here, reading the books he had read, literature was something 'verifiable' as Duggan wrote later.⁹⁰ The idea stayed with him. Yet at the same time while walking the neighbourhood, or the streets between the gloomy Camden Town Labour Exchange and the West End galleries, Duggan observed the crowds who inhabited the dehumanised shabbiness around him:

In London they did things differently: every dog collar was fitted with a leash and every leash with a human being at the looped end, and if the dog felt like going out and about his business on the pavements well the dog just got up and went. And as a consequence you had all these people stumbling about the residential areas with not a clue where they were going, or standing about giving desperately intense examination to the trunk of a perfectly ordinary tree and pretending that whatever was going on at the other end of the leash had absolutely nothing to do with them, old boy!⁹¹

In February Barbara found a job at Paddington Hospital, then soon after as head of physiotherapy at the Princess Mary Louise Kensington Hospital for Children, also in Paddington. This latter hospital was small, and its rigid sense of hierarchy hard to take, so that if a doctor or an honorary began to hold the door open for her Barbara could tell her status was increasing.⁹² Money and work were very scarce. This came as a surprise to New Zealanders. By the end of the war New Zealand's economy had been so buoyant it had made a gift of NZ£10 million to the British Isles.⁹³ Without funds to import food, England was still in the grip of wartime rationing. The Duggans found themselves allowed only one egg each per week, a small slice of cheese, a sweet allowance, and eightpence worth of meat. The entire nation seemed perpetually hungry. On one occasion, without difficulty, Duggan and Barbara ate a fortnight's meat rations in one evening. They were saved by regular food parcels posted by Barbara's mother.⁹⁴

Also in February Duggan heard from Lawlor and the New Zealand Literary Fund:

Your application was considered at a meeting of the committee this week. Fortunately we had some of your MSS to hand from Frank Sargeson and this has been referred to a reader for a report. Once more though, I would urge you to make a definite application for so

much per week or a lump sum stating briefly the facts and figures of your present financial position.⁹⁵

Along the bottom Lawlor had scrawled: 'Suggest you mention given nature of contracts some one or two literary undertakings you wish to complete'. Duggan complained, 'it is like playing with pitch', but eventually wrote back to Lawlor requesting five guineas a week for twelve months.⁹⁶ He needed the money. Barbara's job paid £12.10.0 per week, barely enough to survive on. Duggan regretted being on a tight ration of tobacco and left virtually teetotal. This may have been salutary, however, as Barbara noticed that he seemed disposed to getting drunk in drinking company.

For some time Duggan had been writing steadily but without very much result. The sentences had come slowly, and he had been putting much of his energy into letters to friends which were frequent, long, sardonic and almost overloaded with impressions. Since arriving in England, correspondence had excited him more than short stories. Sargeson was working what he called '*my Duggan*'--a rambling passage in italics--into the third part of 'Up Onto the Roof and Down Again'.⁹⁷ He chided: 'if it costs you not very much effort to write very excellent and brilliant letters lay off writing them and put the work into pages of a novel'.⁹⁸ But Duggan had begun to see the epistle as an art. He wondered what friends thought when they received one: "'O more gloom" or "Good" or "I daren't open it till after lunch. O hell"'.⁹⁹ In fact most came to see a letter from Duggan as an event.

But during 1951 Duggan suddenly found that the writing of his fiction became easier. He completed the first part of 'Voyage' and sent it to Sargeson for passing on to Brasch. It was accompanied by 'New Year', a short piece describing the end of an all-night party, a jazz record repeating itself, a drunken husband angry at his own feelings of guilt over drinking, and a long-suffering wife. This was worked up from what was originally 'Voyage's' coda.¹⁰⁰ On what became the ending of 'Voyage' Duggan told Sargeson:

I am rather proud of the sentence 'Brown leaves drifting enticed her out...' which took me three days, three days to get. On the whole thing [...] I have worked every day for two months, which might mean anything, and maybe there is still another two month's work in it.¹⁰¹

However by April he was again working feverishly at the first chapter of a novel which used his Kerikeri idea. Amid the London soot he could think of Ian Hamilton's Northland retreat with the clarity and intensity of the displaced, and found that he could write on it with the mood of inspiration which had characterised his first efforts nine years before. The solution to the problem of place, he had realised, was 'not to remember but to recreate while remembering' by exploring a

landscape through a character's response to it.¹⁰² Nevertheless the perceiving character turned out to be, inevitably, a version of himself.

As always there were distractions from writing to be dealt with. The most severe was the gathering problem of his leg. He had begun attending a limb clinic at Roehampton twice a week. The clinic was attached to Queen Mary's Hospital, which itself encompassed an enormous prosthesis factory. Even a Convent of the Sacred Heart was just down the road. To Duggan the Hospital was an unpleasant and at times frightening place, where doctors did their best to help.

I [...] was all set up for a new type of limb that does away with all the harness and so on, in fact the limb was made when it was discovered that I could not wear it, mainly because the remaining scrap of leg is too long for that particular type. In the meantime through wearing the old one the abscess has become permanent, right up in the groin and is now infecting the sebaceous glands all round it [...] Doctors and specialists say there is nothing to be done until the pressure is relieved and that can only be done by getting a new limb. So I am doing that, getting another of a similar type to this, with all the harness but with a slightly altered socket that will, they hope, relieve the pressure.¹⁰³

He still managed to do the shopping, and he refused to consider getting about on crutches. At Easter he made a trip to Davin's where he met up with Keith Sinclair, who was at the end of a ten-month research leave. The three went for a drink at the Victoria Arms that evening and Sinclair, who was no stranger to intemperance, soon discovered that he just could not consume the quantities of beer that Davin and Duggan were managing. At last he had to go out the back and make himself sick so that he could return and keep up with the pace. Martha McCulloch, an English friend of Davin's who was a school teacher and well acquainted with the Labour Party inner circle, was also present. Sinclair became so drunk that years later he denied ever having met her, until Duggan pointed out that they had all spent most of an evening together.¹⁰⁴

Even in London New Zealand was never far from the surface of life. Frank McGorm arrived and soon found a job for £4.10.0 per week, a pittance, at Edgware Station. Later he worked cleaning huge sherry vats for a distillery, becoming drunk on the fumes and arriving periodically at the Duggans' flat in a merry mood. His great novel continued to be unwritten. Keith Patterson and Cristina Texidor arrived soon after, Cristina living with her father who was in London, and Patterson in Chelsea. By April they were able to move together into a flat, which they shared with McGorm, near the Duggans at 148 Fellows Road. The couple borrowed Barbara's wedding ring to convince their landlady that they were Mr and Mrs

Patterson.¹⁰⁵ The rain was heavy and continuous, about double what was normal for the time of year, and as walking was painful Duggan stayed mostly inside, reading *Resurrection* and most of Hardy's novels.

Back in New Zealand simmering militant trade unionism had finally boiled over. The powerful Waterside Workers' Union had from February withdrawn its labour in a wage dispute and entered into a prolonged battle with Sidney Holland's National government. Duggan hunted for information through 'the most obscure places of the newspapers', in the alarm of an exile who feels that great events are taking place without him.¹⁰⁶ Ports were shut down and New Zealand's economy was at a standstill. In all 1,157,390 man-working days were lost.¹⁰⁷ There were violent demonstrations in Auckland. The government had hit back with deregistration of the union, the use of the police and armed forces, and severe emergency regulations making it illegal to strike, to publish any material encouraging strikes, or to give food to strikers' families. Duggan made no secret that he thought this 'a near-fascist policy', although he was rightly pessimistic about the union's chances.¹⁰⁸ It was unusual for him to express such forthright political views. Though a member of the liberal left and long-time Labour supporter, Duggan did not see a political role as part of the writer's *métier*. This was in curious contrast to the intellectual fashions of the time, which saw ideology as integral to art. Duggan was of a cast of mind that tended to examine both sides of any issue. This generally precluded holding strong opinions, and those he did have were often contrary. He distrusted politics generally. His concerns were always aesthetic. Since July of the previous year American troops had been fighting as the mainstay of United Nations forces in Korea and pushing their way up the peninsula. When Commander-in-Chief General Douglas MacArthur was replaced, and his retirement speech was broadcast over radio that April, Duggan heard only 'ham of the most astounding order'.¹⁰⁹ Likewise he felt English socialism was, 'a rather pretentiously dressed barrow-boy piddling in the lavatory of the House of Lords, pleased that he has had enough courage not to ask permission'.¹¹⁰

In his semi-mobile state the latest Aldeburgh Festival in May was something of a godsend. From the East Anglian town the Third Programme broadcast a great range of concerts in performance, and also provided some wonderful drama.

[F]rom Suderman and Strindberg and Shakespeare back through the alphabet to Shaw, ha, and Gabriel Marcel and Mauriac and Chekov and Anouilh. Wouldn't it be marvellous if I stopped unnaturally inverting sentences and turned to small boys and radio plays.¹¹¹

Duggan and Barbara did manage over the next few months to see *Don Giovanni* at Sadler's Wells and *Die Meistersinger* at Covent Garden. The latter in particular, with its large and extravagant production, astonished them both. Duggan also

visited the National Book League Exhibition of *Modern Books and Writers*, a display of photographs and original manuscripts of 100 authors. In his catalogue he made careful notes on what he saw, as if from a professional interest. Roy Campbell: 'Small, precise writing on graph paper. Very few corrections etc'. Joyce Cary: 'Straight out, few amendments'. James Joyce: 'This, too, is madness, like the picture of Cork with the cork frame. Everything cancelled'. Katherine Mansfield: 'In a small cheap 1d notebook, with few corrections'.¹¹² By the end of the month his leg had given out entirely. He was hospitalised briefly, observing truculently that in England or New Zealand the wards were much the same.¹¹³ The abscess was opened and drained, providing considerable relief. He was able to go on attending the clinic at Roehampton, where staff were so formal that Duggan was amused when one introduced himself and warmly shook hands twice on the same afternoon. Spring arrived, suddenly, and he was enchanted by streets of immensely leafy chestnut trees.

A further letter appeared from the New Zealand Literary Fund.

The opinion of the committee after receiving a reader's report on the manuscript was that your situation did not justify an application for a maintenance grant from the Fund. Our maintenance grants have been given with caution to authors who have a fair amount of published work behind them and who apply on behalf of a fairly specific project. You did not appear to have enough material that has stood the test of publication to warrant a maintenance grant for fresh work.¹¹⁴

Duggan felt this was untrue. He was furious, but resigned to not making a fuss. Sargeson blamed Holcroft and the *Listener* editor's friend, J.H.E. Schroder of the Christchurch *Press*, who were members of the Literary Fund Advisory Committee.¹¹⁵ The Committee was venerable rather than dynamic. When Ballantyne had applied for a grant in 1948 on the strength of *The Cunninghams* Lawlor had decided the book was pornographic and advised him to think of his mother.¹¹⁶ There was an upcoming New Zealand Writers' Conference to be held at Canterbury University College from 8 to 11 May, as part of the centennial celebrations of the Canterbury settlement, and Sargeson intended raising the rejection there, but Duggan asked him to let it alone. In fact a number of young writers used the Conference to attack the grey-beards of the Committee. The chairman, Dr G.H. Scholefield, resigned. There was also what Cole described to Duggan as 'a bloodless revolution in PEN', since an expanded membership now encompassed the young bucks.¹¹⁷ As a result Cole, Brasch, Fairburn and Curnow (who had just been appointed to Auckland University College), were elected to the PEN executive. They in turn could influence PEN-nominated members of the

Advisory Committee. Fairburn was to resign a year later in a predictable row over PEN's support of an application for a literary grant by the émigré homosexual poet, D'Arcy Cresswell. Almost everyone seemed to be enjoying the general ruckus, and Duggan was urged by Sargeson to reapply for a grant.

At the same time that Duggan was being rejected for lack of publication, Brasch was accepting 'Voyage' for *Landfall*. Duggan was disappointed that Sargeson had offered him no comment on it. He knew that his apprenticeship was by now well and truly over, but he would have been happy still to see it continue. He found Sargeson's support and suggestions, even when the comments were only oblique, had been invaluable. '[I]f it didn't make me change anything it helped me see', he wrote.¹¹⁸ But Sargeson would only reply: 'I thought the piece Brasch accepted a pretty good piece of prose--and so did Brasch'.¹¹⁹ Duggan had several works underway but complained to his old mentor, and several months later to his new advisor Davin, that he was obsessed with the problem of form, even to the extent of wondering if the short story was his real medium. He considered both 'Six Place Names and a Girl' and 'Voyage' prose poems rather than stories, responses to landscape that avoided any real narrative progression, and was not sure how these could be developed.¹²⁰ He admired T.H. Scott's 'South Island Journal' in his latest *Landfall* because 'the scene is somehow very important [...] much larger than one's concern with the "figures" of it', but he felt no further assisted.¹²¹

By June Duggan had finished a piece called 'Alien' and sent it to Jim McDougall, who was now at the London-based magazine *Adam*. The journal was planning a New Zealand number. The story contained a clubfooted man and a kitten, and although it was slight Duggan liked it as an exercise in language without plot.¹²² But it was not a good story and McDougall rejected it. Duggan thought of sending McDougall his other major piece of work, the beginnings of the Kerikeri novel, but then decided against it. He described the novel as:

[A] twenty or thirty page naturalistic thing that I think very good, quite the sharpest thing I have done, but that I can't send him because it doesn't end and it would be giving away a great chunk of stuff that I should one day get into the novel. It has a wonderful bus, i.e. service car ride, with Maoris singing and a woman with her hair in a bun and a character who isn't really me.¹²³

His hopes were pinned on this work as a way out of his technical troubles. With it he might make something substantial, something with events and concatenation. Duggan characterised this as to 'accumulate a novel--as Pritchett says [...] In spurts I get very enthusiastic over it and think I am beginning to find out what I can do'.¹²⁴

His writing ground on, or so it seemed, but in fact he was entering a period more prolific than at any time since he had first put pen to paper. In June he had

drunk only one glass of beer in the month and joked that this was the reason he could write. It may well have been a factor. Another was the London environment which, with a limited income, was stimulating but not distracting. Problems with his leg prevented Duggan from fretting about being provided for by Barbara. The Kerikeri piece, which eventually became 'Chapter', gave him increasing confidence that he could marry his descriptive skills to a narrative framework. He began to think of another story he would title 'A Parable, A Preface, A Quotation, A Conversation for Two Voices and an Epilogue', and he made notes for a simple tale about two boys on bicycles. Hella Hofmann had still not published her Sargeson symposium, and Duggan thought of getting his notes back so that he might include something on Sargeson in relation to D.H. Lawrence. He was now dissatisfied with the whole essay. By the end of the year he sent Sargeson two pages of alterations and additions, but the manuscript was never emended.¹²⁵

In August Duggan received an effusive letter from Charles Brasch which at last put them on first name terms. Brasch had rejected 'New Year', but Duggan happily sent him a rewritten and expanded version entitled 'Epilogue'.¹²⁶ Brasch in fact later rejected this as well, but it did not matter. Both men had developed too great a respect for the other's talents to be put off. The summer weather had suddenly grown very hot, and with Winnie Davin away Duggan went alone to spend three weekdays with Davin up at Oxford. His host was happily returned from a PEN conference at Lausanne and the atmosphere of Duggan's stay was, Davin later reported, 'very amiable on the whole for two Irish gossips'.¹²⁷ Duggan's abscess was improving, and he was looking forward to a new prosthesis from the Roehampton Clinic. The two New Zealanders drank and talked in the warm Oxford pubs and back in Southmoor Road. If both men did not frequently overindulge in alcohol--Duggan from a lack of funds and Davin because of the demands of his job--then both enjoyed heavy drinking when the opportunity arose. At a party on the way back to the house Duggan managed to consume sufficient gin to forget later where he had got it. After the visit Davin wrote of his guest to Sargeson: 'He is a man I have taken a great fancy to and we may get something good out of him yet'.¹²⁸ Despite living in one of the world's foremost centres of learning, and being himself a Rhodes Scholar, Davin found he was in awe of the younger man's intelligence. Years later he described it as thinking one lived on a plain but then finding one was in fact next to a cliff, looking up at it, immense.¹²⁹

Duggan left behind some of his work for Davin's new project, a book in the Oxford University Press 'World Classics' series devoted to short stories by New Zealanders. Sargeson would take time off from revising *I For One*, and E.H. McCormick from beginning his biography of Frances Hodgkins, to choose a range of possible stories for posting over to England. The volume was then to be selected

and edited by Davin. In effect, however, Davin was generously taking a back seat so that the anthology, which would showcase New Zealand talent to the world, would be truly representative.¹³⁰ Being in England, Duggan was to deal directly with Davin. Everyone seemed to expect that a Duggan story would be somewhere in the heart of the book.

Barbara had a month of holiday coming from her hospital job, and she and Duggan hoped that this would be the chance to fulfil a long-cherished hope of seeing the Continent. Keith Patterson and Cristina Texidor were living for two months at Asolo, a village in the mountains north of Padua and Venice. It was where Robert Browning had stayed on his first visit to Italy in 1838 and on his last in 1889. From Patterson the Duggans received a postcard of the casa del Robert Browning, its stucco walls and many shutters shining in the north Italian sunlight.¹³¹ They thought of travelling to Italy, but money was an obstacle. When the Duggans were offered use of a rent-free flat outside Barcelona they considered Spain for a while instead, and even, briefly, Algiers. If they could not get away at all, there was Oxford for an extended sojourn. Meanwhile the only travelling Duggan could do was to the Regents Park Zoo, where he told friends he entered the reptile house and imagined himself at a literary gathering: 'Except that when one has finally made up one's mind that that *must* be Edith Sitwell--she winks, infinitely slowly, I know, but a definite wink, and so one is reconciled to its being only Norman Douglas here on a quick visit'.¹³² Food parcels from Barbara's mother and from Duggan's parents were arriving regularly, so they were eating better than they had done and were able to save a little money on meals. McGorm, now working for a North London News Agency, ate often with the Duggans, as while Cristina and Patterson were away he had no one to cook for him. His once brown corduroys seemed to grow blacker with each visit.

Duggan and Barbara went to stay with Barbara's aunt for a weekend at her home in Bournemouth. Duggan was less than enthusiastic, but seemed to enjoy thinking of Graham Greene as they strolled along the concrete promenade.¹³³ Back in New Zealand a snap election had been called after the breaking of the waterfront strike, and in London Duggan found himself going down to New Zealand House to 'vote for what's Left'.¹³⁴ Holland's government was returned with an increased majority. Summer arrived, but it seemed remarkably short after the pleasures of spring. England was making Duggan restless. Like many New Zealanders in residence overseas, he could not see himself staying permanently but could not see his future beyond it. He confined himself to dark and vague desires for future change, that 'when I get back it will have to be something different to Forest Hill, although I don't know what'.¹³⁵

Sargeson and McCormick soon finished the task of selecting possible stories for the 'World Classics' volume. Peggy Dunningham, a large, cheerful woman whose husband was Dunedin Public Librarian, was travelling to England on the *Rangitiki*. She agreed to carry the manuscripts with her. Meanwhile Duggan had been reading *Station Life in New Zealand* and was impressed by it. He petitioned Davin that its author, Lady Barker, should appear in the anthology. At length an extract from her *A Christmas Cake in Four Quarters* was included.¹³⁶ However in September Duggan discovered that his own stories were not acceptable. Davin confided to Sargeson that none of what he had seen were

as good as I expect them to be. He writes well but the stuff tends to read like trial runs for a first novel--too ambitious, too close to autobiography, & too 'philosophical'. He shares with me the Irish curse of rhetoric and the problem of writing about a background which is Irish Catholic which James Joyce has exhausted.¹³⁷

Davin had told the young man this, but he found the telling awkward as Duggan could be 'damnably proud'.¹³⁸ The rejected pieces ranged from Duggan's early to his most recent work. These were 'Sunbrown', 'Epilogue', and 'Duologue', which was a short poetic fragment, 'Calvary' which was a new portion of what Duggan hoped would one day become his novel, 'A Small Story' and 'Guardian'.¹³⁹ Perhaps under the influence of Katherine Mansfield's Karori series he was now writing stories about the same characters at different stages of life, with the hope that they could somehow be integrated later into a larger whole. The Kerikeri piece was to be part of this. As with Mansfield, the strategy never succeeded in producing a novel, although these works based around the life of the Lenihan family were to become a further famous story sequence by a New Zealand writer.

Davin's rejection of 'A Small Story' and 'Guardian' may seem puzzling. Both had recently been accepted for publication. 'Guardian' eventually appeared in the bilingual French magazine *Points* at the close of the year. It was printed alongside Brendan Behan's 'Bridewell Revisited' and in payment Duggan received the princely sum of £90. But the story is little more than the bare bones of what would eventually be published at the beginning of Duggan's first book. Much of the rich language and sureness of tone had yet to be added. A typical early passage is Brother Ignatius comparing his own methods of dormitory control to the sternness of Brother Mark.

He was incapable of rebuke. He was incapable of the habit of suspicion. Brother Mark's way of running a dormitory, the surprise visits in the night, was alien to him. And yet he wondered whether his own lax discipline was not as much a fault in the other direction. But who could do otherwise?¹⁴⁰

By 1956 persistent effort had changed this to:

How rebuke and why suspect them? What would it serve to go, like Brother Mark, creeping through the dormitory with a torch--illuminating only his own suspicion? For Brother Ignatius, fingering the last few beads, suspicion deserved only suspicion: what he didn't know couldn't hurt them. And yet what virtue could he pretend to in his own method which was no method at all but only laxity, uncertainty, a sort of benign indifference. But he couldn't, he thought, know how to make it other than it was. How could it be otherwise?¹⁴¹

The new rhythms are sonorous, but they also follow a trail of thought, rather than relying mostly on its simple reportage. The phrasing of the final two sentences mirrors Brother Ignatius's confusion and self-doubt. The introduction of 'laxity, uncertainty, a sort of benign indifference' helps the passage contribute to the story's theme--the unsuitability of these guardians of the young.

'A Small Story' was⁺ appear in the 28 September 1951 issue of the *Listener*. It was Duggan's first fiction in the weekly magazine under his own name. 'Wheels to Glory' had appeared, attributed to Noel Harbron, the year before. At its time of writing Bill Kirker had won the National Amateur Cycling Record at Western Springs for tandem riding unpaced in an hour.¹⁴² This may have inspired the story, and Duggan had even asked Bill if he could use his friend's name as a pseudonym. But capable as the description of a North Shore bicycle race was, Duggan did not seem to consider it a literary piece of work. He omitted it from an otherwise detailed list of publications he had sent John Reece Cole in August.¹⁴³ In the *Listener* the title 'A Small Story', with its dedication 'For F.S.', was reduced by Holcroft to a subtitle, and the editor's own title, 'Each Day Has its Own Rules', was substituted. Holcroft also simplified Duggan's punctuation. Colons and semi-colons became full-stops, and commas were altered. He broke up Duggan's repetition of the word 'said' by adding 'asked' or dropping the speaker altogether. Dashes which preceded direct speech were omitted. When he saw the changes Duggan was furious. On a clipping that was sent to him he crossed out the headline and scrawled: 'Not my title, not my punctuation'.¹⁴⁴ He replaced all the dashes by hand. Yet the story in its *Listener* form is otherwise close to its final version. The Lenihan boy's name is Johnny, rather than Harry as it becomes later. By *Immanuel's Land* Duggan had made Margaret's final exhortations less abrupt and altered the last sentence from the clumsy: 'Across the road the gate called Sans Souci banged shut' to a more subtle repetition of the children swinging endlessly on their own gate. But Davin's immunity to the story's stark merits as it was presented to him must be counted an error.

Selecting a story for the anthology went unresolved. On 15 September Duggan and Barbara caught a channel ferry for Calais. It was a rough crossing in which every passenger appeared to be sick, except for the Duggans, who were standing bravely out on deck. After only two hours in Paris, where Duggan managed to buy two bottles of cognac, he and Barbara passed through France by night train. They crossed the Alps, amazed like all island-dwellers by the scale of a continent, and its jumble of languages and peoples. The next morning they skirted Lake Maggiore to Turin and crossed the Lombardy Plain to Padua. From there a bus took them up into the foothills of the Dolomites to Asolo, fifty kilometres north of Venice. The bus had to be hired by travellers who were heading north. Its driver kept showing off his war wounds. He wanted Duggan and Barbara to recommend him for a visa to emigrate to New Zealand.¹⁴⁵ Asolo was on the first line of the hills, with a magnificent view of the Lombardy plain stretching far into the distance. It was a medieval hill-town with its campanile and castle quite unaltered. As Keith Patterson and Cristina Texidor had done before leaving for Spain, they stayed in Browning's house, using Patterson's connections. The owner was an English woman who lived in the house and let part of it out to guests, including a succession of New Zealand visitors. She may have been the model for Alison in 'Voyage', who becomes lost on Monte Grappa.¹⁴⁶ When Browning bought the house the century before he had had a tower constructed for it. This he called Pippa's Tower after the poem 'Pippa Passes', which he had set in the village. It was in this place during the final year of his life that he had written many of the poems in his last volume of verse, *Asolando*.

The town was beautiful. Despite its literary heritage, it was ignored by tourists. But Freya Stark, the travel writer, had stayed there, and small neglected notices showed the way to the grave of the actress Eleonora Duse, who had been buried there after her death in 1924. Fading pictures of Mussolini had not yet been removed from any but the most prominent places. During a hailstorm the Duggans observed the peasant women falling to their knees to pray for the preservation of the vines. Duggan worked on improving his Italian with the aid of a *Teach Yourself* book. Unlike the French, who had been difficult, the Italians seemed delighted at any attempt to speak to their language. 'Everyone admired my accent and failed to understand me', Duggan reported.¹⁴⁷ He and Barbara lived quietly in the town for two weeks. There was no rationing on the Continent. Duggan was to record his pleasure at his expanded diet of sausage, ham, cheese and wine in 'Voyage'.¹⁴⁸ He and Barbara were delighted to be able to buy anything they desired and bring it back to the house, where it was prepared for them. The house had a staff which included a cook and maid. Duggan and Barbara dealt with the servants with a feeling of amused embarrassment. They decided that their laundry was probably being washed

on stones, as at the end of a fortnight all Duggan's underwear had been worn through.¹⁴⁹

After Asolo they visited Padua to see the Giotto frescoes at the Scrovegni Chapel, and then they went on to Venice for ten days. There Duggan and Barbara found a room simply by asking someone in the street, and were directed to the Campo dei Squellini. On their first night in the ancient renaissance city they were suddenly awakened by the most extraordinary noise, which after some discussion they decided must be from a deranged infant. It was in fact a Siamese cat that had been locked in by its absent owners. Because Duggan and Barbara were unable to free it, they had no alternative but to put up with the din.¹⁵⁰ Although the north Italian landscapes he had been seeing were pleasantly associated with *A Farewell to Arms*, Duggan was glad that Venice was 'not Mr Hemingway's'.¹⁵¹ It was crammed with people but was small enough for him to walk about in comfort. As he and Barbara explored the Academia, the Piazza di San Marco, the canals and bridges, Duggan took photographs to go with a long article he later wrote for *Holcroft*, entitled 'Summer Scenes with a Winter Preface'. The *Listener* did not print it.¹⁵² They returned to London in mid October, to a fog Duggan described as like custard, and to the fuss of a British general election eventually won by the Conservatives. But they felt refreshed, lively, and pleased with the whole trip. Duggan thought wistfully that it would be very pleasant to work in Italy for one or two years, but assumed that instead he would soon have to settle for some anonymous clerical job in England.

In Italy Duggan had enjoyed above all the opportunity to see new places and meet new people. After nearly a year in London he was sometimes surprisingly isolated. He had made no close English friends. Davin, Patterson and McGorm were extensions of contacts begun on the North Shore. Continued troubles with his leg restricted mobility. He was using his second prosthesis from the Roehampton clinic. The abscess had closed up and was filling again while the clinic attempted to fit him for a third. However on his return to Steele's Road Duggan soon settled back into a routine of writing once more. He heard Dylan Thomas read poetry over the radio and carefully practised Thomas's reading technique, which was to become the basis of his own, on the long sentences of *I Saw In My Dream*.¹⁵³ He also listened to the first performance of *Billy Budd* with its Forster libretto, and reported to Sargeson:

It got very high praise--someone said 'the greatest musical event since the war', almost as if the war had been a musical event [...] anyway I am still bothered by words in opera, as if somehow it is the unhappy marriage of two forms.¹⁵⁴

Duggan was working steadily and felt himself much disturbed by Cristina Texidor, who was back with Patterson from Spain, and by McGorm who wanted to borrow a typewriter for a letter home so that his father would not suspect that his own typewriter had been pawned. Duggan had rekindled his extreme dislike for Kate Kurzke. With Barbara, however, he had never been happier. To friends he said:

Barbara is well and, thank God, as it seems she must work, she has a job that she actively likes and is interested in. We discover an enormous capacity for our own company, which, after five or six years, is rather remarkable.¹⁵⁵

However by the end of the year, despite Barbara's continued willingness to support him, Duggan was complaining that he could not reconcile himself to her being the only provider of income.

Before his departure for Italy Duggan had left 'Alien' with Davin for the 'World Classics' anthology, but on his return this, too, had been rejected. By now Duggan was writing to him: 'Honestly (and not disgruntled) I'd rather be left out than shoved in'.¹⁵⁶ Peggy Dunningham arrived in London with the other manuscripts and spent a jolly evening with the Duggans, drinking coffee and discovering South Island people she knew in common with Barbara. Duggan found that he liked her energy and her ability to tell stories. He was pleased when she moved into a flat nearby. Dunningham told him Sargeson and McCormick thought that 'Still Life' or 'Machinery Me' from *Irish Writing* might go into the book. Duggan wanted neither reprinted. He read over everything he had ever done and then wrote to Davin denying permission for Oxford University Press to use any of his stories. He was dissatisfied with all of them. 'The first condition of authorship', he added, 'I probably satisfy quite completely--nuisance'.¹⁵⁷

From Davin he asked for his manuscripts back, as he hated typing. On the table in the living room at Steele's Road Duggan still had fifty pages of his novel in two chapters, the portion set in Kerikeri, and now an earlier section on adolescence and a crisis of religious faith.¹⁵⁸ It was, of course, too long for the anthology. He had also posted Brasch a sequel to 'Voyage', with international reply coupons and an explanation:

I didn't plan to extend what you published--this was to be a part of something called 'Summer Scenes With a Winter Preface'--the preface to take a crack at such 'catalogues' as Fairburn's *We New Zealanders* and this thing, which I can't admire, of G.W. Turner's in this *Landfall* [...] But I looked about me, and lo! I was living in a glass house.¹⁵⁹

Is this any use to you or do I exhaust you? Could it just go in as 'Voyage (Concluded)'?¹⁶⁰

Brasch responded quickly. He thought the writing in the second 'Voyage' piece freer than the first, although he warned of some delay in publication. *Landfall* was developing a backlog. He also told Duggan not to worry about reply coupons again, since '[t]he stamp-and-envelope notice is only to warn off the hoi-polloi'.¹⁶¹ Within the space of three years Duggan had become one of Brasch's inner circle of supported writers. But beneath his pride he still had little real confidence in what he was doing, and he confessed to Cole: 'I can't write short stories no matter how I try and only hope I'm not indissolubly wedded to the Notes form'.¹⁶² His inability to come up with something for Davin had reminded him just how limited his output was. He had not yet shown his burgeoning novel to a soul. Barbara was never privy to his work as it developed and read it only when published. Nevertheless it was a novel in preparation, and on the strength of it Duggan decided to reapply to the New Zealand Literary Fund. He asked Sargeson and Davin to write letters to the Advisory Committee in support.¹⁶³

The Duggans had been invited to spend a second Christmas with the Davins over the five days from 22 December which Barbara had free from work. Duggan was looking forward to the chance of discussing the 'World Classics' volume with Davin, but two days before Barbara's holidays were due to start she came down with a bad case of the mumps, contracted from a child at the hospital. There was the danger of infecting the Davin girls and the visit was called off. Duggan himself was not sure if he had had the illness and joked that he was waiting 'for the private swelling'.¹⁶⁴ This did not eventuate, and the mumps did not prevent Barbara and Duggan from celebrating Christmas together. To her annoyance Barbara recovered completely just in time to start work again. Over the new year Duggan wrote a new story, 'Race Day', which he sent in a manuscript full of fresh alterations to Davin for consideration. 'It looks like a short story anyway', he wrote, meaning a story written in a style of which the other man was likely to approve.¹⁶⁵ By the time Davin wrote accepting it for the anthology Duggan had already thought enough of it to send copies to both the *Listener* and *Irish Writing*. The *Listener*, he joked, was sure to be banned in Ireland. 'Race Day' did not appear in *Irish Writing* but was printed by Holcroft in February, with negligible interference.

Despite influencing Duggan towards simplification, Davin felt it was the dense and poetic use of language, as he suggested in a later essay, which was the essence of Duggan's strength.¹⁶⁶ When Davin queried the flat repetition of the word 'said' in the spare series of statements that make up 'Race Day', and also 'A Small Story', Duggan defended himself:

- I have worked on this very hard. It is the monotony that I am counting on. I have tried, by always putting it at a certain point in the cadence of the conversation and by never altering its form to bury it.

At times I have used it where I need not, all with a view to creating this monotony which the eye, the mind the voice, whatever it is, will understand that it has to do nothing but recognize and pass on--rather like the recognition of the colour of the ink. I feel that by its very repetition it succeeds better than any variations I could devise.¹⁶⁷

Nevertheless the answer surprised Davin, who had responded mostly to the story's manifest historical realism. Since his intention was to arrange works in the anthology in chronological order of subject, he had written to Duggan dating 'Race Day', correctly, as between 1930 and 1933, and identifying the locale. For Duggan, on the other hand, language was always preeminent, to which each new story presented a fresh challenge. Writing was not about recording reality, but about managing one of its own. It was about style.

February of the new year was a momentous time in England. King George VI had died. London was busy and sombre as heads of state flew in to pay their respects. On 15 February crowds lined the streets as the coffin was borne in procession on a gun carriage. A few days later Patterson and Cristina were married, with the Duggans present as witnesses. Manolo Texidor, who was to give his daughter away, slammed the door of a taxi on the bride-groom's hand just before the wedding.¹⁶⁸ Duggan had a brief flurry of communication with Greville Texidor, still in Australia, but they were steadily losing contact. Her persistent nostalgia for the old world was not so appealing to read of in London. From her Duggan was distressed to learn that Mrs Foster had had a fall and suffered fractures. Patterson and Cristina moved in to live for a short time across the hall at 40 Steele's Road, while Kate Kurzke and her daughter were away in Wales. Cristina was pregnant. She and Patterson hoped to travel soon to Mallorca, where prices were low, the exchange-rate favourable and Patterson would be able to paint. Lois Hunter, the ex-wife of poet Louis Johnson, was also in London and also pregnant. She was living with two Australians, and Duggan and Barbara saw her occasionally. Meanwhile McGorm had a job working night shifts in the Post Office, but he had become crotchety and visited less often.

A more frequent visitor was Bill Pearson, whom Duggan could recall had published a short story entitled 'Social Catharsis' in *Landfall* nearly five years before. 'What a title!' had been Duggan's response, although he found Pearson's company very pleasant.¹⁶⁹ Born in Greymouth and the same age as Duggan, Pearson had been at Canterbury University College with Baxter, whom he had befriended while editing the student magazine. Now he was completing his doctorate at London University's King's College, writing his thesis on nineteenth century Catholic poets. He was also working on and off at a novel, *Coal Flat*, and in fact an extract had appeared in the previous December's *Landfall* under the

pseudonym Chris Bell. Pearson had been living for some time about a kilometre away at 160A Haverstock Hill, but he came to Duggan's attention when he wrote a letter to the *New Statesman* critical of New Zealand government legislation during the waterfront strike. The letter appeared in the same week that Prime Minister Sidney Holland visited London. Duggan made contact. He had been given Pearson's address by Charles Brasch but had not used it. Pearson soon began to drop by several times a week. Barbara's coffee, which was not made from chicory but from real beans, seemed irresistible, and with the Duggans he would talk of literary gossip, their reading and of news from home.

Over the northern summer of 1951 Pearson had written the landmark essay 'Fretful Sleepers: a sketch of New Zealand behaviour and its implications for the artist'. Surprised at his own conclusions, he discussed them with Duggan, who further surprised him by arguing that such an exercise was only valuable if it were contained within the framework of a novel. Pearson was also active on left-wing committees--the Hampstead Peace Council, and the Australia-New Zealand Civil Liberties Society which protested the New Zealand Government's emergency regulations and Australia's attempts to outlaw Communism. He felt that writers could be *engagé* if they were not propagandist. Duggan was sympathetic to the causes but remained strongly opposed to involvement. Literature itself was an ideal not to be distracted from. When Pearson mentioned having read *War and Peace* but not *Anna Karenina* Duggan sagely wished he was in the position of having *Anna Karenina* still to look forward to. When Pearson suggested that the Communist Party was the modern equivalent of what the Catholic Church had been in its early days, Duggan countered that the Party would go the same way as the Church, into heresies and inquisitions.¹⁷⁰

To Pearson, Duggan's approach to writing was similarly insightful but absolute. Later when *Coal Flat* seemed at an impasse he visited Duggan, provided an outline of the plot and the problem, and found the other man's suggestions of great help. But Pearson was amazed when Duggan admitted that although he put in a full day's work at writing it usually resulted in no more than two to three hundred words of new prose. Pearson sometimes had trouble getting started, but on a good day might reach up to 5,000 words. For him two hundred meant a bad day, mostly wasted reading through the *Times*. On one memorable occasion he had managed 5,000 words, gone to the pictures to see an adaptation of Conrad's *An Outlaw of the Islands* and come back to his flat to write even more. After times like this he would delightedly visit and tell Duggan, unconscious of any comment it might imply on the other's work. Duggan found the creative process compelling but painful, and said that he would rather not write than write. On one occasion the two men exchanged periodicals in which their stories had appeared. Pearson gave Duggan a copy of

New Story, printed in Paris, with his 'Babes in the Bush'. The French typographer had misread o's as e's, so that Pearson's sentence on a young bushman sitting beside a fire with a desirable young woman: 'He poked a log so that flames shot up', read: 'He poked a leg so that flames shot up'. Duggan roared with laughter.¹⁷¹

Pearson took Duggan to visit James Courage, the North Canterbury-born novelist who had published in London *The Fifth Child* and *Desire Without Content*, although Duggan knew only the former. Courage lived near Hampstead tube station. He was the same age as Sargeson. They had met before Courage left for England in 1932. By coincidence Sargeson had urged Duggan in a recent letter to make contact with the author. An insecure man and something of a loner, Courage at first refused to meet more than one new face, but eventually both Duggan and Barbara appeared. The visit lasted only a few hours, during which Duggan was more impressed by the Christopher Wood painting on the living-room wall than by the author. He found the older man pleasant but unassertive, over-delicate and even excessively formal. They talked of New Zealand, but to Duggan it seemed he and Courage were from different countries. When the conversation moved to literature, and the older man adopted the attitude of one who had already published much, Duggan reacted by curtly interrogating him about his writing habits. Courage replied that he liked to write reclining on the sofa. Duggan privately scoffed: 'Sofaprose'.¹⁷² Later he read *Desire Without Content* and was dismissive of it at some length to Davin, who also knew Courage a little. 'Very passionless stuff', he complained. 'He doesn't transform, he doesn't penetrate', which Davin wisely took to be indicators of what Duggan most valued in literature.¹⁷³ Pearson also knew the Australian novelist Florence James, co-author of *Come in, Spinner*, and took the Duggans to visit her at her Highgate flat. Once more the meeting was not a success as James acted like a senior advisor and Duggan showed how quickly he could bridle at any hint of being patronised.¹⁷⁴

In January Duggan had made his further bid for a desperately needed grant from the New Zealand Literary Fund. Davin had already helped out with a few pounds, but knowing that he was not in a position to pay them back Duggan refused the offer of any more. Of the Literary Fund he joked: 'It's all rather like getting oneself elected to the French Academy', but privately he was anxious over his chances.¹⁷⁵ Davin had written on his behalf to Professor I.A. Gordon of Victoria University College, the Advisory Committee Chairman. Sargeson had also agreed to write but Cole, who had some inside knowledge of the Committee's moods, advised against it. Instead Sargeson sent Duggan reassuring letters, then despairing ones as Gordon published an article in the *Listener* criticising New Zealand writers who dealt only with 'their memories of unhappy and thwarted childhoods'.¹⁷⁶ Duggan remained tense. He had written 'The Killer', another story about the

Lenihan children, and in March it too had appeared in the *Listener*. He received news from Lawlor that his novel typescript, which was seventy pages long, had been sent for a reader's report. But he felt reservations about what he had submitted, wondering whether it was really part of a novel at all.¹⁷⁷

Duggan had hoped for a visit to Oxford, but he and Barbara did not have the means and Davin was about to travel to America. Instead, Duggan reported: 'We went to the pub and spent the train fare and came back and convinced ourselves almost that we had been out of London'.¹⁷⁸ Fortunately Peggy Dunningham, whose company they always enjoyed, took the Duggans to see *King Lear* at the Old Vic on her last night before returning to New Zealand. Then Duggan had the opportunity to make some money by working with the Pattersons, sorting cork for Cristina's father. Manolo Texidor ran a small business that collected second-grade cork from beer bottle caps, removing damaged pieces and reselling it as first-grade. While spring arrived with crocuses breaking through the neighbour's lawn, in the basement of Steele's Road the three solemnly worked at a table through fifty enormous bales of cork, each containing approximately 144,000 coin-sized discs, at the rate of two bales a ten-hour day.¹⁷⁹ When Barbara came back from the end of each working day she would go downstairs and join them. It was simple if monotonous work, though Duggan was piqued by Manolo Texidor's easy insistence that Buenos Aires was the end of the world, with New Zealand lost over the rim. Texidor paid £50 to the Duggans and £50 to the Pattersons, who used theirs to finance their move to Mallorca.

By 12 April Duggan could report to Sargeson:

[G]ood news!--a note (today) from Lawlor saying the recommendation for the grant to be made has just gone off to the minister [...] it's £5.10.0 a week for 52 weeks. *So I must thank you for all your encouragement.* Need I confess that I wasn't ever very sanguine? But without you I would never have tried again.¹⁸⁰

Sympathetic letters arrived from Gordon and Lawlor. Duggan hoped that he might receive the money in a lump sum rather than on a weekly basis, and eventually the Committee complied. The grant was to assist with writing, but when combined with the windfall from cork-sorting it constituted enough to pay fares home. Duggan and Barbara planned to celebrate with an Easter visit to Winnie Davin at Oxford. Dan Davin was still in the United States. But the day beforehand Barbara brought home German measles from the children's hospital and Christmas was repeated. Eventually they visited at Whitsun, by which time Davin had returned. The stay coincided with a sudden heat wave. Duggan and Barbara enjoyed themselves being punted along the River Cherwell by Tony Cheetham, a student who had been runner to Evelyn Waugh with the commandos in Crete.

At the Davins' they also met Arthur Sewell, the former Professor of English at Auckland University College, now married to Rosemary Seymour. Sewell was a small, handsome Englishman with an impressive speaking voice, a formidable intellect, a ready wit and an impish sense of humour. Duggan had never met him nor his wife previously, but they found an instant rapport. The Sewells were back from Greece, where Arthur Sewell had been Byron Professor of English Literature at the University of Athens. They were about to leave for Spain where Sewell had been appointed Director of the British Institute in Barcelona. They invited the Duggans to stay with them once they were settled. On another evening Duggan was taken by Davin to a gathering at Joyce Cary's house in Parks Road, where he once again met David Cecil. He found Cecil elegant and at ease, and sometimes disconcertingly interested in what it was like to be a New Zealander, whereas Cary was reserved and merely polite. Duggan was still self-conscious in the presence of famous names, and unsure of how or where he might fit in. Only afterwards did he jauntily blame this discomfort on English bottled beer.¹⁸¹

With the funds to return to New Zealand, Duggan and Barbara had to decide whether to leave and when. The former was quickly answered. Both felt the experience of being overseas valuable, but neither wanted to commit themselves to a life in England. As summer approached Duggan observed:

To be a Londoner, this weather, means, probably, to think of the river or the parks or the most immediate countryside [...] I think still of the North, maybe of the bays around Auckland, maybe of nothing particularly external to myself--I couldn't join, for instance, that battlefield scene in the parks. The men, with a reflex and quite appalling concession to the way of life, get surreptitiously across the girls--I'm not questioning the impulse, is that likely?, but that it should go on under such unsympathetic conditions.¹⁸²

They planned to return the following February, then settled on January, hoping they might get to the Continent once more before departing. Duggan had thought of returning to Italy and seeing Florence and Arezzo, but now he and Barbara inclined more to Spain. Going back to New Zealand would mean watching friends like Sargeson struggle to keep himself alive with radio reviews, E.H. McCormick work with minimal support at his biography of Frances Hodgkins, or John Reece Cole back from a three-month International Arts Fellowship to America but less likely than ever to finish another work of fiction, his novel long abandoned. However it also meant genuine pleasure in achievements important to the country's development. Antony Alpers's biography of Katherine Mansfield was scheduled to appear from Alfred Knopf in New York, and Sargeson was recommending Janet Frame's first book, *The Lagoon*, published by Caxton the year before.

In England, the New Zealanders Duggan knew got on with living. He saw Courage briefly again. The poet Basil Dowling, whom he had never met before, came for coffee one evening. Pearson had been existing on savings for several months while he worked at *Coal Flat*, but when these ran out he had found a job as a relief-teacher. He continued to visit Steele's Road, full of anecdotes that were sometimes funny but often sad on the behaviour of children in working-class schools. The job was tiring. He had no idea how long he would be at a school, whether half a day or a full three-month term.¹⁸³ McGorm appeared only infrequently and seemed very lonely. Lois Hunter had by now had her baby. On one occasion she visited holding a large carry-bag, and when Barbara asked where the child was Hunter unzipped the bag to reveal the infant inside. In her flat the baby slept in an open suitcase. Later Hunter left for Canada. Duggan liked her but found she was 'hopelessly wedded to those whooshing woozy feelings about life à la Rimbaud, Hart Crane, Gaudier-Brzeska, et al. Messy but kind'.¹⁸⁴

By mid year Duggan had received the typescript of his novel back from New Zealand, *via* Sargeson who did not have time to read it, and was announcing that he had now abandoned the form, if not the material. The novel stood at one hundred pages, but Duggan was thinking of reducing it to something more limited.' He admitted to Sargeson:

I have learned at least what an extraordinary battle form really is. Tremendous problems of how implicit things can be and how much the reader needs in the way of a hint and what one gives away dramatically and in interest by being explicit.¹⁸⁵

He went back to the beginning and began to recast what he had written, removing most of the childhood sections so that the work seemed less obviously like a *bildungsroman*. Duggan was reading Ivy Compton-Burnett's novels, perhaps at the suggestion of Joyce Cary, since she was one of the few contemporary novelists Cary admired. Duggan studied how she kept 'to its very minimum the "machinery" of the novel: the courage of severity [...] the unit situation traced through all its ramifications'.¹⁸⁶ Meanwhile, as he had been waiting for the return of his typescript, Duggan had written a further story, 'In Youth Is Pleasure'. This explored the ramifications of the type of educational discipline he had once experienced at Sacred Heart College, and on which he had first pronounced, in 'Guardian': 'it hasn't enough love in it'.¹⁸⁷ Perhaps too he had been prompted by Pearson's relief-teaching tales. He posted the story off to Brasch. *Landfall* was so backed up with material that although Brasch was happy to accept the piece he doubted it could be published for twelve months. It did not appear until December 1953.

The June issue of *Landfall*, which was devoted to Sargeson's diary novel *I For One*, finally reached Duggan in England. With it, as the critics noted, Sargeson had

at last rejected 'his laconic cobblers for the persona of an old maid' in an act of sustained imagination.¹⁸⁸ Duggan read all of it aloud to Barbara that evening, having intended to go through only half, but both were entranced. The little novel read perfectly. It was 'faultlessly exquisite', Duggan wrote in a letter of fulsome congratulations.¹⁸⁹ By all accounts Barbara's cousin had not been pleased to hear that the main character, Katherine, was to some extent based on her.¹⁹⁰ Nevertheless the novel contained much of the Duggans' New Zealand, transformed by Sargeson's mind and memory. Years before Greville Texidor had seen a picture of Molly Macalister in the newspaper, with an insert of George Haydn, and described it to everyone as 'Molly Macalister with George Haydn in her breast pocket'. Here in *I For One* it reappeared.¹⁹¹ Sargeson's reply to the congratulations was warmly grateful, but also couched within it was advice for Duggan to heed:

I still fancy it's the bloody ego that holds us up most: it always wants to be the *central* thing in what we write--& that's not its role at all except when we're writing autobiography--in fiction if it's central it's got to be either above or below itself, & if it's not central, it's got to be thrashed into being general rouseabout & odd job man--in which role it can do a marvellous job of work--a job indeed without which the big job could never be done at all--& *that's* its satisfaction.¹⁹²

His own novel, Duggan felt, was 'the snail in a bucket--it climbs 2" and falls back 1 1/2"'.¹⁹³ Meanwhile Davin was away on holiday in the Scilly Isles off Cornwall, staying about a fortnight at his colleague Kenneth Sisam's house and using the time to start with an almost desperate speed on a new work of fiction. When he returned Duggan inquired after progress and noted his own gloomily: 'There would seem to be a trilogy in the wastepaper basket'.¹⁹⁴

The berths for a January return were held by promises of payment rather than a deposit, although the money from the New Zealand Literary Fund had arrived in July. Sargeson warned Duggan not to tell the Committee that he was saving the money for fares as this could well be regarded as an improper use. But Duggan and Barbara were more concerned about managing their finances until the end of the year, as Barbara would finish work in mid October. To make matters worse it seemed their January boat would be delayed until March. The shipping lists were full for sometimes up to two years ahead. Duggan wrote to Davin, asking if he knew anyone who could exert some influence on the shipping companies. Davin did not, but generously offered accommodation at his own house, which Duggan in pride declined. Instead he and Barbara put their names on a waiting-list for a December boat. Both were now anxious to return home and tired of feeling, as Barbara suggested, like 'semi-permanent visitors'.¹⁹⁵

In the light of difficulties paying rent and food once Barbara's job was over, the idea of shifting to Spain until their departure from England, despite the £40 it would cost for tickets, became more practical. Duggan was soon observing that Mallorca, 'after being, like the bathroom tap, off and on, is now definitely on, and arrangements flow apace'.¹⁹⁶ In a letter to Davin he asked for Sewell's Barcelona address. He bought a copy of *Spanish Grammar Simplified: A Rapid and Easy Self-Instructor*. To Brasch, as he posted off some Patterson illustrations to go with 'Voyage (Concluded)' in *Landfall*, he suggested changing the name of the piece to 'Voyage--Part 2', 'just to keep open the possibility--which I don't at present foresee--of a later addition'.¹⁹⁷ Renate Prinz had left by ship for England and the Duggans arranged for her to have their flat once they vacated it. As they waited out the time before leaving they were visited by the writer Phillip Wilson and his wife, shortly before they also returned to New Zealand. One wet afternoon at the Tate Gallery, on almost the final day of an exhibition called *Twentieth Century Masterpieces*, they bumped into Professor Musgrove, out on sabbatical from Auckland University College. Duggan reported:

We sparred a little. 'My God,' he said. 'If you lift up a stone there's a New Zealander under it.' 'Ah,' I said, with quite annihilating wit.¹⁹⁸

Duggan and Barbara spent some evenings with Martha McCulloch, who lived in a flat at Coram Street in Bloomsbury. They drank draught Worthington with her at The Lamb in Lamb's Conduit Street nearby. McCulloch was extroverted and formidable, and they had grown to like her. Their berths on a boat leaving Southampton for New Zealand on 13 December were confirmed, and they planned to be back in England from Spain a week before departure. Lettice Ramsey kindly offered once more the use of her Kensington flat on their return. In a rush they packed their bags both for the Continent and the trip home. An early winter appeared to be coming on. Duggan joked in a parody of archaic Englishness of England in their absence. He was nervous about what going back to New Zealand might mean, now that it was almost come, and the poignancy beneath the humour was no accident.

It is the end of the season in London and I have put away my pumps and hose, my country weekend clothes, my hacking jacket so much the maidens' flapping delight, my golden case of gaspers, my flicking lucifer, and my gay little 'making cigarette' machine. The draped foyer shall know me no more, nor the velvet box, the gilded bar and fashionable promenade. No more my dulcet multilingual tongue shall clack to golden molars bared in princely grin--who hangs on my words now, my word, is sure to fall, to fail. Gone are the crowds, dispersed the grave and sleepy girls who woke to my lovefingering

touch: the regal matrons, rolling lonely and splendid as ruined pillars, dope themselves to find me in their dreams. Black crepe, at my lack, garnishes the fashionable table, the heavy autumnal drone is my lament; showers mark the pavement where now I shall never pass. In the midnight, green, malicious urinal a gentleman in a black cape with a scarlet lining waits me in vain: in Green Park in the cold halitosis of the year the girls fall silent remembering me [...] The leaves fall and tremble, mourning me, the sky rains tears. I am from fashion withdrawn and as the departing hand leaves the glove limp so I am missed: so indeed I am missed.¹⁹⁹

On 13 October Duggan and Barbara boarded the channel ferry once more for Calais. The crossing was uneventful. By train they headed south through France, 'charging the Pyrenees', as Duggan called it, and passed beneath the mountains into Spain.²⁰⁰ Spain was still under the control of General Francisco Franco, the sixty-year old Fascist dictator who ran the country with a combination of force and fear. The complications of crossing the frontier, under the watchful gaze of conspicuously armed police and militia, were at once worrying and exciting. At Barcelona on the edge of the Mediterranean they stayed a week with the Sewells, in a splendid house replete with cooks, maids, and an English nanny. The Sewells now had a baby boy. Rosemary, an impractical academic, was bringing him up in solemn accordance with the Plunket Book.²⁰¹ Duggan and Barbara visited the sights, including the Cathedral of the Sagrada Familia, begun in 1884 to the designs of Catalan architect Antonio Gaudi y Cornet. They were delighted once more to be away from the English weather and English rationing.

Soon they flew to Mallorca and took the bus to Palma, where the Pattersons were living at the Camino Vecinal Bonanova. The Balearic Islands had not yet become a tourist mecca and was still one of the least developed parts of Europe, although Palma was larger than the Duggans expected, attractive with its ancient architecture. The Pattersons lived half an hour out in the hills above the town, surrounded by bare earth, cactuses, olive trees, and with a view of the sea. Their house was a semi-detached, two storey building covered in an apricot-coloured wash. Like the Sewells, Cristina had a newly born son, and Patterson was making ends meet by teaching English. The Duggans stayed in a room on the ground floor. Duggan was to use the house and its atmosphere in the closing section of 'Voyage'.²⁰² They lay about in the sun, sampling the local food and enjoying the local wine, which at sixpence a litre was delightfully cheap. On her first outing along the street of the town Barbara's habit of preferring to wear trousers rather than a dress had her surrounded by astonished men, who circled her as she walked, staring and flicking their fingers at her. Patterson knew Robert Graves, and there

were hopes of arranging a visit.²⁰³ Anticipating their return to New Zealand, Barbara wrote letters home. She sent them to Bill Pearson in London, who posted them on. It was considerably faster than leaving them to the Spanish mail.

One day in mid November, while staying with the Pattersons, Duggan suffered a haemoptysis, a lung haemorrhage. He fetched Barbara from the next room and croaked, 'look'. The basin he was standing above was filled with brilliant red fluid, all of which, as he later said, he had 'brightly and voluminously coughed' from a lesion at the apex of his right lung.²⁰⁴ Almost immediately he began to run a fever. A doctor was needed, but it was obvious what was wrong with him. Duggan had what the Irish called 'the sickness'--pulmonary tuberculosis.²⁰⁵ Fortunately a friend of Patterson's, Doctor Servera Moyá, could be summoned.²⁰⁶ Barbara had to go to great lengths to keep the true nature of Duggan's illness secret from the neighbours in the semi-detached house. The locals, who had no hope of treatment for themselves, saw tuberculosis as like a plague. If they found out about it Duggan would be evicted. As it was, he had a very high temperature and was delirious for several days. He sweated through the nights, and Barbara had to sponge him down regularly. She found herself, not for the first time, nursing Duggan while trying to make rapid arrangements. Only antibiotics could save him and they were not readily available, although Doctor Moyá thought he could get some on the black market. Duggan suffered a second haemoptysis.²⁰⁷ The doctor procured a quantity of streptomycin and isoniazid at his own expense. They were well beyond the Duggans' ability to pay for them. Barbara managed a chance to cable her mother for funds to square the doctor's account. Dr Moyá also arranged x-rays and some sophisticated ziehl-nilson tests on Duggan's sputum, at Mallorca's Laboratorio de Análisis Clínicos. These were without charge. He said that if he were ill in Duggan's country he would be treated without cost and that this was his gesture of reciprocity. However it was never clear from his English whether Dr Moyá understood Duggan's country as New Zealand under Social Security, or Britain under the National Health Service.²⁰⁸

Undoubtedly Dr Moyá's thorough treatment saved Duggan's life. He was soon out of danger, and his health began gradually to improve as he convalesced in bed. The likely source of the disease was in his long exposure to the tubercle bacillus from Frank Sargeson and Eric Lee-Johnson. The climate and poor diet in England had almost certainly weakened his immune system, or so Davin believed when he heard by cable of the illness.²⁰⁹ A second prevalent idea was that immunity could be lowered by mental stress. Duggan decided that tuberculosis was a disease of the will and that with determination it could be beaten. Barbara wondered whether her mother's money could be stretched to a flight back to England. Duggan was too weak for a prolonged journey by ship.

From Mrs Platts the news of Duggan's illness spread, *via* Una Platts, through Sargeson and the literary community. Sargeson was terribly upset, and allowed his own hypochondria to exaggerate and confuse the situation further. As he reported it:

Maurice [...] must have developed a lesion in London, and no doubt lying in the Mediterranean sun was about as bad as he could do. Poor Barbara is distracted trying to keep him from suiciding etc. and talks of flying him back here if she can raise the money, and the plane will take him. I can imagine the state of affairs--he's a hopeless patient. It seems almost too much after his leg, and I suppose if he survives it will be almost a miracle. Pity--we've got a story of his in the Oxford book, and it's been looking lately as though he might at last be making it.²¹⁰

Sargeson discussed with E.H. McCormick the possibility of raising money toward Duggan's flight home to New Zealand, but they decided such a long trip might be the worst possible thing for him. Both agreed, with a little admitted cynicism, that the illness might be the making of him as an author, since there had been so many tubercular geniuses.²¹¹

As he recovered steadily Duggan began to feel the luxury of boredom, observing that with so many antibiotics even his smoker's cough was gone. He heard that the Americans had upgraded the atomic bomb to the hydrogen bomb and that Eisenhower had been elected President. Davin was editing 'Race Day' for the 'World Classics' volume, and Duggan wrote accepting some minor changes.²¹² He scribbled on the back of his copy of *The English Mind in the Seventeenth Century*, by Arthur Sewell:

La Bonanova--Nov. 1952, in bed: day after day the one almond tree, the one alcoroba, the two stone walls, the small piece of ploughed field with the grass coming on it, the apricot/pink house wall right up behind everything, up against the sky that was blue day after day. The wind got up each afternoon and even at this time of year there are mosquitoes in the room. Day after day thermometers, pills, infectious sputum bowls, and then reading David Cecil, Eliz. Bowen, Thurber, all without delight, simply to make one day merge into another and all move towards the one final one when I could get in the taxi and get the plane for Barcelona, and then Paris and then London, the sin of idling out of one's life, wishing away a considerable time, a time one shall no doubt want later to include again in the sum--and then, with what mixed feelings one wonders, the ship for N.Z. if I'm not too infectious to be a passenger: home and T.B. also--a grim sort of joke.²¹³

The Duggans flew on 8 December from Palma to Barcelona. A photo taken just before departure from the Pattersons' shows Duggan looking haggard and uncharacteristically shabby, with Barbara exhausted beside him. They expected to be six hours in Barcelona but were delayed two days by engine trouble and London fog. The Sewells put them up and treated them with kindness. At last, after touching down briefly in Paris, they arrived back in England on 10 December.²¹⁴ Martha McCulloch had them stay with her in Coram Street. They saw the Davins who came down from Oxford for a night, and were also able to meet up with Renate Prinz. Duggan was brown from lying about in the sun, and he insisted this made him look healthy. His chief worry was Dr Moyá's total ban on cigarettes. Davin was proud of the way he was bearing up.²¹⁵

Duggan regretted not being able to stay in Spain longer, but his pressing problem was to get on the boat for New Zealand. The ship would not accept him if a sputum test showed he was still infectious. However there were only two days left. Barbara got Duggan to Brompton Hospital for examination, and a medical friend of McCulloch's saw to it that the tests were carried out in a day.²¹⁶ Fortunately the English doctors were impressed by the quality of treatment Duggan had received in Mallorca. In Spain a sputum test had showed negative and now in England Duggan once again passed examination. The Hospital's doctor counselled him to stay in London, but Duggan would not. He was supplied with streptomycin for intramuscular injection by the ship's doctor and tablets of isoniazid in quantities for the voyage home.²¹⁷ Bill Pearson came across the city to visit. The Duggans' trunk with much of their belongings was still at the flat in Steele's Road, and he volunteered to send it on after them. They arranged to post a box of cigars to Dr Moyá. Duggan clambered onto the *Mataroa* on 13 December, exhausted by his troubles but delighting in the kindnesses of friends.

The ship struck a gale in the Atlantic, but otherwise the five weeks of travel were uneventful. There were eighty children on board under the age of twelve and they were hard to get away from, much to Duggan's annoyance. 'Even in the bar, to which I go mainly for sentimental reasons, they are under one's feet', he complained.²¹⁸ With his health improving, by Curaçao Barbara was rationing him to five du Maurier cigarettes (the lightest brand available) and two weak beers a day. He had to be asleep by 9.30 pm. Mostly he lay on his bunk and read. The *Mataroa* docked in Auckland, and they arrived back to the wettest January in fifty six years. Barbara's mother had bought them another second-hand car, an Austin A40 which was only two years old. It was waiting for them and enabled them to get about. Sargeson invited the Duggans to Esmonde Road for evening meals until they were settled in. The sections around their Forrest Hill house were being built on, and Mrs Woon had put in a concrete path and revolving clothes-line. She wanted to buy the

place, but it took Duggan and Barbara no more than a moment to decide that this was still their home. Duggan surveyed the garden and wrote to several friends that it looked like a suitable habitat for Johnny Weismuller. Barbara set to work with a spade and a rubber-tired wheelbarrow once left by Felix Millar, who had borrowed it from a building site in Takapuna. She brought loads of manure from the cow-shed next door and planned large plantings.²¹⁹

Duggan went in to Green Lane Hospital's Chest Clinic, where he had x-rays taken and tests conducted. He was assured that he was continuing to improve. '[M]y appearance,' he reported to Davin, 'much as ordinary, a few more years and thinner hair, is a sort of anticlimax'.²²⁰ Once more he was living on Social Security. Greville Texidor, now in Hazelbrook in New South Wales with Droescher and Mrs Foster, wrote commiserating on his illness. In a codicil Droescher added, much to Duggan's annoyance: 'You always did sound a little like explorers in a strange land when you wrote from "Home"'.²²¹ Mrs Foster was on her feet once more, and Texidor and Droescher were involved with the Halcyon Health Food company. But they were restless, pining for a return to Spain. Brasch wrote welcoming Duggan back. Friends dropped by to see he was all right. John Reece Cole came up from Wellington for a week. Duggan began to feel that he had never left.

But after an extended period overseas New Zealand also seemed like a foreign country, and Duggan felt the confusion of the returned expatriate. 'As far as the appearance of the place, Auckland at least', he wrote, 'I remembered it very precisely, but then that seems only to add to the strangeness'.²²² In the dull rain that seemed to run on through autumn he waited for the mood to pass. There were further hospital tests, into which he liked to complain Barbara bullied him. To speed his recovery with sun and exercise, he slowly began work on some projects around the section. He shifted a small shed in which he sometimes wrote at the back of the house, widened the carport, and built a high fence along the front of the property, giving privacy and shelter to the entry. He constructed some elaborate compost bins.²²³ The work left him wrung out in the evenings and unable to sleep well. At length the abscess on his leg reappeared. He reviewed Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp*, John Horne Burns's *Cry of Children*, Clara Winston's *The Closest Kin There Is* and John Coates's *Poker and I for the Listener*, and on the latter he harrumphed:

It is a story about lovers and babies, war and peace, and it has at its end, money and happiness--from which the reader will see that this is fiction.²²⁴

Duggan arranged to do some radio reviews, although at £5 for a thirty-minute talk he did not feel they were very remunerative. He saw Sargeson frequently, both at Esmonde Road and by inviting him to Forrest Hill for meals, where the older man

would arrive clutching gifts of fresh garden vegetables wrapped in newspaper. Sargeson also saw Barbara occasionally for physiotherapy. Duggan joined the group who signed the letter in tribute to Sargeson on his fiftieth birthday, which appeared in the March *Landfall*. As ever he found his old mentor enormously stimulating and full of support though now, for the first time, he bridled a little at Sargeson's constant encouragement. In Soviet Russia Marshal Stalin died, but the rest of the world seemed a far-off place. Duggan wrote to Winnie Davin: 'But Jesus God isn't it all a long way away down here, so dark, so quiet? Do you think we have slipped our moorings?'²²⁵

By April he began editing the literary section of *Here & Now*, together with Kendrick Smithyman, in an attempt to build it up. Neither of the two was aware that Louis Johnson had already turned down the job.²²⁶ The magazine was now in its third year and was mostly being edited at Lowry's home in One Tree Hill, then assembled and printed with Pat Dobbie at the Pelorus Press office in Severn Street. Duggan and Smithyman enjoyed editing the literary section, a task not onerous but occasionally exasperating as they tried to bring it up to their own exacting standards. Writers were not always willing to submit work, and few seemed anxious to have publications reviewed in its pages. Sometimes literary material would appear in the magazine which Duggan and Smithyman knew nothing about. There were bright spots, however. Duggan was enthusiastic and encouraging over Sylvia Ashton-Warner, who had first appeared the previous December, although Smithyman was less excited. Nevertheless they did reject some of her pieces, which they felt needed improvement, although they published a story in July where snatches of music required special printing-blocks to be made.²²⁷ Smithyman had been teaching on Pine Island (now Herald Island) off Whenuapai while Duggan was away, living with his wife, the poet Mary Stanley, and their two sons in a fibrolite bach. Now they were settled in Nile Road, just a short walk from Forrest Hill, so dropping by to discuss editorial matters became easy.

Duggan had scarcely started as literary editor when a long article by him under the pseudonym 'Maui', a play on his first name, appeared in the April issue. It was entitled 'God Defend...Some Notes on Returning to New Zealand After an Absence of Ten Years'. The article was an extensive, sometimes whining, attack on the stultifying conformity of New Zealand life.

When you are away it is perhaps your inaccuracy, your faulty memory, that brings you back. You remember what it looks like, clearly enough; what it sounds like--smells like--but you have forgotten that acrid taste. How aggressive is the national character, and what a long way out their way 'they' will go to put you down. They may not know you, nor ever have seen you before, but once start

an intellectual conversation, a conversation of ideas, in a pub and you'll find that all around you can sense the animosity, the suspicion, and the dislike. You can see the 'dirty looks' [...] A drinker at your elbow, to whom you have not spoken and whom you do not know, cuts across your obvious conversational involvement with someone he also does not know to ask: *Are you a Pommie?* There's no doubt about that, or about what he means. You don't fit, Dig, and that's the long and short of it. And none of your highfalutin' arguments will alter that....This is a democracy, and that means that what I have to say on any subject, regardless of my lack of either interest or qualification, carries, man for man, an equal weight. In all situations my opinion is as good as yours [...] Are you a good bloke, or not? That's all there is to it. And how in the hell can you be at once a good bloke and have minority opinions?²²⁸

The complaint that New Zealand was not Oxford was scarcely a new one among New Zealand intellectuals. Duggan had been criticising Fairburn and G.W. Turner to Brasch two years earlier for saying much the same thing. But the example set in a pub was based on a real incident. Duggan had been in a bar in Onehunga with Keith Sinclair, holding forth in his elegant and most educated tones, when a large Maori nearby had turned to him and asked aggressively, 'you a Pom, eh?'. Immediately Duggan replied, 'no, I'm a Kiwi. Are you?'. In fact Duggan's wit defused the situation, and the Maori walked around the bar chortling, 'am I a Kiwi?'.²²⁹ It was a great joke. It was widely retold among the literary community, but Duggan felt the pain of it very deeply.

With his varied background--a boyhood in middle-class Devonport, an adolescence in rural Paeroa, his early adulthood on the North Shore--Duggan had always had the facility and the charming manners to talk easily to almost anyone, professor or carpenter, on an equal level. He was never patronising. But now, despite the further confidence that travel had no doubt given him, he began to lose interest in people whose intellectual concerns and appetites were not in accord with his own. Sargeson he continued to see a lot of, but the Friday evening drinks with Bill Kirker were not resumed for long. The Kirkers had bought a house in Nile Road, the same street as the Smithymans, but Duggan came to visit with increasing irregularity. Bill was hurt. His best friend, with whom Bill had shared so much in growing up, had somewhere between Takapuna and Europe determined to grow away from him. But Duggan had changed. He had become more serious, and Bill no longer felt welcome at Forrest Hill. In part Bill was the victim of a more general malaise. Duggan's mood was low, and this he blamed on not being able to settle down. He sent Brasch a poem for *Landfall*, but had so little faith in it that he

insisted the piece could only be published under a false name. Brasch politely, but firmly, rejected it.²³⁰ Barbara continued to plant out the garden in exotic vegetables so that they would be able to eat as they had on the Continent--pawpaws, aubergines, ginger, and green peppers. But Duggan felt that development also seemed too much for him:

Living here, on top of a hill, the lake and the harbour seen from the back door, and New Zealand, or so it seems, being built up around us, noise of skill-saw and hammer, trucks changing gear on the hill, plumbers' vans, electricians' vans parked all along the street, I cannot believe that we have passed out of the pioneering stage, or, even, that we are even well begun upon it.²³¹

The Literary Fund had refused a grant toward publication of Hella Hofmann's Sargeson symposium, and so Caxton Press, now under Dinnie Donovan, had rejected it. Glover had gone to work for Albion Wright at Pegasus Press, and there was talk of offering it to him there. Curious that the symposium should have been turned down, Duggan borrowed a copy from Hofmann to read through. It seemed sadly out of date. Hofmann, he surmised, had worked more with enthusiasm than energy. He suggested that she return the essays to the authors and ask them to take advantage of delays to update them, or place the manuscript in the Alexander Turnbull Library for a future scholar to discover. Hofmann would do neither.²³² If she went ahead with publication Duggan did not want his own essay to be included. He bought on account a set of the Heinemann Proust, which he had once read parts of in obedience to Sargeson but never from cover to cover, 'in delightful preparation for the long winter'.²³³ McGorm wrote that Arthur Sewell was arranging an October exhibition at the British Institute in Barcelona for Keith Patterson, with the possibility of a tour, for which Patterson was painting hard. The previous year in Australia *Ern Malley's Journal* had started. One of the editors was Barrie Reid of *Barjai*, who wanted Duggan to contribute something to the magazine. But Duggan was not writing.

Duggan had only his novel, which increasingly he could no longer perceive a pattern in. As it fell apart on his desk he published another self-contained piece written for it, 'Now is the Hour', in the May issue of *Here & Now*. He also wrote to Brasch asking if the editor would like to see, from the first part of his novel, a long section which he had entitled 'Pastoral'. This was presumably an expansion of the passage on an adolescent crisis of religious faith, begun in 1951. Duggan thought it might go into *Landfall*. In the same May issue of *Here & Now* E.H. McCormick published a long reply to Maui's article, defending New Zealand and its culture. In it he suggested Maui try acquainting himself with some New Zealand literature, take pride in the country, and 'add his own quota to New Zealand civilisation'.²³⁴

Duggan had not seen McCormick since his return, and was delighted at having provoked a response.²³⁵ By the end of May the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II approached, amid talk of an age of new Elizabethans. Only four days before her coronation on 2 June Auckland-born Edmund Hillary, together with Tenzing Norgay, climbed to the summit of Mount Everest, an achievement and a gift for the new monarch that left New Zealanders ecstatic. Duggan and Barbara, who were not at all interested in royalty, escaped the fuss by driving north for a week to stay with Eric Lee-Johnson. Bob Lowry accompanied them. But beforehand Duggan posted down to Brasch not the section he had promised but the Kerikeri material that had been formative of his novel. He called this 'Chapter'. 'It has a sort of completeness,' he wrote, 'and the title gives sufficient clue to the reader to explain anything in it not absolutely clear'.²³⁶

Up in the Hokianga Duggan at last seemed to relax. Lee-Johnson had been unwell and spent some time in Whangarei Hospital at the beginning of the year, but he was now much improved and glad to have Social Security supplement his weekly income for himself, Vivienne and the children. The Lee-Johnsons were staying at Boyd Baker's farm in Waiarohia, halfway between Opononi and Omapere, and were as welcoming as ever. Duggan sat with the others in the sun on the front porch, drank Lemora, smoked, and talked of literature. They toured their favourite haunts. In this area north of Whangarei, a town which appalled him, Duggan rediscovered how much he loved the dry country without the gewgaws of civilisation. It was his New Zealand, he felt, in the way that Sargeson responded to the King Country in 'Up Onto the Roof and Down Again'.

It's just brokendown and arid, civilization patently held together with a bit of No. 8 wire, and as the sun and the sea wind have between them peeled off all the affectation I like it [...] Maori girls, fat or tubercular, in the pubs, coming high heeled and fantastic down the dry clay roads, sitting in bright tight dresses on the road verge among the seeding paspallum--and the horses hipshot, tied to the wire of the inadequate fence, there all day while the rider boozes in the gloom inside the pub.²³⁷

Duggan would have liked to stay longer. On the return journey he was delighted when the barman at the Taheke pub recognised him and observed that he had not been up this way for a few years.²³⁸

Once back in Auckland a letter from Brasch arrived, expressing delight in 'Chapter'. Brasch thought it superior to 'Voyage' parts one and two, and he regretted only that it would be at least twelve months before the story could appear. He raised some painstaking editorial queries about the new piece and also about the soon to be printed 'In Youth is Pleasure'.²³⁹ It was perhaps for this attention to detail, as much

as for *Landfall's* unrivalled literary reputation, that Duggan seemed happy to accept long delays in publication.

Duggan replied on 'Chapter':

It pleases me that you find it worth something--although I think I have still to break through to a prose method that won't keep breaking down or keep plunging me into an over-adjectived mess. But it is worth trying for that, perhaps.²⁴⁰

It was 20 July. With 'Chapter' Duggan had enough stories for a collection in book form. He was showing them to Pegasus Press, but Glover would have to apply for a grant from the Literary Fund to manage publication, and Duggan had already had his money and spent it. Fame, he was aware, would have to wait. An article of radio criticism appeared under his own name in the July issue of *Here & Now*, implying there would be more. He had ceased attending Green Lane chest clinic two months earlier. Although he had a chronic cough once again, the result of his continued smoking, he had indeed beaten tuberculosis, and only a six-monthly check-up would remain necessary. In recent weeks he had seemed happy, with much to look forward to, although his mood was falling rapidly once again. In the same letter to Brasch he provided the only hint of what was to follow.

I bow--a graphic phrase--at the moment, under a seasonal depression. It does nothing but rain and when the sun does shine one feels a little the edge of hysteria.²⁴¹

Late in the evening of the next day Barbara noticed that Duggan had gone to bed before her and was asleep. He had had a little to drink earlier on, though not to excess, but now he was sleeping heavily and did not rouse if disturbed. By midnight Barbara realised something was wrong. She found to her horror that she could not wake him at all. There was nothing to suggest why, but she remembered that there was a bottle of Nembutal, barbiturate sedatives, in the house. Hurriedly she checked the bathroom. The bottle had been nearly full. Now it was nearly empty. She rang for an ambulance. It had to arrive *via* the vehicular ferry. Duggan was admitted to the casualty ward at Auckland Hospital in the early hours of the morning on 22 July. Immediately his stomach was washed out, and he began to vomit solid food profusely. He remained unconscious but would respond to severe stimuli. His pupils reacted to light. For much of the day his condition deteriorated.²⁴²

Duggan was transferred to Ward Eighteen. He was being intravenously given quantities of the stimulant Picrotoxin almost continually, and in the early afternoon his stomach was again washed out, with eight gallons (36 litres) of water. By mid afternoon his condition collapsed. His face was livid. He began to sweat. Duggan was making a determined effort to die. Barbara was informed. However late that evening he rallied, and by the morning of the next day, connected to drips of

glucose, saline and penicillin, he became restless and finally conscious. He was still drowsy and morose. When Barbara was allowed in to see him his first words were bitter: 'Why didn't you let it happen'.²⁴³ But his revival had already begun. By evening his mood had shifted through non-cooperation to remorse. He was still drowsy. It was not until his fourth day in hospital that he began genuinely to brighten, and not until the fifth that his fever properly abated. By then Duggan was complaining of pains in the stump of his leg, into which a subcutaneous drip had been inserted. The doctors spent the next five days treating his stump for inflammation as much as assisting his general recovery. On 31 July Duggan was found a pair of crutches and noted as: 'Discharged ambulatory'.²⁴⁴ On the forms for his discharge he derived some satisfaction from listing his occupation as writer. The Korean armistice had been signed at Panmunjom four days earlier and the post-war world, at least nominally, was at peace.

Before leaving the hospital Duggan had seen a psychiatrist and satisfied him of his suitability for discharge. No further action was found necessary by the authorities, but the question of why it had happened lingered. Barbara felt that it was

M's solution to all his problems, of dependency, limbs, the word is salvation--etc--It failed & now I know he's convinced it wasn't a valid solution anyway--and as far as one can say these things--I know it will never be tried again.²⁴⁵

But she did not ask him outright why he had wanted to take his own life. Duggan was determined to be unapproachable on the subject. He had surprised himself. Years later in a commonplace book he twice quoted from Pasternak's *Essays in Autobiography* a passage on suicide resulting from 'the unbearable quality of this anguish which belongs to no one, of this suffering in the absence of the sufferer, of this waiting which is empty because life has stopped and can no longer fill it'.²⁴⁶ The book did not appear in English until 1959, and Duggan's suicidal impulses would continue to bother him. He had always believed that his mother's depressions led to her death. In 'The Deposition', a story for which he would draw on and alter the events of his early childhood, it is implied that the mother, Mrs Lenihan, dies by her own hand. Now Duggan knew beyond all doubt that he too suffered from his mother's problems, and in the grip of one such awful and inexplicable moment had almost followed what he had learned was a route to extinction. Duggan was a passionate man whose powerful emotions he was attempting to manage. Writing was a vehicle for this, but sometimes it was not outlet enough. The enormity of his own urge for self-destruction frightened him, but he, too, took no further action. In yet another lesson, life had confirmed itself as a series of double-binds. He would tough it out.

Notes

1. 'Writers in New Zealand: A Questionnaire.' *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 1 (1960): 51.
2. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
3. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. Dated only 'Wednesday', but probably *ca.* March 1950.
4. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 3 Feb. 1950.
5. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Undated but probably May 1950. The letter is written entirely without capital letters.
6. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Undated but probably May 1950. The letter is written entirely without capital letters.
7. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
8. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 16 Jul. 1950.
9. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
10. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 16 Jul. 1950. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
11. Anonymous source, through Michael King.
12. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. Undated but probably May 1950. The letter is written entirely without capital letters.
13. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
14. Honey Haigh. Interview. 28 Apr. 1993.
15. A.R.D. Fairburn. 'Sketch-plan for the Great N.Z. Novel.' *Parsons Packet* 10 (Jul.-Aug. 1950): 8-9. Reprinted in *The Woman Problem and other prose*. Eds. Denis Glover and Geoffrey Fairburn. Auckland: Blackwood and Janet Paul, 1967: 153-155. I am grateful to George Haydn for this reading of Fairburn's satire.
16. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Jun. 1950.
17. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
18. Maurice Duggan. Letter to M.H. Holcroft. 29 Jun. 1949. M.H. Holcroft. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 1 Jul. 1949. *N.Z. Listener* collection. National Archives, Wellington.
19. Maurice Duggan. Letter to M.H. Holcroft. 17 Nov. 1949. M.H. Holcroft. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Nov. 1949. *N.Z. Listener* collection. National Archives, Wellington.
20. *N.Z. Listener* 28 Apr. 1950: 12. Further mentions of Duggan reviewing for the ZB book review session appear in the *Listener* on: 13 Oct. 1950: 13; 3 Jul. 1953: 13 [with photo]; 2 Oct. 1953: 13 [with photo]; 6 Jan. 1956: 15; 2 Oct. 1956: 14. There were, however, certainly more than these.
21. M.D. [Maurice Duggan]. 'Collected Stories.' *N.Z. Listener*. 22 Feb. 1957: 14.
22. M.D. [Maurice Duggan]. 'Too Many Words.' *N.Z. Listener*. 15 Sept. 1950: 14.
23. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 16 Jul. 1950.

24. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 12 May 1992. Eric Lee-Johnson. *No Road to Follow*. Auckland: Godwit Press, 1994: 51.
25. J.M. Wild. 'The Literary Periodical in New Zealand.' [Unpublished M.A. thesis: English]. Victoria University, Wellington, 1951.
26. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 12 May 1992.
27. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 12 May 1992. Eric Lee-Johnson. *No Road to Follow*. Auckland: Godwit Press, 1994: 133.
28. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
29. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 12 Aug. 1950.
30. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
31. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 4 Sept. 1950.
32. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 12 Sept. 1950.
33. 'Voyage.' *Collected Stories*: 116.
34. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 25 Aug. 1991. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Dec. 1950.
35. Robert Chapman. Review of *The Cunninghams*. *Landfall* vol 3 no 2 (1949): 185.
36. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 8 Oct. 1950.
37. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Oct. 1950.
38. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 12 Sept. 1950.
39. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 5 Apr. 1951.
40. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
41. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
42. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Oct. 1950.
43. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Dec. 1950.
44. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Undated but probably December 1950.
45. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
46. Colin James. *New Territory: The Transformation of New Zealand 1984-92*. Wellington: Bridget Williams Books, 1992: 10-11, 14, 25.
47. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 335.
48. Census figures for 1901, 1921, and 1951.
49. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 24 Nov. 1963.
50. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
51. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 1 Feb. 1951.
52. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Oct. 1950.
53. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
54. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Oct. 1950.
55. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 26 Nov. 1950.

56. Keith Ovenden. Interview. 9 Aug. 1993.
57. Winnie Davin. Interview by William Broughton. 7 Jul. 1993. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Oct. 1950.
58. Dan Davin. *Closing Times*. London: Oxford University Press, 1975: 77.
59. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 14 Jan. 1966.
60. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Undated but probably December 1950.
61. Keith Ovenden. Interview. 9 Aug. 1993.
62. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
63. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
64. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Oct. 1950.
65. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Oct. 1950.
66. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Nov. 1950.
67. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Nov. 1950.
68. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
69. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 16 Dec. 1950. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Dec. 1950.
70. Frank Sargeson. 'Letter to Maurice Duggan. 16 Dec. 1950.
71. M.H. Holcroft. *Reluctant Editor*. Wellington: AH & AW Reed, 1969: 113-115. Frank Sargeson. 'Conversation with Frank Sargeson: an Interview with Michael Beveridge.' *Conversation in a Train and Other Critical Writing*. Ed. Kevin Cunningham. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1983: 177-178.
72. Quoted by Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Oct 1950. The original letter from the New Zealand Literary Fund no longer exists.
73. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Undated but probably December 1950.
74. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Undated but probably December 1950.
75. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Dec. 1950.
76. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Nov. 1950. The same is noted in a letter from Maurice Duggan to Charles Brasch, 21 Aug. 1951.
77. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Nov. 1950.
78. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
79. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 23 Nov. 1950.
80. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Nov. 1950.
81. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 327.
82. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 4 Sept. 1992.
83. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Dec. 1950.

84. Dan Davin. [Introduction.] *Selected Stories*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1981: 14.
85. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Dec. 1950.
86. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
87. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 327.
88. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
89. Henry James. *The Portrait of a Lady*. vol. 1. New York: Scribner, 1908: 178.
90. 'Only Connect (a presumptuous note on the teaching of English Literature).' *Manuka* (1960): 8.
91. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
92. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
93. Keith Sinclair. *A History of New Zealand*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1959: 267.
94. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 4 Sept. 1992.
95. Quoted by Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 27 Feb. 1951. The original letter from the New Zealand Literary Fund no longer exists.
96. Quoted by Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 27 Feb. 1951.
97. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 8 Mar. 1951. The passage is in *Sargeson*. Auckland: Penguin, 1981: 37.
98. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 16 Dec. 1950.
99. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 28 Dec. 1950.
100. Maurice Duggan. 'New Year.' Unpublished manuscript. Sargeson papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
101. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 27 Feb. 1951.
102. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Dec. 1950. The phrase is repeated in 'Voyage'. *Collected Stories*: 119.
103. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 20 Apr. 1951.
104. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.
105. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 5 Apr. 1951. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
106. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 30 May 1951.
107. *The New Zealand Book of Events*. Ed. Bryce Fraser. Auckland: Reed Methuen, 1986: 238.
108. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 30 May 1951.
109. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 20 Apr. 1951.
110. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 May 1951.
111. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 May 1951.
112. Catalogue in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
113. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 30 May 1951.

114. Quoted by Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 14 Apr. 1951. The original letter from the New Zealand Literary Fund no longer exists.
115. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Apr. 1951.
116. Dennis McEldowney. 'Publishing, Patronage, Literary Magazines.' *The Oxford History of New Zealand Literature*. Ed. Terry Sturm. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1991: 579. Ballantyne did eventually receive a grant of £100 from the New Zealand Literary Fund.
117. Quoted by Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 11 Jun. 1951. The original letter from Cole no longer exists.
118. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 8 May 1951.
119. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 4 Jun. 1951.
120. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 8 May 1951.
121. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 30 May 1951.
122. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Undated but probably *ca.* June 1951. The letter was never sent.
123. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Undated but probably *ca.* June 1951. The letter was never sent.
124. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Undated but probably *ca.* June 1951. The letter was never sent.
125. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 5 Dec. 1951.
126. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 3 Aug. 1951.
127. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 15 Aug. 1951.
128. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 15 Aug. 1951.
129. Dan Davin in conversation to Jack Lasenby. Recalled in a conversation with Jack Lasenby. 26 Aug. 1991.
130. Keith Ovenden. Interview. 9 Aug. 1993.
131. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 21 Aug. 1951.
132. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 1 Nov. 1951.
133. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
134. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Aug. 51.
135. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 7 Nov. 1951.
136. Duggan was not aware that from New Zealand Sargeson and McCormick were also suggesting the inclusion of Lady Barker. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 24 Aug. 1951. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
137. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 1 Sept. 1951.
138. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 1 Sept. 1951.
139. On his copy of *Points* Duggan wrote in reference to 'Guardian': 'see revised version in *Four Chapters*', suggesting that at some time this story also was included within the loose framework of what constituted his first novel.

140. 'Guardian.' *Points* 11-12 (Winter 1951-2): 23.
141. 'Guardian.' *Collected Stories*. 68.
142. Kirker set the record on 19 March 1950 by riding 26 miles, 1,596 yards in 1 hour. This has never been broken. Certificate in the possession of Bill Kirker.
143. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 8 Aug. 1951.
144. Clipping in the possession of Barbara Duggan. All of the stories in *Immanuel's Land* have speech preceded with a dash, probably in imitation of Joyce. By *Summer in the Gravel Pit* Duggan has substituted speech marks, even for those stories reprinted from *Immanuel's Land*. Stead in the *Collected Stories* has standardised punctuation by following the latter book.
145. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
146. 'Voyage.' *Collected Stories*: 125. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
147. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 7 Nov. 1951.
148. 'Voyage.' *Collected Stories*: 125.
149. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
150. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
151. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 7 Nov. 1951.
152. It may have been Duggan's eventual reaction to this rejection which Holcroft refers to in his memoirs. M.H. Holcroft. *Reluctant Editor*. Wellington: A.H. & A.W. Reed, 1969: 35.
153. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 3 Dec. 1951.
154. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 5 Dec. 1951.
155. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 7 Nov. 1951.
156. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 17 Oct. 1951.
157. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 6 Nov. 1951.
158. Whether this was the same as 'Calvary', the new portion of the novel begun earlier, remains unproven. However, this appears to have been the beginnings of 'Salvation Sunday'.
159. G.W. Turner. 'How To Be an Intellectual.' *Landfall* vol. 5 no. 3 (1951): 189-191. The article is a satire on the pretensions in intellectuals' appreciation of the fine arts, film, philosophy, and food.
160. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 24 Nov. 1951.
161. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 8 Nov. 1951.
162. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 31 Oct. 1951.
163. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 3 Dec. 1951. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 31 Dec. 1951.
164. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 20 Dec. 1951.
165. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 3 Jan. 1952.

166. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 163.
167. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 9 Jan. 1952.
168. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
169. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 25 Feb. 1952.
170. Bill Pearson. Letter to author. 6 Feb. 1992. Bill Pearson. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992.
171. Bill Pearson. Letter to author. 6 Feb. 1992. Bill Pearson. 'Babes in the Bush.' *Six Stories*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1991: 55.
172. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 10 Mar. 1952.
173. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 10 Mar. 1952. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 161.
174. Bill Pearson. Letter to author. 6 Feb. 1992.
175. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 9 Jan. 1952.
176. I.A. Gordon. 'The Writer as Outcast.' *N.Z. Listener* 14 Mar. 1952: 8. This criticism was part of an argument developed by Gordon that writers like Sargeson and Baxter define themselves only as outcasts. Thus rather than deal with society such writers have 'only the individual vision' which leads to an excessive reliance on autobiographical material. Curiously, Gordon's proposed solution to this was to 'write about what you know'.
177. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 25 Feb. 1952.
178. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 10 Mar. 1952.
179. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 12 Apr. 1952. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 4 Sept. 1992.
180. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 12 Apr. 1952.
181. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Jun. 1952.
182. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Godley. 26 May 1952.
183. Bill Pearson. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992.
184. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 1 August 1952.
185. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Jun. 1952.
186. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Jun. 1952.
187. 'Guardian.' *Collected Stories*: 70.
188. Joan Stevens. *The New Zealand Novel*. Wellington: A.H. & A.W. Reed, 1960: 72.
189. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Aug. 1952.
190. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 28 Apr. 1993.

191. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 4 Sept. 1992. Frank Sargeson. *I For One*, in *Man Of England Now*. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1972: 90.
192. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 4 Sept. 1952.
193. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 31 Aug. 1952.
194. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 31 Aug. 1952.
195. Barbara Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 14 Jul. 1952.
196. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 6 Oct. 1952.
197. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 16 Sept. 1952.
198. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 31 Aug. 1952.
199. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Godley. 5 Sept. 1952.
200. 'Voyage.' *Collected Stories*: 129.
201. Barbara Duggan. Letter to Vivienne Lee-Johnson. 6 Nov. 1952. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
202. 'Voyage.' *Collected Stories*: 136-137.
203. Barbara Duggan. Letter to Vivienne Lee-Johnson. 6 Nov. 1952. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991. Among Duggan's letters to Eric Lee-Johnson in the possession of Elizabeth Lee-Johnson.
204. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 336.
205. Patrick O'Farrell. *Vanished Kingdoms: Irish in Australia and New Zealand*. Sydney: New South Wales University Press, 1990: 272.
206. In 'Beginnings' Duggan refers to his Spanish doctor as 'Dr Severa'. However Duggan's surviving medical records from Mallorca refer to a 'Dr Servera[sic] Moyá'.
207. Medical records. Green Lane Hospital.
208. Winnie Davin. Interview by William Broughton. 7 Jul. 1993.
209. Winnie Davin. Interview by William Broughton. 7 Jul. 1993.
210. Anonymous source, through Michael King.
211. E.H. McCormick. Letter to Dan Davin. 7 Dec. 1952. Davin collection, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
212. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 22 Nov. 1952.
213. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
214. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. Dec. 1952.
215. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 24 Dec. 1952.
216. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 5 Mar. 1994.
217. Medical records. Brompton Hospital, London.
218. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan and Winnie Davin. Dec. 1952.
219. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 10 Feb. 1953.
220. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 Feb. 1953.

221. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 26 Jan. 1953. Duggan has written in the letter's margin: 'Do they have some impression that I am struck with a rather dull gloom?'.
222. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 27 Jan. 1953.
223. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 20 Apr. 1953.
224. M.D. [Maurice Duggan]. 'Little Worlds.' *N.Z. Listener*. 17 Apr. 1953: 13.
225. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Winnie Davin. 21 Apr. 1953.
226. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 28 Apr. 1993.
227. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 28 Apr. 1993. Work by Ashton-Warner did appear later in the magazine. The July 1953 story was entitled 'Magic'.
228. Maui [pseud.]. 'God Defend...Some Notes on Returning to New Zealand After an Absence of Ten Years.' *Here & Now* Apr. 1953: 14. Duggan confirmed that Maui was his pseudonym in a letter to Dan Davin, 26 Oct. 1953.
229. Keith Sinclair. 'Maurice Duggan 1922-1974.' *N.Z. Listener* 25 Jan. 1975: 22. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.
230. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 27 Mar. 1953. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 15 Apr. 1953.
231. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 28 Apr. 1953.
232. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Dan Davin. 21 Apr. 1953, 26 Oct. 1953.
233. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Godley. 15 Mar. 1953.
234. E.H. McCormick. 'Maui's Disillusionment.' *Here & Now* May 1953: 33-4.
235. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 26 Oct. 1953.
236. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 28 May 1953.
237. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 26 Oct. 1953.
238. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 2 Jul. 1953.
239. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 17 Jul. 1953. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 20 Jul. 1953.
240. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 20 Jul. 1953.
241. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 20 Jul. 1953.
242. Medical records. Auckland Hospital Board.
243. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 17 Jan. 1992.
244. Medical records. Auckland Hospital Board.
245. Barbara Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 6 Apr. 1954.
246. Boris Pasternak. *An Essay in Autobiography*. Trans. Manya Harari. London: Collins, 1959: 92.

Chapter 5--Life in the Putty-Knife Factory [aet. 30-37]

'If you want to join in this discussion you'll have to shout.' (Duggan's advice to Jack Lasenby at a literary gathering)¹

In England, late in 1953, Dan Davin received an anonymous letter postmarked Auckland and containing a strip of typing paper roughly cut with scissors, an extract from a longer letter. It was a carbon copy, suggesting that it had been retyped by the sender:

There is a rumour that Maurice Duggan made a very determined effort to do himself in--Fairburn's daughter was working in the lab at the Hospital when it happened and she had the story--and it seems that there wasn't anything fanciful in the attempt. But she says, you know so much for these stories. And anyway I have heard for a long time that he is like that--tough as you know, but what?²

Davin knew nothing of any such attempt. Suicide was still an event regarded above all as scandalous, and it could bring shame to a respectable family. For the Catholic Church it was the one sin that ensured damnation. Davin had earlier asked Sargeson to send occasional news of Duggan in New Zealand. He felt the young man to be a gifted author, but one who could be secretive about himself. He wrote now to Sargeson and asked him the origin of the sinister note. Sargeson replied that he and Greville Texidor had received notes with the same message, but that he had no idea who the writer was. It was the only time in Duggan's adult life that he was the victim of such malevolence. He had no obvious enemies. His courtesy, loyalty and bonhomie had always made him well liked. Davin wrote in secret to Barbara. From her he learned that she and Sargeson had kept the existence of the notes from Duggan and that they would make no effort to learn who had written them.³ The identity of their author was never discovered.

Once out of hospital Duggan recovered quickly. His mood ceased to be despondent and almost no one, not even close friends, knew of his suicide attempt. Duggan himself preferred not to think of it nor to discuss it and in fact there had been no rumours, only the hopes of the anonymous correspondent that rumours could be provoked. But this had failed precisely because of the loyalty of Duggan's friends--Davin had been interested more than anything in getting his hands on the person responsible. Duggan made no mention of recent troubles in a largely cheerful October letter to Davin, describing the Labour Day weekend in terms that betrayed only a minor irritation with banal suburbia:

It burns here, really hot: up and down this crumby[sic] hill the lawnmowers are whirring, the radios are chanting comments, winners, prices, from the 'trots': the glare strikes up, the dust blows: the air is

rich with the smell of all those roast dinners eaten at high noon: 'dad' is undoubtedly off somewhere, sleeping with the newspaper over his face: the pubs, like any football scrum, one knows, are packed tight: a few yachts tiny and white turn, out over the lake, over the trees, in the first few summer skirmishes in the harbour. A copy of the *Month* years old, in which I have been reading an article on Baudelaire is curling in the sun--no mere literary touch this: I am enormously struck with the quotation 'All books are immoral': it might have been something on the tip of my tongue.⁴

He was writing again. Soon Duggan was sending Brasch a further, rewritten version of 'Chapter', which he thought of as more naturalistic and less given to purple passages than his earlier works. Duggan would have preferred to see it go into *Landfall* ahead of 'In Youth Is Pleasure', but Brasch did not have the extra space the longer story would require.⁵ The remainder of the cut-up novel, the early part which he had once named 'Pastoral', Duggan now entitled 'Immanuel's Land'. He thought it superior to anything else he had done and hoped to open it out into a book-length work at last. Progress was painfully slow. After several weeks of writing he reported to Davin in October that it was:

virginal still, that essential hymen still unbroken, as I penetrate only a chapter or so and then retreat. And each time I begin again I find that it is almost an entirely different novel I am working on. And it has gone on so long that the only way to get over the boredom I am beginning to have with it is to get that first draft done: so for that reason, and with for the moment very suitable circumstance, I am spending about four hours a day on it. The remainder of the day I spend in the garden.⁶

Davin had just returned from holiday once more in the Scilly Isles where, he wrote to Duggan, in the fortnight available for his own novel he had only finished a few chapters.⁷

Duggan pulled out of *Here & Now*, blaming the weak state of his health--his recovery from barbiturate poisoning and the after-effects of what he liked to call the 'botbug'. It seemed that *Landfall* was getting the best material and the Auckland magazine only the leavings. Unable to do the job properly, he did not want to do it at all.⁸ It had also become difficult for Duggan to get across town. Barbara on her return had recommenced work as a physiotherapist by starting her own private practice. She needed the car to visit elderly patients in their homes, as she had to carry about with her a large diathermy machine. Duggan was left at Forrest Hill most of the day, although he did not object. With Social Security paying some of the bills and his health precluding any job, it was still safe to regard Barbara's working as a necessary evil. The extra time away from both the magazine and the trivia of the everyday round

would allow him to get on with the novel, the completion of which would make everything all right.

Ian Hamilton's book, *Till Human Voices Wake Us*, had finally been published and Duggan posted a copy to Davin. Despite having fought in what he saw as a war against fascism, Davin had an admiration for the actions of the conscientious objectors. Of the offered book and his involvement with its author Duggan wrote in accompaniment:

It is worth looking at though you may find its tone rather shrill. I helped him see it through the printer--a larky firstwar RSA bastard who surprised us by even looking at it; but he did it for money of course.⁹

Hamilton had sold his Northland property and moved to Auckland. After some wandering he and Eileen had settled to grow fruit and vegetables on six hectares of land in Kia Ora Road, Birkdale. Hamilton was still committed to organic farming with the fanaticism that seemed fundamental to his temperament. He was furious when a man from the Ministry of Agriculture insisted that the only way to get rid of an infestation of red spider mite was by spraying with an organo-phosphorous compound derived from nerve gas. To the Duggans he fulminated as if the mites could be better got rid of by will-power.¹⁰ For the memoir Duggan had helped his friend choose a typeface and read the proofs. Lowry designed the book's cover and offered to do the printing, but Hamilton had eventually taken it to the North Shore Gazette Company. Once the book was out the New Zealand public did its best to ignore it, which confirmed Hamilton in his indignation. At one drunken evening he convinced Duggan to pressure Cole into reviewing it on the ZB radio network, but in the sober light of morning Duggan thought better of it and asked in such a calculatedly half-hearted way that the request was sure to fail.¹¹

At the end of October Duggan took a week's break in Hokianga with Lee-Johnson and so missed an opportunity to go with Sargeson to Wellington. There was to be a gathering at Parson's Bookshop to mark the launch of the Oxford 'World Classics' *New Zealand Short Stories*. At the launch Sargeson spoke, emphasising the social isolation of New Zealand writers as a contributing factor to the spare realism of the anthology's stories. He referred to Robert Chapman's recently published essay, 'Fiction and the Social Pattern', which expanded on an earlier review of *The Cunninghams* in a well researched indictment of the narrowness of New Zealand life as it impinged upon fiction. The New Zealand social realist story had reached its high-water mark. Although many listening might have thought of 'Race Day' as somehow typical of this, Duggan's contribution was far from his development of the verbal flamboyance of 'Voyage' I and II, or the length and complexity of 'Chapter'. At such times the body of his work seemed to have less in common with the country's prose writers than with its poets. The anthology began to sell well, despite a long,

carping review by M.H. Holcroft in the *Listener* which insisted that the 'World Classics' series had lowered its standards. Much of New Zealand literature, he announced, was too young to be in any way 'classic'. Duggan found himself cited by the *Listener* editor along with Bruce Mason, O.E. Middleton, Phillip Wilson and Janet Frame as an author who could have been more profitably omitted.¹²

Holcroft claimed to reject Davin's arrangement of the anthology in chronological order of subject, but then proceeded to criticise each story in accordance with its place in New Zealand literary history. Duggan, on the other hand, marked in his own copy those works which he regarded as examples of 'the short story as a literary form, organised in terms of certain principles', and others which he regarded as 'anecdotes'.¹³ The 'anecdotes' were by Alfred A. Grace, Lady Barker, Henry Lapham, William Baucke, John A. Lee, B.E. Baughan, Alice Webb and Frank S. Anthony--most of the early works. Short stories were by Mansfield, Courage, Sargeson, Davin, and all of the later authors. This was to some extent a judgment of quality. He noted the superficial resemblance to a yarn of Sargeson's 'The Making of a New Zealander', but that it exhibited 'a very deliberate scaling down of statement, an exact governing tone, not to be achieved simply by writing down conversation'. Above Frame's 'The Day of the Sheep' he observed: 'the surrealist principle--to destroy the common and concealing associational pattern'. Such classifications made his judgment of Davin's 'The General and the Nightingale' complex as he wrote: 'this too belongs with the anecdotes, and everything is in the manner of telling, in this case the authenticity of the colloquial speech. But compare this with Sargeson's use of the New Zealand vernacular. The difference is between reportage and the fullest exploitation of speech--for the imaginative purpose of the story'.¹⁴ This was a more interesting basis for criticism of the development of a consciously literary tradition than anything the *Listener* editor could muster, and an indication of the direction in which Duggan would continue trying to make headway.

As the end of the year approached Duggan sent 'Voyage III' to Brasch, promising this would be the last of the series. Brasch accepted it but recommended dropping two epigraphs and the image of the child with the globe which began the story. Duggan agreed to leave out the quotations but wanted to keep the child. He suggested italicising the passage so that it would be separate from the work and look like an epigraph. Brasch agreed. 'Chapter' would have to be delayed even further to get the new 'Voyage' into print. The abandoned quotations show that in 'Voyage III: Yes and Back Again' Duggan was not only examining his journey to Spain. He was also seeking to interpret it through the experience of returning to New Zealand and what had troubled his mind since:

They learned the things that the earlier generation gave up so much of its youth, talent, and sanity to keep from learning. They learned that

not only does war solve nothing but that it contributes to and aggravates the sickness of the world; that its values, either as values of art or of life, are not true or honest; and, most important of all, that there is no escape from oneself or the defects of one's country. (John Aldridge: *The New Generation of American Writers*).

The border means more than a customs house, a passport officer, a man with a gun. Over there everything is going to be different; life is never going to be quite the same thing again. The man seeking scenery imagines strange woods and unheard-of mountains; the romantic believes that the women over the border will be more beautiful and complaisant than those at home; the unhappy man imagines at least a different hell; the suicidal traveller expects the death he never finds. (Graham Greene: *The Lawless Roads*).¹⁵

While Duggan had been writing Lettice Ramsey was holidaying in Spain, and the news came from Australia that Mrs Foster had died.

The new Queen, Elizabeth II, was due to visit Auckland on 23 December at the start of a New Zealand tour. The day before her arrival Duggan and Barbara drove north to stay with the Lee-Johnsons at Baker's farm and escape the brouhaha. Duggan announced he intended to sit on the broad verandah of the Opononi Hotel and stare at sea and sandhills for a fortnight. Even the heat did not bother him as it did in Auckland, and sometimes his desire to join the tumbledown ambience of the north seemed to reach almost a level of desperation. He described the township as:

[T]he wharf, the 'trophy' mine spiked like a sea-egg, the raised verandah 'broadwalk', the general store, the butcher's shop, the single petrol pump and God knows who would have the key to it at this time of night supposing you wanted it as I didn't, and a cabin or two, in the sand and pine-needles, with white lace curtains looking fancy and it struck me cruel in the little windows--mean is what I felt they were, and the shapes like cattle sleeping on a skyline that would be the dunes tomorrow morning if I stayed to see.¹⁶

In the evenings many of the local Maori liked to gather at the hotel and sing with some guitars over a drink or two. Duggan and Barbara would join them, and as the rich and raucous harmonies floated through the dark Barbara thought occasionally of how simple human relationships, even those between races, could be. This direct, convivial New Zealand was what Duggan had always valued.

As a result of their stay the Duggans were largely cut off from the news of what occurred on Christmas eve when a sudden discharge of water from Mount Ruapehu's Crater Lake washed away the railway bridge at Tangiwai. The northbound express had plunged the forty six metres across the gap in darkness and crashed into the

opposite bank, then down into the waters. One hundred and fifty one people died. Twenty of the bodies were never recovered. Christine Cole had planned to come up to Auckland from Wellington with her children that night and had a booking for the tragically fated express. John Reece Cole was driving up separately. However Christine needed to prepare several radio programmes in advance for broadcasting while she was away. A technician agreed to come into work on his day off and record her, and she was able to catch the train a day early. This had almost certainly saved her life and those of her children. Duggan and Barbara returned to find the Coles staying with the Finlays and talking of their escape.

In the new year, towards the middle of January, the Coles came to stay at Forrest Hill. Christine had asked Barbara in advance how Duggan would cope with having children about in such cramped quarters--Sarah who was aged eight, Jane at three and Martin only a few months--but she was assured it would be all right. The visit was a great success. Barbara was glad to see how well Duggan got along with the children. He seemed to delight in their company and the easiness of relations with them. The Queen was finishing her tour in Auckland where it had begun. On the day that she was due to pass along the main road at the bottom of Forrest Hill Christine and Duggan took Sarah, who very much wanted to see the new monarch, to wait for the royal party. It was a bright sunny day with crowds of festive people and school children waving Union Jacks. Duggan had walked what was for him a troublesome distance but managed without difficulty. He was full of joy. He held Sarah up to look as the Queen passed by, and Christine, the eight year-old child, and Duggan too seemed happy to be free from the proximity of death, to be alive.¹⁷

In contrast to the year before, 1954 had one of the hottest, driest summers on record. The garden was bursting with tomatoes and marrows. In the manner of Sargeson, a large piece of the Forrest Hill section was under cultivation. With restrictions on hosing Duggan had to carry water in buckets to their thirty green pepper plants and twenty aubergines. In Northland there were public prayers for rain. Duggan wrote to friends:

O the agricultural life! However I get a lot of exercise, a competitive tan, and a fair amount of satisfaction out of it; and it saves us money, I should say; though what is saved is spent. We live in a sort of creosoted tower, isolated from suburbia, by fences, hedges, and the rest, but yet cannot pretend to be out of suburbia altogether.¹⁸

His day revolved around writing, working in the garden, and a few drinks. Many years later he observed: 'I seem to remember--curious phrase--that whenever I've been writing I've counterbalanced this with some sort of physical thing'.¹⁹ He also liked nearly as much time to think about what he was writing as he did actually

penning it. Gardening, home-handyman jobs, maintaining the car, writing--this intellectual regimen punctuated with practical activity suited him best.

Like his father Duggan kept all his tools oiled, polished and put away in their proper places, a deliberate care often noticed by visitors. All the trees in the section were surrounded by neat circles of bare soil, forked and raked to keep off weeds. Like most of the literary community, he was a believer in the use of compost. The New Zealand Humic Compost Club had enormous intellectual prestige in Auckland through the membership and efforts of Sir Albert Howard, Dr Guy Chapman, Dove-Meyer Robinson and Douglas Robb. Fairburn had become editor of the society's bimonthly magazine in 1944 and from then on ensured that the fundamental merits of compost were discussed with remarkable gravity. Keith Sinclair, a sceptic, liked to announce loudly that he had been making compost for several years without benefit of religion. However, when his own compost was not getting enough air to heat sufficiently, even he called Dr Chapman, the father of his colleague and friend Robert Chapman, to his house. Sinclair watched his adviser solemnly spread everything in the bin over the back lawn and then run over it several times with a mower. This worked, and Sinclair found his compost grew so hot that it steamed.²⁰

It was during this tranquil period that Duggan learned Barbara was pregnant. She had been shaken by Duggan's suicide attempt. She did not want to lose him or live without him. Only luck had enabled her to get him to hospital on time. The experience increased her already growing desire to have a child. She was thirty two. Duggan had always thought the idea tedious. He maintained that they could not afford a baby. Infants only got in the way and took up valuable time--he insisted that he did not like them. Knowing that Duggan would object and that it would be impossible to discuss the matter, Barbara had abandoned all contraception without telling him. The child was due on 28 July. Duggan was furious. He wanted the pregnancy terminated. Barbara would not do so. He suggested vehemently that she might throw herself off the nearest bridge. There was nothing he could do but get used to the idea. More than for most prospective fathers the pregnancy seemed to have happened out of nowhere, and perhaps it made him feel as if the baby were somehow not his. The shock stayed with him long after he had grown accustomed to impending parenthood. He had been outmanoeuvred. Duggan remained unsupportive during the pregnancy, and in letters withheld news of it from friends for as long as he could.

Early in the new year Cole raised the issue of a job once more by offering to arrange for Duggan to train as a librarian. Cole was himself now Deputy Chief Librarian at the Alexander Turnbull Library and had some influence. Duggan immediately procrastinated. He claimed it was already too late to do anything in 1954 and that he would make up his mind later for the next year. In his reply Duggan couched his pipedreams as reasonably as could be managed:

[F]or myself I must either try and make writing a 'profession' or take up some other profession--library work, say. I don't feel this would matter quite so much, have quite this appearance to my mind, if I had behind me a book of stories, a novel or such, which might help confirm me in my conception of myself as 'writer'.²¹

But there was no possibility of writing becoming a profession, certainly not one that would pay for, or even help support, a wife and child. For a major story like 'Chapter' in *Landfall* Duggan could expect to make £8, for 'Voyage III' £6, and most of his earnings were going back into paying the twenty-shilling cost of annual subscription to the magazine. With what remained he bought a subscription to *Landfall* for his half-brother. Bob was being transferred from Eastwood back to the seminary at Holy Cross College in Mosgiel, where he would teach Moral Theology and Canon Law. Duggan worried that Bob would find Mosgiel a desert after Sydney and asked Brasch to meet him, which the editor did.²² However Bob would be in Otago for just eighteen months before being returned to Australia and sent to Java.

The alternative to a career in librarianship was to continue with casual jobs, which even Duggan was now prepared to admit could be deadly. Nevertheless the mental repose of menial work had its attractions. E.H. McCormick had given up his position at Auckland University College to clean schools in the afternoons from three till eleven at night, although Bill Pearson, on the other hand, had returned from England to begin at the College as a lecturer. Duggan took the line that none of this mattered as long as he could produce a few more unmuddled pages. It was a large gamble as he worried about making art from his dilemmas and that 'the ink seems merely to piddle off the pen'.²³ With an unerring eye for the unsuitable he at last found work in a venetian blind factory. Duggan justified it on the grounds that he had been to Venice, and that with Barbara soon to be off work an income was needed. The standing was hard on his leg. But the work was physical and he enjoyed it, and made a fuss about it to friends. Inevitably, when he had to give it up after just a few months, his failure was one more blow to his pride.

While he was working in the factory Duggan did no work on his novel. Instead he made some emendations to 'Voyage III', in particular adding to the final page some lines from 'The Net' by W.R. Rodgers, another drinking friend of Davin's he had met. 'Oh we do, we come, full circle with the most appalling start', he wrote to Brasch.²⁴ By July he had finished writing 'The Life and Death of an Unknown Pioneer' and published it over the pseudonym Maui in *Here & Now*. The pseudonym may have been for the purposes of discretion, since the story was based upon his father, but more likely he thought of it as second-grade material. It was never collected by him in book form. Like 'Voyage III' the new story was about travel. It continued the theme of 'Voyage's' final part, that travel brings us to a state of

unreality in which we believe that we have escaped our selves and our pasts, and that such a fantasy is liberating but cannot last.

The Duggans' social life had long since resumed. The next few years were to be a happy round of casual parties, which added considerably to what E.H. McCormick once called the North Shore's perpetual air of holiday.²⁵ Gatherings at the Lowrys' continued. The Duggans also held parties of their own to which everyone in the literary community came, loud boozy affairs that to some rivalled even the Lowrys', and which could get merrily out of hand. On one occasion Barbara heard somebody shout over an altercation: 'Don't hit him, he's a writer!', which broke the tension. On another the jack-of-all literary trades Brian Bell, then a visitor to Auckland, stepped off the deck with a drunken scream and fell into the garden.²⁶ The parties would go on till around two in the morning. Next day Barbara would sometimes have to go to the farmhouse next door and apologise for the noise. 'Don't worry', Dulcie Shannon used to say. 'I was telling my husband last night, listen to that man singing', and Barbara knew it was Duggan her neighbour had heard.²⁷

Somebody was always suggesting a trip. One typical Saturday George Haydn had to drive to Opononi to collect his wife and son, who had been staying with the Lee-Johnsons. He asked Fairburn if he wanted to come, and together they went to invite Duggan, who said: 'just give me a chance to get a toothbrush.' The three drove Haydn's elderly Ford V8 almost to their destination, until at Brindle's Road the Ford's engine died and they were able to coast downhill to a conveniently located garage. Their luck continued. A mechanic checked the engine and soon found the decapitated body of a slater in the diaphragm of the petrol pump. 'He must have lost his head,' Fairburn quipped. An inebriated weekend followed, Duggan using his friendship with the innkeeper of the Opononi Hotel to have them served drinks any time they chose to turn up at the back door, including on Sunday.²⁸

In Auckland there were always people to see within the circle of writers, artists and intellectuals through which they moved. Friends would drop by Forrest Hill to sit at the breakfast-bar for a casual beer, while Duggan opposite would absentmindedly polish the counter-top with a cloth until at night it shone.²⁹ Visits across the harbour were always regulated by the vehicular ferry which, if missed, meant a three hour delay or a journey round the harbour to get back. On such occasions the Duggans would often drive over and see the Sinclairs in East Mangere rather than spend their time waiting at the docks. At around this period they met Quentin (Quin) and Margaret Thompson at a party--Thompson was a school teacher and the brother of Robert Chapman's wife, Noeline--and invited them to dinner at Forrest Hill. The meal included green peppers, the first time the Thompsons had eaten what was still a sophisticated and unusual food.³⁰ The couples became friendly, and later with the Sinclairs they embarked through much of the 1950s on an irregular series of dinner

parties at which each of the wives cooked increasingly ambitious meals, while the husbands came up with the best wines that the bottle-stores or their friends of friends could manage. Barbara was generally acknowledged the finest cook.

When at the Sinclairs' Duggan enjoyed playing with the children until Mary was warned by her brother, who worked in a sanatorium, about the dangers of TB infection. She found quiet ways of keeping Duggan and the children apart. In conversation over the meals Duggan's facility with language, his sonorous voice which seemed the instrument of an actor, and his love of humour came to the fore. After his death Sinclair, exercising his own eloquence, remembered his friend's speech as 'like a mountain stream cascading over quartz; like chandeliers of crystal and silver; like Guy Fawkes night'.³¹ Both men were accustomed to the competitive talking of literary parties, but each seemed to find room for the other and there were no verbal clashes. Nevertheless Duggan was not always as confident as he appeared. On one occasion at the Sinclairs' he made a remark about 'Rembrandt and all that varnish', and Mary Sinclair, who was very fond of Rembrandt, took him to task. Afterwards Barbara asked her not to do it again or Duggan might shy away from such dinner parties in the future.³²

Sinclair and Duggan often met for a beer and would read Yeats together, enjoying the sound of the poetry spoken aloud. They read the poet's entire canon, and to Sinclair Duggan seemed equally at home with the writings of Joyce.³³ On occasions they would visit Sargeson for a meal and leave reeking of garlic which Sargeson indulged, Duggan noticed, as if it were an extra vegetable.³⁴ The atmosphere of visitation was such that Denis Glover could turn up at the Haydns' one evening dressed only in a pair of shorts and holding an attaché-case with three bottles of beer inside. He had got on the railcar from Wellington to Paekakariki and not bothered to get off. He stayed the night and much of the next day, drinking everything in the house, until Haydn finally passed him down to Esmonde Road.³⁵ On an evening when the Duggans were seeing the Haydns Fairburn arrived unexpectedly with an English naval architect attached to the base in Devonport. Fairburn had suffered from a bad case of flu for the past few days and was just out of bed, but he was active and persuaded them all to go over to Takapuna beach and look at the moonlight. It was cold, near midnight when they arrived, but Fairburn immediately announced: 'you know I think I'm going for a swim'. He started to strip. As he walked naked towards the waterline the naval architect tried to stop him, worried that he would catch pneumonia. Fairburn refused to listen, but so did the architect until he was grabbed on the arm by Duggan and hauled back up the beach. The architect eventually calmed down and Fairburn swam happily out to sea, but Haydn thought it the first time he had ever seen Duggan use force to settle an argument.³⁶

By mid 1954 Davin's long-awaited war history, *Crete*, was available in New Zealand. Duggan immediately bought a copy and was soon hurrying round to tell Sargeson how good it was. In describing the disastrous defence of the island in May 1941, Davin was articulating the experience of large numbers of New Zealanders who had been present but were unable to explain what they felt. The work required the skill of a novelist as well as an historian, and to this Duggan responded. He was delighted to face at last something of the war from which he need not feel excluded. To Davin he was soon sending congratulations on a masterpiece:

The amount of work, the amount of detail, staggers me; the language, which, after all, might have been a military jargon that would have been in the main incomprehensible to me, was wonderfully precise [...] One has run up, often enough, against these soldiers, without, on my part, having up until now, the slightest appreciation of what was involved in the laconic information: 'I stopped it in Crete', or 'I managed to find a boat and get out of it' and so on. And now, looking for that brief instant, through the bungalow windows, at the shells turned down into ashtrays, the group photographs of men in uniform--looking so often as though the camera were some sort of machine gun and the men had been lined up for a mass execution--one will have the extra puzzle of having to relate the present negative acceptance of a women's suburbia to those positive and entirely nonsuburban qualities the naming of which, in cold print, seems to occasion only embarrassment or a feeling of presumption.³⁷

The glamour of the war's events seemed incomparably different from the everyday round which Duggan needed in order to function and yet in which he felt much was stifled. Despite the backlog at *Landfall* he was beginning to worry that the great advances of New Zealand literature before and after the war, especially in fiction, were slipping into a rut as the decade progressed. To Davin in the same letter Duggan could report that the only recent publications had been Ruth Dallas's first collection of poetry from Caxton, *Country Road*, which had interested him, and Antony Alpers's biography of Katherine Mansfield from its British publisher Jonathan Cape, which he found a disappointment. His suspicions were in some ways justified by the fact that in the next year, 1955, there would no New Zealand fiction published in book form at all. Duggan could observe:

Frank, a maestro of example, works away, always at boiling-point with his interest in just everything [...] Rex Fairburn has waded out of sight into the mazes of Auckland's drainage problem, leaving his poems to be their own example; Curnow writes his eight guinea jingle for the press once a week, lectures at the University, and is reported to

be at work on a tragi-comedy; the younger generation is forced to make capital out of a compromise of its judgment of the older generation, warily alert for pressure from generations younger still.³⁸

It was a passage full of references--to Fairburn's poetic decline and longtime efforts for the Auckland Drainage League to oppose the Brown's Island sewage plan, to Curnow's occasional verse under the pseudonym 'Whim Wham', to the conflict between Curnow in Auckland and the younger Wellington poets led by Louis Johnson and championed by Baxter. Even Sargeson admitted later that he was going through a difficult period.³⁹ He was struggling to write drama, and would publish no new work in book form for a decade. There were also arguments over whether Fairburn could write a novel if he wanted, since he was a capable pamphleteer. Sargeson was strongly of the opinion that he could not, but no one doubted that Fairburn was a natural writer. At dinner parties in his house he would excuse himself from the table for a few minutes because he had a couple of articles to write, then return a short time later having penned them without need of correction.⁴⁰ Of the living authors in *New Zealand Short Stories* Gilbert, Texidor, and Cole had ceased writing fiction, Gaskell would publish little more, and others--Bruce Mason, Anton Vogt and Dennis McEldowney--would turn to other forms. What was needed was something new, and with his stories accumulating and hopes, still, of a novel Duggan could feel that he might get his chance.

In July, the month the baby was due, Duggan made yet another attempt to solve the problem of employment. Barbara was still working, in fact giving classes on the North Shore in the Dr Grantly Dick Read method of natural childbirth. But she was now hugely pregnant and would soon have to give in to constant rest. A taxi business came up for sale in Takapuna, including the car, a Morris Oxford that had done 100,000 miles (161,000 kilometres). The price was £3,000 and Duggan resolved to buy it. For several days he shuttled from lawyer to banker to building society to the Transport Department in an attempt to raise the necessary loan. At length he succeeded, paid a ten percent deposit and arranged to take over the business on the ninth of the following month. He made plans to get his taxi licence. In order to make more space for the baby the Duggans had also borrowed money to have a washhouse and two further rooms built onto the house at Forrest Hill, a bedroom and a room for the child. Some of George Haydn's carpenters were hired to start in the middle of July. But they had scarcely begun when Duggan was notified by Green Lane Hospital that a six-monthly check on his lungs showed his tuberculosis had become active again. This time it was his healthy lung, the left, which was infected by what Duggan called 'the over-familiar bacilli'.⁴¹

It appeared that the strain of working in the venetian blind factory had led to the new flare-up. The timing was disastrous. '[T]he luck of a Duggan will soon be the

standard expression for bad luck', Sargeson reported to Davin.⁴² Duggan was immediately confined to bed at home amid the sound of builders at work. As long as the winter weather was favourable they were expected to be on the job for a month, with a tarpaulin for a wall in the living room, sawdust everywhere and most of the Duggans' possessions in boxes in the middle of the floor. Once again Duggan was dosed with streptomycin and isoniazid, in quantities that left him feeling stupefied. From the beginning he resisted strongly the idea of going into hospital but the doctors at Green Lane were full of alarm at the thought of the baby, when it was born, being exposed to tubercular contagion. Barbara pointed out that soon there would be no one around to look after him. Duggan argued they were all taking an extreme view, but gave in. He continued at home while waiting for the hospital to be able to take him. The taxi business was immediately in jeopardy. The doctors were insisting that he would have to stay in bed for three months, with no work for at least six months thereafter. At first Duggan let it be known to all but close friends that he was bedridden because of his leg, in the hope that he could allay any public fear of TB and get in a partner to drive the cab while he could not.⁴³ But the deal simply fell through, and Duggan lost his deposit.

By the beginning of August the baby was late. Barbara was now grossly overweight with what was clearly going to be a big child and a little worried that her doctor, who had been a medical missionary in India for most of his professional life, seemed to think that giving birth was just some momentary discomfort in a field. Both Duggan and Barbara prepared for their call into hospital--Duggan by a telegram and Barbara by going into labour--but Duggan was soon hoping that if Barbara could hold on the builders would be finished.⁴⁴ At last he was taken into Green Lane Hospital on 10 August. Barbara was admitted to Devonport Obstetric Hospital on the same day. The baby would still not arrive and so inducement was tried by feeding Barbara a cup of castor oil. This had no effect.⁴⁵ Finally the birth was surgically induced and on 12 August, after a sixteen-hour labour, Barbara delivered a healthy baby boy of nearly nine pounds. She was conscious throughout, and later told friends: 'I am quite won over--He has enormous hands & feet, a large face filled with large features, a frantic appetite & dark hair'.⁴⁶ The baby was named Nicholas Patrick, the latter a joke on his paternal grandfather's nickname. Duggan felt that Nick or Nicky would be pleasant abbreviations. Across the harbour, in ward three of Green Lane's Chest Clinic, he was informed he had a son. Afterwards he liked to say that someone in the ward had told him of a horse named Sir Nick racing in the afternoon, that he put a bet on it and the horse came in.⁴⁷ He discovered to his surprise that he loved the idea of being a father.

The carpenters were not finished when it was time for Barbara to leave the hospital, and she stayed with the Haydns for two weeks until the house was ready.

Barbara's mother helped out where she could and Nick was much admired among the North Shore literary community. Sargeson wrote to Texidor that the baby was beautiful. Duggan, meanwhile, had had more than enough of the five-bed ward he was in and its occupants:

[O]ne bloke about my own age and three old blokes over sixty, one very deaf, one very old, and one roaring bigot of an Irishman who has been here over three years. There's no silence from dawn to dark, only bellowed frantic arguments, an air of violence, eternal complaint, tension [...] one holds one's book between the old bastard and oneself and evades, thus, his irate eye.⁴⁸

The book he defiantly held was Virginia Woolf's *A Writer's Diary*. Duggan had at first hoped that the enforced convalescence would be a chance to read in quantities, even to write. He contacted Cole in Wellington to ask how a postal library borrowing service might be set up, but discovered that books brought in to him would have to be decontaminated.⁴⁹ In the ward it was difficult to concentrate even on writing a letter. The newspapers were full of pruriently detailed accounts of the Hulme-Parker trial. Duggan groaned: 'where, meantime, are all the big fat books, the stuff of one's salvation?'.⁵⁰ From the hospital window he could see a wall, and over it some of the olive trees and oaks of Cornwall Park, which backed onto the Lowrys' house. He remembered a wall and some olive trees as the view he had known during his Spanish recuperation, although now he longed not for Europe, but just to go home.

By October Duggan was transferred to ward B2, the Chest Annex. He was given a tomogram, a series of x-rays of the 'good' right lung, to ensure its old infection was no longer active, while the doctors considered what to do about the left. The ward had nine beds but was generally half empty and the atmosphere lax. Many of the patients were outside all day and two came into the ward only for meals and a half-hour afternoon sleep. Although he was supposed to lie on his left side with his feet up, Duggan found that he could read most of the day, and he did so at such length that black spots would interfere with his vision. Hemingway had won the Nobel Prize, and so he read Philip Young's *Ernest Hemingway*, and then Sargeson's favourite, Edward Gibbon's massive *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Duggan enjoyed breaking the rules by using crutches to get himself to the toilet instead of calling for a wheelchair, and by having extra baths.⁵¹ After trying a pipe, which he found left him with a sore on his upper jaw, he had cut his smoking to seven rolled cigarettes per day. Barbara visited twice a week, leaving the baby with the Lowrys. Once she brought Nicholas across in a carry-cot and held him up to the window outside so that Duggan could see from bed his first glimpse of his son.⁵²

'Voyage III' had appeared in *Landfall*. Davin liked it very much when he saw it, and wished circumstances would allow Duggan to write more.⁵³ The paragraphs on the nuns were much admired by Dennis McEldowney.⁵⁴ Sargeson wrote to the Hospital in congratulations: 'It's been a long struggle to make words your blessing instead of your curse, but you shouldn't go wrong now'.⁵⁵ He was full of gossip. Brian Bell had come to live in Auckland and been mistaken by the police for a troublemaking 'milkbar cowboy'. David Ballantyne had left for London, with Davin's address already given him by Duggan. Keith Sinclair was in England, following travel to New York on a Commonwealth Visiting Fellowship. Sargeson wondered how Sinclair would manage to sit still in a library. The old mentor tended the garden at Forrest Hill, putting in peas, potatoes and pumpkins in the Duggans' absence. Barbara had been working again part-time, leaving the baby with her mother between feeds, but on 23 October she was rushed to a private clinic in Takapuna and operated on for acute appendicitis. She remained there for two weeks. Baby Nick was forcibly weaned, and was looked after by Barbara's mother and Eric Lee-Johnson's daughter, Joanna, who had come south from the Hokianga to help.⁵⁶

By November Duggan's doctors had decided to proceed with a pneumothorax, which involved closing the TB cavity by collapsing the left lung and keeping it collapsed for two years. A tube would be inserted into the rib-cage and air blown through it, the pressure of which would then collapse the lung alongside. A difficulty was that the lung would slowly reabsorb air and need to be squeezed down again, which would mean visiting the hospital every week after discharge in order to receive 'refills'. Duggan suggested the result later in 'Riley's Handbook' where he described 'a shred of lung tissue, bright pink, flapping like a flag in the dark pectoral cave'.⁵⁷ As he waited for the operation he reported on his state of mind to Davin:

I'm rather like a fairly indifferent character waiting in the wings--to make a very 'stagey' re-entrance, no doubt. I must be suffering from a mild institutional hysteria--& dislike of these public wards! of pakehas & maoris & me. The maoris are better than the pakehas--they have no malice, create no tensions/undercurrents: but they hate hospital more, too, I think. I'm quite 'withdrawn' from people; from reading, from writing; news of the outside world is both improbable & disastrous. For three months I read immensely & now I've stopped, quite completely. The newspaper drives me almost into hysteria. But perhaps after Wed. next, when they are to do this fairly simple operation, I'll be relieved of the tension.⁵⁸

In fact the operation was not simple. An initial attempt to collapse the lung failed because inflammation had caused adhesions where the lung was stuck to the chest. In a second attempt two weeks later the adhesions were cut surgically and the

pneumothorax induced. Both painful operations were carried out under only local anesthetic. Duggan was discharged on 14 December.⁵⁹ He had been in hospital just over four months. Sargeson had originally offered to have him stay in his hut if there was a danger to the baby, but with the new rooms at Forrest Hill Duggan was able to go home. It was just as well--the hut had been occupied since late spring by a new writer on the North Shore, the young, nervous author of *The Lagoon*, Janet Frame.

Being home after so long in hospital, Duggan was surprised over Christmas and New Year to find that his first reaction was an almost total lassitude. He blamed the heat. To friends he described himself as: 'Rather like someone walking in a dark and unfamiliar room and concentrating on not barking his shins--(just a conceit, you know)'.⁶⁰ However by the end of January his energies had recovered enough for him to feel interested in literature once more. In December Hella Hofmann had at last published her symposium on Sargeson, *The Puritan and the Waif*, in the form of cyclostyled pages with printed covers. Duggan felt no regrets that his own essay was not included. He wrote to Brasch to ask for the return of the 'Chapter' manuscript if there was still time, hoping that tinkering with it might revive some interest.⁶¹ With Nick in the house he was frequently but happily distracted, and in March he returned the story to Brasch. Duggan had added twelve lines and cut thirteen, but his basic conception of it had changed so much that to do any more would mean beginning again. The novel of which the story had once dimly been a part seemed to have died in the hospital, and he wanted to get on with something else.

In September the previous year Brasch had visited Eric Lee-Johnson for a week which included a camping trip around the headwaters of the Hokianga river. Even though the urbane Brasch had sat for the remainder of the time in Lee-Johnson's converted studio, reading Virgil and writing poetry while the painter worked at his easel, he handled roughing it better than anyone expected.⁶² Sometimes Brasch's editorial talents seemed more respected than his personality by the manly Auckland literary scene. On an earlier visit he had been a passenger in Sinclair's car, while Sinclair talked fast and put his foot down to his customary high speed. Sinclair noticed contemptuously that Brasch seemed worried, and that he occasionally interrupted to suggest perhaps Mary Sinclair should drive. Later he told friends that Brasch looked as if he were going to jump out of the window, and concluded that the editor was effete.⁶³

Although they never went camping together, Duggan and Lee-Johnson made a number of day-excursions early in 1955. On one occasion they set off by car from the coast up into the Wekaweka Valley behind the Waipoua forest. The valley encompassed an area of tremendous rainfall and intense heat and climbed to a height of about three hundred and fifty metres. It was ruined country; the kauri had been cut out of it and the tramlines used to drag logs out were still in evidence, but it was a

favourite spot for Lee-Johnson to do his drawings. He and Duggan had some beer with them, and left the bottles in a mountain stream to keep cool while they went walking off into the bush. When they came back at lunchtime the bottles were gone. They had been lifted by a couple of girls who lived in the valley with their father, on the most marginal of farms. Duggan and Lee-Johnson met the girls and briefly talked to the father, and Duggan had plenty of time to observe their hill-billy lifestyle. The girls went to Waiotemarama District High School, but they were reputed to wear the same clothes day in and day out and seldom to wash. The experience stayed with Duggan, because it somehow epitomised the landscape. Some time later he recalled it in a letter to Texidor when he spoke of farmers:

[F]inding it hard, finding it tough to scrape even a fingernail-full of dirt from their desert farms, who'll never marry off their six skirling daughters hefting themselves lusty and shy as heifers through the heartbroken landscape of scrub and stones, through the forest of stumped-up trees. O the ruined bush and the sliding clay--there's not even a townsman in tweeds to mourn you. And the nubbing bubs of the muscular girls can rub holes in their print blouses and no one will look: and the knife-backed cattle will search in a frenzy whole acres of stones for one blade of grass.⁶⁴

Eventually the encounter was to be transformed by Duggan into 'The Wits of Willie Graves'.

To Brasch Duggan was only cautiously pleased with 'Chapter', but to Greville Texidor he wrote of a 'long pastoral sort of thing coming in the June *Landfall* [...] it's all balls; except in the smallest possible way that it might be one's rather watery salvation'.⁶⁵ But it was not a novel. Felix Millar and his wife Hazel had opened up a restaurant, Felix's, in a Group house designed by Bruce Rotherham opposite the Mon Desir Hotel. Millar joked about running a pipe across the road from the pub. Restaurants were rare ventures at the time and this, which styled itself 'first for the kitchen; because without that we shall look lean and grow thin', offered a range of toasted sandwiches, burgers, omelettes, steaks, ham and eggs, waffles or pavlova at prices from half a crown to ten or twelve shillings.⁶⁶ Hazel was *maitre d'hôtel* and Millar played violin through the evening. To distract himself Duggan would go over with some wine, sit about and chat. Millar loved to listen to Duggan's stories, simple tales that he would elaborate with seemingly endless wit.⁶⁷ He was talking but he was not writing.

After the death of Mrs Foster the Droeschers had left Australia for Europe. Texidor and Rosamund were staying with Keith and Cristina Patterson, now in Barcelona, where Patterson had been working as personal assistant to Arthur Sewell.⁶⁸ Werner Droescher was travelling in the Dordogne. Although Duggan was

later inclined to exaggerate the length of time he had spent overseas he seemed to have lost all faith in travel. Instead he wrote letters to Texidor and Davin in the garden while his son crawled beside him over the grass, eating beetles and paspalum heads. He reported that the Salter marriage had broken up, and their property had been sold for the incredible sum of £23,500. Ian Hamilton had hurt his back. Sargeson was growing a beard which made him look like Samuel Butler, or even Sigmund Freud. Rosemary Sewell was visiting from Barcelona until August, with Arthur Sewell soon to join her, having 'packed his ego separately, carefully, marked Not Fragile: Stow Away From Boilers, [to be] unpacked for the Fairburns, for all the Old Guard, quite unscratched'.⁶⁹ Duggan admitted it was not like himself to be so ungenerous, but while helplessly relegated to Social Security once more he found he was uncharacteristically jealous of Sewell's British Institute position.

The Duggans went for a week to Kawhia and stayed in the bach, still owned by Mrs Platts, where Barbara had holidayed as a little girl. They brought Sargeson with them, and Duggan enjoyed the trip. He saw Aotea harbour for the first time, and a horseshoe-shaped fresh-water lake in the hills which he thought rather sinister as it had no name, though Barbara told him she had swum there with her brothers. But perhaps the most intriguing part of the holiday was Sargeson himself, who was 'attracting the native stare with his blizzard beard, and his shorts, most interestingly holed, which kept slipping away from the contrived belt he was wearing. Quite the most localised bit of local colour'.⁷⁰ With his old mentor Duggan discussed the chances of publication for a book of his short stories. Sargeson advised him to contact Denis Glover once more. Glover had moved from Christchurch to Wellington the year before and after nine months as an advertising copywriter for Carlton Carruthers du Chateau and King--'bullshit days' he later loudly described them--he had become Production Manager and Typographer with Harry Tombs's Wingfield Press.⁷¹ Duggan wrote to Glover. He suggested revision and retyping for a collection of stories could be ready by June, so that if published it would coincide with a chapter from a novel due in the next *Landfall*. By maintaining the fiction that there still was a novel, sponsored by the New Zealand Literary Fund, of which 'Chapter' was merely work-in-progress, Duggan hoped he might be able to go once more to the Literary Fund for assistance publishing his stories.⁷²

The elaborateness of the scheme was indicative of Duggan's ability to see obstacles where others might see none. It was also testament to how much would-be full-time writers in New Zealand felt themselves surrounded by an unbending apathy, of which uninterested mainstream publishing houses and bureaucratic governmental assistance were both symptom and spur. However Glover soon wrote back that he could not oblige. The problem was not the quality of the stories, nor even money, but the backlog of printing and general disorganisation he faced at the Wingfield Press.

Sargeson counselled a dejected Duggan not to worry, and above all to carry on writing.⁷³ Duggan turned to Lowry and his new publishing venture, Pilgrim Press.

Lowry had left Pelorus Press to his partners more than eighteen months before after a furious row over the finances. He had taken *Here & Now* with him. A beautifully lettered notice had appeared in the magazine at the time announcing that Lowry intended to move on and 'to combine his skill, wit and amiable disposition with those of other City gentlemen, to the advancement of the Liberal Arts and the edification of persons of taste and good breeding'.⁷⁴ Ronald Holloway had joined him in the new venture. Although Lowry was blacklisted throughout the town for supplies, Holloway's former press was not, and with its name supplies were being obtained.⁷⁵ Duggan knew Lowry would be willing to apply on his behalf to the New Zealand Literary Fund for financial assistance. It revived his hopes of writing on something like a professional basis and led him to decline when the radio IYA programme *Book Shop* wrote offering two and a half guineas to review Kenneth Tynan's *Bull Fever*, with the same again for a general talk. Although the broadcasts were no more than three or four minutes long Duggan would only consider preparing for them properly over many hours. He worked off some frustration by conducting an acrimonious correspondence about fees with the New Zealand Broadcasting Service. Sargeson and Cole were supportive. Smithyman told him flatly it was money for jam, and Janet Frame shyly did not wish to be involved.⁷⁶ Eventually out of sheer weariness he let the matter rest.

Every week on Friday Duggan returned to the hospital to receive his 'refill', a further pneumothorax. It was a continuing reminder that he was seriously ill with a potentially fatal disease, and he was glad to find that he had confidence in the doctors. At the clinic he met Guy Young, two years his senior, who wrote much admired columns in the *Listener* above the initials G. le F. Y.. Young had suffered from tuberculosis since 1939 and after a period of recovery had travelled in North America and Mexico. Now, back in New Zealand, he was dying. Duggan was struck by Young's delicate face which reminded him of a small bird in the nest, and at how Young, ever the serious journalist, would arrive at Green Lane with a tape-recorder. But he was, as Duggan wrote later, 'alive with bacillus, and yoked to a view of life, holding his death to his breast like a mother, suckling'.⁷⁷ Duggan liked Young, and the writing that had been his career, but Young's test results continued to be bad and he went stoically out after each examination. Duggan was grimly glad that his own tests continued negative.

In a moment of archness mixed with perspicacity Sargeson described Duggan to Janet Frame as 'the suffering romantic'.⁷⁸ Frame and Duggan met a few times when he visited Esmonde Road, and once she accompanied Sargeson to Forrest Hill where she met Barbara. She liked Duggan. He seemed different, cosmopolitan and clever.

But at Esmonde Road he and Sargeson did most of the talking while she, feeling young and innocent although she was only two years Duggan's junior, preferred to observe in respectful silence.⁷⁹ Duggan, for his part, found that Frame's shyness made her easy to dismiss but that her talent demanded his attention. About her he noted:

And now the sweet child's strong delusions rage like enemies behind her shut eyes: she re-people the world each morning looking out of Frank's back over the blighted paw-paws and the diagonal lines of potato tops. And in a silence all screams and portents she shuts her eyes and obliterates it all, each night. But who could be nicer to her than Frank, the vein of a migraine headache exploding in sympathy? And he is kind, and sympathetic, and of assistance: and draws the bitter raillery, like a target, of the people whose life, you would think, his every unshaven gesture seems to tax [...] She is pleasant but one cannot get through the thicket to where the composing princess sleeps.⁸⁰

Frame had been in mental hospitals for several years and was determined never to go back into one alive.⁸¹ She had been labelled a schizophrenic, although it was to be several more years before this was revealed as a misdiagnosis. In Sargeson's hut she was working hard on the manuscript of her first novel, *Owls Do Cry*. On one evening at Esmonde Road Duggan was entertaining the room with a display of wit when Frame got up quietly and walked out to the hut to resume her work. Duggan became suddenly angry and went home. Later he asserted loudly to friends that he was not going to be the material for someone else's epiphanies.⁸² It was a measure of how dearly he would have loved to be working on a novel of his own.

In fact the mid year brought a bout of publication. 'Chapter' finally made its appearance and was widely admired. Jacquie Baxter wrote a letter praising the depiction of the Maori characters.⁸³ The story contained a misprint, over which Brasch was very apologetic, even running a correction in the next issue, but Duggan was unruffled. He valued Brasch's punctilious care too much, both in the preparation of *Landfall* and in the reading of new material, to be overly concerned. It was true that the preciousness of the editor's manner could be irritating. He seemed to have no sense of humour at all, and some even nicknamed him 'The Bishop' for his tendency to travel around his literary diocese, but his skills were universally admired. Duggan needed Brasch to send his stories to for evaluation and comment, as he had once done with Sargeson. Nevertheless in the same month 'Towards the Mountains' was printed in *Numbers*. The magazine had begun the previous year and was edited by the poets Louis Johnson, James K. Baxter and Charles Doyle.⁸⁴ Based in Wellington, *Numbers* set itself up in boisterous opposition to *Landfall* and the attitudes of Brasch,

Curnow *et al.* Over the ten issues until its demise in 1959 it went some way towards its aim of seeing a greater range of New Zealand authors in print, but there is little doubt that Duggan regarded *Landfall* as the venue for his first grade material and other, more amateur magazines as outlets for what he thought publishable though not up to par. He was surprised when 'Towards the Mountains' met with more attention, and more favour, than anything else he had written, but thereafter he became proud of it.⁸⁵ Soon he sent 'Salvation Sunday' to Holcroft at the *Listener*. It was a further offcut of the same abandoned novel from which 'Chapter' had come and a story which he later described as 'St. Patrick's Romanesque Baroque'.⁸⁶ 'Though this does not seem to me quite *Listener* material', Duggan wrote by way of covering letter, 'I nevertheless send it that you may resolve the tiny doubt'.⁸⁷ Holcroft quickly replied that he was right.⁸⁸

Duggan worked on retyping his stories for Lowry. In August he and Lowry visited the Puhoi Hotel together, part of a settlement unusual for having been founded in 1863 by Bohemians from the Staab district near what is now the German-Czech frontier. Duggan liked the two-storey building and its atmosphere, particularly the old photographs on the pub walls of bullock teams hauling kauri from the bush, and he became a regular visitor. After his Friday pneumothorax at Green Lane he would drive over to collect Kendrick Smithyman, who would be finishing his week's teaching at Belmont Intermediate School, and they would head north to Puhoi for a drink. On one occasion they discovered to their amazement that the old Staab dialect, which had disappeared in Europe, was still being spoken in the pub by a few locals. Smithyman was always pleased by an encounter with the esoteric. He later encouraged Professor J.A. Asher of the University College German Department, in plans made during a party with bibulous enthusiasm, to conduct a language survey in the Puhoi area. But little came of it for many years.⁸⁹

Duggan enjoyed Smithyman's company, both the poet's witty chat over a beer and his broad literary knowledge. With the publication of *The Gay Trapeze* that year Smithyman had three books of poetry to his credit. His wife, Mary Stanley, had published her own collection, *Starveling Year*, in 1953. Both the Smithymans and the Duggans were interested in gourmet cooking, but faced a continuing problem finding ingredients. Chickens were still not widely farmed on a commercial basis but Duggan and Barbara kept some cockerels, and on an evening when Smithyman was visiting it was decided that one should be killed for the pot. Barbara refused to do the deed and Duggan's artificial leg made him too slow to catch the bird, so Smithyman elected to help. After he and Duggan felt their nerves sufficiently braced with beer they proceeded down to the hen-run with a tomahawk, where the fowls exhibited a strong instinct for survival. At last Smithyman found himself clasping one in the recess of the hen-house but he was too tipsy, too bewildered and too encumbered with an angry

bird to get out into the open. At last the chicken was dispatched and ran white and headless through the dark. Both men, feeling like characters from a Sargeson story, retired to the house for a few more beers to calm themselves down.⁹⁰ Incidents like this may have led to an unpublished poem Duggan wrote dedicated to Barbara and Mary Smithyman.⁹¹

Towards a Poem 6. vii. 55.

Tell it not in what disguises

we to women go:

keep the secret of our miming

husband, lover

and the talking fool.

Hide the rictus of your boredom

at the tenth told tale:

let it seem we are assuming

brilliant masks of your delight;

though we know you now must find them

much the same old show.

Thank us then and fee us rarely

who are men and who are fools.

By August 1955 Millar sold Felix's. Hazel had had an affair with the cook, and C.K. Stead heard Millar loudly declaring that he would kill the man. Millar had moved with Hazel into a one-room flat on Takapuna Beach, opposite the flat inhabited by Stead and his wife. Stead was another *protégé* of Sargeson's, a young student whose poetry had first appeared in *Landfall* the year before. As Stead's exams approached he and Millar began to play chess together on the porch.⁹² Lowry, meanwhile, was informing Duggan that it would cost £225 to publish a book of one hundred twenty pages, with fifty copies case-bound and three hundred bound in stiff card. He and Duggan agreed to ask the Literary Fund for £150 and to find the rest themselves. Duggan worried privately: 'The costing is tight, about £25 less than it will actually cost--Nicky is paying that out of child allowance'.⁹³ At the same time he had received a letter from Lawlor asking for a report on his literary activities in relation to the grant made two years previously. Duggan wrote back emphasising that ill health had left him concentrating on shorter work, hence the collection of stories. The New Zealand Literary Fund was to meet on 8 September, and Lowry was confident that with a favourable decision he could produce the book in two and a half months.

Duggan took nervous comfort from the fact that Brasch thought the application a good idea, but to Davin he worked off some distress by writing of the embattled nature of all New Zealand writers:

[T]he bitter colonial and residential bile; the pattern of aggression, sardonic humour, envy, derision and painful self mockery: the mad faces in the shaving mirror who are all one's enemies: Baxter dons the hair-shirt, joins both the church and Alcoholics Anonymous like a man backing horses for a place who dare not punt for his picking to win: Sargeson with a nail in his shoe which he will not hammer flat: Davin in Oxford: Fairburn eye-deep in art politics rolling puns like a boy with marbles: Reece Cole fallen out the shut end of the century with a ballast of old documents to weight his fall: myself, only myself: good blokes all, and yet with their suggestion of being wholemeal and raw carrot in the land of white bread and tea.⁹⁴

Sargeson was trying to pay his rates by writing a talk on Olive Schreiner for radio. Duggan relented on his earlier decision and reviewed R.M. Burdon's *King Dick* and Joan Stevens's edition of Jerningham Wakefield's *Adventure in New Zealand* for *Book Shop*. More reviews, despite Duggan's reluctance, were to follow over the next twelve months. By mid September Cole was able to phone from Wellington and say that the application for a publishing grant had been accepted, though only for £100. Lowry thought it possible to bring out the book anyhow. Duggan intended to call it *Immanuel's Land*, the title he had once planned for his novel, so that he could make ironic use of the Bunyan quotation from which the phrase came.⁹⁵ All eleven stories in it had been much revised from their original publication in magazines. Duggan thought it would be a relief to get them out and fixed forever in book form. He hoped they would appear by early in the next year.

It seems to have been during this period that Duggan first met James K. Baxter, who had already become a most well known poet and whose work Duggan had admired since *Kiwi*. Living in Wellington, Baxter would travel to Auckland in the mid fifties as a kind of holiday from responsibility. He was a member of Alcoholics Anonymous and already loudly under instructions for conversion to Catholicism. On a visit in August he fell, as Duggan noted, 'rather splashily off the wagon' with Lowry and the physician Pat Hitchings.⁹⁶ At the tail end of their prolonged binge Smithyman found Lowry, Baxter and Hitchings arrive one evening at his house in Nile Road. They looked dreadful. The drinking continued with Smithyman joining in, although Hitchings soon had to depart and Lowry caught the last bus for the ferry. Baxter, however, remained talking until 3.30am and then stayed for what was left of the night. Feeling distinctly hungover in the morning, Smithyman emerged to find Baxter already up and berating himself for backsliding and sin. At ten Smithyman took him up to Forrest Hill. Duggan met them at the door and asked Baxter, who was by now thoroughly in the role of the remorseful alcoholic character, if there was anything he could get him. To the surprise of all present Baxter announced that he

had to take the Limited back to Wellington that afternoon, so he would just like a glass of milk and a banana.⁹⁷ The binge was at an end.

Baxter later visited Forrest Hill again with his wife Jacquie where she was impressed, as most visitors were, by the elegance of the Duggan house and the family's interest in good cuisine. Duggan was helping a little with the cooking and followed the new technique of not slicing the beans but cutting the ends off. However when the meal was ready it was found that he had forgotten to cook them and the beans were sitting raw in the pot.⁹⁸ Duggan admired Baxter's poetry but never became more than a literary acquaintance. His view of himself was in many ways as theatrical as Baxter's was, but Baxter's self-consciousness took the form of playing outlandish roles which he insisted were true while Duggan's took that of disguises of normalcy which he asserted were false. It was perhaps a measure of Duggan's respect that he was willing to disregard Baxter's acquired Catholicism when he was unable to do so in other relationships.

A month after his first birthday Nick was walking and had become, as Duggan observed fondly, an art hater who ate copies of the *New Statesman* with an expression of distaste. Duggan felt his health was much improved, and he was able to go from weekly to fortnightly pneumothoraxes at the hospital. Unfortunately this meant the Social Security Department informed him that his sickness benefit number 1/84813 would soon come to an end.⁹⁹ The future looked as uncertain as ever. To take a break from such cares the Duggans left Nick with Barbara's mother and drove down to Wellington for a one-week stay with the Coles. Together they all attended the celebration of the twenty first anniversary of PEN at Wakefield House, where the President announced in a speech that writers were unlike other people because they did not worry to the same extent about money, much to Duggan's quiet annoyance.¹⁰⁰ But at Willis Street Duggan listened happily to Cole discussing a booklet on Bishop Pompallier which he was researching with Sargeson's help.¹⁰¹ Cole also had hopes of a two-year stay in Indonesia with his family from the middle of the next year, as UNESCO Library Advisor to the Indonesian government. During the holiday it was Cole who suggested contacting the Talks Department of the Broadcasting Service about a reading of 'Voyage'. He and Duggan made a recording over a bottle of beer in the 'playroom', a study-cum-playhouse for the children made out of creosoted car-cases at the bottom of the narrow back garden. Cole submitted the tape to Bill Roff at the NZBS. By the time Duggan and Barbara returned to Auckland they felt thoroughly refreshed.

They came back to hot weather, a stack of bills and a letter confirming that social security would cease at the end of the year. This spurred Duggan into writing in the three months left, though he felt it was rather against the clock. He had fresh plans for a novel and hoped that he might give it some shape and solidity by Christmas.

Once more his childhood was to be the springboard. To Texidor in Spain Duggan wrote that he planned following Sir Philip Sidney's advice, to look into his heart and write.¹⁰² He worked diligently, taking time out only for social gatherings such as Lowry parties, and the months passed quickly. By Christmas the book seemed well advanced. The Social Security Department decided to continue Duggan's benefit until mid March, cut back from an emergency to an ordinary rating, and he continued writing.¹⁰³

Lowry parties had if anything got wilder and more rowdy. At the Lowrys' New Year celebration for 1956 Denis Glover drunkenly broke two of the photographer Clifton Firth's ribs by punching Firth, a slightly built man, through a Gibraltar-board wall.¹⁰⁴ Duggan, whom Haydn had once seen talk his way out of a fight at a party, now increasingly became difficult. With too much to drink he could be maudlin or querulous in turn, mourning the unfairness of losing his leg or bitterly complaining about the rest of the world. He was shocked when Margaret Thompson asked him why he never wrote about the professional classes, and angered by what he felt was bitchy gossip about Sargeson's testiness.¹⁰⁵ Yet he would himself join in an intellectual discussion between friends like Sinclair and Chapman, take offence at some obscure point and turn it into an all-out argument in which he would not let the matter pass. Then at still other times he could astound everyone present with the brilliance of an *aperçu*. Duggan's powers of analysis were as good as his fellows' but his natural instinct was less for concatenated expository argument. Many of his most gnomic statements consisted of the subtle division of what had seemed an atom of knowledge into groups, which were then described and further subdivided. This essentially elaborative method was similar to that of his stories. Yet it never seemed politic to ask him whether he was writing, though on happy evenings with the right priming Duggan could be a wonderful singer and even manage the occasional traditional Irish air.¹⁰⁶ For some this unpredictability made him highly stimulating, but others found his moods a minefield that left him unsettling to talk to. They were happier when drunkenness resulted in Duggan lapsing into a morose silence.

Lowry continued to be big-hearted Bob behaving, as someone observed, 'like a visitor to one of his own parties'.¹⁰⁷ His daughters sometimes joined in the dancing with the guests. But over time Lowry's expansive gestures had become even larger. When someone rang to complain about the noise he tore the telephone from the wall. Increasingly friends tried to stay away from his chaotic financial affairs. Glover eventually reached the stage where he would miss an appointment with Lowry because he probably would be asked for money needed for his own publishing ventures, and Glover knew as surely as he could not refuse that it would never be returned.¹⁰⁸ When the parties were over guests would stagger drunkenly through the

night out to their cars in Cornwall Park. Meanwhile *Immanuel's Land* showed no signs of appearing.

It was at a Lowry party in early January that Duggan first met the aspiring author Maurice Shadbolt. The young man was travelling north to stay with his aunt, a matron at Rawene Hospital who thought she had found somewhere for him to write. Shadbolt was in awe of meeting Duggan, who to a younger generation was already a writer of some achievement. Duggan had read a story the newcomer published in the *Listener* not long before and he opened the conversation by remarking that there were a number of people who thought Shadbolt was a pseudonym.¹⁰⁹ This left Shadbolt wondering whether Duggan was really being friendly or not, and while Duggan described him to others as: 'pleasant enough [...] though tenderfoot'¹¹⁰ such hesitancy was to remain a feature of their relationship. Nevertheless Duggan drove Shadbolt and his friend the young poet Kevin Jowsey (later Kevin Ireland) back to Jowsey's place in Rewiti Avenue after the party was over. As he dropped them off Duggan said that they were just a street away from Frank Sargeson, and the next evening he introduced both young men in the house at Esmonde Road.¹¹¹ There followed an occasion of lively talk that Jowsey recalled later as his first true literary conversation. Duggan for him had 'a feline intensity and watchfulness. Talking as brilliantly as I have ever heard any man, anywhere, and with a complexity I had, till then, only come across in written speech'.¹¹² Shadbolt wondered if the best part of a novel might not be going into such conversation. Duggan gave him Lee-Johnson's address, and Shadbolt headed north for peace and quiet. He was unaware that Opo, the dolphin which would endear itself by playing in the shallows with children, was about to be discovered in the Hokianga. It was one of Lee-Johnson's photographs which would bring Opo to public attention.

Barbara had resolved to go back to work once more, with her mother looking after Nick where possible. But first in the new year she arranged for Duggan to drive herself, Nick, Mary Smithyman and the Smithyman's youngest son, Gerard, to Kawhia for a fortnight's stay. After getting them to the bach Duggan came straight back to Auckland to tackle a number of tasks. He tried to put gentle pressure on Lowry, he continued feverish work on his novel, and he recorded a three-part radio broadcast, 'From the Diary of a Voyage', at the NZBS's Auckland studio. To everyone he announced in self-disparagement that he was only doing the talk for money and had suspicions about the medium. As 'Maui' he published an article in *Here & Now* attacking the NZBS for its lack of interest in listener research and programme planning. But he also enjoyed reading aloud with his carefully cultured voice and was anxious to hear the result. The recordings were eventually broadcast over the YC stations in May and were favourably reviewed in the *Listener*. When old

friends in Paeroa heard them they were amazed at what a literary personage Duggan had somehow managed to become.¹¹³

Auckland, too, seemed to have become grander than ever before. In 1954 the Government had at last given approval for the construction of a bridge across the harbour, with the proviso that it cost no more than £5,000,000. By the end of 1955 a de Havilland Comet III had flown into Whenuapai from Sydney in two hours and forty minutes. The annual New Zealand International Grand Prix had been raced twice at Ardmore, and an exhibition of Henry Moore sculptures was planned for the Auckland Art Gallery.¹¹⁴ New Zealand's annual population increase since 1945 had been over two percent, one of the highest in the world, and with a population of 380,000 Auckland's increase was numerically by far the nation's largest. It was estimated that the country's population would reach 4,800,000 by the millenium.¹¹⁵ In a period of remarkable economic, political and cultural stability among Western nations New Zealand was one of the most stable. It remained comfortably British and the majority of its people belonged to a prosperous, egalitarian middle class. Unemployment was not to rise above one percent over the next two decades.¹¹⁶ But among this Duggan was an outsider. He had missed participation in the two great shaping events of his generation, the instability of the Great Depression and the Second World War. He had grown up an Irish Catholic and received a disability which, he felt, further set him apart. His response had been to join another minority group, the writers and intellectuals of the liberal left, who were themselves enjoying a welfare-based national stability in which to knock the nation's philistinism. Auckland was complacently prosperous and almost endlessly suburban. By the end of the decade owner-occupied dwellings would be as high as sixty nine percent of all households. Yet as Duggan observed the city's rapid growth from the new state houses in Mount Roskill to the continuing development of the North Shore, he felt both more isolated than most of his intellectual contemporaries and more desirous of fitting in.

In the new year, knowing of the impending loss of social security, Brasch unobtrusively began to ask Duggan if he would like to do some reviewing. Duggan was already reviewing a great deal in the *Listener* once more. In *Landfall's* pages he proceeded to damn the Australian authors Vance Palmer, John Morrison and F.B. Vickers so heartily for their failure to combine passion and technique that he touched off a small controversy. Later he defended himself over his judgment of Vickers's *The Mirage*: 'unless it also manages something much more than indictment, or accusation, or exposure, or what you will, then it fails, formally, as a novel'.¹¹⁷ Such difficulties were very much on Duggan's mind as his own novel reached its one hundred and fifty sixth page. He called it 'Along the Poisoned River', and by February he was asking Brasch if the editor would like to see it. He thought Brasch

might be interested in putting Book One into *Landfall*, under the title 'His Rider Shall Fall'.¹¹⁸ Book Two was already too long. At first he had thought that he might finish the first draft of the novel by the end of the year, but even before Brasch received the pages Duggan was beginning to have second thoughts about the work as a whole.

[I]t has for me the feeling of being in a blind-alley. It cuts too close to the biographical--in appearance if not in fact--and has about it that look I have deplored in the novels of some others. It has, too, I think, a rather light virtue; it commands its material but does not create or recreate it. I suppose I would say, in a general way, that I have failed to inform it with just that cast of significance I conceive to be its only warrant: which means, in another way, accepting the shape and direction and not *making* it.¹¹⁹

By mid February he had abandoned it altogether.

Little of 'Along the Poisoned River' remains. Two extracts were later collected as stories--'The Deposition' and 'The Departure'. Brasch's reply was delicate and polite, but whereas Duggan might have half hoped he would find encouragement to go on, the editor confirmed for him the wisdom of abandonment. It was a hard work to judge, Brasch felt, because it was unfinished. The poisoned river motif which came in late still seemed marginal because earlier parts were fuller and stronger. He was willing to publish a fifteen-page extract, but even then with some misgivings:¹²⁰

not because I doubt its merit; but because all the time when I am reading the novel, even in the best passages, a small voice says to me, Yes; but hasn't M. really outgrown this? Every ms of yours I've printed in LF so far has represented an advance on the last; this would be a glance backwards.¹²¹

Duggan agreed, and declined to have an extract published. He had thought that if something were in the June *Landfall* it would coincide with the appearance of *Immanuel's Land*, but his book was now queued up at Pilgrim Press behind: 'Here & Now, the Capping Magazine of the A.U.C., and God knows how many orders for bill-heads and visiting cards, embossed toilet paper and menu cards'.¹²² That Duggan was to some extent repeating himself in 'Along the Poisoned River' is implied in his use of the same family name, Lenihan, of his earlier stories. Had the novel been finished he might have considered a name change, but instead the autobiographical impulse which had been driving most of his work since 'Six Place Names and a Girl' had reached its apogee.

Duggan first saw the work as an attempt to give himself up to his childhood and in some way, through his art, to make sense of it. But the urge to write the novel appears to have gone even further than this, as an attempt not simply to re-examine his

childhood but to replace it with a version of new authority.¹²³ 'The words of a dead man,' Auden had written in his memorial to W.B. Yeats, 'are modified in the guts of the living'.¹²⁴ Yet in this case it was the living that Duggan hoped to modify and rewrite. In the existing novel-extracts the reader is not presented with a family dilemma. Blame is apportioned and everyone but the young boy is found in some way wanting. It was Duggan's awareness of the insincerity in his desire to remake the past, as he attempted to explain to Brasch, which led to the work's abandonment. Biographically all the Lenihan stories are at two unreliable removes from reality, because they are based on events experienced by an unhappy child participant, then recalled through the interests of a mature writer of fiction. Yet because of the stories it has become impossible to view the relationships of the Duggan family with complete objectivity--though by a strange twist the family history would be of no value to outsiders were it not for the stories themselves--and Duggan has succeeded to a large extent in his hope of interfering with the past. But from now on, as he himself noted, 'I ceased to be subject'.¹²⁵

Some of the leftover tension of this time seems to have found its way into a series of combative articles in *Here & Now*, all published through the first half of the year under the pseudonym 'Maui'. With them Duggan attacked the NZBS for its bias towards music and the *Listener* for its layout. He adopted an opinionated manner reminiscent of Fairburn, though perhaps at times more ruthless. The articles provoked responses, and further attacks. In early March the dolphin Opo died tragically and while the entire nation mourned Duggan began to work on a piece for children he called *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Thus it may be no accident that at the first meeting of the Water Boy and Falter Tom in the book the old man mistakes the child for a dolphin. Earlier when the fuss about Opo had been at its height Duggan had affected only a lack of interest, and wrote to Eric Lee-Johnson:

'Opo' may be said to be swimming down your street. But really, what curious people the world is plagued with--all that enthusiasm about a fish which isn't even of an edible variety.¹²⁶

The poet Alistair Campbell, who had joined the Department of Education's School Publications the year before, had been contacting authors to write for the *School Journal*. This was a reader for primary and intermediate school pupils founded in 1907. The *Journal* appeared in four parts and Campbell was editor of parts three and four. From the 1940s the *Journal* was including a great deal of imaginative literature by New Zealand writers, and Campbell had asked Duggan to come up with something on any subject.¹²⁷ Duggan finished twenty five pages of his children's story--the first half--and sent them to Campbell, who replied that if Duggan would complete the other half the journal would pay him eighty guineas. This was an enormous fee. When Janet Frame heard of it she immediately wrote two

stories in twelve hours, according to Sargeson's gossip, and posted them off.¹²⁸ In early April the Coles arrived to stay before leaving for Indonesia. Bad weather delayed their departure. Both stimulated and cheered by a house full of children, Duggan sat down once they had gone and finished the story within a fortnight.¹²⁹ He was pleased at how good it was, and this was not the last time that he was to write some of his most successful work offhandedly, in between struggles with large projects.

Appreciation of children's literature was not widespread among adult readers at this time, but Duggan felt justifiably proud of all the children's stories he wrote. Of *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* he later said jauntily: 'I had the tale in my head, like nits in childhood, for a long time: and fathered it, in all conscience, on the white sheet'.¹³⁰ Certainly it did not appear out of stories he told Nick or the Cole children, although Duggan later felt that it should have and wrote in an autobiographical article about telling it to his son.¹³¹ *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* was in fact a work of conscious artistry which Duggan chose to present in the form of a children's tale. He had even made one or two attempts at it earlier that had not come off. Campbell asked for some small changes to the ending, and was pleased at how accepting Duggan was of any editorial suggestion that might seem to improve the work. To Campbell the sophistication of the story seemed impressive, and he saw immediately in Falter Tom's depiction something of Duggan's own life.¹³² The story was published in two parts in consecutive issues of the *School Journal*. Even before it appeared Campbell was suggesting that Duggan send the piece to Oxford Children's Books in London. The story was widely praised, not only by the children who read it in class but also by such adult readers as Sargeson, Sinclair, and Brasch.

Falter Tom and the Water Boy is primarily a work of storytelling. Many critics of children's stories observed Duggan's ability to take a simple tale and expand it so as to explore every avenue. But its characterisation is also worthy of attention. Falter Tom is introduced through the nickname which comes from his limp, a softened version of Duggan's own disability. All other characters in the story are named according to their social role--the postmaster, the milkman, the visiting lawyer, even the Water Boy and the sea kings--but Falter Tom appears to have none. Now too old for life as a sailor, he is a local storyteller, and so it is perhaps not surprising that as well as a Duggan-ish disability he has a Sargesonian beard and lives in a cottage cabin. The description of Falter Tom's whiskers clearly derives from Duggan's close observation of his mentor's recent change of image.

On the tip of his chin he had a white tuft of hair, much like a goat's beard except that it was trim and spotless. From his upper lip, curling down over the corners of his mouth, hung a moustache; it was as white

as the foam on a wave and it shone like silk. He was proud of his whiskers [...] Altogether he was a man you would look at twice.¹³³

Falter Tom's stories to the local children are presented in terms of belief. He claims that fantasies of sea-monsters and treasure have a real existence, but the children cannot find such things in Potter's field, Mill Road Bridge or Komata Creek, and so disbelieve Falter Tom, rather like readers of Sargeson. They are too literal, because these wonders have not a physical but a transcendental existence.

However it is by touching on one of the great themes of literature--the transcendence of death--that *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* achieves its specially mythic resonance. Duggan himself later commented that the work was a parable 'which will remain unsuspected [...] a story about death (non Christian).'¹³⁴ The first sentence states clearly that Falter Tom is old. He has spent his whole life living on the sea, observing it and telling stories about it, and suddenly in his old age he meets a child who is in fact part of this watery world. The Water Boy claims that he has been watching Falter Tom and that he has never spoken to anyone else. He is a sort of personal but secular spirit, a guardian angel who allows Duggan to explore what are essentially religious matters. The Water Boy is the agent of a greater power. He invites Falter Tom to join him under the sea, and although the old man says 'I'm too fond of life to risk it' he begins to comply by believing in the Boy and putting his trust in him.¹³⁵

According to the Water Boy, to enter the sea properly requires a renunciation of the world and a ritual ceremony. Falter Tom must neither eat nor drink nor talk to anyone after midnight, he must leave some personal object behind, and he must produce a magic charm while intoning a prayer for luck. At first he fails because he has inadvertently had something to drink--a very Duggan-ish type of lapse--but when at last he enters the sea at the story's halfway mark his transition is described as if it were an extinction.

The water closed over him and there was nothing to mark his going but one great gull that flew over the ripples, called and cried, and flew on.¹³⁶

Once under the sea Falter Tom is free of all physical troubles, including his limp, although he has to relearn how to talk and how to swim. Duggan's loving descriptions of movement through water, 'as if you tried to throw your head away and then dived after it with your body' make it abundantly clear why he chose the sea rather than the sky as his alternative medium to the earth.¹³⁷ He is at pains throughout the story to give the Water Boy's world its own internal coherence, to heighten its sense of possibility. To some extent the sea-world is the earth-world topsyturvy. There is no clock-time, a sea-truce ensures complete peace and harmony, the magic charm allows Falter Tom to be free from rules, and treasure-laden wrecks

from a non-existent El Dorado are discovered. The careful research Duggan must have made into the nature of the sea-floor and into underwater wrecks also heightens the story's realism, and this was much praised at the time of first publication. Falter Tom's one slip is a moment of worldliness when he is attracted to the gold bars of a treasure ship, but fortunately he is able to continue his journey.

The reason for Falter Tom's entrance into the water, of course, is to meet with the sea kings, a disembodied unison of voices which is 'round and hollow and booming', and in many ways God-like. Falter Tom is offered the choice of staying in the water forever or being returned to the land and unable to come back. We are aware that back on the land Falter Tom will inherit a substantial sum of money, but he has little time left to live. He would also miss the company of the Water Boy, who is to some extent the only other character in the story to relate to Falter Tom in a direct and open way. Indeed the relative equality of man and child, and the fact that the child has experience and power well beyond his years, may account for some of the story's attraction for young readers. The Water Boy tells Falter Tom: 'Your sea-life is just beginning; you have all time before you. On land, you are close to death'.¹³⁸ The climax of the story is Falter Tom's moment of choice, and Duggan skillfully disguises the inevitability of the decision. Duggan himself had hoped that the ending of the story would generate some discussion about whether Falter Tom's choice was correct or not, and he argued that no conventional moral was at stake.¹³⁹ But the old man's decision to stay seems natural, and with it the process of life and death is transcended, replaced by a world of perpetual joy, as the tale of man and spirit is completed: 'They had gone without trace as though they had never been'.¹⁴⁰

Children are as prone as adults to pondering an after-life, and *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* presents an imaginatively sustained myth of a heaven under the sea. Some of its origins in Duggan's Catholic upbringing seem obvious. Nevertheless although he felt the atheism of his youth had softened somewhat Duggan had refused for years to read C.S. Lewis's popular Narnia books out of distaste for Lewis's professed Christian beliefs.¹⁴¹ Though the essentially religious nature of his response to the problem of death is never far away, Duggan attempts to deal with his material by secularising it and reducing it to the status of a children's story. This, however, provided the style and form that he usually sought when approaching a new work, and the result was a happy *tour de force*.

But *Immanuel's Land* still seemed no nearer life, and Duggan's patience was worn out. The *Star* had printed the New Zealand Literary Fund's yearly record of publication grants and he received phone calls from friends saying how pleased they were that Lowry could now start on the book, when in reality the money had been with Pilgrim Press for the past nine months.¹⁴² The galley and page proofs had been checked long ago and even a copy of the title page, set in *Perpetua italic* with its

photo-engraving of a pilgrim stolen by Lowry from an advertisement for Gill's Pilgrim type, had been displayed at the Auckland Festival earlier in the year. The manuscript of 'Guardian' and Duggan's copy of *Points* had appeared in the exhibition *Writing in Auckland: A Selection Over a Century* at the City Art Gallery during the same festival the year before. But no one was reading the stories. When Cole wrote from Indonesia, complaining about the crowds and humidity and inquiring after progress, Duggan replied:

[E]very Friday I call at the press, and, when [Lowry] is there, it is always promised for next week. It's so irritating that it hardly seems serious any more [...] But perhaps mere pressure on space in the press, a desire to get shut of the type and the stack of paper, will work the muddy miracle.¹⁴³

Pilgrim Press was located at 75 Wakefield Street, a former boarding house, with the printing equipment down in the basement. Glover liked to refer to its staff as the troglodytes. The Globe Hotel was disastrously opposite. Lowry enjoyed spending an inordinate amount of time at such a convenient bar, so much so that Holloway observed ruefully that the Globe was Pilgrim Press's outer office.¹⁴⁴ Despite his indignation at often locating his publisher in an inebriated state, Duggan was not above joining him. The publican, a large former policeman named Tunny Lloyd, may have supplied the name for the hôtelier in 'Riley's Handbook'.

Davin's new novel titled *The Sullen Bell* had appeared, as had a new book from James Courage. Brasch suggested a review of either for *Landfall*, but Duggan felt it would be 'too much like talking over the back fence'.¹⁴⁵ Instead he asked if he could write on Patrick White's epic novel, *The Tree of Man*, which had recently been published and was establishing White's international reputation as a major author. Brasch agreed to eight hundred words. By September Duggan sent off a review which included the following paragraph:

The author's problem has been to find a method, a manner and style of exposing the inarticulate personality. Briefly, he resolves this difficulty by using a rich narrative analysis, and by devising or discovering those natural situations in which character can demonstrate itself in physical response. Thus neither fire nor flood are here simply as spectacle. Amy Parker's adultery with a travelling salesman isn't a simple matter of importuning desire; it is a frenzied and unsatisfactory assertion of an imprisoned personality. It is inevitable and inconclusive, compounded like much of the novel's action of an impossible ambivalence.¹⁴⁶

This is not so much description as prescription. Duggan was already working on a new novel based on his Northland experiences, but this time on the western seaboard, in the Hokianga. He planned to call it 'The Wits of Willie Graves', and he was

comfortingly conscious of its origins in 'Chapter', his first attempt at building up a novel.¹⁴⁷ The seeds may also have been sown when he and Cole had visited Lee-Johnson again briefly the previous November. Duggan had had a photograph of himself taken, in sunglasses and looking at his most Hemingwayesque, as he leaned with heavy nonchalance over a road sign. It was one of his favourite photos.

Duggan had already decided on writing something broad and inclusive. He found White's use of characters blended into a landscape enormously stimulating, and it convinced him that 'The Wits of Willie Graves' was on the right track. He may, too, have been struck by the novel's ability to render convincingly states of mind which he recognised as complex and his own, such as O'Dowd's after drinking a bottle of *eau de Cologne*:

'It is me nature, I am like this,' he cried. 'I am up an down. It isn't that there is actual bad in me, if there is not actual good. I am a middlun man. It is only when the drink takes hold that I get a bit above meself, and then would do no harm, anyway, I am pretty certain not.'¹⁴⁸

As Duggan's own moods continued to be frighteningly unstable he found that alcohol could bolster his spirits and help him through difficult periods, but at the same time he worried where this might lead.¹⁴⁹ It is perhaps no coincidence that whisky is the catalyst in Willie Graves's downfall. Duggan's interest in his new work may have been a reason for his willingness not to return to 'Along the Poisoned River'. At parties the 'great New Zealand novel', something large and somehow representative, was seriously discussed as if it could be worked towards like a common goal. From the technical impetus of *The Tree of Man* Duggan again felt that he was in a position to enter the novelist's circle. With Barbara once more supporting him, success with a big book was more than ever vital as self-justification.

Duggan started to change the pattern of his Friday visits to Green Lane. After his pneumothorax he began the habit on these evenings of dropping by the house of the architects David and Lillian Chrystall at 27 Airedale Street. The Chrystalls' house was close to the city centre, one of only two in the street that had not been replaced by factories and offices. It was a comfortable two-storey dwelling with the lower level below the road, so that visitors entered across a wooden bridge to an upper verandah and the living room. For the Chrystalls the sight of Duggan striding across the gangway with a cardboard beer-carton in his arms, 'the New Zealand carrier bag' as he liked to call it, was always a pleasure.¹⁵⁰ Other visitors would drop by too. Together they would have a meal, accompanied by some of the Chrystalls' excellent wine, and the conversation would go on long into the night. Often present was Group Architect Bill Wilson, whom Duggan had first met when editing *Kiwi* eight years earlier. Wilson was slightly older than Duggan and had been a medical orderly in the

war, which had seen him in the thick of campaigns through the Middle East. He had come to architecture comparatively late, having earlier qualified as a teacher at Wellington Teachers' College. Like Duggan he was extremely well read, possessed of a wide range of knowledge, and highly articulate. The two enjoyed a form of verbal sparring that both found highly stimulating.¹⁵¹ Other friends of Duggan's like Lowry or Haydn could also be present, but at the Chrystalls' he became friendly with new people as well--Jack Lasenby, a writer who supported himself by working as a deer culler for the Wildlife Branch of the Department of Internal Affairs and later as a possum-trapper, and who had supply helicopters drop him bundles of books in rough country along with provisions; John Goldwater, an architect who had been living in Spain; Ivan Juriss, another of the Group Architects. Duggan would seem to light up with excitement as he fired repartee into the general conversation. The Friday night meetings continued for years, long after he had recovered.

On many an evening at the Chrystalls' house Duggan would read something in his deep and melodious voice to those assembled. Occasionally it was the poetry of Yeats, but often it was something of his own that he had been working on. Such feedback was valuable for him. He read *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* to a happy reception and pieces from *Immanuel's Land*. He also found his fellow guests' experiences useful. He was fascinated by Lasenby's knowledge of the bush and would quiz him over correct phraseology for various hunter's terms. Much of the language was going into the descriptive passages of 'The Wits of Willie Graves'.¹⁵² When he talked of writing it was to speak of the agony in labouring over every phrase, of how nothing was done thoughtlessly or lightly. After a few drinks Duggan's ribald wit would frequently have the room in fits of laughter, though the Chrystalls were impressed too by the sheer strength of his emotions. On occasions he could become angry or moody. Often he seemed to drink far more than was good for him. Wilson, who admired Duggan's writing and was a heavy drinker himself, would feel terrible watching his friend cover himself over with alcohol.¹⁵³

In July *Immanuel's Land* went into printing, and Lowry predicted it would be out by the end of August. Duggan was not the only author pressuring him. Fairburn, who was ill, was preparing a book of poems together with Glover entitled *The Poetry Stopgap*. Cancer would soon be diagnosed and Fairburn would not live to see the book's publication.¹⁵⁴ On 3 August *Immanuel's Land* went for binding at the Disabled Servicemen's Reestablishment League and Duggan prepared to mail out review copies. In early September he heightened the tension by cutting himself while gardening and needed an anti-tetanus shot from his GP. The doctor was worried about complications with Duggan's TB treatment and so gave him an injection of adrenalin for good measure. 'Should anyone shout at me loudly,' Duggan reported to Brasch, 'I would probably burst.'¹⁵⁵ The book appeared at almost the same time as

the accident. The Springboks were touring the country--Don Clarke had become a national hero at Lancaster Park--and Duggan was in no doubt which event would produce the greater fervour. Sinclair and Quin Thompson had been listening to the final test at Eden Park live on the radio, and heard P.F. Jones announce after his try: 'I'm absolutely buggered'. Duggan did not join them.¹⁵⁶ However all fifty case-bound copies of the book sold out within a few days and Lowry moved to have a further one hundred fifty prepared.

Immanuel's Land had a remarkable impact on other writers. Soon after its appearance Sargeson observed privately to C.K. Stead of his former *protégé's* work:

I think it's another milestone. It shows that the kind of stranglehold I see I now imposed on NZ prose with my own brand of New Zealand language [...] can be decisively broken. Good luck to Maurice anyhow.¹⁵⁷

Maurice Shadbolt, when asked to produce an article on New Zealand literature for the *Evening Post* and told he could write as much as he liked, devoted nearly two columns to it.¹⁵⁸ Baxter in *Education* spoke for many when he observed of the stories: 'Nothing like them has been written in New Zealand, or seems likely to be written, for no other writer possesses the same combination of intellectual lucidity and complex poetic intuitions'.¹⁵⁹

Duggan sent review copies up and down the country. He was even persuaded by Sinclair to airmail a copy to *The Times Literary Supplement*. Most of the nation's major newspapers mentioned it briefly but kindly. Reviewers noticed that the stories seemed to focus on moments of experience in a way that New Zealand literature with its largely social concerns had seldom done since Mansfield. This led most to praise Duggan for the economy of his expression, but this in turn made it difficult to evaluate the extraordinary richness of his language. One of the earliest reviews, by James Bertram in the *Listener*, was the kindest. Bertram decided:

[H]is writing is clean, firm and sinewy in the notation of the most elusive nuances [...] the structure of the best of these stories is quite masterly, we can see why this should be far and away the most striking volume of its kind since John Reece Cole's *It Was So Late*.¹⁶⁰

Alongside the *Listener* reprinted the publicity photo of Duggan it had been using since 1950, with the author haughtily, even angrily, looking down at the camera. He seemed every inch the formidable creator of autonomous works, the unapproachable artist who would pare his fingernails. But behind it Duggan felt anything but formidable and his fiction was seldom to be much divorced from his anxieties.

Some other reviewers decided that the writing became too precious. R.A. Copland wrote that in 'Voyage' the language drew attention to itself: 'as though Mr Duggan had looked longer and more lovingly at his sentences than he did at the places

and the people he describes'.¹⁶¹ *The Times Literary Supplement*, after unstinting praise of *I For One*, commented:

Immanuel's Land is a kind of impressionistic notebook about [Duggan's] native country [...] He achieves some beautiful effects [...] But the content is a bit thin and Mr Duggan seems not yet to have found a theme to interest him sufficiently for any detailed exploration.¹⁶²

Duggan concluded that the *TLS* had treated him 'not too damningly'.¹⁶³ In *Here & Now* Bill Pearson, as well as pointing out that *It Was So Late* and *Immanuel's Land* were two of only three collections of short stories published by New Zealand writers in the 1950s, regretted:

In Mr Duggan's stories things don't change or develop. Something is revealed, perhaps, or someone is disillusioned, but things stay the same. His vision is static, held still by adjectives and a painter's interest in colour and patterns of colour.¹⁶⁴

Later Pearson worried that Duggan might have interpreted the review as hostile, which had not been his intention. In fact he had come close to identifying Duggan's own hopes for achievement in works such as 'In Youth is Pleasure' or 'Voyage'. Hampered perhaps by notions of Joycean epiphany, no reviewer at the time seemed willing to consider Duggan's poetic stories as elaborative processes, explorations into moments of sensibility pressed to the limits of what could be done with their subtleties, and with the language that contained them.

However by November half the edition was gone and even at sixteen shillings only twenty case-bound copies were left. The book was a success, and Duggan was happy with it. He claimed that 'Towards the Mountains' satisfied him most but then, perhaps more perceptively, that 'In Youth is Pleasure' and 'Chapter' were works of some command, which if he had not written he would still have to do.¹⁶⁵ 'Guardian' he had placed first because it was the story he was least sure of.¹⁶⁶ The book was dedicated publicly to Barbara, but on receiving his own copy Duggan wrote in it a second, more private dedication:

Without benefit, this volume is silently dedicated to: all those who live in a state of anxiety or guilt. And to the nail-biters; the nose-pickers; the vain & snobbish; the masturbators; the unreasonable & angry; the drunkards & wife-abusers; the adulterous; the liars; the deceitfully righteous; the high-principled spongers; the bone-lazy; those without will or hope; the escapees into art or manual labour but *not* to peacetime servicemen, Christians, or any but a very few members of the teaching profession. It is dedicated, also, to the cowardly; to the ugly & the crippled; the lame & misformed; to the solitary; the restless; the

hopeless & toady; the maniacal, aggressive & timorous fools; the moody & talkative; & to those who do not garden but for their bread.

But above all it is dedicated to the guilty, even where they have no reason for their guilt--especially to them--; to the solitary; & to myself.¹⁶⁷

It was a secret admission of a curious lack of self-confidence--the collection was not the great New Zealand novel. Yet from Oxford Davin was confiding in Sargeson:

Maurice's book pleased me very much. He seems to me to be the White Hope now, a Yellow Peril or what have you. But I hope he doesn't dry up [...] he is too perfectionist. And too beset by illnesses.¹⁶⁸

In Wellington Robert Duggan read the stories, finding their high literary style frequently beyond his understanding. But he was proud of his son, and bought several copies to give to friends in business. Brother Remigius from Sacred Heart College quietly consulted J.C. Reid and M.K. Joseph in the Auckland University College English Department to discover whether this would be a suitable book for the College library. He was assured that it was.¹⁶⁹ In the following year *Immanuel's Land* won the PEN-administered Hubert Church Memorial Award of £100, and its continuing success ensured its respectability.

Despite the dearth of fiction Duggan's was not the only publication of the time. Caxton had produced *Eric Lee-Johnson* by E.H. McCormick, and Robert Chapman and Jonathan Bennett's *An Anthology of New Zealand Verse* had appeared from Oxford University Press in London. Lowry was printing a new literary periodical, *Mate*, edited by John Yelash and Kevin Jowsey, which had made its first appearance in September. From its second issue the editing was taken over by a young reporter at the *Auckland Star*, Robin Dudding. *Mate's* literary discovery, an articulate bushman named Barry Crump, visited Pilgrim Press and greeted the sober Ronald Holloway with: 'Giddy Ron, how the bloody hell are you?', to which Holloway replied: 'Quite well, thank you, how are you today?' from A.A. Milne's 'Politeness'. This address and riposte soon became standard morning fare among the Press's staff.¹⁷⁰ Meanwhile the galley proofs for Janet Frame's novel were being read by Sargeson. Frame had left for England and Ibiza, persuaded by John Goldwater's experience that the latter would be a pleasant and most economical domicile. In Ibiza a year earlier it had been possible to live well on thirty five to forty shillings a week.¹⁷¹ Duggan wondered if she would ever return. Sinclair was working on the manuscript of his Pelican *History of New Zealand* and Duggan, who admired his friend's energy in producing a book while lecturing as well, read it over and corrected the punctuation. He claimed Sinclair did not know the difference between a comma and a colon--forms of punctuation that Duggan was particularly fond of--but by the time Sinclair had

learned Duggan's method he found that Duggan himself had changed his mind about how these should be applied.¹⁷² Sinclair thought Duggan more meticulous over the use of language and punctuation than anyone else he had ever met. Privately he felt that this level of attention to each word was going to be incompatible with writing a big book.¹⁷³

Duggan airmailed pages from the *School Journal of Falter Tom and the Water Boy* to Oxford Children's Books in London, worrying that the story might be the wrong length for a publishable volume. It had proved that he could write well without himself as subject, and while the rest of the world went sour with Soviet troops in Budapest and Anglo-French forces in Port Said, he seemed to settle confidently to 'The Wits of Willie Graves' once more. At Campbell's request Duggan had tried his hand at another children's story, entitled 'The Drum of the Little Blue Mouse', but he was not happy with it. Although he posted it to Wellington the story was never used.¹⁷⁴ Likewise in a letter to Davin after reading *The Sullen Bell* he was surprisingly critical, saying of the characters:

[I]t nowhere comes through for me that they are clay-heels, their country in the instep of their shoes, something that's only there to be scraped off, when they will pass as anything else, Londoners of the vague Hampstead sort--I don't mean professional intellectuals. It's in the instep; it isn't something important, unless their very clay-heel qualities can be defined.¹⁷⁵

Duggan wanted the characters of his own novel to reflect their environment with just such an easy nonchalance. Although he had abandoned any thoughts of returning to the material of his childhood, everything he now attempted--character, landscape, incident--had somehow to be natural yet contain the same significance as his earlier work. He commenced with a number of fragments, as he had once with the Lenihan stories, and began to let them expand until he was left with several typescripts. These amounted not so much to chapters as efforts to enter the novel at different points. There were sections on places--Rogers' Store, Weka Valley, and others on people--Beth Fisher, and a character named Anna Heldt. He even wrote a long piece in which the name of the protagonist, Willie Graves, had somehow changed itself to Eddie Finnane (the name of the protagonist in 'For the Love of Rupert'). The results excited him. He still felt as if he were writing from the well-spring of his own psyche. But to bring all the pieces together was going to take a big work, and Duggan could not see what force would bind it as a whole. Instead he observed: 'Willie Graves with bottle and his lack of attachment will hardly provide that force'.¹⁷⁶

Duggan soon received a further setback. *Landfall* was running a Prose Award to mark its tenth year. He entered a story, almost certainly a part of the novel, and by January received a disappointed response from Brasch. 'It was [...] rather a puzzle to

me; I just didn't see what you were getting at,' Brasch wrote. 'While the two women were credible the man somehow failed to convince; one never came to grips with him'.¹⁷⁷ The Award was won jointly by John Caselberg and Maurice Shadbolt. In *Landfall* Brasch noted the paucity of short stories submitted to the journal over the previous twelve months, and the fact that there had been fewer than twenty five entries for the Prose Award, less than half the number for the Poetry Award held in 1953. From this Brasch opined that for writers of prose the grail of a well-established national literature was still a long way off.¹⁷⁸ The editor was leaving for England until September. Duggan was left to take some comfort from the sales of *Immanuel's Land*, which now had only eighty copies left from a print-run of six hundred.

In January the Duggan family had an extended holiday with the Thompsons and their two children at Mrs Platts's bach in Kawhia. Quin Thompson had a half share with Keith Sinclair in an air-cooled Bendix outboard motor, which they used in Sinclair's boat to putter around on Manukau Harbour. Thompson took the outboard down to Kawhia strapped to the front of his old Morris. However the Bendix, always unreliable, proved such a disappointment that it was decided to buy a Seagull engine, with Sinclair's agreement. Thompson, Sinclair and Duggan put in £25 each, and Margaret Thompson and Duggan drove back to Auckland to make the purchase.¹⁷⁹ With the new engine attached to an old fifteen-foot (4.5-metre) clinker-built rowboat of which they had the loan, they were in a position to go fishing among the Kawhia rivulets. It was a landscape Duggan later described:

The inlet on the far coast seemed a wedge of brightness driven into dark cliffs. Seagulls drifted, mewing, and yodelling; the feathered trailing edges of their wings shone as they banked against the sun [...] As the tide fell it uncovered mud-banks and the harbour became a maze of channels, some wide and quite deep, some shallow and narrow, and all thinning out, fading, as they wound towards the upper end of the harbour.¹⁸⁰

The two families would take the boat across the water, stow the motor on a board over a sandbank, and Duggan would row out again with a flounder net trailed behind him. This was the kind of outdoor life he always loved, and each time he tasted it once more his spirits would rise. From the bank the others would haul in the net full of flounder, often enough for several meals. Sometimes they would find themselves dragging a dead weight of mud as well as fish, and while they struggled with the heavy haul an animated Duggan would shout excited orders from the boat.¹⁸¹

In the height of summer Kawhia seemed beguiling. Across the harbour was a place Barbara recommended for a picnic and so the members of both families, two men, two women and three children, climbed into the boat for a day's excursion. With so many they were low in the water, and halfway out the wind came up together

with a strong rising tide. Soon they were in difficulty from the waves fast approaching, the crests high enough for salt spray to whip over the boat's occupants off the breaking water. It was apparent that they were not going to make their destination and they were being blown up the harbour. Something would have to be done quickly. The children were all young--the Thompson's youngest was only a baby--and none would be able to swim if the boat capsized. Duggan as always was wearing his prosthesis. If he went into the water its weight would drag him down like a stone. They decided to turn and run with the wind, not to try and fight the elements or to go back. Everyone lay down in the bottom of the boat to keep the centre of gravity as low as possible. Duggan alone sat at the rear and steered, which he did with great effort and care. The waves around them were now very large and very choppy indeed, and they were all frightened. At length they reached the top of the harbour and could get round the point into shallow waters where the wind was not so violent. They came close to the shore and to their great relief managed a landing. Duggan was got out of the boat with difficulty, as his prosthesis made it impossible for him to walk unaided across the muddy shallows. Finally the families proceeded with the more pleasant task of making themselves a picnic. They waited four or five hours for the wind to drop, which eventually it did around evening.

How the the two families were forced to run with the wind, a decision that almost certainly prevented capsize, became part of the Duggan family lore. Later Duggan used it as the basis of his children's story, 'On the Wild Harbour', probably the most adventure-filled work he ever published. But the frightening experience was converted into the unflappable grace under pressure of the story's hero, Uncle Harry, who recalls something of Duggan's early reading of Hemingway and London. The story even has a reference to an 'Uncle Quin' and his family, who get stuck along the same coast when the tide goes out and strands their boat in the mud, forcing them to drag it back to the water. In an entertaining paradox Uncle Quin's family is left too tired to pull the motor's starter cord and they have to row home.¹⁸² But this, too, was the amendment of an unpleasant memory. By evening the tide had indeed gone out, the boat was stranded, and the two families faced Uncle Quin's task. Duggan was unable to help, and once the boat was again out on the water he still had to be got across the deep mud-flats. From around the shore the families gathered every board, piece of wood and bit of junk they could find and from these they were able to build a rough track. With Barbara on one side and Thompson on the other Duggan was supported out through the sloshing mud. It was an ignominious experience--nothing of its like besets the capable Uncle Harry--and in real life Thompson worried that any slip on the wet boards might be fatal. Eventually Duggan was restored to the boat. They rowed for a time and when in deep enough water to use the motor they made

their way back the two miles (3 kilometres) to Kawhia, from where people were already coming to look for them.¹⁸³

Fairburn died on 25 March. He had had his left kidney removed at Green Lane the previous October together with a large cancerous growth, then had seemed briefly to revive, but been bed-ridden for the past couple of months. Duggan was one of the many who went to see him in his last weeks. An article of Fairburn's, 'The Culture Industry', had appeared in *Landfall* the previous September. In the margins of his own copy Duggan had rebutted it fiercely as yet another of the poet's bilious attacks on state patronage, masquerading as dispassionate theory. As a recipient of New Zealand Literary Fund support Duggan responded to the argument every bit as personally as Fairburn had:

Over its whole existence, about ten years to date, there has been no official proposal to increase the annual SLF grant of £2,000. It can be proved that the SLF exercises no control, even incipiently, of the 'state' kind, he is talking of. £2,000 is probably the equivalent of the salary of one moderately successful businessman, 30.10.0 a week.¹⁸⁴

But now Duggan was shocked that Fairburn had died so young, at fifty three. He felt he should attend the funeral but to his embarrassment, after years of corduroys and tweed jackets, Duggan found he did not possess an appropriately dark suit. Nor, it happened, did Smithyman. As they drove to Devonport together on the day of the funeral Duggan stopped and bought a black tie, but on arrival at King Edward Parade they found that everyone they could see on the long veranda up at the house, gathering for the service within, had dark suits. The pair waited outside in the car. At length the mourners came out through the wrought-iron front gate and got into an assortment of vehicles to drive up to the grave-side ceremony in Albany. Several in fact were not in dark clothes and one was even in shirt sleeves, having lost his jacket over the rail of the ferry while crossing the harbour. Duggan and Smithyman collected Bill Pearson and followed.

At the cemetery the poet's friends reached the grave first and were left standing uncomfortably in front of the Fairburn family group, which had been slowed down by elderly relatives. The ceremony proceeded, but when Archdeacon Prebble stood aside and asked if anyone would like to pay a last tribute the most important members of the family were well out of reach. At last Victor Zarembo, a stocky former Olympic wrestler and friend of Fairburn's, shuffled forward dressed in his championship belt and cast some earth onto the casket. Next to step forth was an Australian remittance man, a frequenter of the Mon Desir, who had no relationship with Fairburn that anyone present could fathom, and who likewise paid his respects. Mason was within distance, but far too upset to participate. As the ceremony broke up after what had been a very Fairburnian brand of formality the accumulated tension seemed to break.

Everyone felt in the mood for a drink, and that an appropriately boisterous send-off for the poet should be organised. Duggan and Smithyman headed back down the hill to the car and met Sinclair at the wheel of his Holden stationwagon. When Sinclair realised that the others were going to the pub in a direction opposite to the one in which he was facing he turned the car so rapidly that, Smithyman liked to recall later, it seemed to swivel on the spot. They joined Fairburn's literary friends at the Albany hotel. As the bar started to fill up with the city's intelligentsia, several of them sporting whiskers which were out of fashion among other groups at that time, the barman looked puzzled for a moment and then asked genially if they had been sending a navy chap down. The conversation soon took on a boozy tone with Archie Fisher, the Director of Elam, repeatedly reciting his own epitaph, and Lowry manoeuvring to try and avoid J.C. Reid. Word was passed that the Fairburn daughters would be glad to see everyone sometime at the family house. Duggan drove Smithyman, Reid and Lowry back in his car, but they stopped at Forrest Hill on the way for a few more drinks, until at last it was too late to get to Devonport. After dinner Reid and Lowry separately departed, but late in the evening Smithyman and Duggan were interrupted by Bill Pearson knocking at the door. He had had dinner with the Curnows in Jutland Road and then taken a taxi over. On the breakfast bar Pearson opened a brown paper bag to reveal most of a bottle of whisky, which they realised they were now too tired and too few in number to finish. It was hard to believe that a function involving Fairburn, of any sort, could not manage to turn into a party.¹⁸⁵

During the year Duggan began a home-brewing partnership with Smithyman, an outwardly innocent activity which he enjoyed. The home-brew recipe had come *via* Sinclair and Chapman from Willis Airey of the Auckland University College History Department. Smithyman and Duggan shared the costs and the tasks of brewing, although Duggan's meticulousness with yeast and sugar ensured that he ended up doing most of the work. Because he was home during the day the brew was kept at Forrest Hill, in a chipped washing-machine bowl in the wash-house.¹⁸⁶ The recipe had roughly a ten-day cycle, and on bottling night Smithyman would join Duggan at what seemed a gentle art as they whiled away the evening. Duggan later referred to this as 'the yeasty days of home brew and poisoned kidneys'.¹⁸⁷ To make a batch just large enough to last ten days was the trick, but somehow the quantity never seemed sufficient. At the end of bottling night Smithyman was always glad of the steady gradient down Quebec Road as he wandered the short distance homeward.¹⁸⁸

The Pattersons returned from Spain, and Duggan thought Cristina much matured. They were staying with Patterson's parents in Titirangi, at such a long distance from the North Shore that Duggan could visit only infrequently. Patterson began relief teaching at the primary school he had attended as a boy, and hoped to set up an exhibition. He had learned flamenco guitar in Spain and began to make casual

appearances playing at a central-city coffee bar, but was otherwise unchanged.¹⁸⁹ Duggan had not been to Northland to see Lee-Johnson for some time, and with the Coles away he had no reason to go down to Wellington. After so long a silence that he had to write to Lee-Johnson just to keep up contact, he observed, half-joking, of his own life:

Our old habits got us so firmly in the mire that we are practising the Puritan pseudo-virtues of hard-work, organisation & consistency. And are still in the mire. So we sit home, right & proud.¹⁹⁰

A group including Thompson and Sinclair gathered at Forrest Hill one day to help put a new deck on the house, a strenuous job that involved scrambling about with the timbers and nailing them down. The previous deck had been put up with Bill Kirker, who was still living only a few hundred metres away, but Duggan did not call on his old friend.

However because of his regular Friday visits to town Duggan began to see more of the Thompsons in Onehunga. He would drop by the house with Lowry for an evening meal, getting a bottle of red wine while Margaret Thompson grilled them all steak, of which he was very fond. His visit was always an event for the Thompsons' infant daughter, Priscilla. Duggan would pick her up affectionately from her cot on the porch, even though she had been put to bed. The Thompsons were among the many who noticed how deeply he cared for children. Over the meal he would sometimes relax sufficiently to talk of his own childhood. Once to the surprise of all present Duggan said that only after having grown up did he come to realise that it wasn't wasting time to be reading a book. This suggested an unlikely childhood for a man whom the Thompsons thought of as the most sophisticated ever to come off the Hauraki Plains.

Duggan was also fond of discussing literary matters. Once when Thompson asked him if he had written much that day Duggan replied, in the manner of Joyce, that he had produced fifty words. Yet on these occasions, and at dinner parties with the Sinclairs, or evenings at the Chrystalls' or the Lowrys', he could seem full of words, wit, and wonderful turns of phrase. His manners were formal in an old fashioned but relaxed way, neat and well presented like his clothes, and he did not boorishly dominate an evening. With his ability to hold forth, but also to draw others out, he made conversation itself an art. Frequently when the evening was over Thompson would remark to his wife that Duggan had been on form that night.¹⁹¹ But next morning Duggan would often berate himself for his loquacity, as if too much of himself had been given away in a manner not sufficiently prepared, in a style not properly rehearsed, and he would return to his work.¹⁹²

By now Duggan was firmly established as the preeminent stylist of New Zealand letters. 'Cloaca,' he once said to Jean Bartlett with enthusiasm, 'what a

lovely word!'.¹⁹³ He was also very knowledgeable about worldly matters such as good cuisine. At the Chrystalls' he could often guess what had gone into the various dishes served. He seemed to have reached a sophistication beyond even his old mentor. Sargeson for the moment was more interested in helping a literary friend, John Graham, with his market garden in Birkdale than with writing.¹⁹⁴ In an ill-fated scheme Graham hoped to build a theatre on his property with money from a crop of tomatoes and strawberries. Nevertheless it was through Duggan's undiminished practical abilities that his own origins were revealed. By the toolshed at the back of the house Nick, now almost four, would watch with admiration as his father split kindling, holding a cedarboard in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, as he expertly divided the board up like a fan. While Barbara was out at work for much of the day Nick would be at his grandmother's, or would play with his father. One of his earliest memories would be of rocket rides where he was carried far up to the ceiling, complete with realistic sound effects.¹⁹⁵ Duggan was a devoted father. He observed years later that one of the pleasures of association with children was that it had enlarged his world in unlikely ways.¹⁹⁶ The remainder of his time was for writing. Between struggles with his novel he was working on another children's story, 'The Fabulous McFanes', once more commissioned by Campbell and published later in the year. Set in a circus which Duggan described with detailed understanding, it was to be one of the *School Journal's* most popular stories.¹⁹⁷

Reviewing was also part of his literary *devoirs*, but he was growing tired of it. In the past twelve months he had written five reviews for the *Listener* alone, and instead of covering one book he was being asked to squeeze four into the former word-space, and for the old fee. At length Duggan wrote to Holcroft thanking him for the work that had been given, but asking to stop as he needed more time for his own reading. Holcroft sent him a sympathetic reply.¹⁹⁸ Radio work, which was better paid, continued sporadically. However, as if to shore up his early conviction that reviewing was demeaning for a writer's integrity, Duggan was often more cutting in his private evaluations than he was on the air. When he was asked to review Louis Johnson's book of poetry, *New Worlds for Old*, in November he noted to himself:

A poetry of imprecision. Not only or even necessarily an imprecision of language but an imprecision of emotion & a generalised feeling. He must say 'woman' when he can only truly mean 'a woman' [...] negative social criticism, the absence of, the possession of refrigerators, cars, motor-mowers, the job in the office, the wife & the kids, the suburbs [...] the categoria--& they are so limited. Johnson's poetry most resembles the worst of Sargeson's conversation.¹⁹⁹

But in his public commentary Duggan was sufficiently restrained as to be able to publish, almost simultaneous with the Johnson review, a long article in *New Zealand*

Parent & Child which Johnson was editing. The article was on New Zealand's draconian liquor licensing laws. Wine could not be bought in restaurants, and six o'clock closing was not to end until 1967. Such matters were the subject of periodic national debate. With impeccable logic Duggan came down firmly on the side of longer hours. '[A]s a nation we drink too much and in the wrong way,' he wrote with an objectivity that belied his own heavy drinking. But a later aside was more revealing:

Surely drinking (alcohol) is a semi-creative, bolstering, illusory practice; an escape. But surely, also, we must at some point question just what it is that the drinker (the excessive drinker) is escaping from. His responsibilities?²⁰⁰

Alcohol for Duggan had long been intertwined with the creative process. He spoke better after a few drinks, and although he never drank while he was writing, he believed the myth of the hard drinking artist to whom alcohol is both a stimulant and an anaesthetic for day-to-day problems. But more often Duggan found himself rationalising the fact that his drinking had become a form of self-medication, a way of avoiding the onset of depression. Such behaviour could be described as the beginnings of dependency.

A book published at this time which Duggan was prepared to write about, and which did impress him wholeheartedly, was Janet Frame's *Owls Do Cry*. He had read the novel in May, and wrote a long review, full of praise, in the September issue of the ailing *Here & Now*. The magazine would cease circulation two months later.

[It is] a novel about death in life; about spiritual poverty and, in Daphne's case, a condition perhaps best described as spiritual excess; about the death of the spirit. (There is more than one sort of death in life.) [...] She is the inhabitant of a world for which there is no language, no description; and one has, most painfully, the feeling that what in the silence she is attending to is just the unceasing rasp of despair. *Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe*. And she stares out from a world of convulsed, of apoplectic flowers [...] She stares out, too, on a world which defends itself from what does not threaten.²⁰¹

He was so taken with the novel that he posted a copy to Dan Davin at Oxford and urged him to read it.²⁰² At length he wrote to Frame in Ibiza, saying how much he had enjoyed the work and enclosing a copy of *Immanuel's Land*.²⁰³ She was delighted with the letter. Duggan responded to the novel's bleakness. On the back end-paper he noted to himself that the fears of the visitors to its mental hospital were not really of an order much different to the fears of the patients.²⁰⁴ He finished his review with what seemed a comment on his own restlessness: 'Their dilemmas, one

sees, are the same: Daphne, Toby, Bob and all the rest [...] There is only one world and none knows quite how to behave in it'.

Distractions helped in coping. In the second half of the year there was a trip to Muriwai Beach with the Sinclairs, the Smithymans and the Thompsons to gather toheroa, a clam which made a popular soup renowned for its delicacy of flavour. Strict limits had been imposed by law, which gatherers circumvented by various methods. A year previously the families had made the same trip and run across an official, but he turned out to be a forestry man who disclosed in conversation that he had found a Maori burial ground in the sandhills. Meanwhile the farm next door to the Duggans in Forrest Hill had been bought by the Education Department. As plans for building a primary school on the site went ahead the farmhouse was demolished and the macrocarpas on the property felled. Smithyman found incidents like these useful bases for poems.²⁰⁵

There is a piety is not belief
which may unconsciously be touched
when we see our houses going down
larger than lives they admitted by morning.²⁰⁶

The school was a measure of the continuing suburbanisation of the North Shore's upper edges, which only a decade earlier had known pheasants and quail in the scrub, nesting duck and water-rats in a nearby creek, and heard the sound of heifers at night. Across the harbour in the city trams had given way to buses a year before. Construction of the harbour bridge was already well underway, with corridors of steelwork jutting out into space from Northcote Point and the Ponsonby foreshore. The traffic exiting from the bridge to Takapuna would go right past Sargeson's house along Esmonde Road. A Labour government under Walter Nash was elected at the end of November on the promise of a £100 saving to each taxpayer in a changeover to the Pay As You Earn system.

At the end of the year the Duggan family holidayed at Kawhia once more, first briefly with the Sinclairs, and then with the Thompsons. While she was there Mary Sinclair noticed how solicitous of Duggan Barbara had become--she would even de-bone his fish for him before he ate it.²⁰⁷ Nevertheless Duggan's mood was low and the atmosphere was correspondingly tense for much of the time. On one occasion when the Duggans and the Thompsons were having lunch on the porch at a long wooden table Margaret Thompson, who was sitting at the opposite end from Duggan, found him complaining about the way she was slicing the bread. He had been in such a poor mood all morning that Margaret in exasperation threw the knife down the other end of the table to him, followed by the loaf, and told him to cut it himself. Thereafter she had to take a walk to calm down. She was upset at the way Duggan had forced her to lose her temper.²⁰⁸

It was odd that Duggan should feel so low as he was now restored to complete physical health for the first time in five years. On 11 October he had been finally discharged from outpatient treatment at Green Lane. Afterwards he had gone for a delighted walk in the park. Guy Young had died just over a month earlier. With the cessation of invalidity Duggan found himself facing once more the issue of making a living. By now instead of visiting patients Barbara had opened her own rooms at 71B Kitchener Road in Milford, not far from her mother's house. The practice, which she ran under her maiden name, kept her very busy. However at thirty five Duggan was no nearer to supporting himself and a family than he was as a late adolescent burning with the desire to write. The criticism from Barbara's brothers on her marriage, that Duggan would never be able to provide for her, appeared to have been proved correct. Barbara herself continued to make it clear that she regarded writing as important. Despite the struggle of managing a house and child she did not want to give up working, and there was no opprobrium from Duggan's friends. Yet Duggan was still a slave to the masculine view of a man as independent, a breadwinner. He noted later: 'There will always be a sense in which the writer is writing *against* his family and his responsibilities there'.²⁰⁹ He tried to keep himself as busy as Barbara by painting the house's fascias, sills, and soffit--the sort of activity he described to friends as 'do-it yourselfishness'²¹⁰--but the result, he felt, was a life of mere aimless haste.²¹¹

Duggan did not seem to realise that the pressures he lived under were largely self-created. In a perverse way the support of Barbara and friends became for him as much a burden of expectation as a help. Two years later in 'Riley's Handbook' Duggan was to rail against these difficulties which so cripple Fowler the artist:

If having accepted so much of loyalty and confidence and trust I could only determine to repay, through my work my sacred bloody work, not only some but all of the insupportable debt, with interest if not with wit, would not this, more than the repayment itself, be tonic and rewarding to me? You see what it is they want to secure for me? My salvation.²¹²

But the novel to assuage this dilemma was no nearer. Instead it seemed to have ground to a halt. With his eye for the double-bind, Duggan had come to see Barbara's support as both necessary and inimical. He included her in his blame of himself. Barbara for her part carried on as best she could, waiting for a sign of improvement, and Duggan brooded and watched her wait. Again he recorded this process in 'Riley's Handbook':

If she only persists, without trying to bully me; if she only reminds without recrimination; if she only continues, without faltering, to express her deadly calm intention, her unnatural resolve to forget and forgive; if she can only get me to understand; if through patience and

perseverance and sympathy she can only get me to see the uselessness, even the futility of my rage, all, she is sure, will be well [...] What a rage is induced in me in the face of this calm and unwavering belief in the power of reason; reason at the service, let us be plain, of the conservative, female, suburban and domestic compromise.²¹³

As Barbara later confided to Christine Cole, who worried she had placed the same pressure on her own husband, both men were bottomless pits.²¹⁴ The strain began to take a steady toll on the Duggans' marriage.

Things became worse. As the new year, 1958, progressed, a number of New Zealand novels appeared in the country from overseas publishers, all highly regarded, so that local critics felt that a literary *annus mirabilis* was in progress. Ian Cross's *The God Boy* was the first, published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. in New York, and for Duggan it was the hardest to live with. Soon after Gollancz published M.K. Joseph's *I'll Soldier No More*. Sylvia Ashton-Warner, who earlier struggled to appear in *Here & Now*, had *Spinster* appear from Secker & Warburg to a rapturous reception. Even in New Zealand Ruth France brought out *The Race* through Paul's Book Arcade to widespread praise. Sargeson, too, was working hard on a new book, *Memoirs of a Peon*, writing to a strict timetable of 300 words per day excluding Sundays.²¹⁵ Frame had started her next before leaving the country, and was working on it overseas. Lying in hospital in England, Maurice Shadbolt picked up copies of *The Observer* and the *Sunday Times* and felt jubilant at finding each contained a review of a New Zealand novel.²¹⁶

On the YA stations' *Bookshop* of 2 April Duggan had broadcast an eight hundred-word review of eleven years of *Landfall*, in which he was allowed little more space than to affirm the centrality of the quarterly in the New Zealand literary and intellectual scene. He concluded:

I have no doubt that by its hardy existence it has called into being a fairly high proportion of works which would otherwise have languished for want of that necessary stimulus--an atmosphere of confidence in New Zealand writing, and a place to publish [...] *Landfall* isn't exhaustive; but it is thoroughly representative.²¹⁷

Yet of the writers of moment in 1958 only France had had fiction published in the magazine. Cross and Ashton-Warner had never appeared in it at all. Other writers, who likewise had not had their careers and their prose nurtured in *Landfall's* pages, were to follow. They were to some degree *parvenus* in the eyes of the established group who had made the journal their niche, whose reputation rested on *Landfall's* importance, and who could remember the days before it had made publication readily available. There was a feeling, as E.H. McCormick jokingly put it, that the new

writers were 'unauthorised authors'.²¹⁸ Yet in private even Duggan was prepared to argue with Sargeson that *Landfall* was beginning to look dead.²¹⁹

Born in Wanganui only three years after Duggan, and of a similar Irish Catholic background that he had similarly rejected, Ian Cross had been a journalist with the *Dominion* from 1942, spent some time in Panama, and worked in public relations for the past two years. In 1954 he had won the Nieman Fellowship for a New Zealand journalist to study at Harvard University. As part of the course he attended a workshop where a tutor encouraged the class to write fiction. Cross based his work on a harrowing trial in the Wellington Supreme Court which he had covered as a young reporter in 1944. A thirteen year-old boy on a Wairarapa farm had shot and killed his mother and wounded his sister. Neither a psychiatrist nor the boy's father could offer an explanation, any more than could the boy himself. Cross had vivid memories of sitting in the gallery as the evidence was solemnly introduced, while for most of the two-day trial the boy uncontrollably wept. In his fictional exploration of the tragedy Cross at first planned to have Jimmy Sullivan do the killing and recall events while in state custody.²²⁰ The resultant book, after much effort, was *The God Boy*. Published to great acclaim in 1957, it did not reach New Zealand until early the next year. In one bound Cross had leapt from nowhere to the forefront of New Zealand letters. When Duggan read the book, a searing attack told from the point of view of a child on the Catholic church and Catholic schooling, he may have realised that 'Along the Poisoned River' had been written for him. Both works detail the disastrous narrowness of a repressive home, and use similar strategies to reveal the impact of the destruction of home life upon children (see page 460). Certainly any possible hopes Duggan might have harboured of one day resurrecting the manuscript were gone, and most of Book One appeared, dumped, as 'A Fragment of a Work Abandoned', in *Numbers* at mid-year.

Later Duggan was to talk of an 'imaginative capital', life experiences which once described in fiction could not easily be used again.²²¹ Alistair Campbell was surprised when Duggan mentioned this seriously in relation to his children stories.²²² It was a concept for the romantic artist who saw writing as essentially self-expression, and as such was widely held by New Zealand writers in a less extreme form. For Duggan such thinking went back as far as Sargeson's early letters where the mentor had exhorted a gifted *protégé* not to go too fast and use up material. As late as 1959 Brasch would be writing to Sargeson to discuss the same matter.²²³ But for Duggan the idea had something of defensiveness. It became an excuse for having abandoned 'Along the Poisoned River'.²²⁴ Most of his first book of short stories had consisted of variations on the difficulties of the Lenihan family, so that 'Along the Poisoned River' was itself a reworking of old material. He had already begun a further novel which was not obviously autobiographical. In part Duggan felt his talent and

intelligence superior to any other writer's in the country, but his concern over experience, when he did allow himself to worry about it, revealed once more a continuing lack of basic confidence in his own achievements while those about him wrote.

In early May the Coles returned to Wellington from Indonesia with stories to tell. John Reece Cole's work for UNESCO was considered highly successful. Christine had established and operated a Djakarta office for the Australian Broadcasting Council. Cole had brought back with him an MG sports car. But Duggan's mood stayed down. Episodes of depression appear to have attacked him with force, bad bouts characterised by feelings of extreme hopelessness and a turning inwards to preoccupation with his own despair.²²⁵ Later he described such periods in several parts of 'Riley's Handbook':

If you could see me sitting in the dark, the darkness, the confused bulb of an eye, the wild and distraught movement of a hand, the tentative formulation of a cry. For help? Whose help? Mine, my own. To myself and what I am not, the dejection of my past, my present, the few seconds of a future. I'm tired of being myself without respite. I'm no fit companion, I shouldn't be abroad or about free like this to do murder upon myself in my cell [...] Oh infamous [mother] you [...] could have spared me this [...] What madness this uncharitable self-pity: oh my spleen.²²⁶

At their worst such moods were frightening, so difficult to control that Duggan felt as if he were living in a hell of the will.²²⁷ Later he listed the range of his feelings in such a condition as 'depression; irritability; social withdrawal and its attendant moroseness and lack of communication; diminished ambition; loneliness; real and imaginary resentments; suicidal inclinations'.²²⁸ When combined, the stress of these could lead to outbursts of verbal aggression. On one occasion Ian McCorquodale, whom he had not met in years, approached him on the Devonport ferry. Duggan was so unaccountably rude that McCorquodale decided never to see him again.²²⁹

Duggan later felt that he began gradually to lose control of his drinking from this time.²³⁰ He was suffering, in fact, from endogenous depression. While the loss of a loved one in early childhood is fertile ground for psychological difficulty, and his mother's death was undoubtedly an important factor in Duggan's mental makeup, he appears to have been mostly under the influence of a metabolic depression inherited from Mary Duggan. Like his mother before him, this condition did not seem to exhibit the highs and lows of a bipolar manic abnormality but rather the intermittent lows of a unipolar type.²³¹ Although when excited at parties Duggan could display the manic qualities of elation, irritability, talkativeness, flights of ideas, and accelerated speech, this aspect of his personality never went beyond his control.²³² It

was not until the 1970s that such problems came to be regarded as caused by a dysfunction in the body's chemistry and not solely by reaction to environmental stress. In the 1950s all depression was treated by psychological analysis. Duggan, however, sought help from no one. His fear of what had happened to the woman he now saw as his mad mother locked away in a room inhibited him. He wrote a children's story for the *School Journal*, 'The Sailor on the Hill'. It was about a withdrawn man who has moods and sometimes acts unpredictably, but to whom children are kind, until at last their mother arranges for him a place of refuge. Later to Stead he wrote that this was 'a parable of the situation of the artist'.²³³ His stories were to become clues to an ever more tortured consciousness. Duggan was always inclined to quote literature as an indication of his own feelings. He became fond of Thoreau's phrase from *Walden*: 'The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation'.

At social occasions Duggan now regularly drank more than he should. On one evening towards the end of the year Smithyman and Duggan attended a party at the Sinclairs' house in Mangere and were among the last to depart. It was much too late for the ferry. They left in the morning in Duggan's car for the long drive up and round the harbour to the North Shore. However they had not gone any great distance towards Onehunga before both realised that despite wide experience in such matters they were too drunk to control the vehicle. With difficulty Duggan turned them round and managed to get back to the Sinclairs'. At the house the pair were welcomed once more, given quantities of coffee, and when sufficiently sober set off again at last. They crept along with care, past Mount Albert and Whenuapai in the dark and after what seemed a marathon journey paused in the Albany basin, then undeveloped except for a second-hand car dump, to open a bottle of ginger ale they had discovered amongst the seats. There was no corkscrew and Duggan had to get a pair of pliers out of the back. As they sat and drank the dawn broke slowly, and in the absolute stillness some bird-song began. Smithyman was so taken with the scene of birds ringing the night away that he resolved to put it all into a poem, and both men felt that they were somehow privileged to be alive in such a genial world.²³⁴

Someone whose parties Duggan began often to attend was Odo Strewe, a landscape gardener whom he had known for a long time and who now lived in Titirangi. Strewe was a German and stories about him abounded. It was said his uncle had been chief of the Berlin police before the rise of the Nazis so that Strewe had to leave the country when Hitler took power, that he had been interned on Somes Island during the war and once escaped by swimming ashore. Rumour claimed that during his internment Fairburn had interceded on his behalf, but because the poet was a Social Crediter the police had decided Strewe must be a Communist.²³⁵ Strewe had interests in the arts and had published a piece in *Landfall* about a man in pre-war Bremen strangled to death during sexual commerce with a python, a story which he

insisted was true.²³⁶ His house had been designed by Group Architects and was built of foam concrete sprayed over a metal frame. O.E. Middleton had been employed as one of the labourers. It was referred to as the 'chicken-house' and was not popular with the local council.²³⁷

Strewe's parties were attended by a wide variety of guests--architects, Strewe's staff, former clients, and a cross section of Auckland's artistic community. A brewery magnate's son would arrive with a group of Maori who were dubbed 'the Vultures', because of an aggressive dance they would invariably perform. They would finish as birds of prey, clawing at everything in sight. The parties were not as big as Lowry's, limited by the smaller size of the house, but trouble was perhaps more frequent. In the volatile atmosphere Duggan would drink too much of the available beer, home-brew, or appalling red wine, and then try to start a scuffle. Usually people were reluctant to oblige. He was among friends. But on one occasion, Duggan later confessed, he was more knocked around than anyone else when pushed off his prosthesis and run over by a stampede of people trying to escape the *mêlée* he had created. Next morning he would regret his fractiousness, but at the next party the same cycle would begin again. For some time Strewe used to amuse his guests in Duggan's absence by doing a take-off of the writer limping drunkenly on his artificial leg. Strewe would mimic Duggan's voice rising into a high-pitched querulousness with its richly cultured accent gone, a child's voice crying: 'Do you want a fight? Do you want a fight?'²³⁸

Discontented with his lack of progress as a writer, Duggan made yet another effort to solve the problem of employment by deciding that he would become an architect. It was another predestined failure. The Chrystalls agreed to let him work for them and receive some training, a little reluctantly as they doubted Duggan's enthusiasm would last. He was set up with a drawing board in the office of D.A. & L.J. Chrystall, AANZIA, at their Airedale Street house, and began receiving some lessons from David Chrystall on design. All went well for a few days until Duggan's perfectionism began to catch up with him and he became irritated at the poor quality of what he was producing. Lillian Chrystall came back from a site one afternoon and found the waste-basket full of Duggan's notes, torn, screwed up and with 'fuck architecture' scrawled across them. He had given up, poked a pen like a dart into the drawing board, and gone.²³⁹

Of Duggan's everyday life in this period little is known. Writing and literature went on regardless. After Oxford University Press's rejection of *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*, on the grounds of length as Duggan had guessed, he agreed to its publication by Blackwood Paul. Paul's growing publishing firm had developed from and was named after his Hamilton bookstore, Paul's Book Arcade, which had been founded by his father at the turn of the century. W.H. Paul had been a much

respected man in Hamilton, and a member of the Waikato Club. But his son Blackwood was a supporter of the Labour party. When in 1936 Blackwood Paul met Victor Gollancz in London, Paul's Book Arcade became the New Zealand agency for the Left Book Club. This led to rumours in Hamilton, entirely false, that Blackwood Paul was a communist.²⁴⁰ He and Janet Paul began publishing after their marriage in 1945. The venture combined their concerns for the development of good indigenous writing with the wish to make well-produced books, both sharpened by a practical knowledge of the book-buying public. As early as December 1956 Janet Paul had had her attention drawn to Duggan's story in the *School Journal*. After taking the work up Blackwood Paul as always tried to interest overseas firms in his latest project, and with *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* he was successful in having Faber & Faber contract to act as joint publishers.²⁴¹ As well as lowering printing costs and increasing sales through a wider public, joint publication allowed the author to receive a ten percent royalty on both New Zealand and British editions. For a 'colonial writer', as New Zealanders were designated, publication in Britain alone would bring only a five percent return.²⁴² When *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* appeared in England in late 1958, designed by Faber, it immediately became popular. Everyone was delighted that Duggan was at last receiving some international recognition. The work was chosen for translation into Braille. A further edition was sold to Criterion Books in New York, to appear from October the next year.²⁴³ The only sour note came in *The Times Literary Supplement* which decided, with breathtaking stupidity: 'The story is clumsily built and not very well told, and it is inconclusive. Mr Duggan seems to be a writer with little to say and less style than substance'.²⁴⁴

Copies of *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* did not arrive in New Zealand until early 1959, but at that point it was everywhere well received. Baxter and several other literary friends read the story to their children.²⁴⁵ One reviewer called it 'another milestone in our literary march', but felt as most did that the new illustrations were not as good as Peter Campbell's originals in the *School Journal*.²⁴⁶ Duggan also thought it poorly illustrated. To Brasch he wrote:

Reviewers are kind: after all there's nothing in it to get their backs up [...] But I am indifferent to the fate of the old fellow now.²⁴⁷

Through the assistance of the Davins, Duggan was put in contact with the literary agents Curtis Brown Ltd in New York. He became friendly by correspondence with Edith Haggard of the magazine section, who was responsible for placing 'Guardian' with the New York-based *Harper's Bazaar*.²⁴⁸ The story appeared in *Harper's* September 1958 issue, a useful indication for Duggan of the sort of standards he had set and attained. But the magazine was almost unread in anglophile New Zealand, and 'Guardian' was old work.

Duggan's hopes for his current novel were if anything more ambitious than for previous efforts, but fortunately institutional support for New Zealand writers was increasing. An annual Scholarship in Letters of £500 had been initiated in 1956 at the suggestion of PEN, to be administered by the New Zealand Literary Fund. Already E.H. McCormick and Phillip Wilson had been recipients. Everyone waited for a continued flow of novels like those which had distinguished the year, but instead it was to be Sinclair's *A History of New Zealand* which would soon be published to wide acclaim. On its appearance Ian Hamilton wrote to the newspapers complaining that Sinclair had not mentioned compost, and the historian replied in print that he had not mentioned witchcraft either.²⁴⁹ From 1959 the annual Robert Burns Fellowship was to be established at Otago University, providing a room in the English Department for a creative writer on a one-year salary at the same level as that of a university lecturer. The only condition was that during tenure the recipient should live in Dunedin. The Fellowship was administered by the University but had been funded by a £25,000 endowment from an anonymous group of Dunedin citizens the year before. Most recognised immediately in the combination of financial commitment and personal modesty the signature of Charles Brasch. For New Zealand writers, particularly novelists, it offered a hitherto undreamed of opportunity, the chance to work for twelve months on a large undertaking away from financial distractions. In November Duggan applied for the inaugural Fellowship. By the end of the year he learned that it had been awarded to Ian Cross.

At the beginning of 1959 Duggan set aside the material he had collected for 'The Wits of Willie Graves'. He felt it had suffered from only intermittent attention and needed to be planned again. '[M]ost of the work done on it,' he noted, 'must be undone'.²⁵⁰ The book was still expanding, but he was now sure that Willie Graves as the central character had become too limited for the range he wanted. From the fragments Duggan hoped for a work that would encompass New Zealand--no doubt in the way that *The Tree of Man* did Australia--and would do so 'in landscape, in situation, and in climate--the climate of its thought'.²⁵¹ But perhaps White's novel seemed to overshadow the book in the way that Cross's had 'Along the Poisoned River'. Instead Duggan began a shorter and more manageable work, something less grandiose than the great New Zealand novel, which he began by calling 'A View to the Sea, or Miss Bratby's Career'.

The germ of the work, Duggan wrote later, was the idea of 'a bedridden woman and her devoted or at least very dutiful but very male husband [...] One full centre of consciousness'.²⁵² For the characters he borrowed inspiration from Barbara's job. Miss Joan Bratby--surely it is no accident that her name begins with the same letter as Barbara--works as a physiotherapist and daily attends Constance Ashby, a wealthy woman suffering from a debilitating arthritic disease.²⁵³ Constance Ashby's virile

husband, Robert, mistakenly believes he observes Joan Bratby at the beach in a crimson bathing costume. He initiates an affair with her. David Power, a literary-minded young man, is hired by Constance Ashby to read to her. He briefly becomes Joan Bratby's lover before leaving the city. Joan Bratby then reluctantly continues her relationship with Robert Ashby. This, the first half of the book, Duggan could imagine clearly. The novel was to present the inadequacy of Joan Bratby's view of life, and he hoped it would work within severe limitations on character and event. 'Its scene is as limited as that of a play, and as generalised', he wrote in his plans.²⁵⁴ Initially he thought of using as an epitaph the first two lines of Marvell's 'The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn'. He may have been attracted toward this by T.S. Eliot's comment on the poem, that Marvell takes 'a slight affair, the feeling of the girl for her pet, and gives it a connection with that inexhaustible and terrible nebula of emotion which surrounds all our exact and practical passions and mingles with them'.²⁵⁵

The last year of the 1950s did not find Duggan's feelings of confidence and opportunity any less fragile than they had been in the first. In March he was asked by Brasch to review Davin's new novel, *No Remittance*, for *Landfall*, but wrote back that he thought the novel poor. If he could not say so to Davin's face he certainly would not in print.²⁵⁶ Davin was in the country on business as part of a tour of Oxford University Press offices around the world. He had stayed at Forrest Hill at the beginning of March before travelling south.²⁵⁷ Duggan was determined to do no more reviewing. Instead he faced down the intractable difficulties of writing out his latest idea for a novel and worked hard. Sargeson thought his dedication remarkable. He wrote longhand, revised, and then added the results to a typed draft. By mid May Duggan had reached page sixty five. But the lack of publishable results, after so many years of having begun big books, left him feeling that he was still a failure. Texidor wrote from England, where she was staying with the photographer Bill Mansill and his wife, suggesting that millions would be coming in from the sales of *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. In fact although the book was his most lucrative work it certainly never earned more than £150 in any one year.²⁵⁸ While drunk Duggan typed a reply in a long monologue witty of phrase and grim of mood. It exemplified the rambling phraseology and imagery that was to find its way more and more often into his letters, and owed something to the type of speech he could frequently cobble together at parties to impress, beguile and insinuate all at once:

Of course I do not write--not letters, not books. There has been some most embarrassing mistake. The man you seek is elsewhere: drinking tea on the Costa Brava it may be. (Knowing neither the exile nor the cunning I can only insist on the silence--volubly, with many gestures. But it is the silence authentic.) But should you be so kind as to offer

him a little attention, a kindness of an order at once genuine and discreet about past promise, and a little tea, I would be pleased to have you remember me to him, reminding him, not too forcefully, of the regard in which I held him and the duty I would still perform for him. (Instructions re books and papers?) Of course he will know the long path, down the hill and through the gorse, has long since gone; and I would not remind him of it should he have forgotten. Nor speak of ambition; nor prose, nor bitterness; nor the old sod, his country not his father. Indeed if I may venture advice, tenderness is all. The tea should be weak but hot; and one small lump of sugar will be enough. It would be useful that you watch where he places his stick, the cane with the false monogram on the false-silver band. And you will know better than to believe his outrageous story, that the silver was rendered from some thirty pieces once in the possession of an obsessed and unprepossessing jew. His company you may momentarily enjoy: I hope so. He was fond fellow in his day, though truth to tell a little unreliable, drunken, lecherous, too much given to washing, and more than a little too prone to 'sentimentality' ('unearned emotion'). Indeed, on second thoughts I think I should spit in his eye, and beg him speak plain.²⁵⁹

In its more literary form this was to become the language of 'Riley's Handbook'.

On 24 May the harbour bridge, which had cost £6,700,000, was ready to be opened, and more than 100,000 people celebrated by walking across it between Auckland and the North Shore. The necessity of tedious journeys by vehicular ferry had ended. Sargeson had for some time been beleaguered by construction noise as Esmonde Road was extended, the mangrove swamp filled in and the land reclaimed. Now he found an endless stream of traffic driving past his house. He considered selling up and moving, but simple inertia had got the better of him. With its new accessibility the development of the North Shore was hastened even further, and its properties became increasingly desirable to the upper middle classes. Not long after the bridge had been opened Duggan and Sinclair attended a Friday gathering at the 'Chrystalls'. In the early hours of the morning a very drunk Duggan got into his car and departed for home, heading off up Queen Street at speed. However he did not arrive back at Forrest Hill until 4 am, and during the time in between no one knew what had happened to him. Duggan himself could not properly recall what had occurred. His drinking would occasionally reach the point of alcoholic amnesia and leave him unsure of what he had done or said. It transpired that he had forgotten the bridge and driven all the way around the harbour. For a while Sinclair made attempts

to stop Duggan from drinking so much, but soon found that it would not do any good.²⁶⁰

The Auckland Teachers' College in Epsom ran one-year Section T training courses for primary school teachers from September, commonly known as 'pressure-cooker' courses, and Duggan decided to apply. The scheme had been initiated by the Education Department in 1949 as the baby boom started, part of a Special Emergency Scheme designed to alleviate an acute shortage of primary school teachers throughout the country. Smithyman, who had been teaching for years, had reservations about his friend's participation. He felt Duggan was motivated by a desperation to find employment rather than a genuine interest. He did not see how a man with a prosthesis was going to fulfil the necessary requirement of certification in physical training, though he did not dare say so.²⁶¹ While waiting for the result of his application Duggan continued to work at his new novel, his plans for it becoming more and more elaborate. Meanwhile a Writers' Conference, the first since the gathering in Christchurch eight years earlier, was being planned in Wellington for 1-4 September to mark the twenty fifth anniversary of PEN. Holcroft as PEN President and Cole as its newly appointed Secretary were the organisers. Cole hoped Duggan would be able to attend, but expressed some private doubts about the literary value of the Conference. He feared it would be taken over by complaints about the Rugby Union Council's decision to exclude Maori from the next year's tour of South Africa.²⁶² The government was attempting to block discussion of the controversy over the airwaves of the NZBS, and with this censorship many writers felt a double outrage. Duggan promised that whatever decision he made to appear would be at the last minute. Shortly before resolving to go down he learned that he had been accepted for Training College.

In Wellington Duggan stayed with the Coles in Willis Street. He slept in the children's playroom at the bottom of the section. It had been fitted out with a bed, table and chair. The room, with its Spartan furniture and view of the back yard consisting of outside toilet and washing-line, was to be converted into Riley's shack behind Tunny's hotel in 'Riley's Handbook'.²⁶³ The Coles had bought a hillside property at 28 Napier Street in Karaka Bay and had plans to build a house, the grand residence Cole had long set his heart on. It was hoped construction could commence by the end of the year. To help raise money the Coles were thinking of selling the MG, and together Cole and Duggan, both of whom loved machines, happily discussed the technical merits of a Volkswagen as replacement.²⁶⁴

Christine had taken a job as copywriter at the advertising agency Carlton Carruthers du Chateau and King Ltd the year before, and tried to persuade Duggan that advertising might be the solution to earning a living. She told several tales about the commercial barbarism of agency life, much to Duggan's amusement, but the work

was lucrative and could even be challenging. Christine's first task had been to write the catch line of a radio jingle for Berlei brassières. 'You can't go wrong in a Berlei bra', she offered, and was sent back among hoots of derision to try again. More recently because of the Cold War Christine had been asked to help rename the Chinese gooseberry. After listing thirty or so unlikely possibilities she put kiwiberry at the bottom of the page in sheer desperation. This was taken up by Graham Turner, and became kiwifruit when a company botanist argued that the product was not a berry. Duggan laughed at the story and thought it a terrible name.²⁶⁵

The Conference was held at Victoria University College. Duggan was present from the first morning, when the writers met in the University Council room over cups of tea. He later described the gathering self-consciously as:

[T]he delectable gang of sclerotics, asthmatics, myopics, alcoholics, bucolics, fazed virgins, daubers, spoilers, amputees with satyriasis and satyrs with pitted rosea, the bald, the lame, the stuttering; and the blind and simple poet. Holy bejesus and maudlin by the mile.²⁶⁶

The assemblage was large. Sargeson was one of the few big names not to attend. Most present were over thirty and respected in their fields. As author of *Immanuel's Land* Duggan was among the more accomplished writers, who also included McCormick, Brasch, Glover, Cross, the romance novelist Nelle Scanlan, Antony Alpers, Curnow, Middleton and Baxter. Among the youngest were the twenty four year-old novelist Marilyn Duckworth, whose *A Gap in the Spectrum* had just been published to acclaim in London by Hutchinson's New Authors Ltd, and her twenty five year-old sister the fledgling poet Fleur Adcock, both of whom Duggan met for the first time. The days were devoted to chaired discussions in the Chemistry lecture-theatre on such topics as 'New Zealand Letters Today', 'Critical Standards', 'State Patronage' and 'The Writer's Market'. Some subjects were adhered to more than others. Professor Garrett of Canterbury University College chaired a lively debate on 'Indecency in Literature' among loud and frequent witticisms from Glover, who kept up a stream of such interjections throughout most of the Conference. Brendan Behan's *Borstal Boy* had been banned in New Zealand the year before under the Indecent Publications Act of 1910, and a storm was approaching over Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*, which had just appeared in England.

On the afternoon of the second day, when the Junior All Blacks were playing, almost half the Conference was absent. Cross was one of those away at the rugby and it may have been at this time that Duggan amazed everyone present by a sudden attack on *The God Boy's* author. He berated Cross for having ridden to success on the backs of other New Zealand writers. The accusation, which could perhaps best be explained as a flash of professional jealousy, was eventually reported back. Cross was left feeling hurt, but he had already drawn the conclusion that Duggan was a

deeply unhappy man and let the matter drop.²⁶⁷ On the third day the Director of Broadcasting, J.H.E. Schroder, addressed the Conference on 'Broadcasting and the Writer'. His speech was a heavy-handed indictment of 'verbal and structural clumsiness; rough rides over commas, circumlocutions, abstractions, literary habits and usages [...] verbs that refuse to work'.²⁶⁸ The literary audience was furious, particularly Brasch who later remarked that Schroder's arguments had quite got under his skin.²⁶⁹

In the evenings there were parties until late at night. One was at the Coles', where everyone drank too much and Baxter approached his most eloquent on the battle of the sexes. He and Duggan traded quips, and Duggan came away from their conversation chortling that he had gained 'a vocabulary of parable and generalisation; a special pair of moral bifocals for wear in the sandstorms of coffee shops'.²⁷⁰ The Conference ended with resolutions passed against the exclusion of Maori from the All Blacks' South African tour, in favour of a bookshop in London's New Zealand House, and requesting royalty payments to be spread over three years for tax purposes. All felt that it had been worthwhile. Duggan drove back to Auckland accompanied by Cole.

Shortly after the Conference Brasch wrote to Duggan, still angry about Schroder's speech and planning to write a letter in protest for publication in the *Listener*. Schroder had referred to authors as 'deaf and dumb' in their inability to write for radio, and had made some personal attacks on writers who often featured in *Landfall's* pages. Duggan was asked to write a second letter in support.²⁷¹ Brasch's protest appeared on 25 September. Undoubtedly Duggan was approached by the *Landfall* editor to assist because he had not been attacked and because of his levelheadedness in public, an ability to put a case with subtlety and calm reason. Neither man wanted to start a destructive vendetta. Thus Duggan's letter three weeks later confined itself--with Brasch's agreement--to claiming rather mildly that Schroder's remarks had prevented a more constructive dialogue from developing at the Conference. Duggan's concluding words soberly echoed Brasch's, that a negative atmosphere between writers and broadcasting must not be allowed to continue.

One month later a letter in the *Listener* by Anton Vogt claimed to attempt some balance by criticising the petty-minded response of writers at the Conference to what had been a humorous speech. It suggested that *Landfall* under Brasch might suffer the same excessive caution that had often been complained of in the NZBS. When the Director of Broadcasting was witty and the editor of *Landfall* was hopping mad, Vogt wrote, these were hopeful signs. Duggan launched himself into a reply:

Not for Mr Vogt that messy business with chicken's entrails; not for him the questioning of the Sibyl: let the Director of Broadcasting have pretty wit and the editor of *Landfall* be hopping mad and Mr Vogt

pronounces the omens hopeful. For what? [...] I can in no way share his sense of having dismissed, merely by naming, the 'petty-minded and the one-sided.' Indeed the smoke is so thick I can barely make Mr Vogt out at all, crouched as he is in that arena in his curious divining gown, among such symbols, such ancient signs [...] I deplore the condition of broadcasting in New Zealand, where the men who run it are, of necessity, as ambiguously placed as centaurs--half-man and half-civil servant [...] But of one thing I'm sure: Mr Vogt isn't going to be able to ride the animal with much dignity if he insists on dressing in that disreputable toga.²⁷²

No matter how disconcerting or moody Duggan seemed sometimes to have become with friends, apparent levelheadedness was one reason why he did not make public enemies. But this written response was an unusual display of the arsenal of vitriol he now used for battles in private. To Brasch he confided of Vogt: 'I like him: I hope my letter doesn't lead him to doubt it'.²⁷³ Holcroft announced the correspondence closed.

With the return to Auckland Duggan began his training at the Teachers' College. From the very beginning he had little stomach for the course, although when sent out to observe at Takapuna Primary School he discovered that he was good in the classroom. The children accepted him immediately and Duggan enjoyed their company. Among the student teachers he stood out as somewhat of a star. Nick, who had just turned five and was going to Milford Primary School, watched with delight as his father carefully made a letterbox for pupils to use in a class exercise. The joinery was beautifully fashioned, the surfaces primed and then painted red. Nick would have liked to play with it himself, but the letterbox disappeared to the school and he never saw it again.²⁷⁴ Robin Dudding, who still edited *Mate* and in an effort to make a living was on the same course, asked Duggan how he managed the endless trivia involved in dealing with children. With not a trace of cynicism Duggan replied that they were his subject matter and therefore it was good to keep in touch with them.²⁷⁵ Nevertheless he found the lecturers who talked on subjects like Infant Method obtuse. The effort of getting to Epsom each day by bus and moving about the College was hard on the stump of his leg. He continued, he wrote to friends, 'in a spirit of some despair'.²⁷⁶

A further distraction from Teachers' College was the exciting state of his novel. Now titled 'The Burning Miss Bratby', its first draft stood by the beginning of October at eighty one pages, the halfway mark. He had showed the work to Sargeson, Sinclair and Cole, all three of whom said it was outstanding. Duggan was acutely aware that the only way to finish the novel successfully would be to devote himself to it full-time and he became more obsessed than ever with the problem of

how a writer might find the opportunity simply to write. The evangelist Billy Graham had recently visited Auckland to speak at two enormous rallies in Carlaw Park, and this provided Duggan with one of numerous metaphors he used in a long letter to Brasch to illustrate his predicament:

The Muse will scarcely suffer herself to be spurned in the interests of long-term security, a job, etc. One of Billy Graham's 'decisions for Christ' would not, however, demand so complete a subscription [...] What is a reasonable price for the writer to pay for his large devotion and little stories? [...] It might be said, I suppose, that less of idle pondering and more of getting on with *Miss Bratby* would provide the best solution; but writing, I need not here remark, differs from piece-work, in the way that certain sorts of baptism demand total immersion.²⁷⁷

The Burns Fellowship offered a way out. Duggan intended to apply again, and he knew that with a novel half-finished his case would be strong. But to go to Dunedin for a year would mean having to leave Teachers' College. There was no possibility of deferment. The shortage of teachers was no longer deemed acute and his Section T course was presented as the last of its kind.²⁷⁸ Duggan knew that if he pulled out he would be unlikely to find further opportunity for a career. The Burns Fellowship was a solution only for a year, after which his situation would become: 'that of a lawyer who having specialised in some aspect of his subject too rare for common use, insists even so upon his professional status and sits amid cobwebs and empty chairs awaiting the one client to whom this knowledge will mean all'.²⁷⁹

Duggan's confidence in applying for the Burns Fellowship once more received a timely boost when he heard that *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* had received the Esther Glen Award, a medal occasionally granted by the New Zealand Library Association to children's books of exceptional quality. This in turn was eclipsed almost immediately when Duggan learned that he had won the inaugural Katherine Mansfield Memorial Short Story Award. It had been established by the New Zealand Women Writer's Society and was funded by the Bank of New Zealand, of which Mansfield's father, Sir Harold Beauchamp, had once been Chairman. Prizes of fifty guineas each for a short story and essay had been announced. Joan Stevens, then a lecturer in English at Victoria University College, was the judge. Duggan had submitted 'The Departure', a further piece of the abandoned 'Along the Poisoned River'. It had been published six months earlier in *Image*, a magazine edited by Robert Thompson and printed by Lowry, which had begun in January the previous year. Elsie Locke, a Christchurch writer, won the essay section with 'Looking for Answers'. On 14 October, the seventy first anniversary of Mansfield's birth, a commemorative evening was held at Wellington's Pioneer Club on The Terrace at which Duggan appeared and accepted his

prize. Once more he stayed with the Coles. Locke had politely declined to attend, despite the offer of travel expenses and hospitality. The invitation suggested 'pop an evening dress in your bag' and she had decided it was not her kind of occasion. When she and Duggan met later in the year he gave her an amusing account of the ceremony, in which he said that Bank of New Zealand grandees were heard tut-tutting that a Communist essay had won the award. Locke replied that the essay had been angrily read by some of her friends as an anti-Communist piece and both writers enjoyed their awards at last.²⁸⁰

At the Mansfield evening Duggan's award was presented by the then Chairman of the Bank of New Zealand's Board of Directors. The institution's involvement and the worldly connections of the New Zealand Women's Writers Society had lent the competition some considerable kudos. The French Ambassador was present, having earlier witnessed the dispatch to Menton of a cable with greetings and the names of winners. Duggan was presented with a cheque and a copy of Mansfield's collected stories. His name was affixed to a parchment scroll for placement in the Alexander Turnbull Library.²⁸¹ However he thought the prize-money extraordinarily mean, especially for a bank. It was not lost on him that considerably more than fifty guineas appeared to have been spent on the evening's celebrations. Christine Cole, whose advertising agency handled both the BNZ and National Bank's accounts, was able to tell Duggan that the National thought the amount ludicrous. They felt £1,500 would be more appropriate. Nevertheless in public Duggan decided to do the right thing:

[W]riters have to rise to it, even to the extent of pretending to be sensible of an honour: to do anything else would be to prejudice any further development of public patronage. So I sat and grimaced, a martyr for a couple of hours in the cause of lit.²⁸²

He was horrified to hear the address of the evening delivered on Mansfield by Professor I.A. Gordon, in which Gordon 'disproved what he called "a persistent legend concerning her relations with her father Sir Harold Beauchamp"'.²⁸³ Duggan saw this as whitewashing. When newspapers rang him about the award and asked him to comment on Gordon's speech he assiduously referred them to Antony Alpers. Despite the kerfuffle he still felt that the BNZ and other commercial organisations would learn to see a benefit to their public relations in properly sponsoring the arts, and that such patronage would help bring writers into the community.

By the end of October Duggan had had enough of Teachers' College. He left in the first week of November. It was not an easy decision. Later he told Sinclair that he had quit when a lecturer began a demonstration: 'This is a chisel. That is the sharp end.'²⁸⁴ However the most crucial factor was the unavoidable strain which travel to the College put on his leg.²⁸⁵ Duggan's hopes were pinned on the Burns Fellowship, but he observed:

[W]hatever the outcome there I will apply myself to working out Miss Bratby's situation. Burns could help here but Miss Bratby cannot, of course, depend upon him. Think of the impropriety. There is no escaping: no matter how small the work, and no matter what it's ultimate value, one must keep at it. That is pompous, I know; but it comes close to the truth.²⁸⁶

Duggan's need of the Burns Fellowship was not so much financial as psychological. Barbara had been earning an income through the years of his invalidity. The welfare state and enforced convalescence meant that he had effectively been able to write full-time since his return from England. Even the Fellowship would not give the long-term security which he felt, as he approached thirty seven, he must begin to provide. There was no question of Barbara accompanying him. It would not be easy for her to leave her practice or for Nick to change schools. A comfortable arrangement had been already worked out whereby Nick stayed each day with Mrs Platts after class until Barbara had finished at her rooms and could take him home. As Duggan felt his dependency ever more acutely his marriage began more rapidly to deteriorate. Instead of acting as provider he started to withdraw from his commitments to house and family, complaining that suburbia was the cause of his frustrations. But Duggan was not a social rebel. It was precisely the validation of his literary efforts by society and the opportunity to earn a genuine income as a writer that made the Burns Fellowship so attractive. It offered an acceptable escape from the dilemma of the putty-knife factory.

In November Duggan sent off his letter of application to the Registrar at Otago University. He enclosed a copy of *Image* with its award-winning story, and typescripts of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' and 'The Wits of Willie Graves'. His stated intention was to work on 'The Burning Miss Bratby', which he could see to the end of. He was confident it could be finished within six months. For the remainder of the Fellowship he would write more of 'The Wits of Willie Graves'.²⁸⁷ At the same time as the application's dispatch a letter came from Brasch. It enclosed a questionnaire on broadcasting in further response to Schroder's talk. Brasch was approaching sixteen writers and hoped to print the replies in the March issue of *Landfall*.²⁸⁸ The questionnaire covered many of the practical difficulties writers faced, an unusual symposium on how they managed in art and life. Many felt this was somehow indiscreet, and despite his support for Brasch Duggan occasionally wavered in that direction. What was said, what might have been told, and who was invited to reply, was to reverberate through the literary community for some months. Duggan quipped that the next questionnaire would be:

[T]o housewives: To what do you attribute your painful back? To leaning all day over a hot temperament? To the stove, the washing machine, the hammers of love?²⁸⁹

At Clifton Firth's studio he sat for a photographic portrait to accompany the questionnaire. With its distinctively intense lighting the picture showed in close-up a keen gaze and a smile of edgy confidence in a large, much lived-in face. It was always to be Barbara's favourite photograph of him.

Brasch also noted in his letter that Maurice Shadbolt was returning from Europe and intended applying for the Burns Fellowship. Shadbolt had been away two and a half years and his first book, a collection of short stories entitled *The New Zealanders*, had just been published by Gollancz in London. To be published internationally was still very rare, and so at twenty seven Shadbolt had suddenly joined the select group of rising new authors. On his own response to the questionnaire he was observing: 'Otago, with the Robert Burns Fellowship, is like a bright island in a bleak sea'.²⁹⁰ Duggan replied to Brasch that the Fellowship had to be taken by someone. 'I could turn the year to great profit,' he wrote with as much nonchalance as he could muster, 'but so could any of the others'.²⁹¹ He had not touched the novel since pausing at page eighty one. Despite his determination to finish it, the work itself seemed to demand the support of the Fellowship. Summer had come early and he busied himself with putting the garden in order. Sargeson had provided a bundle of lettuce seedlings. Duggan watched Nick and Smithyman's son, Gerard, play amongst the woods. The boys had dug out an underground fort near the elm trees, and Nick was delighted with a rifle his father lovingly carved for him from a piece of cedar. Duggan kept himself busy. The alternatives to not being awarded the Burns Fellowship did not bear thinking about.

Under the strain of waiting Duggan grew impatient with the daily round at Forest Hill. He decided to travel to Wellington again. In Dunedin a committee of five academics and a student representative was meeting to determine his fate. The Chairman, Professor E.A. Horsman of the Otago English Department, was in favour of him but had no vote. The remainder argued the merits of Duggan and Shadbolt. Four other members were evenly split until at last the Vice-Chancellor, Dr F.G. Soper, a Chemist, came down in Duggan's favour.²⁹² A telegram was sent offering the Fellowship. It arrived just a few days before Duggan was due to leave Auckland. Immediately he cabled back his acceptance, asking for future correspondence to be sent to the Coles' in Willis Street. Having prepared to run from failure, Duggan found that a wave of success seemed to be breaking over him. With money worries gone he decided to fly on the NAC Viscount service to Wellington, where Rongotai airport had opened only the month before. The Chrystalls drove him out to Whenuapai and presented him with a book in farewell. An envelope tucked inside

contained a substantial cheque. For Duggan's birthday in Wellington Sinclair sent down a crate of beer and a bottle of whisky. Duggan was touched at these gestures of friendship.²⁹³ Sargeson was delighted for his former *protégé* and wrote to a friend: 'I. may save him from his current despair and tormented behaviour'.²⁹⁴ Duggan knew that he had gained a twelvemonth respite, a whole year in which to write.

Busy with work, Barbara could not see her husband off at the airport. In the unhappy background were arguments, recriminations, distances, with Duggan taking constant umbrage. Barbara struggled to understand the complex source of his confused and bitter actions. He reported angrily to Sinclair:

My attitude was to say--let's leave off this purposeless mad exercise long enough to discover who we are fighting (of course it's Maurice, shadow-boxing, after all?) and what we are fighting about. The terms of the cease-fire I keep, in Wellington: the enquiry into the terms of treaty I have not yet the heart for, nor the skill for.²⁹⁵

Yet it was characteristic of Duggan to write in the same letter that he intended to be back in Auckland at Christmas, to take Barbara and Nick to Coromandel. His view of marriage and of Forrest Hill had become centrifugal--occasionally Duggan seemed to push ever outwards from home, almost as if testing how far he could go before the bonds might break. Next the comfortable forces of routine, stability and responsibility would emerge and lead him to his inevitable return. Strangely, winning the Fellowship seemed only to have brought on a crisis of self-image. He was now under more pressure to write a big book than ever before. Duggan confessed:

My arteries daily harden but little else (no indecencies, please) makes similar response to time and days:[sic] I simply hold on, for dear life, to my unclear sense of my own identity. I fight, o cowardly battles, around just that concept, around that need to have an identity--a stance or a posture, if you like, I can draw some confidence from.²⁹⁶

As always the Coles were happy to put Duggan up, although there was talk of Cole returning to Asia to work for the National Library of Singapore, and this made Cole more nervy and tense than usual. In Willis Street Duggan spent his time stripping and painting walls and repairing wallpaper as the house was prepared for sale. The Coles' new home was now due to be ready in June of the next year. Duggan's tasks kept him busy during the day while the family was out at work or school. He enjoyed himself, taking great pride in working as a brush-hand, and remarked to many that it was a way of paying board. In fact no money had been asked for, but he was fitting in. Each morning he entered smoothly into the family bustle of getting the children ready for school, even helping make sandwiches for playground lunches. In the evenings he read *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* to Jane and Martin, and would extemporise other stories to amuse them. On the weekends he

took the Coles' car to the garage for the checking of oil, water and air that he customarily did at home. Christine would watch Duggan's care and tenderness with her son, now aged six, and think what a shame it was that Nick could not be present. On the occasions Christine had stayed at Forrest Hill she had noticed that despite having only one child Barbara had seemed forced to go to great lengths to spare Duggan from any involvement in the morning routine. There was no doubt that he was better behaved away from home. During the visit Duggan said that at Forrest Hill, while Barbara was away at work and he was writing, he would hear the rubbish truck drawing near but could not bring himself to get up and put the rubbish out. That was not a man's job. Having grown up in a household where whatever needed doing was done by whoever was free, Christine was appalled. She made a fuss about it until Duggan felt suitably ashamed.²⁹⁷

In Wellington a letter from the Otago University Registrar, J.W. Hayward, arrived with a page of conditions regarding the Burns Fellowship for Duggan to sign and return. His salary was to be £1,275 and would commence from the first day of the new year. The University hoped he would arrive by the end of January and offered assistance with accommodation.²⁹⁸ Brasch suggested putting him up on arrival but Duggan believed the University would be able to arrange something before he appeared. He asked Hayward to find him a self-contained flat, preferably furnished, close to the Otago English department. Horsman was going to be in Auckland as an examiner in early December, but Duggan would not be able to meet him. He wrote to Sinclair saying that should his friend run across the professor, 'speak excellently of me'.²⁹⁹ He was only half joking. Duggan wondered what sort of reception would await him on travelling south.

Meanwhile he went to see Baxter's first play, *The Wide Open Cage*, which was causing a small sensation in Wellington. Like everyone else who attended performances at the Unity Theatre's cramped Drummond Street studio Duggan thought the stage tiny but the cast excellent. Although he insisted to all that Baxter's Catholic 'solutions' were not his own he was very warm in his praise. To Sinclair he wrote: 'I no longer completely subscribe to your thesis about the impossibility of writing plays in N.Z.'.³⁰⁰ Among the play's constant religious references and Irish characterisations the future author of 'Riley's Handbook' may have been attracted to speeches like Jack Skully's:

There's two men inside me, Eila. One's a good old codger. Waiting for harp and crown. He'd never harm a hair of your head. The other one's sad and bad and mad. He wants to grab hold of life with both hands [...] The trouble is, I want you to like them both.³⁰¹

Duggan also visited Holcroft in the *Listener* offices on the fourth floor of the Hope Gibbons Building, at the corner of Courtenay Place and Taranaki Street. It was not a

successful meeting. Holcroft, despite good relations with Cole through PEN, found Duggan very touchy. Duggan for his part made no secret to Cole that he thought Holcroft prissy. Between them lay the feud with Sargeson, which continued without forgiveness.³⁰² While at Willis Street Duggan had no writing to do. His typescripts were still at Otago University. Instead he read with wry amusement through what he called 'the superficial and sexy mysteries' of Grace Metalious's *Peyton Place*.³⁰³ He did not visit his parents, though Robert Duggan was now working for Thompson's Silks, where Christine occasionally shopped. When she asked if Duggan would like to invite his father for dinner she received a definite 'no'.

On the weekends literary visitors dropped by Willis Street more or less continually. Evening gatherings would often turn into a party. Stimulated at these by a new crowd, Duggan could be marvellously entertaining. On one occasion the guests in the hall and living room of the house seemed to be drawn out of their places into the kitchen by the sound of Duggan's voice and laughter, as if towards some piper. But at other times, on afternoons or evenings when there was nobody about, he would seem to be gripped by the blackest of depressions and would retreat to his room at the bottom of the narrow garden. The complete intensity of these moods worried the Coles. Sometimes Christine would send the children down to the playroom to try and have them break through Duggan's awful melancholy.³⁰⁴ The sight in particular of Sarah, his favourite, usually seemed to cheer him. In early December Duggan sent a letter to Sargeson, who had written asking why he was in Wellington. Its attempt at justification suggests how great a pressure Duggan felt he had been under:

My intention was to continue south in search of that icy terrain where are no suburbs, bungalows or lawns. I remembered, however, the penguins & stopped at this point. My hysteria, a protest at being so constantly engaged in keeping up an edifice as inane as it is inconsequential, has quietened a little: the Burns year may offer some relief.³⁰⁵

Hayward at Otago posted the typescripts to Wellington on the fourteenth. Within two days of receiving them Duggan had returned to Forrest Hill, earlier than intended.

At home his difficulties were no more resolved than the problems in his own mind, and both seemed in many ways linked. It was Duggan who acted aggrieved, but then behaved badly, and the source of his irritability remained nameless. When at times he admitted the harm in his behaviour Duggan would feel guilty to the point of what almost seemed enjoyment. Barbara often felt she seemed somehow extraneous to all this, and was left managing as best she could. She had a job to keep and a child to bring up. Her husband was increasingly withdrawn into himself, and she waited to see if this would improve. Along with a growing sense of desperation in his

personality Duggan's handwriting began to change. It started to slant further to the right in a sharper italic, and Greek e's began to appear more and more often. Christmas passed in a tense atmosphere, but on Boxing Day the family drove to Coromandel for ten days, and Duggan seemed to relax. The Coles came up to Auckland and used the house in their absence. The Duggan family stayed with the Sinclairs in a rented bach near the Long Bay camping ground. Sinclair was interested in building a holiday home on the Coromandel, and together with Duggan he examined the area for possible sites.³⁰⁶ The group was joined by the Thompsons, and they were able to go out fishing in Sinclair's boat.

Sinclair, as always, both admired Duggan's physical strength and was struck at how hampered his friend was in the enjoyment of outdoor life by self-consciousness over his leg. Like Davin Sinclair had met Jim Henderson, a man who never seemed bothered about his own stump, and who at the beach would remove his prosthesis in public before hopping down the sand to the water. But a morbid determination to hide the lack of his leg had long become part of Duggan's personality. On a separate occasion Barbara had remarked of someone's attitude that he did not have a leg to stand on, and Duggan had taken such offence at the implied reference that he left the room and did not speak to her for several days.³⁰⁷ It was integral to being himself that he would wear his prosthesis on Sinclair's boat while fishing, despite the danger. He was accustomed to the risk, even if Sinclair never was. Sometimes the stump might bleed and he would appear in pain, but his mood lifted and he was happy.³⁰⁸ He spoiled the children of all three families with attention, and carried them about one after another on his shoulders. So odd was the swinging sensation of his gait to a child accustomed to a smoother ride that it was not easily forgotten.³⁰⁹ The families saw out the old decade and the beginning of the new.

When the Duggans returned to Auckland a letter arrived from Hayward. A flat near Otago University had been impossible to arrange but the manager of the University Book Shop, John Griffin, was willing to offer board at his home in Mornington. This was some distance out of town but Griffin brought his car in most days.³¹⁰ Duggan politely declined. He wanted somewhere central and thought at first he would stay in some small hotel. He had not explained to Hayward how his leg hindered mobility without a car. Once back in Auckland he seemed suddenly anxious to leave once more. Forrest Hill, he appeared to have decided, was a place that he did not like, with its implications of Barbara, Nick, the house, a job and a suburban future. He had not planned to arrive in Dunedin until 25 January, but seven days beforehand he packed his bags and left for Wellington, to stay yet again with the Coles. Outwardly Duggan was a successful New Zealand author travelling south to take up a well-deserved Fellowship, but inwardly he was running away from an

unhappy home. It was a plight he had engineered as surely as he had crafted stories of unhappy runaways for the past ten years.

Notes

1. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
2. Among Duggan's letters to Dan Davin. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
3. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 16 Dec. 1953. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. Barbara Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 6 Apr. 1954. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
4. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 26 Oct. 1953.
5. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 10 Sept. 1953.
6. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 26 Oct. 1953.
7. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 26 Oct. 1953.
8. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 26 Oct. 1953. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 2 Jul. 1953.
9. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 26 Oct. 1953.
10. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.
11. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 23 Jan. 1954.
12. M.H.H. [M.H. Holcroft]. 'Under the Cabbage Tree.' *N.Z. Listener* 18 Dec. 1953: 12-13.
13. *New Zealand Short Stories* (The World's Classics no. 534). Ed. Dan Davin. London: Oxford University Press, 1953: 243-249. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
14. *New Zealand Short Stories* (The World's Classics no. 534). Ed. Dan Davin. London: Oxford University Press, 1953: 243-249. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
15. Among Duggan's letters to Charles Brasch.
16. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
17. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
18. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Feb. 1954.
19. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. Dated 24 Apr. 1974.
20. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992. Keith Sinclair. *Halfway Round the Harbour: An Autobiography*. Auckland: Penguin, 1993: 144.
21. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 18 Jan. 1954.

22. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 9 Feb. 1954.
23. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 18 Jan. 1954.
24. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 4 Apr. 1954.
25. E.H. McCormick. *The Inland Eye: A Sketch in Visual Autobiography*. Auckland: Auckland Gallery Associates Inc, 1959: 45.
26. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
27. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
28. George Haydn. Interviews. 25 Aug. 1991, 30 Aug. 1992.
29. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
30. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.
31. Keith Sinclair. 'Maurice Duggan 1922-1974.' *N.Z. Listener* 25 Jan. 1975: 22.
32. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 5 May 1993.
33. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.
34. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 16 Jan. 1956.
35. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992. On another memorable occasion, when Glover visited Sarah Alpers, she prudently hid every bottle of alcohol she had in the oven at his arrival. After his departure she turned on the oven to cook a meal, and only later discovered that she had forgotten to remove the bottles. Jean Bartlett. Conversation. 29 Jul. 1994.
36. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
37. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 2 Jul. 1954.
38. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 2 Jul. 1954.
39. Frank Sargeson. 'Conversation with Frank Sargeson: an Interview with Michael Beveridge.' In *Conversation on a Train and Other Critical Writings*. Ed. Kevin Cunningham. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1983: 178. Elsewhere Sargeson writes of 'my survival during the difficult fifties'. *Sargeson*. Auckland: Penguin, 1981: 286.
40. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 12 May. 1992.
41. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 23 Jul. 1954.
42. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 17 Apr. 1955.
43. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 22 Jul. 1954.
44. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 2 Aug. 1954.
45. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.
46. Barbara Duggan. Letter to Dan and Winnie Davin. 18 Aug. 1954. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
47. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
48. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Vivienne Lee-Johnson. 17 Aug. 1954. Among Duggan's letters to Eric Lee-Johnson.
49. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 22 Jul. 1954.

50. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Vivienne Lee-Johnson. 17 Aug. 1954. Among Duggan's letters to Eric Lee-Johnson.
51. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 6 Oct. 1954.
52. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
53. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 2 Dec. 1954. Sargeson collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
54. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Tuesday'.
55. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Tuesday'.
56. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 25 Oct. 1955.
57. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 343.
58. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 4 Nov. 1954.
59. Medical records. Green Lane Hospital.
60. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 29 Mar. 1955. Texidor collection. Auckland University Library.
61. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 31 Jan. 1955.
62. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 12 May 1992. Eric Lee-Johnson. *No Road to Follow*. Auckland: Godwit Press, 1994: 151.
63. Keith Sinclair.. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.
64. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 29 Mar. 1955. Texidor collection. Auckland University Library.
65. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 29 Mar. 1955. Texidor collection. Auckland University Library.
66. Menu. R.W. Lowry collection. Auckland University Library.
67. Felix Millar. Interview. 5 May 1993.
68. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 18 Nov. 1953.
69. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 8 Sept. 1955.
70. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 29 Mar. 1955. Texidor collection. Auckland University Library.
71. Quoted in Gordon Ogilvie. *Introducing Denis Glover*. Auckland: Longman Paul, 1983: 14.
72. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Apr. 1955.
73. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 20 May 1955.
74. *Here & Now* Oct. 1953: 28.
75. Ronald Holloway. Interview. 1 Mar. 1994.
76. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 29 Jun. 1955.
77. Note written by Duggan in December 1965 on end-papers of Guy Young's *A Country Like Home*. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1965. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

78. Janet Frame. *An Angel At My Table*. Auckland: Century Hutchinson, 1984: 190.
79. Janet Frame. Conversation. 18 Nov. 1991.
80. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 14 Sept. 1955.
81. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 20 Jul. 1956. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. The story of Frame's misdiagnosis is recounted in her *The Envoy from Mirror City*. Auckland, Century Hutchinson, 1986: 99-111.
82. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
83. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 19 Jul. 1955.
84. Duggan had once sent a story entitled 'Summer's End' to *Arachne*, another magazine begun by Wellington poets (Louis Johnson, Erick Schwimmer, Hubert Witheford and W.H. Oliver), but the piece was never published. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 May 1951.
85. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 14 Sept. 1955.
86. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 5 Apr. 1961.
87. Maurice Duggan. Letter to M.H. Holcroft. Aug. 1955. *New Zealand Listener* files, National Archives, Wellington.
88. Nevertheless Holcroft later wrote of the same story that he thought it the best in *Immanuel's Land*, and that it seemed 'to gather up all the richness of the senses which remained from a Catholic childhood'. M.H. Holcroft. *Islands of Innocence: The Childhood Theme in New Zealand Fiction*. Wellington: AH & AW Reed, 1964: 27-28.
89. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 5 Jun. 1991.
90. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 5 Jun. 1991.
91. Manuscript in the possession of Kendrick Smithyman.
92. Felix Millar. Interview. Interview. 5 May 1993. C.K. Stead. Conversation. 1 Mar. 1994.
93. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 23 Aug. 1955.
94. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 8 Sept. 1955.
95. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 5 Oct. 1955.
96. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 6 Sept. 1955.
97. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992. Smithyman believes that Baxter's poem 'Coming at evening...' [James K. Baxter. *Collected Poems*. Ed. J.E. Weir. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1979: 156.] relates to this incident, and that the lines on Fairburn 'gaunt/ as the great moa, throwing the twisted blunt/ Darts in a pub this side of Puhoi [...]' ['Pig Island Letters 6.' *Collected Poems*: 280] also recall this visit. Smithyman claims Baxter has altered the location, the original pub

being the Wade Hotel at Silverdale. Kendrick Smithyman. Conversation. 24 Jul 1994.

98. Jacquie Baxter. Conversation. 5 Nov. 1992.

99. Social Security Department. Letter to Charles Brasch. 27 Sept. 1955. The letter inquires about Duggan's *Landfall* earnings. With letters from Duggan to Brasch, Hocken Library, Dunedin.

100. *Here & Now* Mar. 1956: 30. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 5 Oct. 1955.

101. This eventually became Cole's *Pompallier*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1957.

102. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 19 Oct. 1955. Texidor collection. Auckland University Library.

103. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 24 Feb. 1956.

104. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 4 Jan 1956. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.

105. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 4 Jan 1956.

106. Robert and Noeline Chapman. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.

107. Bill Pearson. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992.

108. Bill Pearson. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992.

109. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993.

110. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 24 Feb. 1956.

111. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 4 Jan 1956. Maurice Shadbolt. 'Beginnings: The Disobedient Days.' *Islands* vol. 8 no. 4/vol. 9 no. 1 (1981): 96. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993.

112. Kevin Ireland. 'Paperboy and Poet.' *Islands* vol. 6 no. 3 (1978): 323.

113. Brian Crosby. Interview. 5 Sept. 1992.

114. *Those Were the Days: A Nostalgic Look at the 1950s*. Ed. Stephen Barnett. Auckland: Moa Publications Ltd, 1987: 116.

115. *The New Zealand Yearbook*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1957: 31-33, 51.

116. Colin James. *New Territory: The Transformation of New Zealand 1984-92*. Wellington: Bridget Williams Books, 1992: 11, 16, 30.

117. Maurice Duggan. Letter to the editor. *Landfall* vol. 10 no. 4 (1956): 367.

118. Duggan himself noted that the title refers to Genesis 49: 17, Jacob's prophecy of the tribe of Dan. Commonplace book. Personal papers.

119. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 6 Feb. 1956.

120. 'The Deposition' is most of Book One of the novel, i.e. up to page 37 of the original manuscript, although there appears to have been one further section at the beginning of the story in which the Clarkes (who like the Court family are department

store owners), discuss their manager Mr Lenihan in an unflattering way. Book One Duggan at first thought of entitling 'His Rider Shall Fall'. The extract Brasch considered publishing was pages 12-27 of the original manuscript, i.e. from 'Mrs Byrne had been established two years or more [...]' [*Collected Stories*: 215; Brasch wished to add the words 'as housekeeper' after 'established' for extra clarity] through to "'Father didn't want it," Margaret said' [*Collected Stories*: 221]. Duggan, in a covering note when he sent the novel to Brasch, also hinted at publishing pages 38 to 57 from Book Two of his manuscript as an extract. This may be what eventually became 'The Departure'. Duggan confirmed this latter story as part of his novel in an interview. 'Burns Fellowship Shows Literature Has Value in Our Society.' *Critic* 7 Apr. 1960: 6.

121. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Apr. 1956.
122. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 18 Apr. 1956.
123. Some evidence for this appears in the number of people who, during the course of interviews for this biography, have tried to insist that Duggan's step-mother was the family maid, even though this was demonstrably not the case.
124. W.H. Auden. *Collected Shorter Poems 1927-1957*. London: Faber and Faber, 1966: 141.
125. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 336.
126. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 24 Feb. 1956.
127. Alistair Campbell. Interview. 17 Dec. 1993.
128. Frank Sargeson. Letter to C.K. Stead. 17 Mar. 1956. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead.
129. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 8 Apr. 1956.
130. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 24 Mar. 1959. Texidor collection. Auckland University Library.
131. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 337. However the book form of the story is dedicated: 'For Nicky'.
132. Alistair Campbell. Interview. 17 Dec. 1993.
133. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 4.
134. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 27 Feb. 1961.
135. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 12.
136. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 33.
137. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 38.
138. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 61.
139. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
140. *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Harmondsworth: Kestrel Books, 1974: 64.
141. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dorothy White, 4 Oct. 1959.
142. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 2 Jul. 1956.

143. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 2 Jul. 1956.
144. Ronald Holloway. Interview. 1 Mar. 1994.
145. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 2 Jul. 1956.
146. *Landfall* vol. 10 no. 4 (1956): 350.
147. Maurice Duggan. Application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.
148. Patrick White. *The Tree of Man*. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1956: 146.
149. Fraser McDonald. Interview. 2 Mar. 1994.
150. Lillian Chrystall. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.
151. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
152. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
153. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
154. It was published as *Poetry Harbinger* in 1958.
155. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 Sept. 1956.
156. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.
157. Frank Sargeson. Letter to C.K. Stead. 11 Nov. 1956. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead.
158. Maurice Shadbolt. 'The Value of the New Zealand Short Story.' *Evening Post* 29 Dec. 1956: 7. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993.
159. James K. Baxter. *Education* vol. 6 no. 1 (1957): 65.
160. James Bertram. 'The Lonely Traveller.' *N.Z. Listener* 2 Nov. 1956: 12.
161. R.A. Copland. *Landfall* vol. 11 no. 1 (1957): 78.
162. 'New Zealand Themes.' *Times Literary Supplement*. 16 Nov. 1956: 677. The review was unsigned, although investigation by Duggan suggested that it was written by Erik de Mauny. [Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 Jan. 1957].
163. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 27 Mar. 1957.
164. Bill Pearson. *Here & Now* Sept. 1957: 32. The review was originally written for a YA radio programme, but rejected by Arnold Wall on the grounds that it was too literary for the average listener.
165. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 22 Nov. 1956.
166. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 22 Oct. 1956.
167. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
168. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 6 Feb. 1957 [misdated 1956].
169. Kendrick Smithyman. Conversation. 28 Feb. 1994.
170. Ronald Holloway. Interview. 1 Mar. 1994. A.A. Milne. 'Politeness.' *When We Were Very Young*. London: Methuen Children's Books, 1924: 41.
171. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 20 Jul. 1956.
172. Keith Sinclair. 'Maurice Duggan 1922-1974.' *N.Z. Listener* 25 Jan. 1975: 22. Duggan's copy of the *History of New Zealand* is inscribed: 'For Maurice Duggan in

grateful acknowledgement of his semi-commas & comments. Keith Sinclair.' Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

173. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.

174. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. Undated.

175. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 28 Sept. 1956.

176. Maurice Duggan. Application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.

177. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Jan. 1957. This is the only description of the story we have. 'For the Love of Rupert' does fit within this brief outline, but no further evidence exists to confirm whether some early version of it was the story Brasch read.

178. Charles Brasch. 'Notes.' *Landfall* vol. 11 no. 1 (1957): 3.

179. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.

180. *The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories*. Queen Charlotte Sound: Cape Catley, 1974: 106.

181. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.

182. *The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories*. Queen Charlotte Sound: Cape Catley, 1974: 113. Harry was also the name, possibly in an alteration of Morry, that Duggan chose for himself in the Lenihan stories.

183. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.

184. A.R.D. Fairburn. 'The Culture Industry.' *Landfall* vol. 10 no. 3 (1956): 198-

211. Duggan's comments are pencilled into his own copy. He writes further:

I cannot avoid the feeling that, under the cloak of generalities & the mania for analogy, he intends a series of particular, even personal attacks. He is everywhere less than specific & his argument depends for its strength upon specific analysis. As a general warning against the growth of state control this is so familiar a thing from Rex's hand as to be no longer worth the trouble it costs him. To set up 'suburbia' against the artist--either as his public or as the society he is divorced from--is only a small part of the argument. Again, his own concern with economics & politics was the result of a necessity, a general social concern--the 1930 depression years. He can't pretend to have arrived at it out of an insight & concern that was purely personal. It was that general concern and common experience that produced the Labour Party, the Welfare State & just that sort of state control he now finds so distasteful. It was just the logical extension of that concern, that is, which produced the most remarkable and praiseworthy legislation this country has ever seen.

185. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992. Bill Pearson. Letter to the writer. 23 Sept. 1994.
186. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 Jan. 1957.
187. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 10 Apr. 1960.
188. Kendrick Smithyman. Interviews. 5 Jun. 1991, 2 Sept. 1992.
189. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 27 Mar. 1957.
190. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 20 Jun. 1957.
191. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.
192. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
193. Jean Bartlett. Conversation. 4 Sept. 1992.
194. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 27 Mar. 1957.
195. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
196. 'A Delight of Books: Children's Book Week 1960.' *New Zealand Libraries* Apr. (1961): 66.
197. Alistair Campbell. Interview. 17 Dec. 1993.
198. Maurice Duggan. Letter to M.H. Holcroft, 30 May 1957. M.H. Holcroft. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 4 Jun. 1957. *New Zealand Listener* files. National Archives, Wellington.
199. Author's copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan. Duggan notes the review script had a 1 November deadline and was broadcast 17 November.
200. Maurice Duggan. 'I Beg to Differ...Closing Hours.' *New Zealand Parent and Child* vol. 5 no. 8 (1957): 29.
201. Maurice Duggan. 'Owls Do Cry: Janet Frame.' *Here & Now* Sept. 1957: 29-30.
202. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 29 May 1957.
203. Janet Frame. Conversation. 18 Nov. 1991.
204. Author's copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
205. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992. Some of the published poems Smithyman wrote based on incidents involving Duggan, and their dates of composition, were: 'Gathering the Toheroa' 20 Aug. 1956 [published in *Flying to Palmerston*. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1968]; 'Autumn Elms' 22 May 1957 [published in *Flying to Palmerston*.]; 'Muriwai' 8 Jul. 1957 [published in *Inheritance*. Hamilton: Paul's Book Arcade, 1962.]; 'Demolishing the Farmhouse' 9-13 Sept. 1957 [published in *Flying to Palmerston*.]; 'Felled Macrocarpas' 5 Nov. 1957 [published in *Flying to Palmerston*.].
206. Kendrick Smithyman. 'Demolishing the Farmhouse.' *Flying to Palmerston*. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1968: 22.
207. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 5 May 1993.
208. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.

209. Respondent. 'Writers in New Zealand: A Questionnaire.' *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 1 (1960): 50.
210. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.
211. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Eric Lee-Johnson. 22 Jan. 1958.
212. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 313.
213. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 338.
214. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Dec. 1993.
215. Franks Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 16 Mar. 1958.
216. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993.
217. Maurice Duggan. Radio script among letters to Charles Brasch. Hocken Library, Dunedin.
218. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993.
219. Frank Sargeson. Letter to C.K. Stead. 20 Apr. 1958. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead.
220. Ian Cross. Letter to the writer. 29 Jan. 1994.
221. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 336.
222. Alistair Campbell. Interview. 17 Dec. 1993.
223. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 3 May 1944. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 24 Oct. 1959
224. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 336.
225. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital. Although no concrete evidence exists, it is interesting to speculate over the influence of Duggan's treatment for TB upon his tendency to depression. Doctors using iproniazid to treat TB in the 1950s sometimes noticed that the drug also helped to manage the depressions of the same patients. Later it was discovered that the drug belonged to a category known as MAO inhibitors, eventually used in depression control. [Ron Lacey. *The Complete Guide to Psychiatric Drugs*. London: Ebury Press, 1991: 74.] Isoniazid is substantially the same drug as iproniazid. Although there is no evidence to indicate whether Duggan did or did not suffer depressive episodes during the periods November 1952-May 1953 and July 1954-October 1957, when he was taking isoniazid, it is interesting to note that on both occasions after he ceased to take the drug he suffered violent moodswings within two months. On 21 July 1953 Duggan attempted suicide, and he later identified 1958 as the year in which his drinking began to get out of control, preceded by bouts of depression.
226. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 334.
227. This is illustrated in Riley's phrase: 'The same old hell: the will'. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 315.
228. Maurice Duggan. Notes on alcoholism made at Oakley Hospital. Dated 4 Jun. 1973.

229. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992.
230. Maurice Duggan. Draft of speech to Alcoholics Anonymous. Personal papers.
231. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital. Fraser McDonald. Interview. 3 May 1993.
232. Gordon Parker. *The Bonds of Depression*. Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1978: 130-1. Endogenous depression is thought to have a genetic component, although the risk of a child inheriting a unipolar disorder is considered as low as fourteen percent.
233. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 27 Feb. 1961.
234. Kendrick Smithyman. Interviews. 5 Jun. 1991, 1 Sept. 1992. The poem was 'Coming Home', *Flying to Palmerston*. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1968: 28.
235. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 28 Apr. 1993.
236. 'Monstrous Uncle Bernhard.' *Landfall* vol. 6 no. 1 (1952): 35-38.
237. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct. 1993. Strewe had in fact three houses designed by Group Architects. The first, in Glen Eden, was partially built by members of the Group, who were then still students. The second and the third, the 'chicken-house', were both on Strewe's Titirangi property. [O.E. Middleton. Letter to the writer. 29 Oct. 1994].
238. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
239. Lillian Chrystall. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.
240. Mary Paul. "'The We of Me.'" *Landfall* vol. 45 no. 4 (1991): 412-413. Janet Paul. Interviews. 19 Apr. 1994, 18 Oct. 1994.
241. Janet Paul. Letter to the writer. 4 Aug. 1992. Janet Paul. Interview. 19 Apr. 1994.
242. Janet Paul. Interview. 18 Oct. 1994.
243. 'Falter Tom [...] is to make his American appearance Oct. 16 [1959].' Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 4 Oct. 1959. The Criterion edition carries the date 1958 among its publishing information, but appears in fact to have been released a year later.
244. Unsigned review. 'The Light Fantastic.' *The Times Literary Supplement*. Children's Book Section. 21 Nov. 1958: x.
245. Jacquie Baxter. Conversation. 5 Nov. 1992.
246. Joan Stevens. "'Falter Tom" in book form.' *Education* vol. 8 no. 1 (1959): 29-30.
247. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 24 Mar. 1959.
248. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 17 Aug. 1960.
249. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.

250. Maurice Duggan. Application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.
251. Maurice Duggan. Application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.
252. Maurice Duggan. Note with first draft of manuscript. Personal papers.
253. Sinclair claims he was always led to believe that 'Miss B.', as Duggan often referred to the novel and its protagonist, stood for Barbara. Keith Sinclair. Interviews. 26 Aug. 1991, 31 Aug. 1992.
254. Maurice Duggan. Application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.
255. T.S. Eliot. 'Andrew Marvell.' *Selected Essays*, London: Faber and Faber, 1934: 300. Duggan's copy, in the possession of Barbara Duggan, has the essay on Marvell heavily marked.
256. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 24 Mar. 1959.
257. Dan Davin. Diaries. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
258. Maurice Duggan. 'Writers in New Zealand: A Questionnaire.' *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 1 (1960): 50.
259. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Greville Texidor. 24 Mar. 1959. Texidor collection. Auckland University Library.
260. Keith Sinclair. Interviews. 26 Aug. 1991, 31 Aug. 1992.
261. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 1 Sept. 1992.
262. John Reece Cole. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 20 Aug. 1959. Among Duggan's letters to Cole. Cole collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
263. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 309, 310.
264. John Reece Cole. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 13 Sept. 1959. Among Duggan's letters to Cole. Cole collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
265. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
266. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
267. Ian Cross. Letter to the writer. 29 Jan. 1994.
268. 'Writers in Conference.' *N.Z. Listener* 18 Sept. 1959: 8. The quotation is a reporter's précis of Mr Schroder's speech and not his remarks verbatim.
269. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 11 Sept. 1959.
270. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 9 Sept. 1959.
271. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 11 Sept. 1959.
272. Maurice Duggan. *N.Z. Listener* 27 Nov. 1959: 11.
273. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 9 Nov. 1959.
274. Nick Duggan. Interviews. 25 Aug. 1991, 2 May 1993.

275. Robin Dudding. Conversation. 6 May 1993.
276. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 4 Oct. 1959. Letter to Christine Cole [now Cole Catley]. 9 Sept. 1959.
277. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 4 Oct. 1959.
278. H.C. Becroft. 'Section T.' *Manuka* (1960): 9-13.
279. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 4 Oct. 1959.
280. Elsie Locke. Letter to the writer. 2 Mar. 1993.
281. *History of New Zealand Women Writers' Society 1932-1982*. Eds. Thelma France, Hestia Quinn, Roma Henden, Isobelle Ashforth. [New Zealand]: n.p., 1982: 219-220.
282. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 24 Oct. 1959.
283. *History of New Zealand Women Writers' Society 1932-1982*. Eds. Thelma France, Hestia Quinn, Roma Henden, Isobelle Ashforth. [New Zealand]: n.p., 1982: 219.
284. Keith Sinclair. *Halfway Round the Harbour: An Autobiography*. Auckland: Penguin. 1993: 56.
285. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
286. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 24 Oct. 1959.
287. Maurice Duggan. Application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.
288. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 1 Nov. 1959.
289. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 28 Apr. 1960.
290. Maurice Shadbolt. 'Writers in New Zealand: A Questionnaire.' *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 1 (1960): 67.
291. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 8 Nov. 1949.
292. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 29 Nov. 1959. How Duggan learned of the circumstances of his selection is unknown. Shadbolt was to receive the Burns Fellowship in 1963.
293. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 29 Nov. 1959.
294. Anonymous source, through Michael King.
295. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 29 Nov. 1959.
296. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 29 Nov. 1959.
297. Christine Cole Catley. Interviews. 17 Jan. 1992, 15 Oct 1993.
298. J.W. Hayward. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 23 Nov. 1959. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.
299. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 29 Nov. 1959.
300. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 29 Nov. 1959.
301. James K. Baxter. 'The Wide Open Cage.' *Collected Plays*. Ed. Howard McNaughton. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1982: 29.

302. M.H. Holcroft. Conversation. 19 Nov. 1991. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
303. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Quin and Margaret Thompson. 5 Dec. 1959.
304. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 17 Jan. 1992.
305. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 19 Dec. 1959.
306. Mary Sinclair. Conversation. 11 Aug. 1994.
307. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
308. Keith Sinclair. Interviews. 26 Aug. 1991, 31 Aug. 1992.
309. Priscilla Thompson. Letter to the writer. 21 Dec. 1993.
310. J.W. Hayward. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 11 Jan. 1960. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.

Immanuel's Land

'The intuition of language, something more than assessable, becomes a fate which influences those who use it.' (*Notes on the Edge of Criticism*').¹

Duggan felt his first book was titled 'in an ironic sense', but even without irony the collection's name has significance.² In *The Pilgrim's Progress* Christian is taken by the interpreter to the House Beautiful, where preparations are made for his journey, and from there he is shown Immanuel's Land. From Immanuel's Land, he is told, it is possible to see the gate of the Celestial City. For Duggan this proves a useful emblem for the role of the artist, for art itself, and for the nature of the country he wishes to write about, somewhere between paradise and the Slough of Despond. However Bunyan's Protestant religious fervour was not at all to Duggan's tastes, and the title derives mostly from an acknowledgement of influence. The seventeenth century allegorist was an important author to Frank Sargeson. Sargeson had taken the title of his first novel, *I Saw in My Dream*, from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and he had written of imagining himself as Christian when climbing Mount Te Aroha in his memoir, 'Up Onto the Roof and Down Again'.³ For Sargeson, Bunyan was useful in preparing the groundwork for his novel's attack on the narrowness of the New Zealand puritan values that prevailed in his childhood. Despite his own Catholic upbringing Duggan had considerable sympathy with such aims. Thus of all Sargeson's works *I Saw in My Dream* was Duggan's favourite. With the exception of 'Voyage' (and perhaps 'Chapter') each of the stories in *Immanuel's Land* is about childhood, revealing not a conscious attempt by Duggan to write a 'structured series of stories in the Joycean manner', as has been suggested, nor even a book loosely assembled to explore a theme, but rather an area of continuing interest.⁴

Long before Duggan treated it, childhood was a well-worn subject in New Zealand literature. As early as 1949 Robert Chapman was referring to the young Gilbert Cunningham in his review of David Ballantyne's first novel as:

[F]ather to the artist, trailing intimations of perception about which the prison bars of school, sex and a narrow home are closing fast; in short, he is the presiding genius of the local short story.⁵

However, *Immanuel's Land* is distinguished from its predecessors by the range of the techniques Duggan employs to direct the reader toward definite conclusions about what is presented. A strong invitation to judgment hangs over all the characters in the collection. Duggan measures the people of *Immanuel's Land* by many standards, their kindness, their honesty, their courage, but particularly their imaginative capacity. In works like 'Race Day', 'A Small Story', or 'In Youth is

Pleasure' such a capacity is delineated by the ability or failure of characters to envisage and understand the lives of others.

In 'Guardian', the first story in the collection, the theme of the treatment of children is introduced through a consideration of their self-proclaimed betters. Brother Ignatius's position as an agent of iniquity is revealed in the language of the story's first sentence.

In monkish black, slipped for the night, Brother Ignatius trod slowly through the dormitory's gloom, in the false silence of stirring beds, past the false sleepers, his rosary-beads trembling as he gathered bead by bead the familiar prayers, his footfalls patting forward over the floor.

In vernacular Irish 'black' is almost always a slur, and that Duggan should align it in the first words of his story with Brother Ignatius's Marist cassock is subtly damning. The word 'false' also appears twice, and although on neither occasion does it apply directly to Brother Ignatius it is indicative of something for which he is responsible, the over-regimented life of young boys in a school dormitory. Brother Ignatius himself is elderly and weak. He has been at the school thirty years. The rosary-beads in his hand are 'trembling' from infirmity. He is over-weight, and his exhausted body 'ached for sleep'. He represents the higher authorities of divine providence and school, but although he is in charge he is not in control. He cannot stop a tap dripping in the washstand and as he prays all that comes out of the sky is an aeroplane, 'flying low'.

Yet for all this Brother Ignatius has personal integrity. Having mentioned the rosary-beads in the first sentence, Duggan recalls them in the third paragraph and shows that although the Brother may not pray exactly according to the rules, he does pray sincerely:

The rosary beads went one by one through his fingers; each smooth bead was a prayer whether he prayed or not. The mild slow turning of his thoughts was, too, a prayer.

It is lights-out time in the dormitory, and as he walks between the rows of beds toward his own cubicle the Brother is able to imagine the night that will follow, with the attempts at masturbation among the boys. This he finds a forgivable offence, and he does not enforce its prohibition. Nevertheless he can also imagine the more energetic efforts of another dormitory master, Brother Mark, at preventing this limited pleasure. Brother Ignatius's capacity to imagine the lives and needs of those in his charge is a troublesome virtue. It makes him sympathetic to the reader, and presumably to the boys he oversees, but it also makes him know the unsuitability in the system of care of which he is a part.

By ignoring the boys' transgression Brother Ignatius assumes that 'what he didn't know couldn't hurt them', an unorthodox attitude since nothing is hidden from God. In fact the Brother's human sympathy for the boys has threatened his sense of faith. After switching out the lights and undressing in his own cubicle he kneels and finds his praying is empty. In the paradoxical manner of Graham Greene's priests, it is this sense of long-engendered doubt that makes Brother Ignatius seem a good guardian, because it reveals a conception of natural justice and morality. Duggan's anti-clericism is here considerably more effective than in his early 'Faith of Our Fathers'. 'Guardian' succeeds as an example of what Dan Davin praised as 'a singular ability to create and establish with speed and economy not only the scene but the characters who act in it'.⁶ By showing him powerless in a hostile clericalist environment, Duggan has made Brother Ignatius's doubts seem above all reasonable. Behind the thin partition, while 'the shiftings he heard [...] began as they always did, to intimidate him', he finds himself quite literally on the wrong side. The church is against the naturalness of life.

The story moves into a flashback in which essentially the same theme is repeated in variation, this time with Brother Ignatius under the control of his Brother Superior. With sympathies suitably prepared, the reader is now likely to be very judgmental indeed. On the morning of the story's setting Brother Ignatius has gone to the Brother Superior asking to be relieved of his duties, pleading 'his tiredness and his age'. In response the Brother Superior suggests a doctor or prayers, although Brother Ignatius's problem is not medical, and is caused not by abstract difficulties of faith but by his environment. 'Don't think I am unsympathetic', the Brother Superior says, though he is presented as having the slyness of an efficient administrator. Like Brother Mark he makes no attempt to understand the boys in the school, but sees them in confrontational terms: 'They are so quick, don't you find? So determined to outwit us'. His final words to Brother Ignatius, designed to keep the old man at his job, are a deliberate failure of sympathetic imagination: 'If you are sure you aren't worried by anything, then we must have Doctor Sullivan take a look at you'. Brother Ignatius feels that if the boys in his care are no more comforted by the church than he has been, then 'they too were but little helped'.

Duggan has contrived a dichotomy between church and life, and Brother Ignatius's final prayer before sleep carries an implicit repudiation of the church: 'Our sort of discipline won't work because it hasn't enough love in it'. In the framework of the story the Brother is the best example of kindness and understanding the church can offer, but his way is only, as he himself calls it, 'a sort of benign indifference'. Compared to the raillery in 'Faith of Our Fathers', this prayer is a more effective dismissal of the clergy because it is convincingly fixed in the psychology of a character. It comes at the climax of the story, which in this case is a significant

moment not so much of plot as of theme. It is, as Terry Sturm writes, 'a moment of self-awareness, a dim recognition which breaks through defence mechanisms and rationalisations, habitual ways of thinking and feeling and reacting'.⁷ Brother Ignatius falls asleep remembering a jingle instead of his prayers. The situation in the dormitory does not change or improve, so that the story ends on the note of a general lack of trust, embodied in the last sentence where the boys worry that the Brother is feigning sleep. The word 'feigning' itself echoes the 'false sleepers' and 'false silence' at the beginning of the story once again.

From this reading it is clear that the poetic use of language is central to Duggan's technique, and no story of his is more poetic than 'Six Place Names and a Girl'. The brief passages that make it up are testament to Duggan's remarkable descriptive powers. This was a style of writing completely anomalous in New Zealand fiction up to the time of the story's publication. It has been defined by Sturm with the comment:

In this kind of patterning, actions and objects are perhaps less important in establishing some objective, external world or contributing to plot, than in presenting states of mind and feeling, either in illuminating some point of crisis, some moment of awareness, in the lives of the protagonists, or made part of an interior emotional landscape.⁸

The descriptions in 'Six Place Names and a Girl' are convincingly real, but each is filtered through a character's consciousness, and at first glance the story seems little more than a set of impressions. It contains 'the ingredients of a story which the author deliberately declines to put together', and this also is an essentially poetic technique.⁹ The reader does not learn much of the main character for some time, only that the places named are important to him. The sections Komata, Awaiti and Hikutaia describe an outdoor rural environment of great beauty--a swimming hole, duck shooting, and an improvised polo game. In each of these the main character appears part of a happy community, but that community is Maori and he describes it as an outsider. The language of description is built up not around the sentence but the clause. In the second section, Awaiti, in particular the repeated words 'sitting' and 'and' introduce tumbling sequences of new clauses while at the same time holding the paragraph together. The same device is repeated in the penultimate section, Karangahake.

From the Ngatea section, halfway into the story, considerably more can be inferred about the main character. He is youthful, since running away from home is part of his recent past. His home-life has been unhappy enough for him to brave hardship, loneliness and uncertain relationships with strangers to escape it. Nevertheless it remains difficult to relate this to the idyllic Maori community which

the youth has now joined. Unlike the Maori, who seem to live in harmony with the land, the Karangahake section provides an image of desolation. It describes where Europeans have mined, cut down logs and put up plaques to the Queen for as long as this was profitable, and then left the mess to be reclaimed by nature. In contrast the harmonious life of the Maori is made explicit in the Waihi section. They sing together so well that it is in fact a privilege to be Maori, to be part of the comfortable arrangement they have made with each other and with their environment at Komata. The Pakeha who appear are people like the remittance man Jepson, a hopeless drunk and a bad type. Mention of Komata echoes the beginning of the story, and it is revealed at this moment of repetition that these special experiences and special places have been part of the youth's summer in a second escape from home.

Using the harmony and naturalness of Maori life as a foil for the greed and selfishness of European settlers has come close enough to a cliché in New Zealand fiction, and such a charge could have been made even at the time 'Six Place Names and a Girl' was written. This early story is the only time Duggan himself, as opposed to his characters, might be accused of what Sturm calls 'white sentimentality--particularly the sentimental white stereotype of Maoris as non-reflective, happy-go-lucky and irresponsible'.¹⁰ Duggan had in fact considerably to distort the real-life Maori, the Royals of Komata, whom he used as his model (see page 56). Well-off hard-working Maori with no gorse on their farm, no debt at the local store and with church-going daughters just would not have done. Nevertheless the evocative power of the story's language has allowed it to endure. Duggan has taken the rural idyll of 'Sunbrown', the characters and the plot of seduction, and rewritten it with a simple social message. This becomes clear in the Pelly section, which finally reveals what type of home the youth has run away from, why the area is special to him, and how the situation must end, all within a few hundred words.

Through the character of Pelly, Duggan expounds the value of naturalness in human relations and posits a world of love and acceptance. Her parents are tolerant of the sexual relationship she has with the youth, which encourages the reader to accept it as well. To the extent that the reader does so the last paragraph comes as a shock, as Pakeha materialist attitudes are abruptly confronted. Such meanness and puritanism, embodied in the youth's father, has been absent in the story up to this point. Even the predatory actions of the commercial traveller have been no more than suggested, and a remaining miner glimpsed only at a distance. The youth's father seems to display a slow-burning anger over his son's absence which is founded in pride. One is tempted to see in it also a kind of envy, since 'Six Place Names and a Girl' is written to depict a care-free physical life which for most New Zealanders is an ideal. Nevertheless such naturalness has never existed as a place. It is his relationship to the environment and those around him, rather than a simple

matter of location, which allows the Pakeha youth in 'Sunbrowne' to enjoy a naturalness in life. He is envied by others and only good things happen to him. But in Duggan's later excursions into such material with 'Chapter', 'The Wits of Willie Graves' and 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' naturalness seems problematic precisely because it is dependent on more than the physical life of places, girls, and relationships to them.

'Race Day' is the first of the stories about the Lenihan children to appear *Immanuel's Land*. Much critical effort has been spent on why so many New Zealand writers have focused on childhood as subject matter. Robert Chapman has suggested it is because only in childhood that a writer feels 'the fullest union with his community'.¹¹ Dan Davin has implied the influence of Freud in his introduction to the 'World Classics' anthology, where 'Race Day' appeared, by noting that 'in our time writers, like psychologists, have tended to look to childhood for the sources of their troubles'.¹² Illness had deprived Duggan both of war experience and of much of his late adolescence, so if he was to make fiction out of his own life, childhood was a likely starting point. 'Race Day' is the nearest of all his stories to social history. Its descriptions of Devonport, a New Zealand racecourse and a first generation Irish family are thoroughly realistic. But the story is also designed, as many New Zealand stories of childhood are, to indict the world of adults which moulded its author and to comment on the world in which the grown-up author has found himself living.

'Race Day' begins at the Lenihan breakfast table with an introduction to the family politics. Mr Lenihan is jovial and likes his children. Affability is part of an Irish mannerism--artificial because carefully preserved--that helps him deal with the world. Mrs Lenihan, on the other hand, is mean-spirited. She will not let the children go out until they have finished their porridge and asked permission to leave the table. At first, when Mr Lenihan attempts to act as peacemaker, an odd gap appears in the dialogue.

'Say your piece, son,' Mr Lenihan said.

'Just this once, Grace,' Mr Lenihan said. "They're itching to get out."

What is missing is Harry's silent refusal to respond to his mother.¹³ Mrs Lenihan is not presented in a favourable light and this is reinforced later by the clothes she wears to attend the race-meet. Her dress of purple and white flowers is tasteless because the colour appears 'like stains of dried blood on the silk'. As well as commenting on her fashion-sense, blood also foreshadows the accident ignored by the adults later in the day. The story's opening exhibits an attempt by parents to inculcate 'proper' behaviour in their children. 'Be good kids', Mr Lenihan says when he and his wife depart for the track. But as the story progresses the reader is invited

to view such propriety as a kind of corruption, founded in the callousness toward suffering that characterises adults.

With their parents gone, the children can watch the races from the veranda of their house. Harry has a pair of binoculars, and while he and Margaret experiment with them wrong-end-round or by spinning them in an arc they are learning the rudiments of how to see. Mr Lenihan's jokey Irishness is all they have through which to view the Ireland that preceded their childhood, and the binoculars likewise limit their ability to see clearly the adult world of the racecourse. Margaret, the elder child, wins possession of the 'charmed lens', and the entry its vision gives her into the race-meeting provides at the same time a sense of detachment and power. She feels the racecourse is 'almost under her hand', and that with the glasses she 'outpaced the running horses merely by moving her wrist'. Harry is reduced to asking if she can see anything and thus is innocent of the eventual knowledge which the lenses give.

While Harry waits, the insight into the adult world Margaret gains through the magic of the glasses is of death. She sees an apparently fatal fall by one of the jockeys. Whether the jockey has died is never conclusively proved, as Duggan limits the reader's view to Margaret's, to her belief that the accident was fatal and her refusal to entertain it. As she puts down the binoculars Harry repeats: 'Could you see anything?', bracketing the incident with his question. But Margaret evidently does not tell him what has happened. By denying the existence of the accident to her still innocent brother, and then refusing to acknowledge its significance, Margaret moves towards the adult world of callousness and dishonesty to oneself of which her parents are part. As Harry plays a counting game Margaret is too shaken to join in. When Harry mentions jockeys she asks: 'How much do they count for?', but then does not wait to hear his answer as she is bothered by the irony in her own words. This irony is further mirrored in the language of Mr Lenihan, as the parents reappear: 'We nearly made a killing'. For them too the accident is not something to dwell on but to discount.

At the close of the story Margaret catches sight of the family's next-door neighbour, Mr Toms. He is lame--on crutches--and blind since a bad fall. He had previously appeared in the binoculars when Harry used them as 'appropriate denizen of a collapsing world', in another foreshadowing of the accident. His name suggests an early version of Falter Tom; he might even be Duggan himself. The water from Mr Tom's hose makes a rainbow and the flowers in his garden are 'jockey-bright', reminding Margaret almost against her will of the race-meeting. But she does not want to think further of the accident. It is Mrs Lenihan's comment on a 'blind man on a left-hand course', rather than Mr Lenihan's mention of 'killing', which stirs Margaret to feelings of care and delicacy. Like Mr Lenihan, whose gaiety

'hammered in all the rooms', evasiveness is the best response she can manage. She reduces what she has seen to a 'vision', and finds she cannot reconcile the remembered beauty of the race-meeting with the death which is part of it. Mr Lenihan sums up: 'the judge is a blind man, and that's that. A blind man only'. Such words of final wisdom may mean simply that the course judge was stupid or negligent, but also hint that there is no real justice in the adult world. Things happen without reason and people are uncaring. Joviality, manners and mannerisms are merely falsehoods to cover this. But again it may be construed to mean that even Duggan the author, like blind Mr Toms, may not be in a position sufficiently detached to tell right from wrong directly, so that the best his story can manage is to be indirect. The reader's view of events is necessarily controlled by a selective realism, just as the binoculars have controlled Margaret's view.

The unremitting pessimism which surrounds the Lenihan stories has its origins, as do all the works themselves, in 'A Small Story'. It is a tale that begins with deceptive simplicity, with the repeated word 'fairhaired' suggesting that the boy and girl presented are siblings, and mirroring the repetitive movement of the gate they swing on. The phrase 'but that was another time' in the third sentence is unsettling, as is: 'That was mother's name' a half page later. By the end of the first section the delivery of a letter has presented the main action of the story in outline--the death of the children's mother, the remarriage of their father--and the second section, as in 'Guardian', comprises a restatement of theme with variation. The girl's reference to 'Missus' Lenihan, a word which means both wife and a servant's term for the mistress of a house, and which can carry with it overtones of 'uppishness', foreshadows how the maid who has become the second Mrs Lenihan will behave.

Duggan employs only the simplest language in the story, with short uncomplicated declarative sentences that give the lie to those who see his writing as precious. There are few adjectives and the descriptive freshness of the language comes from its carefully chosen verbs. The house 'shimmered', the postman 'was sweating', his bicycle 'bumped' and the bus windows 'winked'. The flatness is as close to Sargeson's early colloquial writing as Duggan would ever approach, and may be one reason why the story is dedicated to his mentor.

The sun shone. The dust on the pavement stirred.

They were waiting for the postman.

The slow accumulation of statements allows the emotional impact of the story to come entirely from the pathos of the situation presented. There is no intruding narrator even to imply things, so that 'A Small Story' takes on an apparent objectivity.

This is reinforced by the story's style. Where the authorial voice is so noticeably reduced to a mere tonal presence, where two scenes are presented without

flashbacks or gaps in time, where characters' thoughts are mostly unreported and most of the action advances through dialogue, it is not surprising that 'A Small Story' should seem almost dramatic. Duggan may have adapted this technique in part from James Joyce's 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', a work designed to emphasise the shallowness of Irish public life. But in 'A Small Story' the technique is used for different ends. Realist drama appears the most objective of literary forms, in that characters' minds are not entered and the reader or audience sees everything the other characters see. The opening of the second section of 'A Small Story' would not be at all out of place as a stage direction:

They ran through the house to the front door and when they opened it there was their father standing there. They had seen his shadow through the glass panel. He picked them up, one on each arm, and kissed them, the girl first then the boy. Over his shoulder they saw a taxi in the road and the driver mounting the steps carrying a suitcase in each hand.

The reader seems in a remarkable position to observe the children--whose innocence the uncomplicated language reinforces--and to judge what is happening to them without influence.' But the story's objectivity is more apparent than real, since Duggan's careful dialogue allows only one conclusion about the children's treatment to be made.

Mr Lenihan's first words are about his bags: 'Put them anywhere'. The word 'put' is then repeated when he lowers the boy and girl, as if it is they who are to be deposited somewhere convenient. In this fashion his carelessness is indicated.¹⁴ The new Mrs Lenihan's first words are: 'Hadn't we better tell them and get it over?'. This too suggests an uncaring nature, that she believes telling the children about her marriage will somehow finish matters, when in fact it will be the beginning of new relationships. However, before the boy and girl can be informed, Mrs Lenihan announces that she cannot use Mr Lenihan's first wife's things, and she appears to forget the children altogether. Mr Lenihan, on the other hand, does not. He seems to have more imaginative sympathy for the children than his new wife displays. When he recalls saying hesitantly in the taxi: 'After all, I've no idea how they see things', he at least acknowledges that children have an inner life, albeit in the most negative terms. Mrs Lenihan's response was 'bosh'. Nevertheless when the news is finally broken the recorded reaction is: 'The children looked and looked'. They continue to observe and to understand, just as they, the adults and the reader have done throughout. When Mr Lenihan discusses with his children what to call their new mother Mrs Lenihan interrupts with: 'Just make out I'm not here', and her selfishness is confirmed. Willing to ignore the children, she will not be forgotten herself.

Mrs Lenihan's bad qualities quickly multiply. Her cutting response to being called the maid suggests pride. Her perfume and surfeit of rings suggests gaudiness. Margaret leads the children's resistance to the step-mother. The children are given their names in the story only when they in turn refuse to name Mrs Lenihan, almost as if this were to define their identities. Outside the bedroom door Margaret listens and hears Mrs Lenihan say that Harry will come round. In response Margaret extracts a promise from her brother to unite with her in hating the interloper. As in 'Race Day' she is the stronger of the pair and concerned with personal power, while Harry is more innocent and compliant. Margaret dominates Harry as if to reassert herself in the pecking order. 'You don't know anything', she admonishes. She wants Harry to keep a photograph of their natural mother almost as if in a devotional exercise, and instructs him: 'If they catch you looking you have to put it in your mouth and chew it up'. Finally she binds Harry with a vow: 'If you promise to hate her, I'll tell you something', but despite his agreement she never tells him anything and the last word of the story is 'silence'. With the dialogue over, the children return to doing nothing, and the non-acceptance of their step-mother has begun.

In 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' Joyce departed from dramatisation and entered the mind of one of his characters on only one occasion, in order to reinforce the emptiness of that character's personality.¹⁵ Duggan departs from his convention on three occasions in 'A Small Story'. The first is in the opening paragraph: 'They had been forbidden to ride on the gate but that was another time; each day had its own rules'. This establishes that the children have been cut off from their own past and are looking for a new direction for their lives to take. The second occasion comes at the story's centre when Mr Lenihan is about to break the news of his remarriage: 'He had rehearsed the next sentence all the way back from the train, in the taxi, and now it failed him'. From this, and the brief remembered exchange with his wife that follows, can be inferred some lingering doubts in Mr Lenihan's mind about the acceptability of his actions to the children. This is confirmed on the third occasion Duggan enters a character's mind, at the close of the story where Harry worries that his sister is going to cry: 'He didn't understand'. It is Harry's incomprehension and simple loyalty that cause him to promise to hate his step-mother, whereas Margaret's motives are more complex feelings of a loss of familial role. Each break in dramatisation is a crucial moment. Together they carry much of the story in microcosm. They are also an indication of the extraordinary artfulness with which Duggan constructed even the briefest of his works and, in the manner of Joyce, the extent to which he saw each new story he wrote as a fresh challenge not just of content but of style.

It is the failure to manage a style that leads to the comparative weakness of 'The Killer', another of the Lenihan stories. 'The Killer' is constructed very simply in

three parts, the first of which presents the boy Harry Lenihan while on a visit to his Uncle Tom's farm. There he is playing with souvenirs of the first World War and by playing with them he is 'growing up', a phrase repeated for emphasis, since he now feels too old for 'the painted toys of his childhood'. Harry pretends to shoot a sparrow with an old service revolver but succeeds only in breaking it. He is disappointed when his brief experience does not measure up to his glamorous fantasies of what weapons should be like. The phrase: 'His make-believe was defeated', suggests some conflict between his fantasies and real life, and foreshadows the conflict between Harry's romantic idea of war and the reality his uncle has known. The boy's response to the non-cooperation of the gun, which will be paralleled in the non-cooperation of his uncle, is 'What a frost', an appropriately aggressive phrase since Uncle Tom is tending new spring growth in the garden.

The second section is a dialogue with his uncle in which Harry hears, but fails to comprehend, how unsatisfactory real war is, and Uncle Tom fails to understand the impulse behind Harry's fantasies. Harry is a city boy who does not remember to close gates. His uncle has the 'green prejudice' of country life. He believes his nephew is bored with living in town which is 'no life for a growing boy', when in fact Harry is bored with his uncle's unending garden chores. Each, as Sturm observes, 'is totally incapable of understanding the viewpoint of the other'.¹⁶ To the boy World War One, in which his uncle was a quartermaster, seems dull in comparison to the more recent and technologically sophisticated Second World War which he has followed in magazines so that its reported images have become 'his own conception'. Harry's uncle fired only five shots, and those at targets. The only people to have made a legend of bravery about him are his daughters. But it is a legend which until now Harry has believed, and he is annoyed when reality turns out to be different. Replacing the belief in a brave uncle with a belief in an uncle who scored five bullseyes merely 'brought a sourness to Harry's respect'.

Uncle Tom, on the other hand, fails to see that Harry's childhood games, 'Tom Mix and the Wild West, or space-ships and ray-guns', are a preparation through society's own unrealistic view of armed conflict for an unthinking acceptance of war. Uncle Tom proposes a conception of collective responsibility. Anyone who helps or supports the soldiers at the front line is as responsible for the killing as the soldiers themselves. This sense of complicity implies that Harry with his fantastic glorification of war, and the society which inculcates it, are also killers of sorts. But Harry is not interested in the argument and Uncle Tom himself seems to reject the idea of his nephew's involvement by saying: 'Anyway it isn't a question for you'. Harry has come to think of both his Uncle Tom and Tom Mix as 'old-fashioned and dull', and in a neat twist it is the peaceable uncle's own souvenirs which help him make up his mind. In the final section Harry finds an old machine-gun and

continues to act out being a soldier. His imagined killing of the poultry is 'without any malice', but before this he has just pretended to shoot his uncle with what, in comparison, may have been a great deal of malice. Harry's choice has been made and his attitudes successfully moulded.

Unlike the stories in *Immanuel's Land* which precede it, Duggan has not found a way in 'The Killer' to use style to develop the story's twin themes--the glamorisation of war by society and the consequent complicity which makes everyone in such a society a killer. In spite of his service record Dan Davin had a realistic, unglamorous view of armed conflict, as indicated in his own stories, and it may be that the germ of 'The Killer' came from Duggan's exchanges with Davin in Oxford, although discussions of the war were prevalent everywhere. Duggan's own attitude to what was still a recent event at the time of writing was highly ambiguous, and this is to some extent reflected in his lack of confidence in handling his material. He seems uncertain how to bring out his themes through incident, and this necessitates the long dialogue in the middle of the story which is at times a clumsy vehicle for delivering his message. 'The Killer' is an attempt to embody complex ideas in realistic conversation, but like many a novel of ideas the discussion seems to dull the story's emotional impact. Inevitably the sophisticated arguments of Uncle Tom draw a more sympathetic response than the willed ignorance of his nephew, but no sense of outrage is generated in the reader by the continuing warlike direction of Harry's mind. Of all the stories in *Immanuel's Land* 'The Killer' is the only one where a judgment of the characters does not appear left by an unobtrusive author for the reader to make. Here the characters judge each other, and the result is less effective.¹⁷

'Now is the Hour' focuses solely on the interpersonal relationships within the Lenihan family, and perhaps for this reason as much as any other it is successful. The story begins with a sustained and detailed description of a ship's departure, something which would have been familiar to all New Zealanders before the age of air travel. Terry, an older brother who has not been mentioned in any of the previous stories, is about to leave on a passenger liner for an unspecified destination. As the family assembles on the ship for a final parting three hints are present in the narrative, none of them unsettling in themselves, that family relations among the Lenihans may be in some way inadequate. The first is a recognizably natural emotion: 'They were caught each in the feeling that not enough had been said'. Next Harry is needlessly kept by Mrs Lenihan from the happiness of bestowing his gift until the last possible moment. Finally Mrs Lenihan's parting expression: 'Don't do anything I wouldn't do' is felt by the family to be inappropriate. That it is not amusing for them suggests they perceive something wrong in her customary behaviour. These jarring moments of the first section have been carefully contrived

by Duggan so as not to give too much away about any family troubles. The family's parting gestures are in fact part of a public performance, although this is not yet made clear. As the story unfolds the reader is shown further behind such appearances.

To Harry when back on the docks, Terry's face on the boat assumes 'the look of someone leaving--that false look'. Falsity is something Harry recognises and responds to. In fact Terry's look may be nothing more than the effort of excitement and sadness, or it may reinforce an impression from the first few lines of the story that he is happy to go. This is suggested in his sarcastic comment on the weather: 'It's a good day to be leaving'. The ceremony of the ship's departure is a drawn-out affair, and all those left ashore begin to feel an emotional strain. 'Would it never go?', Duggan asks on behalf of everyone on the wharf. This is a realistic touch. All farewells involve those present in behaving publicly in certain ways, and it is natural to grow impatient when the normal span of one's emotions is exceeded. For the moment the Lenihans' complex feelings are absorbed into the general emotion of the crowd, just as at the end of the second section they are absorbed into the generalised viewpoint of the prose. The reader loses sight of them until they reappear in the third and final section.

In this last section, with the boat sailing and the necessity for public performance slowly receding, the interpersonal relations of the Lenihan family are explained. To some extent this involves a harsh re-evaluation of all that has gone before, just as time will force a re-evaluation in Margaret of the preciousness of the streamer she promises to preserve. The section even begins with a literal explanation, as Harry tells someone in the crowd that the characters of the story are his brother, his father, his step-mother and his sister. He explains this 'to whoever, with no one to farewell, might just be watching, taking it all in', to the reader in fact. The departing ship is old but Mr Lenihan insists it is: 'Safe as houses', an irony which leads to a consideration of just how safe the Lenihan household is. Mrs Lenihan weeps with 'her eyes fixed on a face that was not Terry's', with the implication that her sadness is to some degree insincere. Her admission at the end of the same sentence that these are 'in some way tears for herself' draws the reader's sympathy towards her but also hints at a certain selfishness of heart. Duggan blurs the effect of these phrases by describing the hands of the distant passengers as 'bereft of all identity', but only after he has made his negative suggestions about Mrs Lenihan. Such care to control the reading process is typical of Duggan's stories from his earliest work.

In contrast to the others, Mr Lenihan wants to delay leaving the wharf, and the rest of the family then think they can hear sorrow in his voice. His sadness appears genuine but the reader, like the family, is unsure how much to trust this. Towards

the end of the story Harry explains directly that he is aware of the aspects of public performance in their grief, and his fear is that none of their other feelings may be any more sincere or natural.

Would he ever be able to tell what was real and what was not? With audience and spectators gone were they to be themselves again--and what was that?

The Lenihans are an emotionally damaged family, and the cause of this is uncovered. When Mrs Lenihan begins to cry again her tears are stirred not by loss but by the sentimental 'trite and brassy' music of loss, *Now is the Hour*. Her emotions are revealed as self-centred: 'She knew she would never hear it again without thinking of that picture of herself, weeping'. They are also tinged with guilt as she is 'crying with something of contrition', and shallow since she also feels something of joy but is 'crying as if all sorrow were really this'. Later when Harry looks as if about to weep, not in fact for Terry but in sadness at the state of his family, Mrs Lenihan's response to this moment of genuine grief is: 'What is there to cry about?'. These contradictory words, her last in the story, confirm her as the source of dysfunction in the family unit. The departure of her step-son is not an occasion for real emotion, only an opportunity for display. Carefully crossing his fingers, Harry even feels justified in presenting her words as parody. It has become clear that Mrs Lenihan does not love her step-children, who in turn resent her presence.

At times of grief one might expect a family to come closer together in its sorrow. Instead Mr Lenihan drifts into private sadness, Mrs Lenihan worries about her makeup, and the children see a chance to win themselves a treat. 'Now is the Hour' is Duggan's strongest indictment of family relations, far more so than 'A Small Story'. There some sympathy can be felt for a step-mother who has been dropped into a situation she is not well equipped to handle. Through 'Now is the Hour' Mrs Lenihan is presented in a few moments as responsible for a whole history of unhappiness, and apparently solely responsible, since she seems unable to respond to those around her with love. Harry with his present, Margaret with her desire to keep a streamer, Mr Lenihan with his reluctance to leave the wharf--all other members of the family at some point betray a genuine sorrow which is, as in the last words of the story, 'reprieve enough'. Mrs Lenihan stands separate and accused.

'In Youth is Pleasure', like 'The Killer' and 'Now is the Hour', is constructed in three parts.¹⁸ In the first section Duggan confines his focus to a detailed account of the relationship between a pupil, Hopkins, and his teacher, Brother Mark. The school, the classroom, the other boys, even the contents of the lesson are not dealt with in any other than the most indirect terms. Instead Duggan takes a central moment, the confrontation between master and pupil, and elaborates on it as much

as possible, drawing out its history, its ramifications and its latent significance through description, conceit, and psychological examination. The story does not have a plot, but rather it presents three static and sequential tableaux, a technique Duggan first began to master in 'Six Place Names and a Girl'. He described this elaborative process later as 'an inflorescence, a folding, an intensification'.¹⁹ So attenuated in particular is the first section that one almost suspects Duggan, like his characters, is playing some sort of game. It is as if he were trying to see how much detail he can manage in the narrow time-span presented and to what pitch he can wind the tension. Thus, when it comes, Hopkins's explosion is completely convincing.

Hopkins is a pupil at a school based on Sacred Heart College.²⁰ He is attempting to bluff his way through a Latin class by having committed the correct translation of the day's lesson to memory. The translation is of the sneak attack by the Gauls on the Roman Capitol, forestalled by the disturbance of the Romans' geese, which is in turn interrupted by Brother Mark when he sees his pupil is doing too well.²¹ As the Brother approaches Hopkins from his dais the other pupils are excited by the thought that 'the play was on'. They see any exchange between the Brother and Hopkins, appropriately for a Latin class, in terms of a gladiatorial contest in the 'hot imperial amphitheatre', an arena in which Christians were traditionally slaughtered. Such a spectacle has no more reality or consequence for the boys that the cruelty of the Circus Maximus held for its Roman audience.

Hopkins is an outsider, a country boy, larger than his classmates and perhaps, if he has been kept back a year or two, older than the others. Duggan goes to considerable trouble to describe him as a man in a boy's school uniform. On the other hand Brother Mark is a head shorter than Hopkins, smaller and somewhat effeminate. Duggan heightens his physical repulsiveness by giving the Brother 'carious teeth'. Through such physical attributes the reader's sympathy for Hopkins is quickly engaged, unlike the boys' indifference to their classmate. It is power rather than size which is decisive in this mismatched battle. Brother Mark tortures Hopkins exquisitely over the translation, possessing him as surely as the soldier in the text 'possesses something', and the other boys enjoy the drama. When Brother Mark interrogates: 'What of the soldier?', Hopkins can only reply: 'I forget', with endearing honesty. The word 'war' revives his memory for a moment, but Brother Mark halts him once again and the contest seems over.

As an outsider Hopkins does not speak the language of the school and that language, it would appear, is Latin. His response to his inability to manage translation has been to adapt, but this is unacceptable to Brother Mark who accuses him of cheating. However 'cheating' is an incorrect term for what Hopkins does. He is failing to learn Latin, but cheating is what happens when a game is not played

according to the rules. Brother Mark sees his bullying of Hopkins as a game just as the other pupils do, in which Hopkins professes ignorance and is punished for it. To the Brother, Hopkins is cheating not by cribbing but by attempting to avoid ignorance. A different type of teacher might have been happy with the effort that the slowest boy in his class is making. Instead Brother Mark himself cheats by making Hopkins translate the previous week's lesson. The reaction of the other boys, faced 'with something that was not foreseeable or safe', confirms that this is not how the game is usually played. The power of conspiracy between the Brother and the onlookers is broken and the pupils' fickle support begins to shift towards Hopkins. But soon Hopkins cannot keep up the 'inconsiderable pretence' of even pretending to try, and he stands near the blackboard in the position of the dunce. Simpson, the smallest boy in the class, takes over.

As his later actions indicate, Simpson feels some guilt at translating the Latin passage correctly after Hopkins has failed. However neither he nor any of the others cares for Hopkins enough to draw the Brother's cruelty onto himself, and in order to feel absolution Simpson evokes the defence of the Nuremberg war criminals, which was still recent history when the story was written.

The very force of the authority which commanded him released him from blame, released him from any duty to contest it--as though being commanded by a force of grand compulsion should alter the relation between wrong and the doing of wrong.

However the same defence can not apply to Brother Mark. As a master he is compelled by the College to teach Latin, but that does not make his own methods of teaching any the less culpable. His bullying recommences on a new tack. Meanwhile Hopkins feels 'a bile of slow anger' as he realises that he is capable of striking the Brother and that this 'through all his fright, he could have done'. Oblivious to the reaction he is provoking, Brother Mark enjoys accusing Hopkins of cribbing and lying to cover it up. He says, with unconscious irony considering the pupil's size and status: 'That isn't [...] the way a grown man is expected to behave'. In fact Hopkins has not really lied. Earlier he was accused not of cribbing but cheating, which he merely denied. Brother Mark tries to force him to: 'Admit you were lying and cheating', falsely inverting the order of the events to highlight the greater misdemeanour, and after being called a 'dishonest lout' Hopkins strikes back.

In the second section the Brother Superior and Brother Ignatius discuss disciplinary action and Duggan again withdraws into the dramatisation of 'A Small Story' so as to appear not to direct the reader's judgment.²² In the first chapter of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, this story's famous antecedent, the boy Stephen Dedalus meets the Rector of his school to protest an injustice.²³ But in 'In Youth is Pleasure' Hopkins has never felt able to visit the Brother Superior on his

own behalf. Now Brother Ignatius argues against the pupil's expulsion and suggests instead reprimanding Brother Mark. But the Brother Superior's response, despite having stood by doctrine over the turning of the other cheek, is to say: 'It isn't possible to change a man's nature'. This is an unacceptable statement, since Christianity rests precisely on the possibility of a person's redemption from a fallen state. Furthermore, if Brother Mark's nature is immutable then so, too, is Hopkins's.

The Brother Superior observes that academically Hopkins scores well only in botany and divinity, to which Brother Ignatius comments that the world, surely, is made up of botany and divinity. In the end the moral problem of Hopkins's action defeats the Brothers as completely as the intellectual problem of Latin translation first stumped Hopkins himself. They acknowledge the pupil is not to blame, and thus he must be expelled without their giving a reason. The Brother Superior complains: 'He had no explanation [...] Except to say he was sorry', a second unacceptable statement since repentance is properly meant to precede forgiveness. But in the same speech the Brother Superior reveals his real concern, the effect of any appearance of inconsistency on the public image of the school. Brother Ignatius is left to admit:

[W]e aren't organised for such decisions. Right and wrong; it's splitting hairs. And yet, if we look for the evil, where are we then? Right in the mire, I'd say; uncomfortably close to home.

The Brother Superior tacitly concurs. Both men's sense of justice is imprisoned within the institutional system of the school. Duggan has arranged his dialogue so that for the reader only one conclusion is possible, that such an institution, and by implication the church also, is incapable of dealing with moral subtleties and will ruin a boy's life to save itself.

But Duggan has not yet finished his indictment. In the final section of the story Hopkins sits in the infirmary waiting for the expulsion he knows will come, when Simpson appears and asks for forgiveness. Simpson is surprised that Hopkins's family will not be angry or give him a hiding when he is returned to them. But Hopkins is wise enough to understand that he is to enter the adult world, and adults do not get hidings when they do something wrong. Rather they must continue to live with the consequences of their action, which in turn forms the basis of their punishment. Thus he awaits his fate with an almost Roman stoicism. Both he and Simpson are victims, 'related in a conspiracy which, allowing for the absence of anything as definite as friendship, yet proclaimed, crudely and impermanently perhaps, their belief in some sort of justice'. Duggan suggests that this fresh conspiracy is the only type of the bond that unites old boys of such a school, a shared remembrance of sufferings borne. This had been his, and Davin's, experience of Sacred Heart College (see page 52).

Hopkins forgives Simpson, and this is noticeably the only Christian act in the whole story. Simpson responds with 'it isn't much of a place', but he is not alienated from the school. Hopkins is an early example of the Duggan hero who has no role in his society. He fits into the school no better than the words 'the soldier' or 'the queen' can be fitted by him into the context of a Latin sentence. Instead he is good at botany and divinity, botany because he comes from a rural background, and divinity because he possesses a certain natural sense of morality. As in 'Guardian' a judgment is asked not just of the story's characters but of the institution which controls them. The tableaux displayed are not allegorical, and the characters and situation do not need to be representative, merely convincing. As Sturm has noted, themes in a Duggan story are never present as abstractions:

[T]hey are always related, through the careful structuring of the story, to the dissecting and probing of human reaction to event and situation.²⁴

Once more this can be seen as a triumph of style. A larger number of characters and a more complex situation than 'Guardian' means that even more effectively than in the earlier story a sense of tragedy is built up, as if under the school system as Duggan presents it no other outcome were possible.

'Chapter' is only nominally a Lenihan story, with its characters Harry and Terry grown into something like late adolescence.²⁵ Their situation and personalities bear no other relation to the earlier works. An immediate difficulty arises over whether this story deserves to be read in its own right or as an extract from something longer. Duggan's own comments are not very helpful. It is known that 'Chapter' was first written as part of a novel, but before publication it was also revised by him as a single unit (see page 235). The title is ambiguous. It may refer simply to a section from a longer work, or it may suggest that the story is a significant and somehow representative part of its protagonist's life. 'Chapter' consists of three journeys by Harry--in a train north of Whangarei, in a bus to Kerikeri and a launch up the Kerikeri inlet. He is moving away from Auckland and his responsibilities to a woman named Marion.²⁶ Harry has everything he cares to own in a haversack on his back, 'his snail world, his personality', and is heading toward what he hopes will be some kind of new life, as though he were a modern version of Bunyan's Christian. But Harry is presented by Duggan at some distance and solely in the third person, whereas Bunyan's protagonist is not, and the journey to Kerikeri does not reveal a Celestial City.

At the beginning of the story Harry is on a train north, having rejected the 'bitterly friendly faces' he knew in Auckland. He wakes from sleep into a new world outside the carriage, but one from which he is insulated still by the glass in the carriage window and by his lack as yet of any genuine relationship with what he is

seeing. As a mere observer of the nameless station he has arrived at, Harry is 'watching a scene that had to his mind no suggestion of reality'. He is conscious of the incongruity of two carefully groomed passengers leaving the train at a place 'as foreign as anything he would ever encounter'. Harry feels they go off into the empty landscape seemingly without motive or destination, and by watching them he avoids applying the same questions of motive or destination to himself. The station reflects his partial departure from his old city life but his lack of engagement with a new life in Northland. He is on the boundary between two worlds and is not yet wholly in either. Thus it is possible for him in dozing to slip 'back again into that other life that was more like death'. It is no mere accident that having waked at the beginning of the story Harry often falls asleep again at various times, as if he would half like to escape from his escaping.

As the story opens Duggan presents a veritable thicket of description of the new environment that Harry has entered. Although 'Chapter' is from Harry's point of view, his thoughts are embedded among a plethora of detail and must be picked up in careful reading. This is because his senses are being flooded with observations of the new territory he is in, and because he is not allowing himself to reflect properly on what he has left behind. Thus despite the story's apparently conventional prose Duggan has once again fitted style to content. As 'Chapter' progresses the writing can seem drawn out, but within it Duggan is reiterating his main themes--Harry's repression of his old self, his doubts about forming a new one, and his extreme self-absorption. The leisurely pace of the work may derive from being part of something larger--Davin felt it was 'not tightly organised enough to be formally successful as a short story'--but in many ways this is the first of Duggan's novellas.²⁷ Although he had hoped for a novel, he conceived of the Kerikeri material as a single entity and it remained so, a story of psychological evasion. No matter how much Harry avoids thinking about his past, it returns to him and influences his reactions to the new environment of which he would like to become a part.

As Harry looks out of the train window he sees a Maori woman seated on a bench, with a child and dog nearby. The first thing he notices is how she is separated from him, 'not only by the closed window of the carriage but also by a barbed wire fence along the track'. The woman is weeping for no known reason, but Harry sees in this the grief of the woman he himself has abandoned. It is an uncomfortable reminder, and so as he watches Harry does not think of Marion but only of his own isolation from what he is viewing. The woman, child and dog remain fixed like a painting. Harry even sees them 'framed within the window's edge' and compares this to a cinema scene. He insists to himself that the vision lacks reality and is 'removed from any consolation he would have known how to offer'. He also denies himself as observer, as if 'waiting for some movement that would

give him his place in this world of heat and blowing dust', and later feels he is 'so close that not to be noticed seemed not to exist'. Yet for Harry this vision of grief is deeply moving, even though he cannot explain to himself why. It is like a Joycean epiphany with its revelation deliberately held at bay by the protagonist.²⁸ Harry has the positive virtue of an imaginative capacity, but he refuses to use this to link his thoughts with Marion's unhappiness. Nevertheless the unexpressed guilt inherent in this moment continues to haunt him throughout the story. His response is to believe, for the wrong reasons, that the vision of the weeping woman has been vouchsafed only to him, and there is considerable irony in his conclusion that it is 'part of a nightmarish world created by himself over the years and made apparent only by this journey'.

Harry is not an entirely attractive character, partly because his internal nature is full of contradictions. He sees the weeping woman as 'dark native ugly' yet later at Kerikeri he is friendly with the Maori on the bus, the earthy inhabitants of this new place so different from the domestic gentility he has run away from. He insists on his apartness from what is all around him and yet later admits:

He felt he was only pretending to his indifference, his isolation. He had been involved enough and had left that, had stepped out leaving someone else to find the explanations, make the excuses. But Marion, he thought, would love doing that: leave it to Marion.

Harry's most salient characteristic is his egotism. He observes everything he sees almost entirely in terms of himself, and 'Chapter' has with some justice been described by Sturm as a 'private solipsist nightmare'.²⁹ The woman is never considered as weeping for her own troubles. The reader, like Harry, is trapped exclusively in his viewpoint and can never know the real cause of the woman's grief as Harry does not bother to find it out. He runs to the back of the train to watch, then gives up and returns to his carriage, only aware that his own mind has failed to interpret this vision because it has failed to understand itself.

The elderly schoolteacher, Miss Flora Mackintosh who sits beside Harry on the bus, provides Duggan with a useful foil to his main character. On the one hand she is just as egotistical as Harry. She stares at the window of the bus into the dark because she is looking at her own reflection, an activity Harry immediately recognises. On the other hand she is over-refined and too concerned with middle-class proprieties to be friendly, so that she is frightened by the rough-and-ready behaviour of the Maori youths who are the other passengers. These qualities of hers Harry associates with Marion's domesticity, and this pushes his sympathies closer to the Maori. The reader's allegiances are also directed toward the Maori in what is a carefully contrived portrayal. They seem relaxed. They all sing and act in harmony when the two Pakeha clearly do not. They are generous and have a sense of basic

decency, since they try to stop one of their number from singing a bawdy song to Miss Mackintosh, even when she has insulted them by calling them pigs. All of Duggan's Maori characters after 'Six Place Names and a Girl' are successful because of the limits he places upon the reader's knowledge of them. They are always observed from externals only, and within the point of view of a European character. They may speak their own language and their cultural background may be different, but Duggan never presumes to explain either.³⁰ Like all of his characters they are seen at some authorial distance and never reduced to the level of abstraction. Thus it is certainly possible to argue, as Sturm in fact does, that Harry sees the Maori on the bus in terms of white sentimentality.³¹ The Maori themselves sing sentimental Europeanised songs from Hawaii, and only sing the Maori song *Pa Mai* at Harry's request. Duggan takes advantage of the implicit comparison between these particular Maori and Pakeha to have the reader draw conclusions about the personalities of Harry and Miss Mackintosh, as for example Davin does in his own commentary on the story.³² However Duggan himself does not sentimentalise his Maori characters because he does not generalise from what is presented.

Because of Miss Mackintosh's bigoted behaviour the reader is able to feel more sympathy for Harry than might otherwise be the case. When she berates him for drinking with the Maori: 'You could be setting them an example instead of swilling beer with them', a negative view of her gentility is generated, so that the reader accepts the denial of Marion in Harry's reply: 'I'm not sure that I know any examples'. This is in fact his second denial of Marion. He has implicitly rejected her existence a little earlier when comparing the bus and its passengers to the battered toy he had seen belonging to the child of the weeping woman. He recalls the toy and the child but not the woman herself, repressing her grieving presence and his own sense of guilt. A third denial occurs when Harry falls asleep and dreams 'fitfully, almost cynically, of the Maori woman weeping'. On this occasion his psyche evades the issue of her unhappiness by putting her in repose and placing himself outside the bus looking in. After rousing for a moment he dreams again and replaces the woman altogether with Miss Mackintosh. In the earlier stories of *Immanuel's Land* Duggan has used detailed physical description to build up a setting in which characters act and are judged by the reader. In 'Chapter', however, realistic description is linked to a psychological condition, so that the total environment is quite literally an expression of character.

When the bus arrives Harry approaches a Maori and attempts to establish genuine contact, but this is not successful as the Maori have only come for the local dance and will leave tomorrow. Harry then quickly retreats into his former isolation. He does not investigate the sound of a woman's scream in the dark, and he does not attempt to go to the dance. The next morning he refuses to admit that he is a

Catholic to the cleaning girl at the hotel. The new world Harry has entered is proving unsatisfactory because on involvement he finds that it is no different from the world he has left. Proprieties like wearing a Saint Christopher medal around one's neck and injunctions such as not eating meat on Friday seem to be ubiquitous. Later Harry rejects the opportunity to flirt with a girl in the post office. He recalls the weeping woman again, but by now only in the most negative fashion, in that he decides not to tell the post-office girl about her. Even though he knows how to check for high tide Harry uses this as an excuse to try and strike up a conversation with a barman, but as with all his other relationships the results are inconclusive.

Harry needs to make new contacts in his new world in order to assuage his guilt at running away. He does not want to finish up like Miss Mackintosh whose 'unspent gifts had soured with keeping' and of whom he decides 'her sense of propriety lay like a stone over her generosity'. At length he enters a conversation with a Maori from the bus the day before, chiefly because the Maori initiates the contact. When they meet again in the bar Harry's confidence in his new self is gradually rising:

And leaning there made yesterday and the day before seem like another life, and himself like another person, he thought. Perhaps, he said to himself.

He goes on to imagine an existence where it might not be necessary to say grace over breakfast and where 'you could just live your life'. But at the moment when the new environment seems most welcoming, when 'the sun filtering red through the window glass made light alike of guilt and self-consciousness', Harry drains his glass and leaves for the jetty. His guilt is interfering with new relations with other people, and he is trying not to face the uncomfortable realisation that his new and old lives cannot be separated. Only the fish in the water seem 'insulated'. His response is to put his faith in Terry's launch, to refuse once more to think of the weeping woman, and to fall into a doze.

When the launch arrives at the close of the story Harry seems to escape all over again. He gets into the launch's cockpit and thinks: 'perhaps it was beginning now'. But the Maori suddenly reappears and Harry says an uncertain goodbye to him, with: 'I'll see you when I get back'. Duggan has deliberately made his description of Harry's feelings on departure ambiguous. It is not clear at this final moment whether Harry projects his own sad feelings onto the Maori in a solipsistic manner, or for the first time takes a sympathetic interest in another person's state.

Was there, Harry mildly wondered, under [the Maori's] hangover a feeling as of another sort of pain? But how could you know anything like that? He didn't, after all, know even his name. He waved in reply.

The Maori responds by singing the opening words of *Pa Mai*, the song Harry requested on the bus the previous evening: 'Pa mai,/ Te reo aroha' (Give me your word of love).³³ The song should continue with the singer naming the loved one's place of origin, but instead the Maori breaks off to reveal that the song consists only of local words grafted onto an imported popular tune, 'South of Pago Pago'. He even sings a little to prove it. Harry's reaction to the failure of even this simple act of communication with another person is bitter. As any 'aroha' (love) between them degenerates into the popular Hawaiian farewell 'aloha', he imagines the Maori's coughing as 'spitting'.

Earlier Harry has thought that 'perhaps at every stage he had to appear to have someone to leave', and the careful choice of 'appear' suggests that to some extent Marion has only been an excuse for running away. Harry is ostensibly escaping a stifling concern for propriety, but he has also been presented as running from himself in the hope of finding some sense of new identity, a self in 'that holiday lost since childhood'. On the water at last Harry believes for a moment that he has now truly escaped with Terry who 'didn't care whether you made up your mind or not'. But he is wrong about Terry, with his 'urchin face to mock such hope', as Harry has been wrong about everything else. Terry, as Davin has observed, is 'the voice of common sense'.³⁴ As the story ends Terry destroys his friend's illusion of some sort of ideal freedom by raising the question of Marion directly, albeit in a negative form: 'Don't tell me [...] that it's all for a few of your half-baked borrowed ideas that you've sacrificed that plump little kingdom?'. Harry's response is silence. He has ceased to be the narrative focus at his final, repeated but falsely triumphant 'now', and his thoughts are lost just as the wash from Terry's boat 'broke up the reflections in the water'. So emphatic are Terry's own final repeated words at the close of the story that it is difficult to conceive of how Duggan might have extended 'Chapter' into a novel format.

The first part of 'Voyage', Duggan noted to Dan Davin, was conceived like 'Six Place Names and a Girl' as a prose poem. '[T]he diary aspect,' he confessed, 'is only to persuade the reader'.³⁵ Nevertheless Part One in particular does read like a diary, its short sections containing impressions of sea travel described in a seemingly realistic form.³⁶ The experience of what Duggan terms 'Ship, Sea and Landfall' was common to his whole generation. Thus it is not surprising that 'Voyage' was always one of his most popular works. But in Part One Duggan is in fact exploring the atmosphere of disbelief that surrounds travel to other places. This too is something he knows his readers will understand. It has a special relevance to New Zealanders. Convinced as they have been that a foreign country on the other side of the globe is Home, they are always perplexed to discover that the rest of the world outside New Zealand is different. By travelling they find that the world is truly a very big place

after all, beyond what Davin characterised as 'the homely paddocks of New Zealand experience and assumptions'.³⁷ So much dismissed in advance as impossibly fantastic turns out to be thoroughly real.

Such is Duggan's theme for Part One of 'Voyage', and he makes this clear when the boat departs Wellington harbour. A mysterious, unsigned telegram exhorts the traveller in a phrase, possibly borrowed from Duggan's own experience of travel, to set his mind free (see page 166). 'Do not let yourself be imposed on by reality', it says. Reality is, after all, what one makes of it, and on a journey overseas the traveller is about to leave the old reality behind for a new world previously known only in imagination. Thus the ship quickly becomes 'the very centre of the universe', and its first stop is Pitcairn Island. As it arrives Duggan highlights the air of unreality about the island by having the place's exoticism seem to threaten the passengers:

[A]lmost immediately the deck is spread with tropical colours, an hour's bazaar, loud with voices and sharp with money. In the sunless dawn the faces look strange and petulant. Among the multitudinous yellow suns we tread warily as if menaced by the bursting fruit.

Contact with the island is reduced to a trade in ugly curios, and postcards of things the passengers do not actually see. Out on the water again, in a section Duggan added after the original appearance of the story in *Landfall*, an antipodean racehorse owner asks a disgruntled Englishman who is returning home what was wrong with New Zealand. He reiterates his question without much interest in the answer, which is not revealed anyway, because he cannot understand how someone would prefer an essentially unreal and imaginary world to the point of origin they have left behind.

By Panama the environment has become even more exotic. The passengers sail through jungle--Duggan deliberately uses the word over the familiar New Zealand bush--and even the passengers themselves, like 'the Latin' who speaks no English, begin to seem exotic. By now New Zealand has been almost completely left behind, reduced to no more than a box as: 'The Waikato Plains swings crated out of the hold'. Like the crate, the passengers have become completely immersed in this new and larger world. Reality is now a place that was previously only heard about at a remove. Here what before seemed fiction, like the poet Hart Crane's romantic death, becomes demonstrably real. Likewise the lines of Baxter's poem 'Hart Crane' that follow have become immediate.³⁸ Curaçao, a Dutch-controlled island off Venezuela, seems an almost totally alien place to New Zealanders. Everything about it which is described has been previously unknown to the traveller--the tropical heat, the multitudinous brand-new cars, the open prostitution, the industrial pollution. The succession of simple sentences and the intense descriptions

of colour and stillness seem somehow reminiscent of Coleridge's sailors when becalmed in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

As the ship moves on through the Caribbean the passengers, now cut off from their old lives, begin to adopt new identities. They are: 'Absolved from the complexities of love or friendship--the penance bearable only because it is temporary, unreal'. In this section, which Duggan again added after the publication of 'Voyage' in *Landfall*, the passengers feel a sense of freedom mixed with insecurity because they have not yet arrived at their destination, so that: 'Life is some distance away, yet'. Nevertheless as lightning flashes around the ship in a storm and a mysterious corpse is consigned to the deep it seems as if the natural order is out of joint. Even memory itself, no longer a useful referent, is something that has to be recreated. The traveller is reminded of the telegram at departure once more, as if it were all the past that remains, and it emphasises that this is a voyage into the depths of imagination. At length in a bad Atlantic squall visibility lessens until there is nothing outside the ship; even 'the sea is lost'. It is also the last time that the traveller appears in person when with the other passengers he wakes 'to a gale'. The storm itself appears strange and beyond comprehension, with its powerful waves 'of an unimagined green, pale and shining'. This represents the climax of Part One, the point where Duggan has built up the greatest tension by dissociating both traveller and reader steadily further from reality in each descriptive section.

Having broken with concepts of space, the narrative next makes a break in time, and what is left is an account of the final destination which appears as a surprise after the drawn out, precise descriptions of the sea voyage. In this way the traveller seems to come upon landfall very suddenly, as if by some magic, which makes the layout of an English country garden in autumn seem at first as strange and unreal as the other exotic places described.³⁹ The scene appears from the mist, and in the paragraph that follows a sunken houseboat with a bit of rope floating from its doorway is viewed by the traveller in a near-hallucinatory fashion. Significantly, when he cannot make out what the thing in the water might be, he conceives of it at first in terms of poetic fiction, as Ophelia or Osyth. Only then can he adjust to see what in fact it is. Finally, on the other side of the world, an English winter awaits the traveller from Auckland, a strange tableau and yet for a New Zealander one often imagined. This new land is quiet, still, and enclosed. Like the place the traveller has left behind it is a small world and self-referential. It is not connected to the massive tropical seas that have been crossed, except that representations of exotic experience, like japonica, a china lion, figs and dolphins, are contained comfortably within its dimensions. The 'winter world' will be a new reality for the traveller who stays in this place, where like Wallace Steven's snowman he will become:

the listener, who listens in the snow,

And, nothing himself, beholds
 Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.⁴⁰

By the time 'Voyage' was published in *Immanuel's Land* Duggan recalled it chiefly as an exercise in creating a language:

that will blush without getting purple, or too purple, with the effort,
 and so tell, as adequately as one can contrive, this little tale of
 spectacle, strangeness, the impact of novelty in which very little is
 genuinely novel.⁴¹

But on his first trip into continental Europe Duggan found almost everything seemed new, and it is this experience which Part Two of 'Voyage' attempts to manage. He begins once again with a sea journey, this time across the English Channel. The crossing is rough, and the ferry passengers find themselves tossed about until they are no longer sure whether they inhabit water or air. They seem unable to find any resting place. Before arriving in France they must undergo 'the eternal tax on pleasure, the tax of pain'. But as some passengers suffer there are others who upbraid them to cease struggling, with: 'What's a few hours on the washboard sea'. The voyage has already begun, in fact, and this chaotic experience is part of it. A snatch of poetry called to mind by the sight of birds, from J. R. Hervey's 'Threnos', is at once familiar to a New Zealand reader and a lamentation at what has seemed an ominous start.⁴² But such fervour will help no one. What is needed is to relax in order to appreciate the approaching diversity of the Continent.

Once arrived, the passengers 'hammer' across the land by train. The Continent is so large to an island-dwelling antipodean traveller that it seems to encompass everywhere in the world--New Zealand's National Park, Africa, and all Europe with its exotic foods or books in many languages no longer foreign.⁴³ The traveller feels so threatened by the sudden teeming variety that he wonders, as in Part One of 'Voyage', whether he is losing his sense of existence as someone real. But once again he is advised to relax, this time by the drumming wheels of the train which tell him: 'Take it lightly'. This admonition will become a constant refrain, exhorting the traveller to give himself up to his experience of differing peoples and places. What Lawrence called 'the promiscuity of travel' in the incredible jumble of the Continent is not to be resisted, but to be enjoyed for itself. Instead, however, the foolish traveller is continually trying to get to some destination. In Padua he notes:

Joined hands, noon's upright praying hour, time's gothic [...] and
 somewhere among all those trains and platforms is the one I want.⁴⁴

He has yet to learn that there is no end point towards which to struggle. On a continent there will always be a more pleasant or more interesting place somewhere else, so that the traveller has had his happiness at seeing Maggiore spoiled by being told it is 'better the other end'. The diversity of multi-cultural Europe is perplexing

to the insular New Zealander who wants to find a central point of reference, when none exists.

Gradually as he relaxes the traveller begins to make contacts with the people around him. At first these are awkward--because of his own prejudices which cause him to whisper only a poetic parody of prayer with a devout woman, because of language difficulties in the case of a restaurant proprietor, and because of the commercialism of the locals who give help with transport and directions but only in return for money.⁴⁵ A bus up into the Dolomite mountains breaks down and goes forward 'by the carburettor-full', in a bizarre and jerky fashion reminiscent of the Channel ferry. However this time the traveller relaxes, reminds himself to 'take it lightly', and enjoys the trip. When the passengers arrive at the square he learns that they have in fact been lucky after all, although they had thought themselves suffering 'bad fortune'. Without a driver who had known what to do 'we would still be miles below stuck in the middle of the road'. Even at what seems the end of a journey there is still more movement. The traveller crosses the square thinking of a bath and a drink, and the trees tremble. Unlike 'Voyage' Part One, which consisted of successive described tableaux, no one ever seems to stay put for more than a moment in Part Two. Everything is in a state of flux, and after thinking for an instant that he had arrived somewhere the traveller notes: 'It takes longer than this to discover that tomorrow is always something quite other than what one has all the time pursued'. No matter what the goal the outcome is always unexpected, and thus the real pleasure, as one might suppose in a story entitled 'Voyage', is in the journey itself.

Asolo has a landscape of spectacular beauty that reminds the traveller of a renaissance painting, except that: 'The gardens are not the gardens one remembers--still, laid out, precise and dead--but chaotic and fertile'.⁴⁶ He is presented not with a frozen artistic moment but with real life, where people live in the picturesque houses and cut the grass in the fields. Life is not fixed as in art for easy consumption. In real mountains it is possible to get lost, so that the best response is simply to let someone point out the way. The unusual food, which previously the traveller might have known only in a still life painting, has sensuous beauty precisely because it can be eaten. The traveller may read in a book that man is 'altogether an Evil', but this statement is again followed by advice to himself to 'take it lightly' and be accepting even of what is sadly unchangeable in human nature. This is important because the real-life beauty of the hill-town is not perfect. The town contains songs of a girl, sung by another girl who is ugly with 'goitre and bitten fingernails and black hair', and the place is under dangerous protection by ruffian carabinieri.

After Asolo the traveller comes at last to Venice, for outsiders the most exotic of all Italian cities and on the edge of the further continent of Eastern Europe. At

first the traveller notes how difficult it is to get a true perspective of the city separate from 'the calendars and the chocolate boxes, from the post-cards, water-colours, Ruskins, Hemingways, enthusiasms and history'. Many have written on Venice but Duggan seems conscious of being the first New Zealander to do so, as if in the sections that follow he hopes to join an august literary tradition. Ultimately, even after stripping away the views of others, it remains impossible to get beyond the subjectivity of one's own impressions. Venice is, after all, a city of visitors, including yourself (Duggan includes the reader by using the second person for the narrating presence in this section). The city's mythic nature is in fact the sum total of all its visitors' observations, to which the traveller's--and even the reader's--are now added. But when the physical presence of Venice is actually encountered in the form of a bridge and gondola the myth is finished, maybe 'over for all', because Venice is still fundamentally a real place of real stone, marble steps and water. The city is what it is at the present moment and does not carry with it, as visitors do, the memory of a past. It is a genuine place with women, children, dogs, and smells, and like the mountains around Asolo one can get lost in it.

But when sightseeing in the Piazza di San Marco the traveller is principally among other spectators, those tourists who themselves make up a tourist city and give it an atmosphere, who wait for something non-existent, 'some fruitful resurrection that can never come'. Instead the visitors encounter themselves in mirrors. Venice can be a squalid place, and to some extent its glamour is supplied by those who come to it. They are surrounded by the steady decay of the city as a 'rebel boy at the canal wall drops a handful of stones one by one into the water', and by its beggars. Again the traveller reminds himself to 'take it lightly' and learn to be a part of this place, because by being there he is already participating in it. His presence, like the rebel boy's, will damage the ancient city and he cannot deal with all its beggars. At the end of this densely written section the traveller's insistent refrain seems no longer gnostic but eminently reasonable, and so has finally drawn the reader into the Continental world. The reader has sped along with the traveller through the confusions of Europe and has been privileged to glimpse his moments of illumination. Now, from reading his sustained meditation on Venice, the reader arrives at a mental position similar to the traveller's own. Thus in the next section both traveller and reader can feel detached and judgmental of the camera-pointing tourists who so mistakenly believe that they can capture what they see in some permanent form, when what matters is experience itself. To the locals, in fact, tourists are a source of income. Paying is part of the visitors' role in being there, and the traveller's advice is to take this lightly too. 'What after all, is real?' he asks, since tourists must play their part in the city's overall drama and are not more, or less, real than Venice itself.

To record the city one need only experience the images of Venice and then think of them: 'Shut your eyes and get it all down'. The genuine Venice the traveller is now in a position to see may or may not match expectations, such as the glass at Murano which is disappointing. Occasionally it simply does not relate to what he has previously been told. Chioggia should be 'quaint' but when confronted with some fishing boys, who are doing something normal and natural, the word seems incongruous. Again experience can surprise the traveller with odd juxtapositions, such as a gaudy new figure of the Virgin which seems just as important to the locals as the beautiful old statue beside it. The traveller's illusions and beliefs are also a part of life which itself is 'reality transformed', a delicate drama of everyday events that is like the fishing in the Venetian lagoon, something poised on the edge of destruction and death. The soul of man, as suggested in the Melville quotation at the beginning of Part Two, is still at bottom just a person getting on with living. Appropriately the second part of 'Voyage' closes showing the traveller getting on with his own life, in a Venetian street as he stares at shops full of food--the third time Duggan has employed this motif--as varied and wonderful and the Continent itself. Now there is 'nothing to do but choose' and even then chose lightly. The traveller has made a voyage through the chaos and fertility of humanity and come to an acceptance of it, and since that kind of journey can have no end the piece concludes with the exhortation, 'let us go'.

In contrast with Parts One and Two of 'Voyage', which use the imagery and impressions of journeys to comment on the nature of travel itself, Part Three at times seems little more than a travelogue with a theme. It has less of a sense of development, to some extent because the concluding section fails to engender any conviction of the achievement of some kind of statement, as was the case in the previous two pieces. Evidence to support these criticisms can be found in the fact that it was Part Three which Duggan altered most between its publication in *Landfall* and *Immanuel's Land*, as the following pages will show. Although he did tell Davin after its appearance in *Landfall* that part three was 'the best of the series', Duggan's continuing revision suggests some later dissatisfaction with it.⁴⁷ Part Three begins with a child playing with a globe. During childhood travel is the object of fantasy. The world is something that whiles away a boring afternoon, whereas what the child is unaware of, but unconsciously reveals, is that voyages involve unusual juxtapositions and bizarre situations.

The traveller is on a train moving through France to Spain in a great hurry. He has yet to arrive but he is 'charging the frontier [...] in a passion which is all of destinations'. There is nothing impersonal or direct about the observations he makes. Everything is filtered through the first person 'I', and the extent to which the traveller is unaware of the significance of his observations is a salient feature of Part

Three, more of a storytelling device than the poetic impressionism of Parts One and Two. Fascist Spain is in some ways a country that has not emerged from the world before 1939-45, and very much a place of borders. Crossing them involves 'heat, dust, irritation, multilingual bedlam, an air of urgency and imminent catastrophe'. But on the other side of the frontier the traveller is confronted by his own nostalgia for a Spain of the imagination, the land chanted about in the playgrounds of childhood and to which the rain goes. The real Spain with its day hot as 'simmering oil' is somewhere beyond the reverie of a not altogether pleasant child, into which the traveller has sunk. If he is really to experience his destination he must get beyond his preconceptions to some sort of true knowledge. In a section of the *Landfall* version of 'Voyage' Part Three, cut because its point of origin in Part Two was overly obvious, Duggan makes this theme more explicit:

Was it no more than an inability to take one's simple pleasures simply? No more than an inability, a trick we had learned, never quite to immerse oneself; so that one's head was always free? No more than a rather morbid and determined pursuit of pain? No more than an exaggeration? Or was it that one felt oneself to be at the very tail-end of all those who had come to look, one of the last of that vast and somehow frenzied band; yet another making the journey into preconception? Where they had done it with some aplomb, as to the manor born, urging through it with a sort of kindly belligerence, we met only our own, but not too painful, inadequacy.⁴⁸

The traveller is welcomed to Spain by a money-changer but does not feel he has really arrived yet. He buys a newspaper to get some sense of the place, but he cannot read it. The country is still at a remove.

Before truly arriving, the traveller must make a journey through a tunnel in the Pyrenees. On the train, like Harry in 'Chapter', the darkness means that he can see only his own reflection in the carriage window, as if he himself has got in the way of his perceptions. He notes: 'Someday, and with joy, I would strangle that unpleasantly chanting child'. When the train leaves the tunnel the passengers escape suddenly into the reality of a Spain 'noon-hot dry shadeless stony and severe'. As a result the visitors sit stunned, but the country still appears somehow remote. This is indicated by the first people the passengers see, three men 'who might have been arranged to our stares by some fanciful tourist office', by more border guards about whom the traveller is reduced to quoting a snatch of Lorca, and by the carriage windows that will not open.⁴⁹ Some nuns in the carriage are going to a convent in Spain. One of them quotes a children's rhyme which will provide the refrain, and the title, of Part Three: 'How many miles to Babylon? [...]'. This poem is about the difficulty of reaching a place, but also about the possibility of success if one goes by

'candlelight', a process of engaging one's imagination positively. Since the other nuns cannot understand it, the poem becomes a 'secret communication'. Instead everyone observes: 'Wherever it is we are going we will soon be there', implying that the general passion for destinations has yet to be fulfilled. The traveller remembers the telegram he was given at the beginning of his voyage in Part One, exhorting him not to let himself be imposed on by reality. Like the nun's poem it is a command to set his mind free, although he does not understand this as the source of its continuing importance.

In Barcelona a letter from an old friend is waiting and contains 'introductions' which she admits are probably useless.⁵⁰ But its problem, the traveller feels, is that 'her letter ran on into a fervour eroded by nostalgia, time having wrought that profound distortion: her errors seem exactly my own'. Thus the letter seems 'foreign to all places alike'. Nostalgia means it is from an area to which one cannot post things of the present like wine or wine-skins, and 'A' finds the traveller examining it with the suspicion of someone reading unreliable campaign orders. Afterward the traveller looks at a Goya painting and at Gaudi's architecture, but these fail to give any glimpse of the real Spain because they are interrupted by a radio. Its commercials remind the traveller of the commercials on the ZB network in New Zealand which offered advice when he was a child. Those instructions were not to travel or take risks--'don't accept rides from strange men'--but instead to go straight home without looking about. The traveller hears an American singer telling him to accentuate the positive and not to mess with the Mister Inbetween of nostalgia, and feels: 'That too was an injunction of a sort'. But despite the advice he is still left examining himself and his tongue in the mirror, one of several hidden references to Duggan's contraction of tuberculosis in Mallorca in 1952 (see page 201). For the traveller real contact with Spain has yet to be achieved.

While sightseeing at Gaudi's *Sagrada Familia* the traveller meets not a Spaniard but someone from the Midlands, who is likewise unable to manage any perspective on Spain through the failure of his imagination. As a result the Englishman does not understand how Gaudi's cathedral works, either spiritually or structurally. The traveller goes on to describe its architecture in terms that might be Spain itself, as 'rich, rioting, stalagmitic, fecund, medieval'. He tries to see the cathedral as the releasing of an organic form somehow uniquely Spanish, but if this is Duggan's intention he has some difficulties with the section. Its statements on religious art are uncharacteristically didactic, whereas other sections in 'Voyage' have been impressionistic and avoided analysis. By insisting that the cathedral 'stands in a no-man's-land' Duggan is perhaps trying too hard to explain, and allowing his own views to get in the way of what is presented. Strangely this section, which seems supposed to have the illuminating power of Part Two's

description of Venice, leaves the reader further away from the real Spain than before it, but increasingly at some distance from the traveller as well. Duggan seems surer when describing how the Parque de Guell is closed, with the traveller appropriately recognising what he sees but only managing to look in through the gates.

The next sections do little to advance the story's themes. At Tibidabo legend has it that Christ was tempted with a view of Barcelona by the Devil, but the traveller can only glimpse himself in an amusement park's distorting mirrors. The letter with introductions is still with him, 'all fable' and describing a no longer existing Spanish wealth, while reality continues to stage unaccountable accidents such as the collision of two trams. The traveller flies to Mallorca and there does not encounter new locales so much as brochures and postcards. Even the place-names he finds can be interpreted only as the equivalent of jokey New Zealand inventions. Thus instead of the stimulation of a genuine engagement with the country he feels, for the second time, a sense of lethargy. In Palma he meets a parochial waitress, Catalina, who insists that Mallorca is 'the centre of the world', and a centre moreover that cannot easily be penetrated by those outside. Her view of New Zealand and New Zealanders as French is clouded by yet another failure of imagination similar to the traveller's, and the two seem unable to get to know each other properly.⁵¹ A section added to the *Immanuel's Land* version describes a dog named Doppio who has no courage to risk departure from what seems safety.⁵² The traveller similarly stays with a friend who is a teacher and, still at a remove, reads of Spain badly translated into New Zealand English. He and 'K' go to eat calamares at the port, but instead find themselves only observing the local fishermen and not joining in.

In another section added for *Immanuel's Land* the traveller observes the difficulties in sexual relations of the Spanish men: 'The Spaniard, they say, hopes for miracles of sensuality: and he is not alone'.⁵³ The traveller too would like a miracle of the senses that would allow him to make genuine contact with the country, and as with the Spanish men he feels prevented by convention. If his chasing of the impossible seems like an unrequited love then it is not surprising that a collection of discovered romantic letters should appear 'oddly familiar'. Yet after the traveller has read them, and the sun has gone down around the house, the walls 'yield a colour--grey orange umber violet--one had not known was there'. The longed-for miracle begins to happen.

The traveller gets beyond the 'bitter ecstasy of grief' of childhood nostalgia, knowing as an adult that there is an answer to its cries for attention, and as the air grows dark he focuses the candlelight of his imagination on Spain instead of his own needs. The result is a section of remarkably sensual descriptive power. The traveller becomes aware of all that is around him in the house, in the immediate area, and at last out on the harbour and its boats. It is a feeling of arrival. In the night his

sense of oneness with Spain is as intense as sexual union, as the quotation from W.R. Rodgers's poem 'The Net' makes clear, and having now succeeded the traveller is in a position to consider his home.⁵⁴ He rejects the suggestion that the narrow-minded Catalina insistently makes of breaking out into further travel to Minorca, Ibiza, Valencia, Algiers and Marseilles, a route which is in any case circular, in favour^{of} a boat which will bring him back to Oceania. The story ends with a repetition of the second half of the children's rhyme, which together with the first half sandwich between them the sections on Mallorca. But now the childish poem's lines seem to affirm the power of imagination, and the cycle of travel is completed.

After the sophisticated excursions into exotic climes and imaginative response of the 'Voyage' series, 'Towards the Mountains' returns the focus of *Immanuel's Land* to New Zealand and the theme of judgment. The story begins in the makeshift rural court of a travelling magistrate. An accidental shooting injury involving two teenage boys and a girl is being investigated. One of the boys, Sonny Sharpe, has shot the other, Brian Atkinson, in the hand while out hunting goats. The word 'grey' is repeated to describe the magistrate in the first paragraph in a way that helps provide the impression of an elderly, unimaginative man. He prefers to be called 'sir' and his idea of a joke, calling the boy Atkinson by the name Tommy, is of Great War vintage. Later when the magistrate genuinely confuses the names Brian and Tommy he appears inattentive, and this is confirmed when Duggan shows him as wanting to leave for another appointment. The magistrate's remonstrations are 'passionless, impersonal', much like his approach to the law, and his response to complaints by the parents about each other's children is that they will have to settle the matter themselves. Thus it seems appropriate that the magistrate should be known only by his title and not by any name.

Throughout the early parts of 'Towards the Mountains' the reader is largely reliant on impressions, as most of the story's first three sections consist of dialogue. The girl, Patricia Salich, appears before the magistrate in a dress that does not reach her knees. It is left to the reader to conclude that she is from a poor family, and that she is rapidly growing out of her clothes into womanhood. As the judge complains that the boys and girl were trespassing it becomes clear that he is more concerned with the infringement of private property than the cause of the accident. When the children's parents variously insist that they would not have lent the rifle for shooting goats, that the girl Patricia Salich is a tomboy 'up to all sorts of tricks' and that the Sharpe boy is a bad influence, it is clear that they are responding angrily to the shame of being in a court-room and that better parents would offer support rather than criticism.

But unlike any other story in *Immanuel's Land* Duggan does not seem willing here to allow his reader to do the work of discovery. He repeats significant details

until they become too obvious. Mrs Salich says of her daughter: 'She's more than the makings of a breast on her already'. The magistrate complains of the case to his sergeant: 'It wasn't anything you couldn't have handled yourself'. Mrs Atkinson scolds her son over 'getting us mixed up with people like that, and into court, and everything'. 'Towards the Mountains' is at times a curiously clumsy performance, as if it were an early story that has been somehow refurbished. That it was offered for publication in *Numbers* rather than *Landfall* certainly suggests that Duggan did not regard it as among his better works. He was surprised, and to some extent seduced, by how well he felt it was received, and from this it is tempting to draw negative conclusions about the standards of much of Duggan's audience.⁵⁵

In the second section of the story the actions of the parents begin to elucidate what has happened among their children in the mountains. An angry Mrs Salich walks along a street in the town after the hearing, while Mr Sharpe attempts to sympathise with her. Mrs Atkinson, a wealthy brewer's wife has called Patricia Salich 'no better than you'd expect' and Mrs Salich, who is Irish, has had her family pride bitterly wounded. However it is increasingly revealed that Mr Sharpe's sympathy for Mrs Salich is selfishly motivated. He is a widower and lonely, and his feelings of frustration and isolation are the same as those of his son in the mountains when he shot the Atkinson boy, just as the anger and petulance of the girl can be seen in her mother. Mr Sharpe is willing to endure the 'curious and affrighted stares' of others on the street to talk to Mrs Salich, and even to wait for her when she goes into a shop. At last he admits: 'there's only the boy and myself: a house wants a woman', and Mrs Salich understands the meaning of his interest.

Mrs Atkinson, on the other hand, considers herself better than the rest of the town. Her assumption of superiority is to some extent mirrored in her son's ability to win the company of the girl in the mountains. Mrs Atkinson rails against the Irish, 'Dallies' and Catholics in a very rare passage in Duggan's writing where he explicitly writes of Irish Catholics as a subgroup of New Zealand society. Although the fact of their being a special group is implied everywhere in his work, since his protagonists are almost always Irish New Zealanders, Duggan never draws any special inference from their ubiquity. Perhaps, feeling himself to be an outsider in New Zealand society, Duggan chose to write of Irish (and occasionally of Maori) as an expression of his marginalised sensibilities. But the truth may be far more straightforward. The Irish presence may be explained simply by the strong autobiographical tendency in his stories, which made him most comfortable writing of characters with a background similar to his own.

Section four presents a flashback to the accident, and this is established with the repetition of the word 'noon'. The boys following the girl in the bush show a scarcely disguised sexual interest in her and are 'incipiently jealous' of each other,

although there is no suggestion that their interest is returned by the girl. Theirs is 'a desire in which she did not conspire'. The girl's promiscuity is shown to be a mere projection of male desire in the same way that Mr Sharpe will see her mother as a possible source of feminine comfort. The rifle is only 'a disguise', and the shooting trip appears to have been thought of by Sonny Sharpe as no more than an excuse to get close to the girl. Thus for him when she and Brian Atkinson stay constantly together 'the day seemed to have gone wrong in some way hardly to be explained'. As the trio walks further into the mountains they enter an area they have never been in before, just as they are now entering the unfamiliar territory of adult relations. But Duggan then unnecessarily interprets in his authorial voice what he has already clearly implied, by adding:

Down there, though it was yet all for him to formulate, they had wandered into a landscape more confusing than this; had wandered, carrying a useless gun, into the hot territory of adolescence, as if it had been a secret world, unsuspected, their real destination even before they set out.

Wandering off alone, Sonny Sharpe comes across two naked lovers on a blanket and encounters his own desires and imagination made suddenly real. Once more Duggan goes on to make this overly explicit. After leaving and sitting alone in a reverie, the boy returns much later to the same place where the lovers have been, but now instead he sees Brian and Patricia driving some goats towards him. Although there is no suggestion that the other two have been engaging in sexual activity Sonny feels trapped and frustrated that he will never have 'some absolute of love and violation'. He fires with angry indiscriminacy in their direction. The last sentences are an effective description of an emotional state--always one of Duggan's strengths--and go some way towards redeeming the story. However the earlier sections have not been sufficiently well established to give the ending the context it requires and in the last Duggan's handling of point of view is uncharacteristically weak.

The technique of dramatisation through dialogue and the non-exploration of characters' minds, which Duggan uses in the first three-quarters of 'Towards the Mountains', compares poorly with his earlier 'A Small Story'. In that work he had used an uncomplicated incident, employed significant details brilliantly to set scene and allowed the psychology of the characters simply to unfold in presentation. Little of this seems successful in the later story. Furthermore in 'Towards the Mountains' there is no convincing sense that the frustration and narrow-mindedness of the parents have influenced the characters and actions of their children, so that the story cannot be praised, as it occasionally has been, as a revelation of 'antisocial, sometimes violent behaviour'.⁵⁶ This is in part because the family backgrounds

presented in the first three sections and the psychology of the children in section four seem too thin, revealing parallels but not an exploration of a causal connection. It is also in part because the events of the hearing follow chronologically the shooting incident in section four, and thus seem to arise out of the accident instead of explaining it. If nothing else 'Towards the Mountains' gives some indication of the value of revision to Duggan's other writing, and highlights the extraordinary care and conscious artistry that went into the best of his work.

The final story, 'Salvation Sunday', returns to the Sacred Heart College material dealt with at the beginning and mid-point of the collection. Once more the main character is Harry Lenihan, this time a College pupil, who with a friend Terry leaves the school to spend the free hours of a Sunday in town. As they depart they are observed by Brother Ignatius saying his prayers of office. Duggan begins the story by describing the Brother as: 'Startling and bodiless', but this appearance of other-worldliness is an illusion created by the whiteness of a bald head standing in darkness. Within his literally cloistered world Brother Ignatius can sustain a faith that is simple and a relationship with God that is direct, as he imagines divine providence 'bent benignly and at not too great a distance above the cloister where he walked'. The boys move out of sight as they go past into the real world, a place of adult relationships, so that there is a hidden irony in their opening of the school gates. The gates' unspecified 'stern motto' is the motto of Sacred Heart College: Take Courage and Be a Man. Davin in an essay wonders why Duggan should fail to be more explicit about such details.⁵⁷ In part this is Duggan at his most Joycean, making quiet allusions to special knowledge, but partly also the technique suits his plans for judgment, that Old Boys of the school like Davin should recognise the terrain while they come to condemn it.

Although closed-off, the life of the school is a parallel to the world outside that the boys now explore. The milk-bar Harry and Terry visit is dull and no real improvement on the 'big empty cold common room' with its ping-pong and lukewarm cocoa. Nevertheless Harry wants the jukebox music and milk-shakes to take on 'an air of the exotic, of the violent, of colour and life retrieved from the Sunday rain'. The personalities of the boys are soon established. Harry is timid and feels out of place. He does not want Terry to approach some girls in the milk-bar in case this should lead to trouble. Terry, on the other hand, is self-confident because he is largely self-contained. He 'had probably never felt out of place anywhere: Terry suggested that he took his world with him wherever he went, and didn't take it seriously'. Once out on the street again they are reduced to looking at life in the form of photographs in shop windows. They see a display of trussed chickens which are 'not yet their world', an unpleasant image of death. Two passing soldiers advise the boys to enjoy life, saying: 'It mightn't be true' and: 'Where's the funeral?'. Such

phrases foreshadow the religious doubt that will later take hold in Harry's mind. The boys find a window of corsets on display but Harry will not look them because, as Terry rightly surmises, he is afraid of being seen. Harry's interest in adult life is held in check not by a sense of morality but by fear.

All this has been preparatory to Harry and Terry's main encounter with the world outside the school, that of the evangelist in his cellar. Just as Brother Ignatius stood near the rained-on statue of the Virgin, so the entrance to the evangelist's cellar is beside a rained-on monument of an iron horse. This is appropriate since his faith, as characterised by Davin, is 'violent and power-seeking'.⁵⁸ The suddenness in the story with which the boys enter his cellar mirrors the impulsiveness of their act. They have just drunk milk-shakes yet are bored enough to be attracted by the thought of free tea and buns. For a moment the entrance appears mysterious, and as the steps go 'circling a stem of blackness' the boys feel that there is an air about the place of a descent into Hades, an air supported by the narrative description of their descent.⁵⁹ Like Brother Ignatius's floating head, the voice of the evangelist at first seems without a source. Harry's reaction is to want to escape, but Terry remains coolly detached from what he sees.

If the evangelist's service seems a debased form of religion one reason is because of the aura of corruption which surrounds the evangelist himself. His hands are 'saving talons, salving sin'. There is something unpleasant in the way he caresses the boys' shoulders, a sensuality not properly controlled which appears in inappropriate situations. He is physically repulsive, just as Brother Mark is in 'In Youth is Pleasure', with a bad foot (an emblem of the devil) and broken teeth. His voice is also 'caressing' and the boys see his sermonising as full of Protestant pride, 'impassioned with the fervour not of religion but of elocution'. Despite the evangelist's prayerful words 'nothing could have suggested less of purity'. It is only after he accuses the boys of lust in their souls that they notice the black dress of a young girl at the tea-table has been pulled tight. She crosses her legs provocatively. Harry feels that he has been ill-prepared by his own faith for this encounter and, even more alarming, that there might be little to choose between the faith of the evangelist and that of the Catholic church.

Catechetical hours; histories of the martyrs and saints of the one true Church; precept and command; what use were they now? It had ceased to be amusing. In a different order of things the evangelist might have been of that band, militant and severe, and been happy.

The evangelist is offering tea and buns in a cheapened version of the Communion bread and wine. His young helper of 'fresh yet corrupt virginity' is named Maggie, an abbreviated form apparently not of Margaret but perhaps of Mary.

As a result when the evangelist asks Harry: 'Do you belong to some faith?' he replies: 'None', casting off not only the Catholic church but all forms of belief. Immediately he is frightened 'not for the sin but for its consequence' as he realises he has now got into trouble. Harry's fear of religious censure by the evangelist has in fact pushed him into the repudiation of religion itself. Terry, on the other hand, cheekily announces: 'Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church', earning from the evangelist a momentary snigger of respect. Terry is too detached from his faith to be pious in any meaningful sense, but technically he commits no sin. Duggan's use of these paradoxes goes still further in debasing the faith that he intends his main character to lose. Terry comes away with the promise of a date with Maggie the next week. He does not feel the prayers of 'an old crank' can touch him. Religion for him is well integrated into his life, and Harry defines this with some bitterness as: 'what he could forget would be forgiven him'. Terry's salvation, perversely, lies in his lack of imagination. However Harry comes away with the experience of the cellar impressed upon him in the same way that he finds himself afterward still holding a bun. As he waits for Terry he tries nonchalantly reading the evangelist's notice in the hope that no one will be watching him, but at the same time he feels that the knowledge of his mortal sin 'was of some satisfaction'. Having broken through the restraint of fear on his actions Harry senses 'that the trigger had, after all, been pulled and that what he was left^{with} was the small shot and the echoes, comforting in a way, of the explosion'.

As in 'Towards the Mountains' the whole of Duggan's story builds up towards giving conviction to one final moment of decision, but in this case he is completely successful. 'Salvation Sunday' is ironically named. Harry returns for Benediction but at first responds solely to the aesthetic beauty of the church, an appreciation broken by the sight of a bad painting of Gethsemane. He then walks down the aisle, sensing that a loss of faith might be some sort of exotic and colourful adventure of the sort that he had been seeking in the town:

relishing a new conception of himself in a dark and sinful role, passionately apart. Out of the Catechism he had made a sad romance; out of evil a pale sadness; out of adolescence a drama in which he stole the show.

The actions of the bishop, for all his ecclesiastical power, make Harry think of the girl Maggie until he wishes that he and not Terry had made an appointment with her. Harry finds himself listening to talk of sin but comparing it to the evangelist's 'cynical suggestion of virtue'. This steady stripping away of his belief is halted only momentarily by the bishop's claim that the soul is immortal, to which Harry responds: 'You had to believe that' and lapses momentarily into a 'cottonwool doze'. However, when his stomach rumbles and Harry glances at his neighbour to check

whether he is being observed, he finds only a man completely asleep. Harry leaves the church, thinking 'it seemed no use to pretend to anything: he knew how hard he had worked to make the huge the merely venial, to build the dark false picture of his humourless self'. His belief is genuinely gone. He is not a mere conspirator in some romantic drama of doubt, and he leaves the school once more to head for the town in search of something to eat.

It is possible see in Harry's thoughts of food a desire to return to the evangelist's cellar, although there is nothing further to suggest this. Harry does not find the evangelist's tea appetising and he does not eat the bun at all. Duggan may have in mind simply a desire for non-spiritual sustenance, but it seems also likely that he has left his ending deliberately vague, perhaps to prevent the theme of the story from seeming too programmatic. Significantly for Harry, the thought process by which he loses his faith is still presented in terms saturated with a Catholic upbringing. Thus M.H. Holcroft remarks of the story's close: 'as the whole passage so eloquently shows, the Church will hold him forever, in memory and imagination, if not always in faith and obedience'.⁶⁰ It is possible Harry will turn to some sort of faith again at some point, but any real basis of belief is broken forever. In Duggan's story belief takes many forms--the mild faith of Brother Ignatius, the power-seeking faith of the evangelist, the power-holding faith of the bishop, the superficially observant detachment of Terry, and the restraint by fear of Harry. Only Brother Ignatius's belief is genuine, and Duggan dismisses him quickly at the beginning of the story as he 'forged inwards again, murmuring, and was lost'. It is entirely appropriate that a collection of stories dealing with judgment should end with a moment of repudiation, and that its concern with childhood and the ubiquitous cruelty of adults to children should end with the image of a damaged youth escaping into the world.

Notes

1. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
2. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 5 Oct. 1955. In what appear to be written responses to an interview not long after the publication of *Summer in the Gravel Pit* Duggan wrote:

My earlier collection of stories, for instance, hardly invites the reader seriously to believe that I see NZ--or any part of it--in terms of the

epigraph from Bunyan. I even deplore John Bunyan. [Maurice Duggan. Personal papers].

3. Frank Sargeson. *Sargeson*. Auckland: Penguin Books, 1981: 16.
4. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 53.
5. Robert Chapman. Review of *The Cunninghams*. *Landfall* vol. 3 no. 2 (1949): 183-184.
6. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 163.
7. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 51.
8. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 52.
9. Patrick Evans. 'Maurice Duggan and the Provincial Dilemma.' *Landfall* vol. 36 no. 2 (1982): 223.
10. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 59.
11. Robert Chapman. 'Fiction and the Social Pattern.' *Essays on New Zealand Literature*. Ed. Wystan Curnow. Auckland: Heinemann, 1973: 77.
12. Dan Davin. [Introduction.] *New Zealand Short Stories* (The World's Classics no. 534). Ed. Dan Davin. London: Oxford University Press, 1953: 9.
13. There is no indication in this story of Mrs Lenihan being step-mother to the children.
14. A connection may be worth noting here with Linda Burnell's 'absolute necessities', the bags she prefers to transport to her country home ahead of Lottie and Kezia in 'Prelude'. Katherine Mansfield. 'Prelude.' *The Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield*. Auckland: Penguin, 1981: 11.
15. James Joyce. 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room.' *Dubliners*. London: Granada Publishing, 1977: 119.
16. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 56.
17. It is interesting to speculate to what extent Duggan's thoughts after writing 'The Killer' may have influenced his comments to Sargeson on his novel just a few months later: 'I have learned at least what an extraordinary battle form really is. Tremendous problems of how implicit things can be and how much the reader needs in the way of a hint and what one gives away dramatically and in interest by being explicit.' Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Jun. 1952. The section of the novel which became 'Chapter' is notable for how little it makes explicit.

18. Joan Stevens suggests the title comes from Shakespeare's 'The Passionate Pilgrim' no. 10, 'Crabbed age and youth/ Cannot live together;/ Youth is full of pleasance,/ Age is full of care'. *New Zealand Short Stories: A Survey with Notes for Discussion*. Wellington: Price Milburn, 1968: 20.
19. 'Maurice Duggan on Art and Form in Fiction.' *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.
20. Duggan refers to 'In Youth is Pleasure' as a 'Sacred Heart Col. story' in a letter to Dan Davin, 31 Aug. 1952.
21. *Livy*. Book 5: 47.
22. The gap between the first and second sections of 'In Youth is Pleasure', which is clear in the Pilgrim Press edition of *Immanuel's Land*, appears obscured in the *Collected Stories* because of a page break [*Collected Stories*: 94-95].
23. The circumstances leading up to the meeting have some similarity. In both a boy has been victimised by the teaching clergy. Like Joyce's Rector of Clongowes School, Duggan's Brother Superior sits aloof behind a green baize-covered door.
24. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 55.
25. There is no evidence in 'Chapter' itself to explain Terry's relationship to Harry as other than a friend. In 'Now is the Hour' Terry is Harry's older brother. In 'Salvation Sunday', which is an earlier piece of the same novel as 'Chapter', he is again a friend. This is a salutary reminder that although Duggan could conceive of the Lenihan stories as related, and hoped one day somehow to draw all the material together, each has been published as very much an individual work.
26. Davin assumes that Marion is Harry's wife, although the exact nature of their relationship is unspecified. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 155.
27. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 154.
28. A further possibility is to see the woman as a Blakean 'Emanation', who 'far within/ Weeps incessantly for my Sin.' Certainly, as in Blake's poem 'My Sceptre Around me Night & Day', Harry suffers from single vision, is separated from his bride, and is attempting, unsuccessfully in this case, to 'turn from Female Love/ And root up the Infernal Grove' [*The Poems of Blake*. Ed. W.H. Stevenson. London: Longman Group, 1971: 481-484]. Duggan read Blake on ship during his voyage to England, where he began 'Chapter' shortly after. [Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 1 Feb. 1951.]
29. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 58.

30. Further evidence of this can be noted in Duggan's reaction when Greville Texidor wrote to him from Australia in July 1953. She was hoping to put together a play about 'a batty old Maori woman (no more a Maori than I am, in fact it is me)' and wanted Duggan to send her some Maori music for atmosphere. Duggan suggested Pa Mai but admonished her severely about the dangers of becoming 'an anthropologist & an apologist'. He suggested that one would have to be a 'djinn' to express ideas about Maori and enlisted Sargeson to support him. Regrettably Duggan's letter has not survived and the preceding quotations are from Texidor's indignant reply.

31. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 59.

32. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 155. Davin writes of the characters in the bus: 'They symbolise [Harry's] dilemma: the uncomplicated and carefree Maoris who are somehow happy and with whom he can sympathise but whose freedom he cannot achieve; and the convention-bound woman whose code he can also understand but is trying to escape'. But the characters are symbols only inasmuch 'as everything else in the story is interpreted by Harry (and by us through his viewpoint) as being indicative of his situation.

33. The lines from the song, presented as: 'Pa mai,/ Te reo aroha', contain an error. 'Te' should be 'To'. However this appears to have been deliberately written in as the Maori singer's mistake, a further failure of authenticity on the singer's part. On the back cover of his copy of *Landfall* vol. 8 no. 4 (1954) Duggan scribbled a note which makes this interpretation of the passage clear:

Give me your word/sign of love

Pa mai--to reo aroha--

But it was only tin-pan-alley, after all. The tune was *South of Pago Pago*--I realised it for the first time: I was for a moment disappointed. But why? There was nothing surprising about it.

The tale is one of disillusion.

The issue of *Landfall* on which Duggan wrote the note is two numbers prior to the story's publication. This suggests it was part of the final rewriting of the story in February 1955. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

34. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 156.

35. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 2 Sept. 1951.

36. Duggan considered the following lines from W.R. Rodgers as an epigraph to 'Voyage I':

We always go back to gloss over some roughness,
To make the past happen properly as we want it to happen.

[W.R. Rodgers'. 'Resurrection.' *Collected Poems of W.R. Rodgers*. London: Oxford University Press, 1971: 105]. These appear written in Duggan's copy of *Landfall* vol. 5 no. 3 1951 and are crossed out again. In his copy of *Landfall* vol. 6 no. 4 1952 he notes beside the Melville epigraph: 'In reworking this put as epigraph to whole series? No!' Copies in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

37. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 152.

38. The poem was published by Duggan as editor of *Kiwi* in 1948, pages 25-26. Duggan in fact stretches his geography a little. He did not travel through the Gulf of Mexico in which Crane drowned.

39. Nevertheless the section is sufficiently well realised for Davin to recognise it as a description of his own garden in Oxford. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 153. However the final winter landscape described from 'The green lawn through the light snow [...]' seems to be a fictional construct, borrowed somewhat from the walled garden of Lettice Ramsey's Cambridge house and from the Steele's Road rear garden. *Collected Stories*: 120.

40. Wallace Stevens. 'The Snowman.' *Selected Poems*. London: Faber and Faber, 1953: 14-15.

41. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 22 Oct. 1956.

42. J.R. Hervey. 'Threnos.' *New Poems*. Christchurch: The Caxton Press, 1942: 22.

43. A letter to Eric Lee-Johnson, dated only '1947' records Duggan's interest in the National Park area following a nocturnal train ride:

Saw some wonderful moonlight Lee-Johnson landscape between
National Park & Waiouru. Mile upon mile of flat paddocks with
burnt trees like blackened teeth in the long grass. Paddocks unused I
take it--only a few overgrown cattle tracks wormed in and out among
the treestumps.

44. There is nothing here specifically to indicate Padua. However Duggan has annotated his own copy of 'Voyage II' in *Landfall* with the names of places visited. These are: 'The station is named [...]' (Domodossola); 'Joined hands [...]' (Padua); 'The white cloth is brilliant [...]' (Bassano del Grappa); 'The sky in alternate layers [...]' (Asolo); 'We are not to be reproached [...]' (Asolo. Casa Mura. (Browning's House)); 'You will be a long time [...]' (Venice); 'The room I rent [...]' (Campo dei

Squellini). *Landfall* vol. 6 no. 4 (1952): 310-317. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

45. The lines 'O angel of our dread [...]' are from W.R. Rodgers's 'The Fall', *Collected Poems of W.R. Rodgers*. London: Oxford University Press, 1971: 81. The last line should correctly read: 'Who ask a stone; and duly give us bread'. Duggan also altered his other quotation from Rodgers (see note 36).

46. Annotated by Duggan in his *Landfall* copy. See above.

47. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 13 Feb. 1955.

48. 'Yes and Back Again: Voyage III.' *Landfall* vol. 8 no. 3 (1954): 155.

49. The poem is Lorca's 'Romance de la Guardia Civil Espanola.' The translation is by Greville Texidor. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 13 Dec. 1953. See 'Frederico Garcia Lorca, "Twelve Poems". Translated by Greville Texidor.' *Angry Penguins* Dec. 1944: 58-64.

50. The old friend is Greville Texidor, writing from Australia. A is Arthur Sewell, K, Keith Patterson and W, Werner Droscher.

51. C.K. Stead quite rightly points out that the waitress Catalina's view of Mallorca as central because it is part of the community of Europe is an effective image of 'the New Zealander's image of Europe [...]' an expression of a *kind* of isolation'. C.K. Stead. 'For the Hulk of the World's Between.' In *In the Glass Case: Essays on New Zealand Literature*. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1981: 246. But Catalina's insistence on the New Zealanders being French also comments on the egotism of a Eurocentric outlook which can see the rest of the world only in terms of itself, and at the same time pokes fun at New Zealanders' pretension in seeing themselves as somehow English.

52. Before the section on Doppio Duggan originally intended to add another section:

Bonanova...the church set back on a small pebbled plateau. A woman climbed up the steps, dropped to her knees, and moved across the cobbles in painful penance. When she rose to her feet by the holy-water font both knees were bleeding, and the blood ran down her shins, thin and dark.

Written into Duggan's copy of *Landfall* vol. 8 no. 3 (1954) and crossed out. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

53. On a still extant draft of this section Duggan notes that it is mainly a paraphrase from Gerald Brenan's *The Literature of the Spanish People*, Cambridge University Press, 1953. Draft in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

54. 'The Net.' *Collected Poems of W.R. Rodgers*, London: Oxford University Press, 1971: 85. The lines should correctly read:

Come, make no sound, my sweet;

Turn down the candid lamp
And draw the equal quilt
Over our naked guilt.

55. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 14 Sept. 1955 (see page 240).
56. Lydia Wevers. 'The Short Story.' *The Oxford History of New Zealand Literature*. Ed. Terry Sturm. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1991: 237.
57. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 162.
58. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 154.
59. The suddenness of the boys' descent is accentuated in the *Collected Stories* where a page break means that the sentence 'Or was it that you wouldn't be seen looking?' is followed directly by: 'But he seemed, again, to be talking only to himself'. All other editions show a clear break, indicating a gap between sections, at this point.
60. M.H. Holcroft. *Islands of Innocence: The Childhood Theme in New Zealand Fiction*. Wellington: A.H. & A.W. Reed, 1964: 28.

Chapter 6--Nines Into Sevens [aet. 37-40]

'I must do something soon, something violent to deserve this gift, this guilt.'
(*'Riley's Handbook'*)¹

Duggan flew from Wellington to Dunedin on Robert Burns's birthday, a sudden departure, he felt, in the disguise of a writer. It was a rough flight almost entirely over water, which like most bumpy crossings Duggan enjoyed. Approaching the coast, the small plane could not find a suitable hole in the cloud and fog and so was diverted to Invercargill. However further inland it managed to descend and then to return only 400 feet (120 metres) from the ground.² Later Duggan wrote on his first views of Otago:

We flew steadily for perhaps fifteen minutes up a wide valley and over a still, grey lake--so low that I could see the eyes of the startled sheep. Then we were down, on a large, mown paddock, and taxi-ing in. Landing, standing about waiting for one's luggage or the airport bus, always strikes me as so farcical, an anti-climax to what still seems to me the *urgency* of travel by air.³

He was keyed up and excited by what was in fact his first visit to somewhere new in seven years, and by anticipation of the life that lay ahead. But the city of Dunedin seemed more interested in celebrating the Scottish bard's birthday than in noticing the new Burns Fellow. As Duggan booked into the Captain Cook Hotel at the corner of Albany and Great King Streets, the hotel nearest the university, he could watch a festive Burns procession passing by outside. His description of the revellers, as of his flight, reveals how acutely sensitive he was to these new impressions.

Lolly-pink floats and bare nymphs, clad scouts, a plastic babe in a crib (centre of Otago), swirling Scots from Taieri & Mornington, the pipe & drum, the Legion of Frontiersmen in black & tan, dogs, cardboard cats, boats & business; & to wrap it all up a float from the 505 Rock an' Roll club. The pipes wailed by to a clap; the band to clap & whistle; but club 505, two rock an' rollers dancing and the cats all smart on Coca Cola, was drowned out in wild applause and smothered in youth.⁴

Duggan noted with approval that these lively young people seemed uninterested in babies and suburban bungalows.

Once the procession had passed the hotel Duggan crossed the road to the University Book Shop, which stood almost opposite on Albany Street. As he entered John Griffin approached, recognising him from photos. Griffin took the new arrival for a drive around the town.⁵ They finished up once more at the Cook (as the

hotel was locally known) where Duggan was introduced to the proprietor, Phil Ruston, and began to feel he was settling in. The Cook was to be a home to Duggan for the initial period of his Dunedin stay. A hotel had been on the site for ninety six years and the current two-storey brick and stone building for eighty seven. Fortunately extensive alterations had been carried out just three years before. The Cook had a private front bar, pleasant with tables and chairs, and much patronised by students during term time. But more famous was the public back bar, a long narrow and dimly lit room with high stools, a dart-board, and pictures of boxers on the walls. This was frequented after four o'clock by working men, especially staff from the Skeggs fish factory and others who worked for the local undertaker. Phil Ruston was a large and friendly ex-pugilist who was said to have raised the money to buy the pub by running a pie-cart across the town in Princes Street. He was well liked and had a reputation for big-heartedness. He was known to ride a unicycle dressed as a clown to raise funds for charities.⁶ At their first meeting Duggan was impressed more than anything by the size of the publican's cufflinks.⁷

Accommodation at the Cook was upstairs. Duggan observed with wry satisfaction that the view from his rear window was of a urinal roof. Of his room's contents he made the following inventory:

Striped bedcover on bed, long mirror in dark wardrobe, mirror in dark dressing table, chair, shoe stool, no lock on door. Room number 14. Fire escape outside window, bog and bathroom next door, misnamed lounge across corridor. It would be like relaxing with a python to lounge among those brown green bulbous shityellow chairs on that convulsive carpet. Deckle-edged mirror on wall. Radio cabinet (no sound), plaster bookends in the shape of toby jugs (charming!) but no books, fire escape run round for safety. Street below.⁸

The room was inexpensive at £5 per week. On his first evening Duggan discovered that after-hours drinking in the back bar was an important component of the Cook's trade. Three long rings on the outside bell was the signal to enter, and the revelry went on till the early hours of the morning. If Ruston thought the police were coming he would quickly assign everyone present fictitious room numbers, so that all could claim to be guests at the hotel. As one of the few genuine guests Duggan's position was especially congenial. Among the tough clientele he was large, garrulous and drunken, fitting in with ease. Duggan and Ruston quickly became friends. Yet even drinking was something in which Duggan would not allow himself to participate without a jaundiced view. He soon wrote to Sargeson of:

[T]he awful spectacle of the New Zealander enjoying himself. Without strong drink that would be an unendurable sight [...] The

place is crammed to bursting with crazy humanity; it might be called Beckett's Reach.⁹

The comparison of Samuel Beckett's indigent characters with the Cook's patrons was later to be significant for 'Riley's Handbook'. The works of the Paris-based, Irish writer came easily to mind as they were being read by Duggan with great enthusiasm. He was familiar with *Molloy* and *Malone Dies* by June 1958 and had read *Murphy* for the first time just the previous November.¹⁰ In 1959 the CAS Theatre in Auckland had produced *Waiting for Godot*. Duggan was impressed by the bitter and tortured tramps of the novels and plays, characters that have been described as Beckett's 'barely mobile incompetents'.¹¹ He may also have been particularly moved by the first half of *Molloy*, the most emotional and elegiac of Beckett's novels, a monologue spoken by an explosive, suicidal, struggling man. Molloy is 'virtually one-legged',¹² and driven by 'imperatives' which revolve around:

my relations with my mother, and on the importance of bringing as soon as possible some light to bear on these and even on the kind of light that should be brought to bear and the most effective means of doing so.¹³

The wordy ramblings of these books were in tune with Duggan's own style and wit as they were continuing to develop in his speech and letters. Beckett's introspective pessimism and notions of failure articulated the strain of Duggan's depressions, but were also satisfyingly literary.

On Duggan's first morning he walked from the hotel to the university English Department. The weather was unpleasantly hot. He arrived sweating and, having dressed in his best clothes, a little discomposed. The English Department occupied a converted house, an old two-storey brick and stucco-covered villa on Leith Street, with a large Wellingtonia in the front garden. In rainy weather the building leaked and wind could lift it on its foundations, but the staff loved the sense of autonomy its separateness provided. Offices were mostly upstairs and classes were held in the larger rooms on the ground floor.¹⁴ Full-time staff usually numbered six, although Margaret Dalziel was away for the year on sabbatical leave. Duggan met Professor E.A. Horsman, whom he thought quiet but found to some relief that he liked.¹⁵ He was taken by Horsman to have morning tea with the Registrar and Dr Soper, the Vice-Chancellor. Duggan recorded his bravura conversation with the VC for Kendrick Smithyman as:

'Is it raining outside, Mr Duggan?'

'Why no, sir.'

'What's that on your face then?'

'Sweat sir: the holy water of the O'Melaghlines.'

'Indeed?'

'In word and deed, Vice-Chancellor.'¹⁶

In fact no such exchange took place. To those present Duggan seemed shy and somewhat ill at ease in what was obviously a strange environment.¹⁷

In the afternoon Duggan was able to move his things into his English Department room. He was given what had once been the upstairs bathroom on the south side of the building, the room that Ian Cross had used the year before. It was small, cuboid, and with a view from its window of an overgrown bush and the house next door. Duggan thought it 'adequate and not so large as to suggest I am here to entertain visitors'.¹⁸ A high ceiling left the room pleasantly cool, and when he opened the window a nascent breeze, the type of dry air that he loved, flooded in.¹⁹ His only concern was that the chair was too low for comfortable typing. With students absent and the staff only intermittently present to pick up their mail, the building was quiet except for the library clock striking every fifteen minutes. Duggan sat and read *Lady Sings the Blues* in paperback, which he had picked up at the airport bookstall. The opening of chapter eleven, 'I Can't Get Started', impressed him and was to become a favourite quotation in the future:

You can be up to your boobies in white satin, with gardenias in your hair and no sugar cane for miles, but you can still be working on a plantation.²⁰

'No marching girl could have said it', Duggan wrote.²¹ 'The Burning Miss Bratby' was unpacked and waiting to be started on once more.

Otago University, founded in 1869, was the oldest affiliate of the University of New Zealand, and had managed to salvage its 'university' title from a dispute over being incorporated as a college into the national body in the 1870s. Following the Parry Report, which had appeared the year before Duggan's arrival, it was preparing to become self-regulatory once more. By 1960 the University had 2,666 students, including those at the country's only medical school, and had expanded well beyond its central city site bounded by St. David, Leith, Union and Castle Streets.²² Around it Dunedin, which was itself established by Scottish settlers only twenty one years before the University, lay in a valley at the head of the Otago Harbour, with suburbs stretching roughly north-south along steep hills. Dunedin had reached its period of greatest eminence at the end of the nineteenth century, when it had become the commercial hub of the country following gold strikes in the south of the South Island. In 1960 it was the fourth largest New Zealand city, with a population of 102,500.²³

Later in the year Duggan described Dunedin with a mixture of admiration and irony for *Critic*, the University's student magazine:

Ah yes, as they claim, it *is* superior; it has all the qualities of the other cities but it is not so large and it is, therefore, or so I think, that much

more easily and immediately grasped. Oh the same multilingual, eclectic, gay, various, wonderfully civilised, wonderfully tolerant place, as are the others. The same superb example of *concordia discors*. And yet I suspect a larger ease, a deepening of that sense of delight one knows in Auckland, say, or Wellington [...] It is cosmopolitan (but what city is not?); it is teeming and various as the country itself. It is in short, Dunedin.²⁴

The hyperbole that followed was malicious enough to require revival of the pseudonym Maui, but Duggan's genuine complaints, listed privately in letters to friends, were minor and qualified:

[A] system of transport that never, as far as I can discover, leaves the main street. The language is the same: the beer is lousy [...] I'm buggered without a car; but heigh ho, Toulouse Lautrec couldn't see over the bar.²⁵

Castle Street had a trolley bus that ran its length in both directions and connected with a suburban bus service, but it was never easy for Duggan to get about on public transport. He took a taxi to visit Charles Brasch for a drink at Brasch's home in 36A Heriot Row, an unassuming house in the central city high up near the town belt. They sat and talked in a front room lined with books, gazing at the charming harbour view. Afterwards Duggan made the mistake of returning to the hotel on foot. The distance was not far, but descending the sharp incline exhausted him in the summer heat, and he did not reach the door of the Cook until almost midnight. The back bar was still crowded as he walked past it to his room, with three barmen hard at work, and the noise kept up until nearly 4 am.²⁶

Duggan attempted to get himself started at writing, but found it difficult to reestablish a sense of routine. 'Curious,' he wrote to Cole, 'to have time unlimited & no obligations of a family or domestic or suburban kind'.²⁷ He began to keep office hours from nine to six at the English Department, 'in the belief that the conjunction of arse and chair is a fundamental one'.²⁸ For five days at the end of January he worked on what he called an 'Esquisse', an outline of the remainder of his novel's action.²⁹ Nevertheless without the small jobs around the house, garden or car by which to regulate his writing, he found settling to his task surprisingly difficult. The Cook stayed open until the small hours of each morning, and sleeping over the noise was troublesome. Duggan felt that to write properly he would have to change his accommodation. He claimed to be in his room each evening reading until 11.30, 'on the basis that if I begin at a high standard of industriousness I can gently decline through the year'.³⁰ But the bar exuded a siren's call. His social contact with the after-hours clientele expanded. He would have drinks with Ruston, and sometimes even acted as barman. Friends later joked that Duggan didn't mind which side of the

bar he was on so long as he was near it.³¹ In the back bar, where he was soon hugely popular, his enjoyment and ease in everyone's company made the Burns Fellow a star among the rough and mostly non-literary regulars, who in turn knew nothing of Duggan's non-literary origins.

Duggan began to look up former contacts and acquaintances. He tried Peggy Dunningham, but she and her husband were away in Indonesia until March. He had a pleasant meal with Brasch, and the artist and art collector Rodney Kennedy, at Heriot Row. The New Zealand Library Association was holding a conference in mid February and he was invited to a celebratory dinner to receive his Esther Glenn medal. Fleur Adcock was living near the University with her three year-old son, Andrew, in a flat at 78 Clyde Street. She was lively, intelligent, and good looking, so that many of the young men in the Dunedin literary scene appeared enamoured of her. Adcock's ancestral background was English and also Irish Presbyterian. The daughter of a university professor, she had spent her childhood in wartime England and her teenage years in Wellington, until completing an M.A. in classics at Victoria University. While still a student she met and married Alistair Campbell, had two children and at length divorced. Campbell kept custody of the older son, Gregory. Facing the difficulties of independence, Adcock came to Dunedin with Andrew to teach at the University. It had not proved satisfying and now she was in her second year of working in the University library, while studying a British course in librarianship by correspondence.

To Adcock, Duggan's impeccable speaking voice, urbane manners and literary attitudes seemed captivatingly English. With her own sophistication, literary talent, and the embattled feelings fostered by the chaos of life as a working solo-parent, it was natural that she and Duggan should quickly develop a deep, enduring friendship. At first they began to meet frequently for lunch. Duggan was long unused to the stodgy type of food served at the Cook, which he characterised in 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' as 'the grey disgusting mutton and the two veg'.³² Sometimes when he was invited to the homes of university staff he was little better off. 'They gave me pink pudding,' he complained to Adcock one day about a meal the previous evening. 'I can't eat anything pink'.³³ Nevertheless he was soon writing to Cole that he used the university calendar like Debrett's.

In February the *Otago Daily Times* published an interview in which Duggan praised the creation of the Burns Fellowship as 'the most terrific thing that has happened to New Zealand writing for a long time'. Alongside appeared a photograph of him in his office, hunched over a manuscript and lighting a cigarette.³⁴ Meanwhile Duggan wrote to friends about progress on 'The Burning Miss Bratby' in terms of trouble with a distant, difficult lover.

I pump away at Miss Bratby: her eyelids flicker.³⁵

I sit in uneasy and doubtful authority over the cold corpse of Miss Joan Bratby waiting some sign of returning life [...] clearly it was a mistake to leave her so long at the edge of the sea.³⁶

Miss Bratby has turned sullen and questions the plans I have for her. Poor dull, poor banal Miss Bratby: I must give her her head a little for it would be a bad moment to quarrel.³⁷

For Duggan this seemed a way of describing the state of his work while avoiding discussion of it. Duggan found he was walking restlessly to and from the English Department up to five times a day. He seemed, incredibly for him, to have more opportunity to write than he could use. Slowly he began to build up to five or six hours of writing each day, and would then read for another three. Finally, he later told friends, he bought a briefcase. Even though he had nothing in it, bringing one to the Department each morning made him feel more like the other members of staff who were there with a clear purpose. At last he felt that he had properly begun.³⁸

At the end of February Duggan made a break from the Cook and moved into a flat in Cumberland Street. He was able to enjoy his first full night's sleep in several weeks, but he nevertheless reported to Cole:

I returned my key but the proprietor said: 'Keep it, Maurice. Use it whenever you like. We'll keep you booked in, as far as the register goes, so you won't have to worry about after-hour's raids, or anything. And you can have a meal anytime.' I'm happy to be out of it though it was fabulous when I was there.³⁹

Of course the hotel became Duggan's regular drinking place. After a dinner in the first week of March with Brasch, Kennedy and E.H. McCormick, who was down in Dunedin to give an address at the Hocken Library on the occasion of its jubilee, it was typical that Duggan should stop off at the Cook on the way home around midnight to drink with his 'thug and pug' pals.⁴⁰ Yet Brasch, with his refined tastes and intellectual conversation, was more stimulating and perhaps more to Duggan's liking. At a second dinner with Brasch, Kennedy, McCormick and this time Bruce Mason, Duggan was delighted with a bottle of *Nuit Saint-George* 1949, inherited by Brasch from his father, which was served with the meal.⁴¹ Brasch was of the respectable sort who did not go to pubs, and in a rare attempt to meld two styles of life Duggan took him one day to the Cook to show him what it was like. Brasch's reaction has gone unrecorded, although the exercise was never repeated.⁴²

The Cumberland Street flat was owned by the University and administered by the Public Trustee. It adjoined the University campus and was opposite a park beside the Otago Museum. The flat was the lower half of an elderly villa which was due to be demolished that July. There were two bedrooms and an ugly front room compensated for by its pleasant view of greenery. The bathroom Duggan shared

with the upstairs flat, whose occupants were a couple he described to Sargeson with glee.

Upstairs in my flat a geology lecturer, a methodist! Methodism and geology--I'd never have paired them, myself. They sing hymns on the weekends--two part harmony--and bathe on Saturdays and she has a little tea party on Wednesday afternoons. So I do my washing Saturday afternoon so that they have no hot water for their baths. Ah, cruel.⁴³

The flats had a brief tussle between their respective tastes in radio. As Duggan listened to the concert programme he would hear *It's in the Bag* during pianissimo passages. When he turned up the forte his neighbours would knock on his ceiling. However Duggan had his first full night's sleep in weeks. He enjoyed being able to make his own breakfasts. He walked the short, gentle rise to the English Department each morning and amused himself by picking, among passers-by: 'those who for a moment speculate on what it is, or isn't, that distinguishes the man of prose from the man of common room and lecture room--and have no answer'.⁴⁴ In the evening he dined happily on fried steak and mushrooms with boiled frozen peas.

The students had returned, and the academic year began on 3 March. To Smithyman, himself a teacher, Duggan wrote of his presence in the English Department in comfortably teacher-ish terms.

I rub shoulders with gown and downy breast and rather distractedly converse on set books--James, Hardy, George Eliot, Ezra Pound, et al--and seminars and avatars, the word descending through one layer after another, from the single honours student to the two hundred first stagers. But they are kind to me and do not expect either learning or wisdom or even knowledge; just a few mild jokes and the rattle of the machine.⁴⁵

In fact Duggan's approach was considerably more tentative. To the staff he seemed quiet and shy. He was sharply observant and appeared very conscious of all that was happening to himself, rather than showing an interest in the lives of others. His new colleagues guessed he was continually storing things up. Horsman wondered how such profound introspectiveness would affect the writing of a novel.⁴⁶ However Duggan was nervous of an academic world in which he felt he ought to move confidently, but from which he had long cut himself off--the more so since he was unsure of his role, which was not that of teacher at all. He had not yet perfected a posture through which to manage his new relations with those around him. The Department was understaffed. Its teaching ratio was roughly one to twenty students, and the little building was suddenly full with a continual bustle over courses,

classrooms, set books, essays, marking, and student queries. Duggan seemed to prefer his upstairs office, which was away from the student traffic.

Because the Department was small, much of its routine business took place over morning tea. Cross had regularly attended these the year before and taken a genial part in the discussion. Duggan in turn was invited, but did not often appear. When present he continued quiet at first, then later became entertaining with stories of the Cook's after-hours crowd, but he seemed uncertain of how far he could go. It was some time before Duggan grew surer of his audience and his comments became wittier and more barbed, though never discourteous. He seemed more apart than had been expected. Hidden behind this was the further embarrassment of getting up and down the building's stairs. Although they were not especially steep and the banister was firm, Duggan found with his prosthesis that this was not an easy task. He began to avoid using the stairs at the same time as other people, and everyone soon noticed that he did not like to be observed when in difficulties.⁴⁷

Among the staff there had been no real controversy over the establishment of the Burns Fellowship. Some had worried that the University might commit resources to the Fellow which should rightly go toward academic work, but this had not proved to be the case and by its second year the presence of a full-time writer in the Department was accepted as normal. Cross had spent the year before working on what would become the novel *After Anzac Day*, his office decorated with charts and plans for events in the book, all marked out with coloured pencils. Everyone knew when Cross had created another character because he would hammer a nail in the wall and spike a sheaf of papers concerning that character to it. He worked very industriously and seemed to produce large quantities of manuscript. Duggan, on the other hand, appeared to do at least some of his work in his flat.⁴⁸ In the office he laboured quietly without charts or gestures to produce a few sentences. He was managing on average only half a page of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' a day. Even worse, the results seemed far from a final draft.⁴⁹

Duggan never spoke about how his writing was progressing and the departmental staff did not like to ask. By March he was becoming aware that much of the novel would have to be altered in an expanded second revision. To Smithyman he reported gloomily:

And under my hand the pages fill and overflow and are crumpled and thrown away--the janitor is collecting my novel, page by page, from the wastepaperbasket. The Jamesian delights of the difficult problem and the just solution are unknown to me; in the dark in a small room I swing an experimental cat and am clawed and pissed on.⁵⁰

He studied Henry James, E.M. Forster, Percy Lubbock and Adam Mendilow on form in the novel. As the work threatened to come apart each failed plan for it was

replaced by another more elaborate. Duggan made himself a detailed temporal and seasonal scheme of the action, which now unfolded over two years and seven months. Several jokey alternative titles were played with: *The Lion's Tooth*, *Maritime Quartet*, and even *East of Eros*. The Marvell epitaph had been replaced by a passage from St. Augustine's *Confessions* quoted in T.S. Eliot's notes to *The Waste Land*, and this in turn was rejected.⁵¹

In the manuscript the surname of Constance Ashby and her husband Robert was changed by Duggan to Ashford, and David Power became David Yardley. Thus it is Yardley, a student, who is hired when Joan Bratby suggests a reader, and when Constance Ashford surprises everyone by insisting on a male to recite for her poetry and Shakespeare. David Yardley seems handsome, theatrical and arrogant. He reads with mellifluous skill. Robert Ashford dislikes him intensely as a 'lavender boy'. Ashford is forty seven years old, fond of mid-winter swimming, robust, and often referred to in terms of animal imagery. He visits Joan Bratby for sexual encounters in her flat beside the beach whenever her mother, who also lives there, can be persuaded to be absent. Joan Bratby is twenty eight years old, divorced after a three-year marriage, and lives bent on security and self-containment. She seems to drift into her affair with Robert Ashford out of loneliness. Eventually David Yardley leaves to join a touring repertory company, but on his last visit he gets wildly drunk with Constance Ashford, who punctuates her days with glasses of whisky. While inebriated Yardley repeats with rising desperation lines from the close of 'The Waste Land's' third section: 'To Cathage then I came/ Burning burning burning burning'.⁵² Joan Bratby takes him away to her rooms, where impetuously they make love before he departs. Some time later Joan Bratby goes to visit Robert Ashford in the gymnasium of the Ashford house, intending to break off their affair. Realising that the relationship is over, Ashford becomes angry and rapes her before she can escape.

Time passes, with Joan Bratby continuing to treat Constance Ashford for her arthritic illness. On a visit to the mountains to get away from her troubles Joan Bratby witnesses the accidental death of a rock climber. Her shock reminds her of Constance Ashford's favourite phrase: 'there is only life'.⁵³ On her return she finds the paralysed woman's condition has deteriorated. David Yardley comes back from his tour and visits Constance Ashford not long before her death. Yardley appears to live only for the present, and he and Joan Bratby become lovers again for several months. From these events Joan Bratby has now learned the importance of living life for the moment. She understands that David Yardley's stay can only ever be temporary, and thus manages her unhappiness when he once again departs. The novel ends with her visiting the Ashford house and spying an unhappy Robert Ashford through the gymnasium window. She moves away with a feeling 'of

courage and of confidence', but knowing that everything 'for head or for heart, had its cost'.

By the beginning of April Duggan was writing to Sargeson and Cole that he expected to finish the novel near the end of the month, at around page one hundred and sixty. But at the same time to Sinclair he confessed:

I lifted up the burning Miss Bratby's skirt, expecting to find the burning bush; but it was pure tympanum and nothing of the dark pubic bruise. I had forgotten to invent that for her. Moment of crisis--and not over Miss Bratby alone. I am engaged in the dreary, and very chastening, business of wondering what in Christ it's all about. I'm bored stiff with Duggan's style and Duggan's attitudes and Duggan's little puppets [...] I still want for my subject--what a confession for a writer aged thirty seven. Not the detail, for that is there, but the theme, the frame, the informing obsession.⁵⁴

Meantime Duggan had gradually become friendly with the older students in the university who were interested in literature and writing. These included Victor O'Leary, whom his lecturers thought looked like Lenin and who claimed to believe W.B. Yeats's philosophical system implicitly, Peter Burns, Hilaire Kirkland, Bruce McCallum, Alan and Pat Roddick, Christopher Smith, and even Graham Billing, who had left the university two years earlier to become a reporter with the *Evening Star*. They were among the mainstay of a small student Literary Society. O'Leary replaced Alan Roddick as the Society's President for the year. There was also a writing group of which many of these students, and others such as Fleur Adcock, Alexander Guyan, David Holmes, Judy Moulton, and William Nicholson Reid were part. The group would meet at the houses or flats of its members, and often at Heriot Row. Brasch took a supportive interest in the gatherings, where people would be asked to read something they had written and discussion would follow. Duggan started to attend and quickly became one of the group's leading lights. He was beginning to find that the university environment, with its talks, dramas and meetings, could be immensely stimulating.

Duggan attended a performance of *The End of the Golden Weather* and was impressed as much by the 'bravura prose' as by Mason's theatrics.⁵⁵ Peggy Dunningham returned briefly from Indonesia, and he took a day trip to Invercargill and Bluff with *Listener* reviewer David Hall. A letter even arrived from Greville Texidor, now a rare event. She was still in Spain and driving about in a battered Citroën, but nowhere did the letter make any mention at all of Werner Droescher.⁵⁶ The photographer Brian Brake visited Dunedin with Maurice Shadbolt, as the pair passed through to cover Central Otago for *National Geographic*. They met Duggan first at his flat and later with Adcock at the Cook. It was an encounter fraught with

small tensions emanating mostly from Duggan himself. He had not forgotten that the younger writer rivalled him for the Fellowship he now held. Happy to see Duggan again, Shadbolt chatted about his recent travels. He remarked that when overseas he had remembered a patch of New Zealand landscape and on returning was delighted to rediscover that the country had landscapes which were many and varied. Duggan responded that one has some little thing which one whittles away at, a non-sequitur which left it unclear whether he was annoyed or confused.⁵⁷

Duggan was asked to give a speech, which he entitled 'Talking of Writing', to the Literary Society on 4 April. He worried as he prepared it, and professed to be unhappy with the resultant script. Since he did not want to speak on the state of New Zealand literature Duggan wrote the speech for presentation in two parts, the first about himself as a writer and the second on the importance of form in fiction. The first part he saw as 'a sort of exposure', an attack on the failure of his high school education to provide him with an imaginative appreciation of literature in life.⁵⁸ Education was, he claimed:

Something about the white walls of Tunis: something about a dying slave; something about a square that broke. All committed, at one time, to memory; all regurgitated, in mindless rote, during the doodling, dozing buzzing hour of the English lesson.⁵⁹

That his high school education had lasted little more than a few months he did not mention, nor that he had studied long and hard under Sargeson's tutelage. Instead he spoke of his youthful work experience, and his encounter with 'the unlettered, breathless bawling thing we did not know as experience at all'. He was attempting to explore how this knowledge of real life had circumvented the inadequacies of his education to become transformed into art. One reason for the messiness of such a speech was the defensive air in its self-assertion, in Duggan's implicit suggestion to his university audience that life experience might somehow make up the shortfall for an artist which a lack of education had left. But as the seasoned, wise, professional writer he was finding a posture at last.

The second part of the talk, on how form should order and pattern experience, was written out of his own problems with 'The Burning Miss Bratby'.

The best form is that which will exploit the subject to its fullest significance; the best form *results from* the fullest exploitation of the subject. Clearly, the form of the short story is not the form of the novel. For me the shorter form is rather an inflorescence, a folding, an intensification; a form where James spoke of working 'from the outer edge in towards the centre'. In the novel there is a principle of growth, a processional principle, a flowering outwards.⁶⁰

To a friend Duggan commented: 'Form! Holy hell. Talk about chaos would be more to the point'.⁶¹ He had drunk four or five generous whiskys before appearing and brought the speech off, he felt, 'like a cannon, belling and booming'.⁶²

On 11 April Duggan reached page one hundred and twenty three of his novel, and felt success was imminent. The longest work he had written before this, 'Along the Poisoned River', had fizzled out at one hundred and twenty pages.⁶³ Nevertheless his reward was not to press on but to take a fortnight's respite and attempt something new, a brief story he entitled 'Blues for Miss Laverty'. Its germ may have come from his Literary Society talk. Duggan had thought to illustrate the problems of fiction by describing how a writer might go about the creation of a character, such as a spinsterish music teacher. She was to prove an inspired example. As he thought the story out Duggan decided it worth tackling himself, and he expunged the illustration from his speech. This, at least, was the explanation he later gave to C.K. Stead.⁶⁴

Duggan may have derived the story's plot, where maddeningly repetitive blues music wells up into Miss Laverty's apartment, from his own Cumberland Street flat and his upstairs neighbours. However, in contrast to his notions of imaginative capital, the story's mysterious downstairs tenant is borrowed from his own 1944 work 'Saint Louis Blues', where a depressed character listens to one record all day long. Furthermore as a mature, single, working woman in an importunate male world, a person who has achieved independence at the price of human warmth, Miss Laverty owes something to Miss Joan Bratby. Because 'Blues for Miss Laverty' was written quickly Duggan at first thought the story unpublishable, though with 'some good bits'.⁶⁵ He sent it to Brasch with a brief disclaimer: 'Mary May Laverty may be the wrong weight &/or the wrong tone for LF'.⁶⁶ 'A Portrait of Dunedin', written one wet afternoon, was also enclosed for the editor's amusement. Brasch found the latter's exaggerated description of Dunedin resistible, but he was delighted with 'Blues for Miss Laverty'. He promised to include it in *Landfall's* December issue. Duggan received five guineas in payment. Brief and accessible, the story was always to be one of his most popular works.

With 'Blues for Miss Laverty' finished, Duggan ploughed on with the novel. By the end of the month it was at page one hundred and forty, and Duggan hoped that pushing on 'may help me through the great difficulty of making a novel of it at all--may help me towards seeing, if there is no novel in it, *why that is so*'.⁶⁷ He continued to write for six hours a day and to read for much of the rest. With his new income Duggan was able to buy the books he wanted, and the Otago University library was also particularly well endowed. Among other collections the deBeer family, encouraged by Brasch, had donated the entire Union Catalogue of the Library of Congress. Duggan read Beckett's plays, Durrell's *Clea*, Dante's *Divine*

Comedy, A.H. McLintock's *The History of Otago*, Diderot's *Memoirs of a Nun*, Graves's *Collected Poems*, and enjoyed Livingston Lowes's *The Road to Xanadu*, which he described as 'mad piety'.⁶⁸ He also obtained a proof-copy of Cross's second novel, *The Backward Sex*. 'I'll say,' he commented⁶⁹. Erich Geiringer had arrived in Dunedin the year before to lecture at the School of Medicine and brought with him a copy of *Lolita* he had read on the plane. Duggan was one of many who borrowed it, finding that he admired Nabokov's novel very much.⁷⁰ Almost every book he purchased was a hardback edition. With literature he would indulge snobbery to the hilt, and in his reverence for books he disliked paperbacks as somehow second class. Earlier when George Haydn was going overseas Duggan had asked his friend to bring him back a copy of Mailer's *Advertisements For Myself*. Without thinking Haydn purchased a paperback. On receipt of it Duggan thanked him very much, but Haydn noticed that it was replaced with a hardcovered copy as soon as one was available.⁷¹

Duggan had not had money of his own through a steady income since early youth, and so most of his salary he spent on himself. Barbara was left to use her own income to pay the mortgage and the household bills, as she had always done before. Duggan allowed this selfishness to become one more source of guilt, but he did not change.⁷² For the wall of his flat he bought an expensive print of Brueghel's *The Hunters in the Snow*. He was also in a position to buy stronger liquor than the beer which until now he had mostly imbibed. Gin and vermouth became his favourite drink, and he would appear at Adcock's flat occasionally in the evening with a bottle of gin or whisky.⁷³ He was still a late-night drinker at the Cook, and to Adcock he seemed sometimes to go through gallons of alcohol. Like many others she was struck by the unpredictability of his moods when drunk. Drinking involved a risk taking, a self-destructiveness, which he seemed almost to court.⁷⁴ 'Oh the "professional" life will undo me,' he joked by letter to Sinclair, 'sherry at lunch, suits and fine manners, melting money'.⁷⁵ Although Duggan claimed not to drink during the day and that his drinking was mostly social, he was aware that he might be an alcoholic. One of his complaints about the stodginess of the food at other people's houses was that it reduced the effects of liquor. On one occasion Adcock found him going through a long, scientific article in the *New Yorker* on the effects of alcohol on the body, which he was reading with great care.⁷⁶ It may have led to a remark by her: 'You won't die old, you'll burst or explode', which cut close enough for Duggan to remember it all his life.⁷⁷

From the beginning of April Dunedin turned cold with the wind from the south, but Duggan found this invigorating. The approaching winter made him think of Louis MacNeice's poem 'Song' ('The Sunlight in the Garden'), which with its descriptions of cold hard light and of time rushing toward an end seemed very apt.

Duggan felt the dry, chilly weather was more suited to him than the humidity of Auckland and made the Burns Fellowship, as he punned later in 'Beginnings': 'a good climate for working'.⁷⁸ It was kind on the stump of his leg, which was important as he was walking a lot. By now it was well known that Duggan's disability could not be mentioned. One cold, windy morning Graham Billing was walking along Cumberland Street from his Leith Street flat, lost in a happy reverie, when he encountered Duggan coming in the opposite direction. 'Hullo, Maurice,' Billing boomed carelessly, 'how are you this morning stumping along in the wind?' Immediately he regretted his choice of words. Although Duggan grinned and chatted and appeared to have taken no offence, Billing knew enough to worry later that Duggan might have been concealing something more.⁷⁹ But nothing came of it. When April ended Duggan was still struggling with 'The Burning Miss Bratby'. He made arrangements to travel north on 14 May for three weeks, out of synch with the university holidays which began a week earlier. An allowance in the Fellowship paid for the trip.

Back in Auckland Duggan behaved as if nothing had been wrong before he left. In his absence Barbara had arranged to sell the car, an A50 they had owned for several years, and to buy a second-hand Anglia for £760. The 'new' car was already at the house when Duggan arrived. He enjoyed himself fussing about with it, fixing broken wipers and knobs, and calculating the Anglia's savings in miles per gallon. He helped cut and polish the A50 and to manage its sale for £690.⁸⁰ Walking in Dunedin had inflamed his stump, and he paid some visits to the Artificial Limb Centre for yet more adjustments to his prosthesis. There were old friends to see. Duggan visited Sargeson in Esmonde Road, where they chatted amiably over a glass of Lemora. Sargeson was near finishing his novel, *Memoirs of a Peon*, and soon Duggan supplied the address of his contact at Curtis Brown as his old mentor struggled to find a publisher. Both of the plays Sargeson had written earlier had gone unpublished and unperformed, but on and off preparations were being made for a reading in costume of the second, 'A Time for Sowing', by the WEA Dramatic Club.⁸¹

Sinclair had been busy with a commission for a history of the Bank of New South Wales in New Zealand, which he was writing with his colleague W.F. Mandle. He had used the money from the advance to buy a beach section at Wyuna Bay, near Coromandel, and to put up a Group Architects-designed bach. This was being prefabricated on his front lawn at Mangere.⁸² Duggan suggested the book be entitled 'Love and Money and the Shakes'⁸³ and that his friend:

might now be found in a stetson and a floral shirt, smoking a cigar (with the band on) and talking to the press about the latest merger--your wife silent nearby, in her banking slip.⁸⁴

One afternoon Sinclair brought C.K. Stead over to Forrest Hill.⁸⁵ With his wife, Kay, Stead had come back at the end of 1959 from four years in Australia and England, and he had just taken up a lectureship at Auckland University College. Duggan had met Stead only briefly before, and now at leisure he thought the young man talented and amusing. He was soon admiring Stead's story 'A Race Apart' in the June *Landfall*.⁸⁶

The Chrystalls had invited the Duggans to Taupo, and so the two families drove down to spend a week at a bach belonging to Lillian's parents in the then isolated surrounds of Two Mile Bay. Duggan led the two cars down and was pressed hard occasionally by David Chrystall behind him. He was amused when Nick looked out of the back window and said someone was trying to drive up the 'yaust pipe'. Lillian's parents were wealthy, and their 'bach' was in fact a large house. The Duggans stayed in its wing. Also joining them were John Goldwater, his wife, Hinda, and oldest child, Aaron, and Joe Grossman, a Hungarian immigrant who owned a timber company. Throughout the trip everyone thought Duggan wonderful with the assembled children. Frequently he carried two at once for rides in his arms. He entertained them all with stories into which he threw himself wholeheartedly with gestures and facial expressions. Goldwater got his camera, and caught Duggan in mid rapture with four and a half year-old Paul Chrystall and Nick who was almost six. The families went out in a launch belonging to Lillian Chrystall's parents, the *Piripono*, which was reputedly the largest on the lake. Grossman wanted to look at a block of land he was considering buying near the Urewera, and he, Chrystall, Goldwater and Duggan drove off into the mountains for an overnight trip. With the adults Duggan seemed more withdrawn, sometimes moody, although he might relax in the evening after a few drinks. Goldwater thought him remarkably difficult to get close to. Occasionally, however, Duggan would break out with a sudden witticism, as when he described Noel Holmes's 'Homespun' newspaper column in the *Auckland Star* as 'low-flying James Joyce'. At such moments his gruff manner would be gone and an infectious sparkle appear in his eye.⁸⁷

At the end of the Queen's Birthday weekend Duggan flew down to Wellington and stayed overnight with the Coles. While in town he met Denis Glover, who was in a state of distress and said that his elderly car had been stolen. Glover maintained that he had found it again, gone off for a tow-wagon, and come back to find it stolen once more. 'Misapprehend the recreant, officer,' Duggan reported Glover as cleverly raving, 'I'll have tetra-ethyl & vengeance. Dear, dear old girl. Worked all her life long on under-proof spirit, rain and moonshine.'⁸⁸ Duggan also visited the Supreme Court to hear the legal preamble of *Lolita's* trial for indecency. He joined W.E. Parry, I.A. Gordon, Joan Stevens and Harold Bourne who were already in the

gallery. Although he stayed only an hour or so he formed a strong enough impression to feel that the book would surely be banned.⁸⁹

Once more in Dunedin, Duggan discovered that the Cumberland Street flat was about to be demolished. Further University accommodation was found for him around the corner at 69 Union Street, an entire furnished house at £4.10 per week. He thought the sunny, upstairs master bedroom a distinct improvement. The year was now rapidly approaching its halfway mark and while up in Auckland, in concern at the future, Duggan had renewed his taxi driver's licence.⁹⁰ He began to consider applying for a second year as Burns Fellow, with mixed feelings about all this would entail. But he went so far as to sound out Horsman and the student representative, and to learn what he could of the thoughts of other committee members. 'I feel so much like a kept man, a sort of unfancy man, that the role may become habitual', Duggan tried to joke to Cole.⁹¹ All he discovered was that he would have to apply with everyone else by the end of October. He made similar enquiries through Cole about the Scholarship in Letters, again attempting a jocular nonchalance by claiming: 'It should be £1,200 and only to be taken up by those who are prepared to accept anonymous & secret residence on Norfolk Island'.⁹² Competition for both awards was sure to be strong.

It may have been while back at Forrest Hill that Duggan was asked by friends at Auckland Teachers' College to write something for *Manuka*, the College Students' Association's annual magazine. Much had happened to Duggan in the intervening months, but his fellow trainees would not finish their course until August. For the magazine Duggan wrote 'Only Connect (a presumptuous note on the teaching of English Literature)'. Buoyed up by his relations with Otago University and its students, he repeated the arguments against the stultifying effect of his high school English classes which he had used in his 'Talking of Writing' speech. This time, however, he did not detail his own work experience as an alternative. Instead Duggan chose to emphasise the irrelevance of overseas literature to a New Zealand readership by pretending that he had once worked as a tractor driver, ploughing a man named Puti Huia's farm at Black Rock.

I can hear myself now, chanting above the racket of the motor:

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssinian maid,

And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.

And the absurdity of it struck me. Twice five miles of fertile ground might have been Puti's wild dream; but the reality was something different--ruined acres, sagging fences, sodden ground.

His inheritance and mine; for whatever it was that we looked upon, erosion and neglect, it was the reality; and to relate it to the English regional novel, to put Puti Huia, so to speak, into the gaiters and a hacking jacket and a peaked cap, was something I could not accomplish. The golden moments of English Literature, of nightingales and daffy-down-dillies paid no attention to this infestation of buttercup, these squabbling gulls, that hawk over the pasture.

Only connect, indeed! It was not easy. I looked up from my chanting, raised my eyes from the damsel with the dulcimer to meet the loitering figure of Maka Huia, bright ribbons trailing from the ribbons of her ukulele.[sic]⁹³

Duggan later felt that 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' began with this illustrative dramatisation.⁹⁴ The remainder of the article was a plea for New Zealand literature in schools. Thinking perhaps of his own conversion to literature and the unconventional novel which he hoped to complete in Dunedin, Duggan argued 'that it is still far too common a thing to meet students, teachers, people for whom the bridge between reality and art has never been established, except in the primitive sense of admiring life-like representation'.⁹⁵

Duggan had grown to like Dunedin. The mid winter weather, despite some snow, was not unpleasant. Frosts and occasional ice made walking difficult, so that he would carefully choose the sunny side of the street. He seemed to have a horror of falling in public.⁹⁶ However Duggan happily began a number of public appearances as Burns Fellow. On 22 June he attended a Literary Society and Jazz Club gathering in the large, L-shaped living room of O'Leary's house at 531 Leith Street. There he led off the evening by reading Allen Ginsberg's 'Howl' over a background of Miles Davis's 'Round About Midnight'. The choice of poem seemed radical to some. Horsman, in comparison, chose Curnow. In Duggan's deep measured intonations the shrill fate of the best minds of Ginsberg's generation, which was in fact Duggan's own, became even more surreal. Duggan enjoyed disconcerting others by appearing to act out of character in this way. At another poetry evening, at Horsman's house, he read something by Larkin which had some unseemly concluding lines much relished by the students.⁹⁷ So popular were these events that later he was asked to give a reading of poetry to forty medical students at the School's Red Lecture Theatre. Duggan entitled the performance 'Clinical Verse' and commenced with Auden's 'Miss Gee'. He also read poems by Donne, Alex Comfort, Kinglsey Amis, and James Kirkup. His rendition of Lawrence Durrell's bawdy 'The Ballad of Good Lord Nelson' was a huge success with the adolescent audience and Adcock, who was present, later praised it as 'definitive'.⁹⁸ *Critic*

reported on the gathering but found it prudent to note: 'In spite of rumours to the contrary "The Cabinet of Love" wrongly attributed to the Earl of Rochester was not read'.⁹⁹

As Burns Fellow, Duggan was approached to provide something for *Review*, the annual literary journal of the Otago University Students' Association. The year previously Ian Cross had contributed something from his novel in progress. Duggan submitted what is now the story 'The Wits of Willie Graves', claiming that 'it comes not from a novel in progress but from a projected work'.¹⁰⁰ Although Duggan may have hoped this version of 'The Wits of Willie Graves' was a fragment, he was also aware that it was a completed and self-contained piece, separate from the other fragments he had written around it. Like 'Chapter' the work was not going to open out into something longer. Once more Duggan's natural tendency towards what he had called 'inflorescence', a poetic elaboration which encompassed even the small and incidental, had defeated his larger aims. With 'The Burning Miss Bratby' proceeding so slowly, and further ideas crowding his mind, he knew that he would never go back to rework the Weka Valley material. *Review* appeared in September. 'The Wits of Willie Graves' was preceded by an article on *Lolita* by R.T. Robertson of the English Department. Duggan carefully annotated the article in his own copy, correcting literals and arguing with points of detail.¹⁰¹ By then Nabokov's book had been banned in the Supreme Court in July.

As well as performing for students, Duggan agreed to give an opening address over radio for the national Children's Book Week in August. Sargeson was annoyed at what he saw as giving in to Schroder, but Duggan had been offered a remarkable eight guineas for seven minutes, and he could claim a motive more important than money.¹⁰² Schroder had written to *Landfall* in May in reply to its questionnaire on writer's incomes. In his own response to the questionnaire Duggan had suggested that the NZBS standard fee be raised, and this Schroder attacked on the grounds that there was no standard fee.¹⁰³ By accepting the eight guinea commission Duggan planned to counter-attack in *Landfall* that this was now his personal standard, and that it would be the minimum he would work for in future.¹⁰⁴ It was a brave gesture at a time when he was flush with money. The Book Week talk itself was warm in praise of the benefits of reading to children, of sharing in their excitement and delight at being told a story, and of enjoying that story oneself. Duggan concluded: 'what else are parents for than to give pleasure to their children?'.¹⁰⁵ It was a phrase he sincerely believed, as he was all too aware that his own son was at the far end of the country. During Book Week Duggan was invited to the Dunedin Public Library, where he told a story of treasure to a group of eighty children and twenty or so of their parents. Then, temporarily sated with children, he spent the evening with Phil Ruston at the amateur boxing championships. Ruston was

refereeing, and as he sat ringside Duggan was fascinated by the close relationship of second and fighter, and horrified at the quantity of gore.¹⁰⁶

The English Department also prevailed upon Duggan to give some lectures to students. Although he joked of titling one 'The Wet Colonial Dream', he thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to perform further.¹⁰⁷ At one such lecture on the national literature, which he illustrated with Sinclair's 'The Chronicle of Meola Creek', Duggan was surprised and delighted to find amongst his student audience several professors, Rodney Kennedy, and even E.H. McCormick, who was at Otago University to deliver one of its Winter Lectures.¹⁰⁸ McCormick in turn thought Duggan seemed far happier than he remembered him in Auckland.¹⁰⁹ By now Duggan's attitude to academia had undergone great change from his rejection of it in the 1940s. He was prepared to concede that university work and writing could be reconciled, and that: 'Surely an education is of some advantage to a writer'.¹¹⁰ The uncertain distance between the autodidact and the institution of learning had finally vanished. Duggan wrote his letters to friends under a University of Otago Gothic letterhead and continued as always to offer judicious comments on his latest reading, such as Brecht's *Threepenny Novel*. Horsman kindly applied to the Registrar for Duggan to receive a fee for two more lectures planned for the third term. When it became necessary to find a replacement for one of the Departmental tutors Horsman likewise applied for Duggan to take over the three-hour per week position on a weekly stipend of £6.¹¹¹ New Zealand literature was not a university subject at the time, but in the third term the 'World Classics' *New Zealand Short Stories* anthology appeared on the Stage I and II courses.¹¹² On this, which he knew so intimately, Duggan was to prove a very capable tutor, and a master of the difficult art of getting students to talk.

On 16 August, four days into the university holidays, Duggan completed what he hoped would be his *magnum opus*. Immediately, almost as a reflex, he wrote a letter to Sargeson.

It is raining, quite gently, but not cold. The Dept. is empty, students on vacation. And I've just finished the first draft of Miss Bratby (she has no title), and I will put her by now for a few months (only 165 pp typs. after all) and move in to the next--another short novel, a sort of contrapuntal companion piece. If I ever get that done I'll begin a second draft of Miss B and after that go back to no. 2. Perhaps! Perhaps! But everything is still to be done to Miss B. What I have I suppose is the frame only and all the denseness, complication, only pencilled in. But maybe even the frame is something. Timeless, stateless, without history or identifying accent these inky creatures move in a redolence of salt and dust, say their grave piece and vanish;

it's absurd to call it a novel. Anyway, it is plotless, to boot--no handles to this coffin for anyone to grasp.¹¹³

He had reached a certain plateau of happiness. To Davin in a letter during this period he gave an impression of at last being on an even keel.¹¹⁴ Davin hoped something wonderful would come from him.

The process of how Joan Bratby--tall, beautiful, 'possessed of an enviable abundance, an unshrinking fund of sympathy'--comes to the self-knowledge that she is 'always sacrificing the present to the future' is a theme reminiscent of Henry James.¹¹⁵ As in James the characters and action are confined to the upper middle class, and the novel's tone reflects his influence. The Ashfords, Joan Bratby and David Yardley spend a great deal of time in conversation, during which they attempt to clarify for themselves each other's moods. Duggan uses much of the narrative for further careful and detailed analyses of his characters' emotional states, and the manuscript's greatest revision is focused on these passages. Nevertheless it is with the works of Jane Austen that 'The Burning Miss Bratby' for the most part shares its style and structure. In a further letter to Sargeson a day after finishing the novel, on having read through the manuscript in its entirety, Duggan quoted Jane Austen's dictum: 'The little bit (two inches) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as to produce little effect after much labour'.¹¹⁶ As if true to Austen's Neoclassical aesthetics, Duggan's novel contains almost no visual description of background and consists almost entirely of interactions between characters. It is a curious limitation for a writer of Duggan's strengths to have placed upon himself. The work improves noticeably in its final third where he describes Miss Bratby in the mountains, and again at a picnic expedition made by herself and Yardley to the beach. Unlike the openings of 'Chapter' or 'The Wits of Willie Graves', the beginning of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' completely avoids the poetic evocation of scene.

Miss Joan Bratby thrust blue fluffy slippers on to the broken feet of Mrs Constance Ashford and bracing herself raised her patient to a position approximately vertical. Mrs Ashford immediately groaned, cried out and burst into tears.

'No, my dear. No.' She cried. 'It isn't possible. I can't. I simply can't.'

'There's nothing else for it,' Miss Bratby answered. 'You must.' And standing squarely behind Mrs Ashford she grasped that woman's painful soft shoulders and gently pushed her off balance, impelling her to one wild step and then another. 'There, you see,' Miss Bratby reasonably observed. 'You can. You clearly can.'

In this manner Mrs Ashford traversed the dim cool room, was turned about, firmly, and slowly encouraged to venture alone the

dozen steps to the haven of her bed. She could not accomplish it; Miss Bratby cajoled and assisted, and Mrs Ashford cried out again. She was in pain. She fell on her bed. Miss Bratby deftly removed the blue slippers, undid the sash of the blue dressing-gown by groping intimately under her patient's trembling stomach and, without thought for the undignified appearance it must have presented to anyone unfamiliar with such situations, seized Mrs Ashford's legs and bundled her into bed.

The massage which followed, gentle, insistent, rhythmic, might have been practised upon a corpse. Mrs Ashford lay on her back and stared hard and long at the ceiling, neither moving nor crying out under the ministrations of those smooth professional hands.

It was a familiar routine on six days out of seven but the familiarity had done little to accustom Miss Bratby to those tears. They upset her. Often enough she left, when the treatment was finished, feeling not only exhausted but also uniquely depressed. Only her conviction of the necessity of Mrs Ashford's having to endure such pain--if pain it was--simply to retain the limited mobility she at present possessed was sufficient to force Miss Bratby to continue it. There was, therefore, no plea to which she might listen; no enticement--and the very cessation of those cries and tears would be enticement large and immediate--to which she might yield. She had explained this often enough to Mrs Ashford; and Mrs Ashford had understood, only replying that a sense of the rightness of such treatment was not of itself enough to quiet her cries and for those she didn't apologise.

'The pain, my dear, isn't less for being inflicted in my own interests. Nor for being inflicted by someone of whom I'm genuinely fond. You can't after all expect me to *like* you when you're pushing me about so, or simply flinging me on to the bed like some old bit of unusable rubbish.'

'Mrs Ashford, that's unkind. I don't inflict anything, and you know it. You can't think I enjoy it.'

'There, my dear, don't be upset. I congratulate you for keeping this old seized-up carcass working at all. The pain's my own: I do know that. I should be braver, perhaps; but there it is.'

Nevertheless there were days when waking into yet another morning and simply waiting to be roused, to be lifted and bathed and dressed, Mrs Ashford longed to be left to petrify and ultimately to

crumble; or to fragment into bright, hard crystals. There were days when she greeted the pleasant uniformed person of Miss Bratby with something very like a cry of despair; days when that purposeful advance upon her bed seemed nothing less than threat of rack and thumb-screw. Miss Bratby might have been sent only to wind up this clockwork dummy, to jog it into a parody of animation, angular, awkward, the momentum dying through the day. Yet apart from such moments she thought of Miss Bratby as a friend and was even ready to offer the confidences of intimacy. Mrs Ashford was plainly interested to know everything about Miss Bratby; but Miss Bratby was more reluctant to speak so freely of herself. Generalities, yes; and simple descriptions of simple situations; but the little tale carried for Mrs Ashford less than she would have liked, and could have relished, of indiscreet confidence. What are friends for, she might have wondered, but to ignore your faults and exhibit their own?¹¹⁷

The opening carries the strong conviction of a novel that knows where it is going. However, unlike Jane Austen's characters, Duggan's do not appear to have distinct voices. All speak in the same self-conscious and somewhat prim manner, as if imitating the worst of Henry James. Abstracted from any wider social context, the characters seem to lack depth and do not develop through their inter-relationships sufficiently to exhibit any convincing sense of growth or greater knowledge. Instead they exist more on the level of comic figures, but Duggan never takes his characters less than seriously and their conversation is not invested with Austen's comic irony. The dialogue aspires to an epigrammatic wit, but it is usually little more than clever and lacks James's ability to surprise. The writing soon loses direction, and the middle sections of the work seem to do little more than mark time. As it stood, Duggan admitted to himself later, there was not a novel in the material. Too much had been left out. Towards the end of his life he wrote in his own brutal diagnosis that it was:

[A] piece that died long before it ended; and apparently exhausted itself by a process of chasing its own tail [...] Splitting hairs is not a substitute for advancing narrative or demonstrating character/etc [...] just where the effort went or, better, why it was expended I'll never know. I'll keep it to remind me to stay humble.¹¹⁸

Duggan certainly saw 'The Burning Miss Bratby' as 'a sort of contrapuntal statement', and he hoped it would become richly patterned with image and motif.¹¹⁹ This, he felt, would lead the book away from conventional realism. He may have begun with his old admiration for Ivy Compton-Burnett in mind. Perhaps as he wrote he was groping towards a work similar to Goethe's *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*

(*The Elective Affinities*), in which the interaction of characters supports a theory on the nature of relationships. Duggan had split his own psychology into aspects for the novel, though whether he was aware of this is unclear. Constance Ashford, the irritable self-pitying invalid, David Yardley, the talented aesthete whose life is a 'mad whirling' and who gets a scar on his forehead when knocked off his motorcycle, Robert Ashford the passionate, physically vain strongman who values routine in both business and emotion--all three characters who revolve around the central figure of a physiotherapist are each part of Duggan himself. This is one reason, no doubt, why continuing with the novel was to remain so important to him.

In relief at having put 'The Burning Miss Bratby' on the page, and with the comforting belief that the draft could one day be revised into a completed work, Duggan began a second short novel which he tentatively entitled 'Point of View'. As the year was approaching its final quarter Duggan knew he would have to work fast, but hoped he might have a book entitled 'Two Novels' ready within twelve months.¹²⁰ He prepared an application for the Scholarship in Letters to submit at the end of August, and thereafter worried about the composition of the Literary Fund Advisory Committee. Although the application would go in ahead of any submission for the Burns Fellowship, he would not hear the results until after the 1961 Burns Fellow was announced. Duggan knew that saying he intended to try for an extension of his Fellowship would weaken his case for the Scholarship in Letters. To Brasch he wrote that 'The Burning Miss Bratby' would go ahead regardless.¹²¹ But more privately he thought that the result of so much labour looked far more like a conventional novel than he had originally intended, too like Puti Huia in gaiters and a peaked cap. Citing Cross's *The Backward Sex* as an example, he declared himself profoundly uninterested in such books. Instead in his new work Duggan hoped to 'burst away down another cul de sac in search of the ineffable'.¹²² The style would once more be adapted, but this time from his reading of Beckett.

Beckett's novels have been described as representations of "'the ideal centre", the idea of a self, imprisoned beneath the surface of appearances'.¹²³ Duggan, with less emphasis on philosophy and more on psychology, similarly chose to represent an aspect of his personality and its subconscious underpinnings by giving it expression and a name. He chose the depressive, angry, guilt-ridden and secretive portion of his nature which he so disliked and could so little control. Manageable on paper, it became Riley. Molloy says of his 'imperatives' that 'they never led me anywhere, but tore me from places where, if all was not well, all was no worse than anywhere else, and then went silent, leaving me stranded'.¹²⁴ Duggan's compendium of Riley and Riley's *modus vivendi* deals once more with an imperfect escape to a new life, and a vitriolic attack on the domestic round and the loved ones abandoned. At the same time consideration of the causes of flight from respectable

normality becomes a bitter recrimination at the early withdrawal of a mother's love. Duggan searched his past and his imagination for imagery with which to characterise the emotions he would entirely set free. Spring weather arrived, and with the building quiet in the August vacation and no sound of the phone ringing he began meticulously to plan the work.

But Duggan was soon interrupted. On 26 August he flew up to Wellington to spend a prearranged week with Barbara and Nick, who had driven down from Auckland. The family stayed at the Coles', still in Willis Street, although work on the new house was proceeding with the foundations in and the framework beginning to take shape.¹²⁵ Again Duggan chose not to behave like a man whose marriage was in trouble. He caught up with news on friends like the Sinclairs, who had moved across the harbour from Mangere to 6 Hauraki Road near Takapuna beach. With Cole he discussed formica sheeting for the Forrest Hill shower. Kenneth Allott of Liverpool University, the visiting William Evans Professor at Otago, was in Wellington on the twenty ninth and Duggan invited him to Willis Street for a drink.¹²⁶ When the week was over he flew happily south once more. From the plane he spotted a pod of whales off the coast of Timaru. The air hostess, on hearing that he was a writer, asked him how long it would take her to learn French.¹²⁷

Back in Dunedin for the third term, Duggan tinkered some more with 'The Burning Miss Bratby', until finally ceasing on 8 September and devoting himself completely to his new novel.¹²⁸ By mid October he had changed the new work's title to 'The Balance of Mind'. He had planned out in detail its esquisse, and written what he called a dozen "'brilliant" but obscure pages as a beginning to something at the moment indescribable, puzzling and strictly non-commercial'.¹²⁹ The work wholly absorbed him. He stopped reading novels. Recalling Whitman's efflorescent poem on the death of Lincoln, Duggan felt that lilacs were blooming in his own dooryard.¹³⁰ '[A]ll my characters, for me, inhabit the same world,' he was to write many years later, 'Mr Lenihan lives very close to Riley'.¹³¹ For years in the Lenihan stories he had been examining the problems and conflicts of childhood that had produced his temperament. Now Duggan immersed himself in its destructive element as he had not done since such early efforts as 'Dream of Dreaming', 'Mezzanine Reading' and 'Autobiography'. With lectures over for the year and examinations underway he wrote, like Riley, in a quiet, ancient and empty building. As the Fellowship's end approached he could ask himself Riley's question: 'But what then of my past is now to be my future?'.¹³²

Once more Duggan wrote and revised in longhand, typing out the result and then rewriting on the typescript. The work moved forward with remarkable fluency, yet the pressure that he felt to get it done in the limited time left, and which the creation of Riley's character generated, was greater than at any other period in his

writing life.¹³³ At times the carnality of what he was producing surprised him.¹³⁴ The work did not reach the length of a novel, but for once Duggan was unconcerned. On 6 November, happy and exhausted, he sent the finished novella, 'Riley's Handbook', to Brasch. It was less than two months after he had started, and the bulk of the composition was completed in just three weeks. Duggan's covering letter was couched in his usual tentative terms. Knowing the refinement of Brasch's tastes, he may have felt more cause than usual to be circumspect. The letter hinted at compromise.

When it comes to the point of posting this off I rather regret my impulse to burden you with it. It's all very stinking, doubtless, though there may be some peculiar virtue, or writing, buried in it.

The key is the sentence on p 29--'Am I in jail then or restrained in some other institution with only my fancy free?'. Another title--*The Confined* or *The Prisoner*--might make this clear.¹³⁵

A lewd & obsessive phantasy--that's Riley. Maybe the 'brilliance' I ascribed to it is of the pejorative kind. I had thought of a pseudonym, if anything public was to be done with it. Ben Ronayne.¹³⁶ But it lies somewhat off the main line as far as the things I'm working on--just an obscene effervescence, perhaps. Which is well enough.¹³⁷

The manuscript came to forty six pages, ending roughly halfway into the eventually published work with: 'Something it is I'm working out here, working towards in my own inimitable and disgusting way. My own mecca and hangrope. It's enough for any man surely to cope with'.¹³⁸ Having posted the novella, Duggan went on a pleasant three-day trip across central Otago to Queenstown, Wanaka and Hawea.

On his return Duggan found Brasch untroubled by the novella's obscenity and idiosyncrasy. The editor thought 'Riley's Handbook' impressive and compelling, and was happy to have it for *Landfall*. However it appears that Duggan soon asked for the manuscript back, feeling that there was more he might do with the pages. Riley had become an important persona, a usefully indirect way for Duggan to speak about his own difficulties. He began to refer to himself as Riley on occasions with friends like Adcock.¹³⁹ Sometimes he quoted lines from the work, and he would continue adding to the manuscript. But it was also at this moment of triumph, on his return from Central Otago, that Duggan learned the decision on the 1961 Burns Fellow. After much vacillation he had applied for a second year, typically resolving to go back to Auckland over Christmas whether he received it or not.¹⁴⁰ The Fellowship had been offered to John Caselberg for his project: 'The Cultural Contacts Between Maori and European in the 1900s'. Caselberg celebrated and got married. To Cole Duggan wrote: 'I now await the result of Lottery No. 2'.¹⁴¹ He asked further

anxious questions about the Literary Fund Advisory Committee, its members and the date of its meeting. Duggan was discovering that he had no appetite at all for travelling north and finding some sort of job. Nevertheless he wrote to Sargeson with the news, and said that he intended to leave Dunedin in mid December.¹⁴²

Gloomily Duggan began writing poetry, chiefly as an outlet for the strength of his confused emotions. He held to the Romantic view of poetry as a lyric vehicle for powerful feeling and was shocked later by Sinclair's 'Notes from the Welfare State' partly for this reason.¹⁴³ Eventually Duggan was to claim that his poems of this period were 'of a rather undistinguished kind', and their quality is indeed uneven.¹⁴⁴ At its considerable best none of Duggan's poetry ever matched the density and richness of his prose. Many of Duggan's poems were written under the pseudonym 'Riley', and reflected his sense of self-discovery in Riley's character. He felt as Prospero spoke of Caliban: 'this thing of darkness I/ Acknowledge mine'.¹⁴⁵ Duggan continued to blur the borders between Riley and himself in such pieces as 'Revenge', penned under his new pseudonym and sent to Sinclair.

Name it then fidelity to guilt;
call it the torturer's raw art
that keeps the victims sensible of hurt
and makes a living from the tortured cry.
Recognise the taste for pain in one
who runs from tears; a savage appetite
in one whose fault is practice
of an unreasoning and barren revenge
upon a hand, upon a mind now dust, now clay,
which once withheld, in ignorance or fear,
the one redeeming secret of the heart.¹⁴⁶

However he also began at this time to work on a new story. Just as 'Riley's Handbook' gathered up many of the threads from the dark side of his life, so perhaps Duggan hoped that this story with a new persona, Buster O'Leary, would gather its material from the sunny days of his youth at Komata--the youth of his memory and of fancy. As 'Riley's Handbook' dealt to his mother, so the new work would deal with his father.

Of the process of writing what eventually became 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' almost nothing is known. Duggan insisted on more than one occasion that he wrote the first draft at the end of the Fellowship, although it may not have got beyond the roughest of versions.¹⁴⁷ Nevertheless in his report for the University on his year as Fellow, written on 2 January 1961, Duggan listed his achievements as:

[M]y short novel, mentioned in my application, was completed to the stage of a first type draft (i.e. a second draft) and put aside while I

worked on the 'esquisse' and early draft of a second short novel. Towards the end of the year I completed a long short story (23,000 words). I have therefore three works awaiting a further and final attention--in addition to a story, *Blues for Miss Laverty*.¹⁴⁸

The mysterious 'long short story' is almost a third longer than 'Riley's Handbook', which Duggan always referred to as a short novel. Duggan may have got his word-count wrong. He may perhaps have meant to type '2-3,000 words', although this would hardly be a long short story. In any event, whether longer or shorter, 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' began as something considerably different from its published version.¹⁴⁹ As Duggan wrote it, borrowing his technique from 'Riley's Handbook' and cross-fertilising this with the wordy self-justifications of Humbert Humbert in *Lolita*, he let his mind play again over his reading for the year, his *Manuka* article, what he had written on Komata before, and his wistful sense of a glorious holiday that must come to an end.

The day after Duggan turned thirty eight, feeling well except for 'too much booze and too many cigarettes, the fallen hair and flattened arches', the nation held a general election.¹⁵⁰ Duggan voted Labour. But he was dismissive of both parties and observed:

I'd determined not to vote at all--delinquency, aluminium, income tax, and who did what with the golden dream and the kitty?--but I listened to Holyoake and knew that whatever the theories one couldn't have any truck with a bloody idiot like that.¹⁵¹

Labour was pushed from office by twelve seats, and Holyoake became Prime Minister once more in mid December. From Wellington Cole telegraphed with news of the Scholarship in Letters. Duggan had not been successful. An official letter saying as much arrived a few days later. The £500 had been awarded to Marilyn Duckworth whose second novel, *The Matchbox House*, had appeared in England. She planned to work on a projected third book to be called *The Road Markers*. A clutch of new novels by Sylvia Ashton-Warner, Noel Hilliard, Frances Keinzly and Robin Muir all appeared within a few weeks of each other, but Duggan took little notice. He made a day trip to Lake Waihole, and wrote a further children's story, 'Paul Monday's Christmas', for the *School Journal*. It was subsequently accepted by Campbell but never published.¹⁵²

Duggan began reluctant arrangements to quit Dunedin. His flat he cleaned so carefully before departure that afterwards the Registrar felt compelled to write and thank him for leaving it in such a tidy condition.¹⁵³ A farewell party was held for him at the Cook until late into the night. Everybody was sad to see him leave, and Duggan liked later to tell the story of his departure with exaggerated hearts and flowers and hardened miners weeping on the bar. Towards the end of the year Phil

Ruston was remarking to customers: 'We miss the old master'.¹⁵⁴ Even a decade later, when O.E. Middleton arrived in Dunedin as Burns Fellow and mentioned at the Cook that he knew Duggan, he was given a warm welcome.¹⁵⁵

Duggan flew to Wellington on 16 December. He had planned to stop over for a day with the Coles, but they had moved out of Willis Street into a rented three-room bach at the bottom of the Napier Street section. There the family waited for their house to be finished, they hoped, by Easter. The bach could be reached only by climbing down seventy five steep steps. Despite an invitation from Cole to stay anyway, Duggan declined and flew straight on to Auckland. Excess baggage at £3.6.0 came with him and £20-worth of freight followed, mostly books he had bought during his stay. He now had no money whatsoever, nor prospects of any, and wanted to arrange a job as soon as possible. But what he would work at Duggan had no idea. Meanwhile Sargeson had won the *Landfall* Readers' Award for fiction with 'I For One', where readers voted for the outstanding items of fiction, non-fiction and poetry in the magazine from the past thirteen years. Through the journal Brasch had put £30 forward in each category as a starter and asked subscribers to contribute the rest of the prize-money. For *Landfall's* best ever story Sargeson eventually received a total of just £40.¹⁵⁶

Nick was so wildly glad to see his father that after their embraces Duggan felt bruised. With Barbara he was more wary as they took a tour of the house and section. Barbara was out each day at work, and since Nick's school was finished for the year Duggan stayed at home to look after him. However he soon visited Sargeson and found his old mentor embattled, troublesome, supportive, hard working and unchanged. *Memoirs of a Peon* was being rejected by a string of publishers. The reading of 'A Time for Sowing' before an invited audience in October had been disastrously bad. As usual Sargeson complained of nagging nervous disorders, the collection of pill bottles in his house as comprehensive as ever, but he found opportunity to describe Duggan as the most mature writer of his generation. 'I'm always surprised,' Duggan reported to Cole, 'revisiting him after a lapse of time, to discover how one cares for the impossible bastard'.¹⁵⁷ For the rest Duggan found it difficult to settle again and did not want to. The weather was hot and its humidity irritated his stump. 'I choke on this damp air', he complained in one of the poems he was to write bemoaning his return.¹⁵⁸ Maudlin, he made no secret of his unhappiness at being back with wife, family and responsibilities. Duggan and Barbara passed an edgy Christmas.

'There are not the same transport problems [in Dunedin],' Duggan had written to Cole shortly before his departure, an indication of how settled he had become after only eleven months, 'and Forest Hill is just too bloody far away from any job I might get in Ak'.¹⁵⁹ In the new year Barbara and Nick spent a week in Coromandel with

the Sinclairs, while Duggan stayed home and wrote a careful report for Otago University on his tenure as Burns Fellow. In it he claimed that, given a twelve-month frame: 'I came, finally, to the decision that I could best take advantage of the rare opportunity by advancing several things--rather than completing one'.¹⁶⁰ None of his works except 'Blues for Miss Laverty' was finished to his satisfaction, but he hoped the remainder could now be managed on a part-time basis. Alone in the house, he scanned the *Situations Vacant* column of the newspaper, thought of proof-reading at the *New Zealand Herald*, and tried to convince himself that he was relaxed.

However Duggan felt 'too old, too stiff-minded' to continue with casual jobs. After his Dunedin year he wanted something which would bring him in a similar income and sense of worth.¹⁶¹ Deciding Auckland was hopeless, almost as soon as Barbara returned he began to think of a trip to Wellington to seek employment there. Barbara's response was a determined display of the same patience and calm she had shown in Duggan's other periods of mental turbulence during their marriage. Duggan would do what he wanted anyway. She had a job, a child, and a house to attend to and keep her busy, although her inner pain was considerable. She tried hard to sympathise with her husband and applied a keen intelligence to divining his actions, which only encouraged Duggan to use his own intelligence all the harder to frustrate her. His behaviour was baffling. He acted like an adolescent, but in many ways his troubles--identity, employment, responsibility, an uncontrollably passionate nature and an endless fund of self-interested expression--were those of the adolescence he had never had.

In essence Duggan was running away once more. On the morning of 11 January Cole found an urgent telegram on his desk at the Alexander Turnbull Library:

Arriving Wellington tonight flight 195 maybe Turnbull needs a caretaker can stay with parents but would like to see you if this is possible reply to phone 41313 Auckland--Maurice.¹⁶²

Cole repeated his earlier invitation and Duggan did not stay with his parents. At the Napier Street bach all three children slept in one room and Cole and Duggan in another, since Duggan would allow only Cole to see him without his prosthesis. In the single room left, the living room crowded with furniture, Christine slept on a camp-bed with so little space that her head was in the fireplace. Despite these extraordinarily cramped conditions the family remained happy, and as such continued to be attractive to Duggan. He helped wash the dishes and cook, and put in wedges to reface some of the earth steps to the road. In the quieter moments of the day he worked at 'On the Wild Harbour', promised in advance to Alistair Campbell. When he needed privacy in the evenings Duggan would go down to the

end of the small back yard and lean over the fence to watch the ferries heading for Lyttelton.¹⁶³

For Duggan going between the house and the road up or down the seventy five steps, which had no railing, was a trial of will. When accompanying him in the morning Christine would stop halfway to gaze soulfully at the view so that Duggan could catch his breath.¹⁶⁴ In town he investigated employment with School Publications, the Government Printer, and National Publicity Studios. He thought of trying to become a researcher for A.H. McLintock's *An Encyclopaedia of New Zealand*, which was getting underway and with which Cole was involved. A public service job, Duggan reasoned, would bring in £1,000 per year, similar to his salary as Burns Fellow, and would allow him to rent an inner-city flat. He had dinner with Sinclair, now an Associate Professor, who was briefly in Wellington. He also visited the publishers AH & AW Reed to discuss collecting his *School Journal* stories written since *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* into a children's book. Reeds rejected the idea on the grounds that children of the age the stories were created for did not buy books.¹⁶⁵ It may have been during this period that at a literary party at Marilyn Duckworth's house Maurice Shadbolt found himself standing near Duggan but involved in a different conversational group. Suddenly Duggan was being praised, to Shadbolt's horror, for the plot of one of Shadbolt's own stories, and being asked what exactly he had meant by it. The gaffe was handled by Duggan with impeccable grace, though Shadbolt could not help but perceive the other writer's annoyance.¹⁶⁶

National Publicity Studios was interested in Duggan. A job looked certain but at the last minute, Duggan later explained, he 'developed a remarkable coldness in the extremities and borrowed the plane fare and fled north again.'¹⁶⁷ As always, the desire to escape had worn off with its attainment. In fact an impulsive rush northwards from Wellington turned out to be difficult. In the late afternoon Rongotai airport was closed due to bad weather. After lengthy waiting the passengers were bussed to Paraparaumu, given a cup of coffee, then driven on to Palmerston North, where they arrived after midnight. A plane for Auckland eventually departed at 1 am and landed at 2.10. Barbara was waiting at the airport.¹⁶⁸ From Auckland Duggan withdrew his job application, much to National Publicity Studios's disappointment. There had been some events in the six weeks he was away. The long, slow development of Forrest Hill Road had finally been finished. Duggan now truly lived in part of a suburb, and there was more traffic past the house as the road became part of highway 26 off the northern motorway. Werner Driescher had arrived, without Greville Texidor. He was staying in a small shed to the back of the Duggans' house, which had been put up when the house was first built and which, like the Coles' small quarters, was referred to as the 'bach'. Driescher had taken a job as lecturer at Auckland University. Keith and Cristina

Patterson, who were living in Devonport but planning to return to Barcelona from March, suggested that Droescher move into their soon to-be-empty house and offer the arrangement to Texidor. But Duggan rightly doubted she would come.¹⁶⁹ The marriage had been over for some time.

Back at Forrest Hill Duggan seemed to settle. He constructed a haybox in which Barbara prepared a starter for home-made yoghurt. The green peppers needed tending, and he listened to his son's grumbles about school before sending him off anyway. Duggan thumbed through Curnow's new and controversial *Penguin Book of New Zealand Verse*, which he thought 'a conventional and disappointing and even a dull book'.¹⁷⁰ 'In many senses it is good to be back in Auckland,' Duggan wrote in explanation to Cole, 'it's just that I suffer from this chronic condition of having to convince myself of the aridity of further pastures through close and prolonged inspection. I now see that I should have applied for a job as nationwide commercial traveller'.¹⁷¹ What he still wanted above all else was to be fixed in employment. Through George Fraser, a friend of the literary community and former Communist Party member who worked under J.C. Fletcher, Duggan managed to secure a job as advertising copywriter with Carlton Carruthers du Chateau Ltd, which held the Fletchers advertising account.¹⁷² It was a temporary appointment for three months, to be followed by a review of the position and salary. Duggan began on 7 March, and reported to friends:

Starting salary £1,050--the result of my pricing myself rather low on the basis of having no experience. But they agree it would be a very low salary for a good copywriter. So we'll see. By bus over the bridge, but all so far fairly manageable. Depressing that everyone dresses so well in the office and that all the girls look like Hollywood pseudo virgins [...] So I have the joy, yet again, of the hot and dirty money for which one has corrupted oneself (?) [sic] being pressed furtively into one's fist.¹⁷³

He was to be paid on the fifteenth of each month. The money was important and Duggan hated himself for it, but there were other considerations. Even before the Burns Fellowship he had been acutely aware of the need for a man near forty to have a steady career. If anything, the Fellow's salary had heightened his desire for a settled and respected identity. Duggan telephoned his father in Wellington to tell him the news, that they were now making the same income per year. He was a son striving to please.¹⁷⁴ On the other hand he kept away from Sargeson and his horror of commercialism until the job was already begun. Duggan hoped to present his old mentor with a 'fait accompli'.¹⁷⁵ However; when they did meet, Duggan seemed annoyed that Sargeson was more interested in talking about the symptoms of his own illnesses and eye trouble than in admonishing his former *protégé*.¹⁷⁶

A copywriter, the lowest rung in an advertising agency's creative department, is routinely responsible for the words, tags and slogans in a print or radio commercial. Duggan's first assignment was writing copy for a six-page pamphlet appealing for funds to build a seamen's centre. Carlton Carruthers du Chateau was nervous on learning that its new employee had literary interests. Its managers could recall Denis Glover's disastrous stint with the Wellington office some years before. 'It wasn't that he couldn't write copy,' Duggan reported the firm as explaining, 'he just refused to write copy'. Cheers for Denis, Duggan thought.¹⁷⁷ The firm knew nothing of stories like 'Riley's Handbook', or that through Curtis Brown the novella was being considered and rejected by *Evergreen Review*, *Esquire*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *The New Yorker* and *Playboy*. With the manuscript back from Brasch, Duggan was taking advantage of the hiatus before returning it to *Landfall* to try for an American publication. Several magazines, including *Playboy*, were put off only by the length and asked to see more work.¹⁷⁸

Carlton Carruthers du Chateau Ltd (Lew King had left in 1959 after a disagreement with his partners) was based in Wellington but with branches in Christchurch and Auckland. Each working day Duggan made his way into town to the Hampton Court building on the corner of Wellesley and Federal Streets where his office on the sixth floor was twice the size, he noticed, of his English Department room at Otago University. Mostly he worked at technical writing, selling Brownbuilt roofing and Plycopyne doors for Fletchers, or penning personnel advertisements to hire welders and boiler-makers. Duggan found interesting the necessarily detailed investigation of a product's brief, and he was stimulated by the accuracy with which language had to be applied. The agency also handled large accounts for TEAL, Sanitarium, and ACI Plastics. The work was not difficult, the pressure not great, and he managed to keep an uneasy peace with the Chief Copywriter whom he described as 'a spiv with fixed ideas'.¹⁷⁹

Television had arrived in New Zealand only the year before, delayed by government parsimony and red-tape until much later than in most western countries. Auckland received brief black-and-white transmissions on AKTV Channel Two from mid 1960, and by mid 1961 WNTV1 was broadcasting in Wellington and CHTV3 in Christchurch. From April the next year the NZBS would be replaced by a Broadcasting Corporation, and television advertising would commence amid an atmosphere of public controversy over the corruption of moral fibre, though a £4 license fee had been earlier accepted without fuss.¹⁸⁰ Television was about to extend the prolonged expansion the advertising world had enjoyed through the buoyant economic environment of the 1950s. Carlton Carruthers du Chateau planned to produce some of these commercials for what Duggan thought of as a monstrous medium, and he was glad to be too lowly for any involvement. He had

seen a television programme only once a short time earlier and noted: 'I don't know any literate persons with TV'.¹⁸¹ His uneasiness even made him object that the inset on the purple cover of *Landfall's* March issue looked too much like a television screen.¹⁸²

However the prospects for an advertising man were good. When Duggan's probationary period was over his yearly salary would rise to £1,300, and a good copywriter could expect to earn up to £2,000 per annum. He worked from 8.30 until 5.00 and spent his money on drinks, cigarettes, the bus, his favourite Kingston Trio and Harry Belafonte records, and new clothes. Barbara was left to continue paying the mortgage herself, although Duggan did begin to contribute money for housekeeping. He came home by 6 pm to a few glasses of whisky before dinner, and in the evening wrote letters to friends. With the road outside completed, the Post Office at last supplied the houses with numbers. The Duggans' was 58. Duggan had always been a witty correspondent and now he saw letter-writing even more consciously as a literary art. He made drafts and worked up the best lines. To Brasch, who as *Landfall* editor remained a frequent recipient, he wrote:

One hopes the letter will be read; one does not expect nor even desire that the vague froth will be matched. In fact I am liable to become a busy correspondent; it suits me at the end of the day and I must even confess to enjoying it.¹⁸³

The working day soon became a pleasant routine. 'Copywriting, it seems, will answer for a while,' Duggan told friends.¹⁸⁴ He was to stay in advertising for the next eleven years.

Despite an air of recrimination and hurt, Duggan and Barbara were still capable of being a couple. They began to exchange dinner parties with the Sinclairs and the Steads, and occasionally though less often with the Thompsons as well. Preparations for these were usually happy, with Duggan involved in the search for interesting recipes and hard-to-obtain ingredients. The dinner parties were friendly affairs although occasionally undercurrents could appear. During the meal Duggan drank normally and indulged his sparkling wit to a willing audience. He told stories such as how, when he was teaching New Zealand writing at Otago University, a large number of medical students signed up for the class in the belief that they would learn penmanship like his own.¹⁸⁵ As a feat of strength Stead would demonstrate how he could place his hands on the side of a table and raise himself to a horizontal over it.¹⁸⁶ But sometimes Duggan would get up abruptly and go off into his host's kitchen. From a distance Sinclair would see him quietly fill a tumbler of neat whisky and down it in a couple of gulps. As he grew drunk Duggan became louder and more difficult over the remainder of the evening.¹⁸⁷

Stead had submitted 'A Race Apart' to the New Authors branch of the British publishers Hutchinson & Co for an anthology to be entitled *New Authors Short Story One*. The anthology had been announced the previous September with bold plans to produce a volume of stories by four new writers every year. However the editor, Raleigh Trevelyan, found that only stories by Stead and an Englishwoman, Diana Athill, were up to standard. The project was to be dropped when Stead, who began acting as New Zealand correspondent for Hutchinson from late 1960, suggested New Zealand writers could fill the book.¹⁸⁸ As examples he cited Duggan and a thirty year-old Whakatane-born man, Maurice Gee, who had been publishing stories in *Landfall* since 1955. Thus in February Duggan was approached by Hutchinson over printing a selection of his stories. A copy of *Immanuel's Land* had been obtained by Trevelyan from New Zealand House, and Duggan also posted off for consideration 'Book One: A Fragment of a Work Abandoned' (which he suggested renaming 'In Time of Change'), 'The Departure' and 'Blues for Miss Laverty'.¹⁸⁹ Trevelyan then surprised him by inquiring whether any of these stories were going into the *Landfall* anthology. As Duggan wrote to Brasch asking what the *Landfall* anthology might be, it was crossed by a letter from Dunedin with an explanation.

Caxton is to bring it out early next year; we may be able to arrange for English and U.S. editions. After much pondering, I decided that 'Miss Laverty' is the one of your stories I shd like to include, and may I please have your permission? although if you present me with another this year I might have to think again. Riley would be too long--for the anthology, not for Lf.¹⁹⁰

The eventual publication was to be *Landfall Country*, a selection of the best work of the journal's first fifteen years.

By the end of the month Hutchinson's reader had decided on 'Blues for Miss Laverty', 'In Youth is Pleasure', 'Salvation Sunday', and 'Towards the Mountains', and it was hoped the collection would appear in September. Duggan had to stipulate that 'Blues for Miss Laverty' would also be printed in the *Landfall* anthology. But this provoked no controversy and by early April the Hutchinson book was going to press, with 'In Youth is Pleasure' changed for 'Chapter' at the last minute. Duggan professed some reservations about 'Salvation Sunday' but otherwise thought the selection a good one.¹⁹¹ The prospect of publication in England, with its consequent suggestions of greater status, was pleasant though he felt 'strangely luke-warm' about the project.¹⁹² Perhaps he was annoyed to be still only a new author, defined by Hutchinson in fact as writers with no other books to their credit.¹⁹³

Everything now had to be fitted around copywriting work. Nevertheless in mid April Duggan was almost complaining there had been little to do at the office for the previous ten days but sit about reading *Time*, the *New Statesman*, and *A Burnt-Out*

Case. He wrote letters to friends at his desk, usually careful to turn the company letterhead over and write on the back. At the end of May the Chief Copywriter departed for another agency, and Duggan's work-load increased until a replacement would be found. Meanwhile at home he read the proofs of Sinclair's *A History of New Zealand* for its reissuing by Oxford University Press. He signed a contract with Hutchinson at a 12.5% royalty rate, being careful to keep copyright for himself. Duggan was also distracted by concerns about Sargeson's health. On their previous meeting Sargeson had mentioned a retinal haemorrhage in his right eye and an inability to read as part of a fantastic list of medical troubles.¹⁹⁴ But by April he was receiving treatment for just such a haemorrhage from a specialist, telling the surprised doctor of the streaks of blood he had seen cross his vision. Sargeson was advised that to avoid further damage he must maintain emotional calm. He was to have no physical strain such as housework or gardening. Duggan worried this was a regimen unlikely to be fulfilled, and also because Sargeson had been informed the haemorrhage was only part of a more general condition. The old mentor seemed to have lost weight, and to be gobbling tranquilizers and sedatives 'like a hen with wheat'.¹⁹⁵ 'A Time for Sowing' was in rehearsal for a second public outing, a six-night performance at the Auckland Art Gallery from mid June, and Duggan thought this a pity when what Sargeson really needed was a holiday.

On his weekends Duggan continued a regular round of parties. Since his return from Dunedin he had resumed his habit of appearing at Friday gatherings at the Chrystalls' house, and would light up such evenings as before. Once again he would bring things to read. These might be his own works, such as 'Blues for Miss Laverty', or the poetry of others such as Adcock's much-admired 'Note on Propertius I 3'.¹⁹⁶ On several evenings he brought the latest pages from his expansion of 'Riley's Handbook' to try. Sometimes in conversation he would make acerbic mention of his new job, but otherwise he remained firmly reticent about it and preferred to talk of literature.¹⁹⁷ The impulse to keep the literary and commercial worlds apart came naturally to him after his experience with his friends of youth and the Sargeson circle. However on another occasion at this time he was amazed to meet Belenaise Royal, the Pele of his childhood, in the company of Bill Pearson at a university party. Belenaise was working in a law office and was part of a group of a dozen or so people in the Maori Women's Welfare League which helped provide books and support for Maori students. Duggan rushed up with a delighted expression and together they passed much of the evening reminiscing over Paeroa. Belenaise still wore her jet black hair long, but she was now an adult and strikingly beautiful. Like many others from his past she was surprised that Duggan seemed to have acquired a different speaking voice.¹⁹⁸

By the end of May the Coles had at last moved into their new house. Duggan would have liked to go down to Wellington to see it, but he was constrained by his job. Sargeson was once again beginning to put on weight and seemed less tense and irritable. Duggan booked seats for himself and Barbara for the opening night of 'A Time for Sowing'. In its new production the play was judged a success. Brasch travelled up to Auckland to see it and came to dinner at Forrest Hill. The Auckland Festival was on over the same period, and Duggan and Barbara attended a performance in the town hall of the Modern Jazz Quartet. At work Duggan began to see that not all members of the commercial world were philistines. In fact advertising had long offered an opportunity for creative people to earn a living. He became friendly with Barry Hill, a young Accounts Executive whom he discovered had performed in the Wellington production of *The Wide Open Cage*.¹⁹⁹ Odo Strewe applied for the position of Chief Copywriter at Carlton Carruthers du Chateau, and Duggan was amazed to find the firm considering him a serious candidate. There were no training courses for copywriters at the time and a shortage of skilled staff in the industry, which reflected a shortage of skills in the workforce nationwide. Strewe claimed to have had copywriting experience in Germany. Duggan made it quietly clear that he was not willing to work under Strewe, and felt guilty when the company's interest in the candidate waned.²⁰⁰ Nevertheless until the Chief Copywriter was eventually replaced Duggan wrote much of the copy for the Creative Director of the Auckland branch himself, and so proved his ability as a wordsmith. There was no question of his not being kept on. Instead of Duggan it was Sargeson who visited to stay with the Coles, playing with every newfangled gadget in the house and watching, Cole reported, 'the gyrations of his underpants in the Bendix with obvious satisfaction'.²⁰¹

The urge to rebel against the suburban round of buses over the harbour bridge rose and had to be suppressed. By mid year Duggan was complaining that he was feeling 'most monstrously unstable, all decisions and indecisions'.²⁰² He became convinced that he was heading for some crisis, and remarked to friends that decent, tidy Fowler could not hold out against Riley for long. Duggan wanted very much to go to Wellington on Queen's Birthday weekend but kept a promise to Barbara and Nick to go to Coromandel. Nick loved such excursions to the sea or bush. It was in situations like these that the family was happiest. They stayed at the Golconda Hotel and Duggan helped Sinclair finish adding a further room to his bach.²⁰³ On his return Duggan's fear of crisis led not to an outburst in life but in art. He completed a series of six 'Rileypomes' for *Mate*, bitter overflows of passionate feeling, and soon wrote six more. He continued his work on the expansion of 'Riley's Handbook'. Albert Camus had been killed in a car crash the year before, and with interest Duggan returned to the Frenchman's novels on the absurdity of existence. He was

also most attracted to the writer's aphoristic notebooks, extracts of which soon appeared in *Encounter* and then in book form in the mid 1960s.²⁰⁴ The newspapers reported that in Ketchum, Idaho, Hemingway had shot himself through the forehead just a few days before his sixty second birthday. Meanwhile at work Duggan wrote up the siege of Orakau Pa for the back of a Sanitarium cereal box.

Marilyn Duckworth was in Auckland from late July, and became a guest at the Duggans' Forrest Hill bach. Buoyed by the Scholarship in Letters, she had at first made good progress at home in Wellington with her third novel, now to be titled *A Barbarous Tongue*. Then she had become impossibly stuck. The domestic problems of husband and children left her without energy to concentrate, and so she made arrangements to move north and finish the book. In Auckland Duckworth took a room in a somewhat seedy boarding house and soon had her purse with all her money taken by the landlord, who then made a pass at her. In desperation she telephoned Duggan, the only person she could think of whom she knew in the city. Duggan and Barbara brought her back to the North Shore where she stayed for several days. At the same time Duckworth found herself a job with the London Lending Library, following Duggan's advice that she should on no account present herself as a writer. The work kept her busy arranging the latest titles for regular borrowers. In the evenings she would return to Forrest Hill on the same bus that Duggan took over the bridge. Soon she found a small flat in Herne Bay. The door to her room was broken and Duggan happily repaired it for her, and a few evenings later he hitched together the element of her heater which had fused. Working all day and writing at night seemed easy compared to the draining effect of looking after a family, and Duckworth returned to Wellington in October with the novel completed.²⁰⁵

Duckworth was thirteen years younger than Duggan. Despite having published two novels she readily regarded him as a mentor, with the admiration and careful observation that discipleship entailed. Duggan would appear some evenings at the door to her flat with a bottle of whisky which he would drink, mixed with a minimum of water, during the course of the ensuing conversation. He would sit on her one chair, glowering and laughing by turns, though as he became progressively more drunk he turned slowly more bitter. It was clear he had a drinking problem, but unlike most drunks his moroseness did not lead to violence. Duggan's anger was all internalised and similarly his wit, which remained constant even when inebriated, was mostly directed against himself. Sitting on the floor and feeling she was literally at the feet of the master, Duckworth would outline her literary problems. Friends were pressing her to write in a manner less detached and understated, to extend her metaphors and be more political. Duggan reassured her that it was better to care about economy and style, and above all to avoid any hint of the sentimental.

She felt this to be a beneficial and steadying influence. Duggan insisted that Duckworth read everything by Henry James she could find. He spoke also of New Zealand writers now largely in the past, like Texidor, as if he felt that the next generation ought to know more about them. What had happened in those earlier times seemed to his mind worth more than the effulgence of largely conventional writing going on around him.

On other occasions when Duggan came to the Herne Bay flat after visiting Sargeson or Sinclair he would seem far more cheerful and expansive. His eyes would shine with pleasure at his own humorous twists of phrase, until drinking slowly drained him of his sparkle once more. Duckworth came to the conclusion that Duggan was often bored without an intelligent audience whom he could bounce his words off. She accompanied him once to a Lowry party and there noticed that as he went on drinking his mood sank less with a room full of people to sustain him. When *A Barbarous Tongue* eventually appeared in 1963 many assumed that Austin, the one-armed photographer, was based on Duggan--Duckworth even received congratulations. However the book had been too far advanced for even an unconscious influence. But the title of her next novel, *Over the Fence is Out*, was borrowed from a phrase Duggan scribbled at the end of 'Six Place Names and a Girl' in her copy of *Immanuel's Land*. One of its characters, Gregory, becomes more and more monstrous as the book progresses. Although an entirely fictional creation, whom Duckworth found developed in unexpected ways, his character was based for the initial forty or so pages on observations of Duggan. Duckworth was amused that when it appeared in 1969 nobody noticed the connection.²⁰⁶

Brasch had been reserving space in the December 1961 *Landfall* for 'Riley's Handbook'. He wrote in late July asking when he might have the novella. With the work's failure to find a publisher in America Duggan had been typing out his additions, and promised it in a few days.²⁰⁷ He also soon wrote that he wanted to move away from Riley to work on another persona.²⁰⁸ It was the revision of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' which would preoccupy him next. Duggan felt full of creativity but was frustrated at having to try and write outside of working hours. As copywriting became gradually more demanding he found himself with less energy in the evenings. He went about chanting Yeats's 'Sailing to Byzantium' to himself and thinking how odd 'Riley's Handbook' would look among *Landfall's* sober pages.²⁰⁹ However on 6 August Duggan posted his only copy of the novella, by registered mail, to Dunedin. Brasch was soon writing back in praise. He thought the work 'strangely beautiful', and noted:

I had not perceived this at all on my first reading. While it certainly won't be everyone's meat, many I hope will find it grow on them as they read. There are no problems in printing it except to omit the few

letters, f..k, f.....g. I'm hoping the typesetters won't gibe at fuxstrut, which I shall defend strongly [...] What a triumph it is for your Burns year, and would be if you'd written nothing else then.²¹⁰

Duggan was happy with the printing arrangements and discovered himself pleased with the home 'Riley's Handbook' had found. He was heartened, too, when Leo Bensemann at Caxton read the work and was impressed. Sales of *Landfall* were up, and Brasch was planning on a 1,500 print-run in September, and 1,700 in December.²¹¹

When 'Riley's Handbook' had been put into galleys Brasch thought the job so good that it suggested unusual interest by the typesetters.²¹² Due to its complex language he felt Duggan should help correct the novella's proofs. Keeping one copy for himself, the editor sent another to Forrest Hill. Brasch intended to visit Auckland on 9 October and hoped to collate their corrections there. He was also interested in using 'Riley's Handbook' instead of 'Blues for Miss Laverty' in his *Landfall* anthology.²¹³ Duggan, for his part, seemed to grow somewhat closer to Brasch with the *Landfall* editor's appreciation of Riley's obscene and revealing rant. He still hoped to return sometime to the novella's companion piece, 'The Burning Miss Bratby', and it was to Brasch that he wrote asking whether the editor would be prepared to read the novel in manuscript, as Brasch had once read 'Along the Poisoned River'. 'Maybe someone else's enthusiasm could revive it for me,' Duggan hinted, 'or their damning comments free me from it'.²¹⁴ He remained interested in publishing the two works together, although with 'Riley's Handbook' finished he also began to consider including the novella in a second collection of short stories.²¹⁵

In September Duggan received his promised rise in salary from Carlton Carruthers du Chateau.²¹⁶ Meantime Janet Frame's second novel, *Faces in the Water*, was being reviewed in *Time*, and Duggan hoped she would do well from American sales.²¹⁷ *New Authors Short Story One* appeared on schedule, though copies did not arrive in the country until November. Advertisements for it slyly equivocated: 'The Selection Panel was inundated with short stories from all parts of the Commonwealth and of the four authors finally chosen three are New Zealanders'.²¹⁸ The book was respectfully reviewed, but Duggan was indifferent to past work.²¹⁹ He sent Brasch two poems for *Landfall*, 'Roxburgh Dam' and 'Dialogue after Midnight'. When the editor accepted only the latter Duggan sent him a further piece, 'Calypso'. Brasch commented: 'what a year you had', although all three had in fact been written out of Duggan's uneasiness since his return from Dunedin.²²⁰ In the morning at work he sometimes caught himself trembling from too much drinking the night before, and he suffered from awful hangovers. He toyed with the thought of applying for a transfer to the firm's Christchurch office, but felt put off after checking on the summer temperatures of the Canterbury plains.

Brasch arrived in Auckland and had lunch with Duggan at the Anto Fa Gasta coffee bar, a shop much frequented by advertising people. The proofs of 'Riley's Handbook' were spread out on the table and Duggan enjoyed himself going through the text. To bait Brasch's seriousness Duggan delighted in pointing out allusions the editor had missed, taking a single sentence and expanding and expounding on it seemingly *ad infinitum*. 'Oh Maurice, it's much denser than I had realised,' Brasch said at respectful intervals.²²¹ The next day Duggan learned that C.K. Stead had won the second Katherine Mansfield Award, both for fiction with 'A Race Apart' and for non-fiction with 'For The Hulk of the World's Between', his Auckland University Winter Lecture of the year before.²²² Duggan had entered a story of his own and for some time been in acrimonious correspondence with C.R.H. Taylor, the chairman of the administering committee, who argued that on moral grounds the previous winner should not enter the competition. Although Duggan privately agreed on his ineligibility he responded that this was tantamount to 'excluding Don Clarke from the All Blacks so that the fullback talent in NZ rugby be given a chance to develop'.²²³ His real complaint, eventually made at length, was over the paucity of prize-money offered by the Bank of New Zealand. The 1961 judge was J.C. Reid. Duggan did not make the short.list.²²⁴ It may be no coincidence that the pompous and selfish Mr O'Leary of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' is a masturbatory banker.

Back in Dunedin once more, Brasch read 'The Burning Miss Bratby' in manuscript. He felt the opening sections up until David Yardley's departure were fine, after which the work seemed to lack momentum. To Duggan he suggested that the characters of Joan Bratby and David Yardley could be developed, in the hope that the richness of the novel's opening might be sustained throughout.²²⁵ There was some worry when the manuscript, returned by registered mail, was lost and did not arrive at Forrest Hill for almost a month. By the time it at last appeared Duggan had decided against pairing the novel with 'Riley's Handbook' any longer. Although he wrote to Brasch of beginning a slow revision of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' on a clean copy, he put the work aside as too much trouble.²²⁶ But so trusting of each other's professional abilities had the editor and contributor become that Brasch even went outside the Caxton Press to ask Duggan's advice over *Landfall's* advertising rates. These Brasch hoped to double to £10 for the back and inside front covers, £8.10.0 for a full page, and £4.10.0 for a half-page. With this he could avoid raising the cost of the journal. Duggan checked with the media experts at Carlton Carruthers du Chateau to confirm that such increased rates would be comparatively reasonable. Later he rewrote much of the copy shown to him by Brasch for the journal's rate card.²²⁷

The December number of *Landfall* appeared with 'Riley's Handbook', for which Duggan received a payment the editor called 'less inadequate than Lf's usual' of £40.²²⁸ The novella took up over half the issue, and the result was a short but intense jolt to the New Zealand literary community. Bruce Mason sent a congratulatory telegram. James Bertram wrote in admiration. Basil Dowling and Renato Amato asked Brasch to pass on congratulations.²²⁹ On holiday in Golden Bay, Graham Billing found himself excitedly walking along the beach with his wife and with friend John Hooker, discussing Duggan's novella and claiming that nothing like it had ever happened before in the nation's literature. For Billing, who hoped in his own writing to address the outside world and not just the New Zealand literary set, and who hoped to produce something bigger than stories of Sargesonian local realism, 'Riley's Handbook' was an act of consummate daring.²³⁰ But expressions of congratulations sent to Forrest Hill did not find Duggan easily. On the last day of November he had left Barbara and moved out of the house.

Once more Duggan was running away, this time an escape complicated by his desire not to sacrifice his job while he did so. Earlier he had stayed for a brief period at the Chrystalls' house, and the Haydns had offered him a spare room, but what he wanted was somewhere of his own. Jack Lasenby, still a frequenter of the Chrystalls' parties, had for some time kept a flat at 14 Grafton Road to stay in when he was not possum-trapping in the bush. It was little more than a large room with an illegal gas ring and a tap, where he could stow his books and belongings. The building was on the lower corner of Grafton Road and Wynyard Street, just down the hill from the university. Once it had been a veterinarian's surgery, then used to accommodate a succession of students. Lasenby arranged for Duggan to rent flat number two upstairs, which was three small rooms for £3.10.0 per week. Duggan recorded the place with scant pleasure:

The building is heeled over at an angle, like a yacht in a breeze: the floor slopes at a run from bedroom to kitchen. I share the tiny bathroom with three other flats. The bedroom is pink. The sitting room is bile green. The kitchen, lettuce green. So I shall have to paint the walls. One good thing--large trees in full leaf at the windows. The last tenant was an alcoholic and a syphilitic--tertiary, I suppose. He died the other day--probably in the bedroom.²³¹

The Chrystalls helped him to move in a few items of second-hand furniture. The rest, appropriately, was bought with the payment for 'Riley's Handbook'.²³² When everything was ready Sinclair took Duggan round in his car. Grimly Duggan sang blues songs all the way from Forrest Hill to the front door.²³³

Many thought of Duggan's removal to what he called his 'pad' in Grafton Road as decidedly odd. Occasionally he visited Forrest Hill on weekends, particularly if

Barbara was holding a dinner party for the Steads and Sinclairs. Sometimes Barbara would go down to Grafton Road to cook for him.²³⁴ Nick, now aged seven, would accompany her to see his father. To Nick the flat's sloping floor and gas-meter appeared bizarre, as if indicative of the mystery in his father living somewhere else. He had no idea why it was necessary to go all the way across the harbour to see his father and no explanation was forthcoming from either parent, since in fact both no more understood than their child.²³⁵ Duggan felt guilty when he perceived his son's confusion. It seemed as if Duggan were determined to destroy everything that mattered to him and bring his own life crashing down. Christmas and New Year he passed uncomfortably alone. His only relief was a short visit to Sargeson, and he felt the year was dying hard.²³⁶ On 6 January 1962 Barbara and Nick took a holiday in Port Underwood with Barbara's brother, Bill, and visited Christchurch over two weeks. They were carrying on as normally as possible. Duggan opted to join the skeleton staff at Carlton Carruthers du Chateau who worked through the New Year period. They numbered only three, and with no copywriting to do he was both surprised and disappointed when asked to help paint the office.²³⁷ Duggan took his own two-week annual holiday entitlement from 12 January, calculated not to coincide with Barbara's as far as possible, and spent three days with the Coles in Wellington from the thirteenth. Adcock had come up from Dunedin, and he saw her and Duckworth briefly at a party in the Coles' new house. On his return Lasenby collected him in the Duggans' Anglia from Whenuapai airport, and noticed when Duggan came down the steps from the plane that he was drunk.²³⁸

With Lasenby living downstairs in Grafton Road, the two men rapidly got to know each other well. Nine years younger than Duggan, Lasenby had largely given up the bush to work first on an Auckland fishing trawler and then in a Parnell woolstore. He was a large man, a lover of the outdoors, of good cheer and of large enthusiasms. He was also another who had lost a parent early. When Lasenby was six his father had been killed in a hunting accident, and the boy had not been allowed to go to the funeral. Duggan was soon reading and commenting upon Lasenby's poems, and coming downstairs for a casual drink in the evenings. The window of Lasenby's flat was covered with an old wooden venetian-blind painted green, to prevent passers-by from seeing in as they walked down a ramp outside. One day Duggan referred to the blind and its barred light as reminding him of the view from his hospital bed after the amputation of his leg.²³⁹ The two men had become close.

Lasenby enjoyed discussing books with Duggan, and like so many was overwhelmed by the extent of Duggan's reading both within and outside the area of literature. Duggan insisted that Lasenby find a copy of *The Tree of Man*, saying that it was a great novel and 'required reading', a phrase Lasenby was to get to know

well. He also lent Lasenby a hardback copy of White's *Riders in the Chariot*, which had just become available, and they talked of its merits over a drink.²⁴⁰ Duggan was disappointed by the naming of Mordecai Himmelfarb, the book's Jewish protagonist, feeling its religious connotations too obvious. 'Of course, writers will let themselves down by playing cheap tricks', he said. He recommended numerous other authors as well, including Proust, which Lasenby dutifully ploughed through, Melville, and Beckett. When the pair visited Forrest Hill one morning to relax on the sundeck while Barbara was out, Duggan at first went over to the bookshelf. From *All That Fall* he read out the passage where Mr and Mrs Rooney stand at a ditch and imagine rotting leaves are the smell of a dead dog. 'That is life,' Duggan exclaimed bitterly. 'That is the perfect image for life'.²⁴¹ Duggan liked to sunbathe, since the warmth and air were good for his leg, and after removing his prosthesis inside the house he hopped out onto the deck to join Lasenby over a bottle of beer. They read a little, talked of literature, and Duggan remarked that he was pleased he felt no embarrassment with Lasenby about his stump, which was difficult for him to reveal. Not for the first time someone in Duggan's company was aware of the lack of emotional defences in his nature, as if, as Molly Macalister later remarked, he had been born 'with too few skins'.²⁴²

For his part Lasenby was fascinated by 'Riley's Handbook', which he had first encountered in pages read at the Chrystalls' Friday gatherings. Lasenby went through the novella in *Landfall* with great care, checking every word he did not know in his copy of *The Shorter English Oxford Dictionary*. He knew that a thorough knowledge of the work would be necessary to have Duggan talking about it. Over the intermittent evening conversations that followed Duggan avoided wherever possible ascribing a personal meaning to the work, but seemed happy to discuss parts his friend took special pleasure in. Lasenby's edition of the *Shorter Oxford* was 1959 and Duggan's was 1955, yet Lasenby still saw where Duggan had occasionally drawn inspiration. Words such as 'cunabula', 'cunctator', and 'cunctipotent', all of which appear in the novella, were sequential in the dictionary.²⁴³ When Lasenby pointed this out, Duggan was furious that someone had noticed.

While they were staying at Grafton Road, the Chrystalls' gatherings became even more the centre of both men's literary interests. There the company was always convivial, and although Bill Wilson would sometimes admonish Duggan for the waste of his talent it was easy for him to enter into the atmosphere of drink and talk. 'Always remember,' Wilson said, defending Duggan from the same charges by someone else on a rare day when Duggan was absent, 'that he must make himself available to experience'.²⁴⁴ The house was close to the centre of town, and its living room almost on the road, so that occasionally people would mistake it for a

coffee-bar. One hot summer evening as the Chrystalls and their guests were sitting with the French doors open a complete stranger, somewhat the worse for drink, wandered in off the street and joined them at the table. David Chrystall was not at all perturbed and proceeded to welcome the man, offering him some of the Chrystalls' excellent wine and getting him something to eat. As the man boozily accepted the hospitality and began to tuck in, Duggan became more and more agitated. His own sense of propriety and instinct for good manners was upset. Eventually Duggan leant across the table to the interloper and announced threateningly: 'I know who you are. You're fucking Riley!' The entire room roared with laughter, except for the unfortunate intruder who could not understand what had been said.²⁴⁵

At the Chrystalls' Duggan was accustomed to air something he had written, but by the end of his fortnight's summer holiday entitlement he had produced only a few poems, most of which were never published. One was called 'Summer in the Gravel Pit', and its elegiac tone suggests how much Duggan felt had been lost in the past two months of yet another waning escape, and of how much some sort of salvage from life seemed an impossibly difficult task.

Grit of summer on mountain leaf
grip of leaf on the drying stem:
soon gone soon broken.

Ache of summer in love's green eye
arch of loving in all her flesh:
soon closed soon over.

Below the rock the white-skeined river
beyond the river the lumbering sea:
soon flooding soon renewed.

Under the loving the bitter lying
over the lovers the mountain closing:
how soon summer is gone.²⁴⁶

Duggan liked the title as much as the poem, and was soon suggesting it to Lasenby as good for a novel.²⁴⁷ However he continued writing verse, annoyed that no prose was forthcoming. A day of copywriting did not leave him in the mood for much more than a whisky when he had finished.

A young painter, referred to here under the pseudonym 'Sylvia', lived in another Grafton Road flat and shared the upstairs corridor with Duggan.²⁴⁸ She was twenty two years old, and had graduated from the Elam School of Art with

honours the year before. During her studies she had exhibited at several shows and was considered of talent and promise. She was now a student at Auckland Teachers' College. Sylvia was good looking, of medium height with a full, round face, grey eyes and straight light brown hair which she wore long. Quiet and not very outgoing, she was quickly infatuated with Duggan and they began to have an affair. No attempt was made by him to hide this from Barbara, who found the relationship one more cross to carry as she attempted to get on with her own life. Duggan, on the other hand, seemed to revel at age thirty nine in another form of irresponsibility. 'Man,' he observed to Lasenby, 'is the natural material out of which to make a cunt'.²⁴⁹ He was acutely aware of the difference in age between himself and Sylvia, and rather enjoyed being the suave older lover. She was the younger of two children and had difficulties with her often overbearing father, who deeply disapproved of the relationship. He was an engineer running his own company. With obvious bias Duggan characterised him as 'a fairly well-heeled businessman of a somewhat strange and virulent temperament'.²⁵⁰

The couple seldom went out together, but Duggan would visit in the evenings after work with a bottle of whisky. Sylvia had only previously drunk small quantities of wine, but she loyally began following Duggan in drinking whisky and water. When he was intoxicated she found his recklessness exciting. Soon she was joining him in heavy drinking bouts.²⁵¹ On occasions Duggan and Sylvia, together with Jack Lasenby and Liz Milne, the former wife of Group Architect Bruce Rotherham, would sneak into the Parnell Baths for a midnight swim. At this sort of hooliganism Duggan was less than successful, as he could not climb the fence and in any event would not have entered the water. Instead he would pace up and down the entry area of the Baths under a large mural, watching and hearing the others splash about in the pool and on the pool's slide, and becoming steadily more enraged at his exclusion. After one such evening a wad of Duggan's poems was carefully placed for reading on the desk in Lasenby's flat. Among them was 'The man in black and the young people', a trenchant piece based upon midnight swimming. It began:

See
the sheltering psalmist
with various louche young fiends,
at the seaside sawing see--²⁵²

Lasenby commented: 'Don't take your shitty wooden leg out on us'. Grudgingly Duggan admitted this was what he was doing.²⁵³

Sylvia went to school or painted during the day and waited for Duggan to appear in the evenings. She was besotted with him, but had little interest in literature and found she could not understand Duggan's stories when he showed them to her. They were so complicated that she felt only a few words were

enough.²⁵⁴ Duggan gave her a copy of *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*, with one of the original drawings for its illustrations, but this was subsequently lost. Sometimes Sylvia thought he seemed to think of her as a big baby. To make herself look older for him, she put an ash-blue grey-rinse through her hair.²⁵⁵ Duggan liked to read her poetry, but Sylvia was puzzled when he quoted the first stanza of W.H. Auden's 'Lullaby' and then said she had a sleeping head. She found Duggan moody, wily, and lively. At the same time she began to feel that she had caught him and made a good catch.

Fleur Adcock's sudden marriage to Barry Crump on 9 February 1962, after a whirlwind romance, was widely reported in the national media.²⁵⁶ Duggan had been watching with quiet dismay Crump's rise in New Zealand literature since 1960. The bushman-author's immense popularity was an unprecedented phenomenon. *Mate* estimated that by the end of 1961 Crump's sales exceeded 50,000 copies--28,000 of *A Good Keen Man*, which was in its sixth impression, and 25,000 of *Hang On a Minute Mate*, which was in its second.²⁵⁷ At the initial acceptance of *A Good Keen Man* for publication, by AH & AW Reed, a contract had not been signed and Crump had simply been paid a £50 advance. When he mentioned this casually at a gathering in Maurice Shadbolt's Wellington house, Shadbolt was horrified by the vagueness of the arrangements. He had copied out his Gollancz contract for *The New Zealanders*, and less than two years later Crump had at his own admission made 'pots of dough'.²⁵⁸ A declared bankrupt earlier in the 1950s, by mid 1962 he would be formally discharged.²⁵⁹ With the announcement of his marriage Crump claimed he was retiring to work on a third book, a 'quality' job tentatively entitled *Situations Vacant*.²⁶⁰

Crump's willingness to give the public impression that writing was easy, a lark to be indulged between the manly activities of camping and hunting, belied a more serious interest. Lasenby could recall Crump as a gifted storyteller when they worked together in the 1950s, as someone who borrowed Lasenby's copies of *Ulysses* and Pound's *Seventy Cantos* and made intelligent remarks on both.²⁶¹ However Duggan was infuriated into reviving his former 'World Classics' system of judgment. With professional and perhaps personal jealousy, he described Crump to Adcock as 'the anecdotal ape'.²⁶² Duggan was to poke fun at the laconic style of *A Good Keen Man* by describing Buster and Fanny's comically terse exchange at the beginning of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' as a 'genuine crumpy conversation'.²⁶³ The new couple settled in Wellington, where Adcock had arranged work at the Alexander Turnbull Library. But the marriage did not last long, and Adcock worked less than a year at the Library before deciding to leave the country.

In contrast Duggan's life seemed in a rut, the one difficulty he had not expected to face in the freedom of Grafton Road. Realising that he was never going to complete 'The Wits of Willie Graves' as a novel, Duggan sent the same extract he had given *Review* two years before to Robin Dudding for the ninth issue of *Mate*. He also sent Brasch three poems for *Landfall*, 'Vacillation', 'Sahara', and 'Star Boarder', all of which the editor politely rejected.²⁶⁴ Duggan was invited to go to Hamilton in April to read poetry at an evening held in homage to Fairburn, but was relieved when 'influenza, laryngitis, fibrositis and a hangover' prevented him.²⁶⁵ Brasch had changed his mind about using 'Riley's Handbook' in his *Landfall* anthology as it would take up one sixth of the book. He decided once more on 'Blues for Miss Laverty', and reluctantly Duggan gave consent. By April Brasch was reading the anthology's galley proofs and in high spirits, suggesting that the collection be called 'Charlie's Choice' or 'Brasch's Beauties'.²⁶⁶ At the same time Cole's position as Director of the National Library of Singapore, a Colombo Plan assignment, had materialised. He left the country to take up the appointment for four months, while Christine and the children stayed behind in Wellington. Duggan envied him the adventure, which was very much what he would have liked to try himself, but knew that he would never be able to stand the heat.²⁶⁷ Even the humidity of Auckland was trying as it extended into autumn. Duggan took an Easter holiday in Taupo with Barbara and Nick, but afterwards he returned to Grafton Road. However by mid-year Duggan had decided that he wanted to move back to Forrest Hill. To simplify his departure he telephoned Barbara while Sylvia was at a class. Barbara drove around in the Anglia and calmly helped him to gather up the possessions he needed. Sylvia returned to find that her lover had gone. Her always fragile state of mind deteriorated and she appears to have had a breakdown soon after, during which she drank heavily and heard voices. Her father had her put in a hospital for several months, and then she returned home.²⁶⁸

Back at Forrest Hill Duggan found little had changed. The warring forces in his life--his job, his sense of propriety and hopes of escape, efforts at writing, guilt, a desire to be loved, his depressions and increasingly his drinking--remained with him. He described himself with bitter brilliance to Christine Cole:

Eheu fugaces...put a couple of gallons in the Riley and drive down to Pamplona for the bullshit, eh Duggan? Verbose in his melancholy, weeping effervescent tears into his gin and tonic, the needle trembling up to 40. What ever happened to those good old days I spent waiting for something to happen?²⁶⁹

With the Duggans back together, at least geographically, Sargeson was invited to dinner. It was the first time the old mentor had visited the house in years, and he and Duggan enjoyed each other's company. But they were surprised at how far apart

that they seemed to have become. To protect his health Sargeson no longer smoked or drank, although Duggan observed that he could be persuaded to take a small glass of wine. Fortunately his eye troubles had not recurred.²⁷⁰ Not one book by Sargeson remained in print, but the New Independent Theatre, which had grown out of his activities over staging 'A Time for Sowing' and to which he was now acting as secretary, kept him busy.²⁷¹ Chris Cathcart was acting as director and Colin McCahon as set designer. A further play of Sargeson's, 'The Cradle and the Egg', had recently been performed by the company to a mixed reception, and in the future it would stage John Graham's 'Lest We Resemble' and D'Arcy Cresswell's *The Forest*.²⁷² Privately Duggan thought the Theatre something of a waste of time.²⁷³

Sargeson for his part was distrustful of Duggan's retreat into the bourgeois world of advertising.²⁷⁴ To such criticism, both implied and open, Duggan had no easy answer. He was contributing to the housekeeping, although it was Barbara's income which had recently paid off the last of the mortgage. He was accustomed to the comforts money could buy--hardback first editions of his favourite authors, the running of a car, bottles of spirits. The salary of the current Chief Copywriter at Carlton Carruthers du Chateau, Les Edwards, was worth an extra £325 per year, and Duggan found himself regretting that he was not considered experienced enough to have such a position. Advancement in the company, he felt, seemed the best way to escape the drudgery in copywriting work.²⁷⁵ But Sargeson's criticisms of his new lifestyle were all the more effective because they mirrored Duggan's own. It had become almost customary for Duggan to complain of the low commercialism of advertising to Barbara and literary friends. 'This dirty disgraceful business', he would vehemently call it.²⁷⁶ But he refused to consider describing copywriting in any detail, even when someone like Sinclair professed an interest.²⁷⁷ His belief in his hatred of the advertising world, and of his participation in it, was as genuine as his growing fascination in the office with the job and its manipulation of language. Just as he kept advertising and literature apart among his friends, so he began to do the same within himself.

In early August Cole returned from Singapore. He stayed briefly with Sargeson in Auckland and saw Duggan before flying on to Wellington. At Rongotai all the tyres of his aircraft burst upon landing, although no one was hurt.²⁷⁸ In the middle of the month Barbara flew to Sydney for a two-week holiday, staying with the painter Michael Nicholson and his wife Brigid. At the same time, on the strength of a reference from Duggan, Lasenby was accepted for the still-continuing Section T course at Auckland Teachers' College. Lasenby had married Liz Milne, leaving Grafton Road to move into her Devonport house and help look after her two children.²⁷⁹ Over much the same period 'Blues for Miss Laverty', together with a piece by Helen Shaw, had been a finalist in an International PEN short story

competition. This came much to Duggan's surprise since he had not been informed. But the story did not win.²⁸⁰ Then on 19 September, suddenly, Duggan posted Brasch a typescript of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. He was writing prose again.

Even by his own standards of modesty when sending Brasch stories for publication, Duggan's covering letter was unusually coy. It read:

A mocking story which doesn't quite look like a *Landfall* story and may, therefore, be a *Landfall* story.²⁸¹

A few days earlier Duggan had written to Stead describing the piece as 'a queer, queer story'.²⁸² He was soon showing Stead the work in typescript.²⁸³ But he was not at all sure whether Brasch would consider 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' worthy of acceptance and wrote of his reservation to Cole, to whom he had read the final draft during Cole's Auckland visit.²⁸⁴ Duggan felt the typescript was messy, and was annoyed to notice that it had gone to Brasch with several spelling mistakes and literals. But buried within it, he felt, were 'some small, bright things'.²⁸⁵

Brasch wrote back praising the story for its bravura. He had read it with great care. Having suffered in his own youth from a father whom, because of an interest in the arts, he could not please, 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' may have touched the editor at the deepest levels. In Duggan-ish prose he enthused that the story would 'lighten the interminable sombre symphony of our caledonian-zelanian landfallings'.²⁸⁶ However Brasch objected to a sentence on page one: 'Almost, it's as far as you get', and to the story's final two sentences: 'Yes, almost happy. Almost, almost: like I said, buster,[sic] it's as far as you get'. Against these he argued:

[It's] as if you couldn't trust your feelings--couldn't let your narrator trust his, that is, but make him suspect his own brio which is his *raison d'être* [...] [I]f the brio is not sufficient to itself, then the story collapses. Couldn't you drop that sentence on p. 1, and let the story end with 'the tail end of summer.'?²⁸⁷

Duggan agreed entirely, and the typescript was amended.²⁸⁸ In his reply he wrote:

Yes, a bravura piece; but not, I hope, bravura only. Perhaps variations on a Komata fugue--see 'Six Place Names'? But, anyway, a grinning piece.²⁸⁹

In the same letter of acceptance Brasch had expressed one further objection. A speech made by Fanny towards the end of the story seemed odd as she suddenly became articulate. '[It] doesn't quite square with the picture of her up to that point', Brasch observed. Duggan decided to cut the speech and rewrite the passage entirely, which he did on his carbon copy during the next few days amid mounting international hysteria over the Cuban missile crisis.²⁹⁰ That he was able to work so quickly is testament to the sudden imaginative fecundity which had overtaken him.

The carbon was posted to Brasch on 15 October, and from this the story was printed, the final corrections being made during the tense days of the American naval blockade.²⁹¹ To Cole Duggan wrote with some satisfaction:

Somewhat to my surprise Charles took the thing I read to you on your last visit --*Along Rideout Road That[sic] Summer*. For use in March or June. He marked the bravura bugling and the unbuttoned gait of it. I changed it, improved it, I think, and now, having found a home for it, can forget it.²⁹²

In fact after his retirement several years later Brasch was to claim that publishing 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' in *Landfall* was one of the highlights of his editorship.²⁹³

Adcock was in Auckland in early October and met Duggan in a pub for a drink. It was a sad encounter. Adcock hoped to leave for England in November, where with her qualifications she could secure a position in a library, but she needed to raise the fare from Crump's accountant and did not depart until early in the new year.²⁹⁴ In the same week Duggan heard that Sylvia had attempted suicide by slashing her wrists and taking an overdose of sleeping pills. He had not contacted her since leaving Grafton Road, but guessed that it was his attention which was being sought.²⁹⁵ She remained under the care of her parents and he did not see her. Despite these disturbances his life had settled once more into routine, so much so that he soon had the luxury of complaining to Cole that his universe was shrinking and he felt caged. 'It is therefore the imagination that must be indulged,' he wrote. 'We must write the life that we might lead, give word to the desire, to see how little of the ideal there would be in it, after all, as we are honest in our prosings'.²⁹⁶ At home, less preoccupied with himself, he observed the elaborate preparations made by Nick for the funeral of a goldfish. The corpse was placed in a cellophane-wrapped matchbox, then the whole put in a plastic bag and suspended by fishing-line from the top of a macrocarpa.²⁹⁷

In the evenings and weekends Duggan toyed at first with a small set of aphorisms called 'O'Grady Says...'.²⁹⁸ However he soon abandoned this to begin working on the story of a relationship between an older man and younger woman, entitled 'Gambo in O'Leary's Orchard'.²⁹⁹ Later in life he would claim that his children's story, 'The Sailor on the Hill', was the germ for this work, suggesting: 'I started to wonder about schoolgirls and men of a certain age living alone'.³⁰⁰ The story's background also draws something from his earlier interest in *Lolita*, and there can be no doubt that his relationship with Sylvia provided some impetus. By December he hoped that the story was half finished. Brasch's anthology, *Landfall Country*, arrived and Duggan sent warm congratulations. He had only two caveats, the first that it was too large for the slot in his letterbox, and the second that he felt

the title on its spine ran the wrong way.³⁰¹ Smithyman visited to present Duggan with a copy of his latest volume of poetry, *Inheritance*, published by Paul's Book Arcade. In addition Sinclair had heard that Paul's Book Arcade would receive a grant to bring out his book of poems, *A Time to Embrace*. Stead, too, had his first collection of poetry at a publisher for consideration. Duggan still hoped desperately to get something out in the next year, either 'The Burning Miss Bratby' or a volume using 'Riley's Handbook'. He also thought of collecting his poetry together as *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, although he seemed more interested in preserving the title than in making public much of the verse.³⁰²

With the resumption of writing came a return to the handyman's routine. For several weekends Duggan helped build and install an electric potting wheel for Barbara, who had never lost the interest in pottery she acquired in Cambridge, and with Sinclair's help he went on to add an oil-fired kiln.³⁰³ Duggan fought for time to write, but all too often felt 'dammed at full flood' by his increasing responsibilities at work.³⁰⁴ Opportunity--holidays, weekends, and particularly time when he was not drinking heavily and thus could write more--was precious to him. All of his literary activity during and after the Burns Fellowship Duggan had been trying to fit into available moments, like Mrs O'Leary wedging size nine feet into size seven shoes 'and suffering merry hell', an image he had used for the discrepancy between the written and the real.³⁰⁵ He looked forward to a break at Christmas and New Year, to be followed by a fortnight's holiday from mid January. Barbara had plans to go down to Kawhia with Nick and the Lasenby family, but Duggan intended to stay at Forrest Hill.³⁰⁶

Fleur Adcock appeared in Auckland again to depart on the *Fairsea* for Britain. Duggan saw her briefly at a *bon voyage* party held by the sculptor, Anthony Stones, and then arrived at the wharf in time to wave, after the call for 'all visitors ashore', as the ship was departing. Among the breaking streamers the *Fairsea's* Italian orchestra struck up 'Waltzing Matilda'.³⁰⁷ During his holiday Duggan managed to write only a thirteen-minute talk for the radio programme *Perspective*.³⁰⁸ He had agreed to do so when to his surprise the new NZBC accepted his fee of fourteen guineas. The title was 'On Being Asked to Deposit My Incunabula in the Hocken Library', a light-hearted response to an attempt by E.A. Horsman to build up a collection of Burns Fellow manuscripts at Otago University. In reality Duggan's papers sat in a number of beer cartons in his study, and the prospect of examining them in detail was painfully daunting.³⁰⁹ Little progress was made on 'Gambo in O'Leary's Orchard'. Duggan was writing his first draft on every sixth line of the page, in order to give himself five lines of space in which to revise.³¹⁰ 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' appeared in the March 1963 *Landfall*, just ahead of a poem by Adcock which Duggan happily assumed to be an attack on Barry

Crump.³¹¹ Adcock was now in London with her son, Andrew, bearing a note of introduction to Dan Davin from Cole.³¹² Duggan and she were never to meet again, although they remained in friendly correspondence. Duggan hoped to post her an airmail copy of the *Landfall* they both appeared in as a gift, but none was available. Copies soon sold out, although he was quick to note that many had been mispaginated and had to be recalled.

Duggan remained intermittently cheerful. Some positive responses to 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' buoyed him, and with Barbara he continued to attend dinner parties. The current artistic *succès d'estime* in Auckland was a film scripted by Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Last Year at Marienbad*, the story of a man's hypnotic seduction of a young woman in a luxury hotel. About it Duggan assembled a short, joking questionnaire reminiscent of viewer-response research in advertising:

- I did not see it (A negative answer here does not necessarily invalidate what follows.)
- I did see it
- I admired it
- I did not admire it
- It was tedious but/not relieved by moments of ____ (supply)
- It was brilliant but marred by lacunae
- It was too long
- It was not long enough
- I cried/did not cry/ all the way through
- Robbe-Grillet is my uncle/cousin/aunt
- Where is Marienbad?/Give local name ____³¹³

Auckland University had begun establishing a university press, and the position of Editor of Publications went to E.H. McCormick. But Duggan was little interested. He was reading very few New Zealand novels, and at work he wrote pages on 'How To Care For Your Hair--The Wella Way'.³¹⁴ Meanwhile Lowry was hoping that he might secure the job of University Printer. Pilgrim Press's finances had failed some time ago, and the company was bought out by its manager John Rayner. Although not a Catholic, Rayner wanted the Press's rooms to be blessed by his friend the Rev. Dr Meuli. After the ceremony Meuli had sworn that when the holy water touched Lowry it had hissed. Lowry began a further venture, Wakefield Press, in the same building, but it had not survived long under his muddled management and he was sadly adrift.³¹⁵

Early in the new year Duggan made two important decisions about his future. The first was to leave Carlton Carruthers du Chateau and move to another advertising company, Dormer-Beck. This was another large agency, offering an improved salary and better chances of promotion, but the job was still the

copywriting grind. Duggan tried hard to convince himself and others that he was a prisoner of creature comforts and familial responsibilities. The subject as always aroused him to angry eloquence.

Father, husband, breadwinner, householder, darling. But others teach in cramming schools, beat their mistresses or wives, starve their families and in an excess of loving carve them up at midnight with axes. New Zealand has, of necessity, domesticated tragedy, there being no larger reference. Fate is a golden Kiwi and godhead a decent pension.³¹⁶

Nevertheless Duggan was also ambitious to reach the pinnacle of his new profession, and enjoyed the approbation of his colleagues and society at large. Long an outsider because of his gifts, advertising allowed him to use his talent as an insider within the massive, pragmatic and materialist New Zealand middle-class. To his surprise he found his own intelligence applied to business could be equal or superior to that of commercial magnates. He was catching up on the success of friends like Sinclair, who after the death of Professor James Rutherford early in the year received the University Chair in History. The job's income flattered Duggan, and provided him with the means to buy the alcohol on which he was becoming reliant to punctuate his time beyond work. He was to finish at Carlton Carruthers du Chateau on 24 May and start at Dormer-Beck on 10 June. During the break in between he arranged a week's holiday with the Coles in Wellington as a reward.

Duggan's second decision, following the lead of his poet friends, was to send a collection of short stories to Blackwood Paul. It included 'Riley's Handbook' and all his other published fiction after *Immanuel's Land*, together with an unpublished story, 'For The Love of Rupert'.³¹⁷ This latter was the worked-up Eddie Finnane section from his several attempts at making a novel out of 'The Wits of Willie Graves'.³¹⁸ The collection's title, he decided, was to be the much-employed *Summer in the Gravel Pit*. It was his first volume of new work in seven years. Duggan was aware that he lacked output, and at times wondered if he possessed even the driving force to write, which was why his ability to perform as a full-time writer during the Burns Fellowship remained an important article of personal faith.³¹⁹ To his disappointment Blackwood Paul insisted on sending the collection out to a reader. He complained to Adcock across the globe:

My vanity quite burst. I said as coldly as possible: 'try Charles Brasch, he's read most of them and published them.' Very amusing they thought--as the Dunedin English dept. said of a recent [radio] talk I gave--pure, vintage Maurice.³²⁰

In fact the use of a reader was standard practice, and often allowed the publisher to gather something quotable for the book's blurb. Paul was fond of repeating Unwin's

dictum, 'There is no flattery too gross for an author'.³²¹ Once an arrogant young man of promise, Duggan found he seemed to have become a crusty, sometimes difficult character as he approached middle-age. But negotiations for the book continued to inch ahead.

Notes

1. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 321.
2. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Jan. 1960.
3. Maui [pseud.]. 'A Portrait of Dunedin.' *Critic* 28 Jul. 1960: 6.
4. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Jan 1960.
5. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Jan. 1960.
6. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct. 1993.
7. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Jan 1960.
8. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
9. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 7 Feb. 1960.
10. Dates indicating when these books were read have been noted by Duggan on the end-papers. Books in the possession of Barbara Duggan. Duggan reread *Murphy* in Oct. 1962, Apr. 1964, and Mar. 1965.
11. Charles Peake. "'The Labours of Poetical Excavation.'" *Beckett the Shape Changer*. Ed. Katherine Worth. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1975: 45.
12. Samuel Beckett. *The Beckett Trilogy: Molloy, Malone Dies, The Unnameable*. London: Picador, 1979: 34.
13. Samuel Beckett. *The Beckett Trilogy: Molloy, Malone Dies, The Unnameable*. London: Picador, 1979: 80.
14. E.A. Horsman. Interview. 12 Oct. 1993.
15. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Jan. 1960.
16. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 28 Jan. 1960.
17. E.A. Horsman. Interview. 12 Oct. 1993.
18. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 7 Feb. 1960.
19. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
20. Billie Holiday. *Lady Sings the Blues*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984: 97.
21. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Jan. 1960.
22. W.P. Morrell. *The University of Otago: A Centennial History*. Dunedin: University of Otago Press. 1969: 49, 245.
23. *New Zealand Yearbook*. Wellington: Government Printer. 1960: 48.

24. Maui [pseud.]. 'A Portrait of Dunedin.' *Critic* 28 Jul. 1960: 6.
25. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 28 Jan. 1960.
26. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 28 Jan. 1960.
27. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 1 Feb. 1960.
28. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 7 Feb. 1960.
29. The *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* defines an esquisse as: 'the first rough sketch of a picture or design'.
30. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 28 Jan. 1960.
31. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.
32. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer.' *Collected Stories*: 206.
33. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.
34. 'Burns Fellowship Praised.' *Otago Daily Times* 4 Feb. 1960: 5.
35. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 1 Feb. 1960.
36. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 7 Feb. 1960.
37. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 14 Feb. 1960.
38. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 28 Apr. 1993.
39. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 28 Feb. 1960.
40. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 6 Mar. 1960.
41. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Mar. 1960.
42. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.
43. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 2 Apr. 1960.
44. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 6 Mar. 1960.
45. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 6 Mar. 1960.
46. E.A. Horsman. Interview. 12 Oct. 1993.
47. E.A. Horsman. Interview. 12 Oct. 1993.
48. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993. E.A. Horsman. Interview. 12 Oct. 1993.
49. Maurice Duggan. Notes on 'The Burning Miss Bratby' manuscript. In the possession of Barbara Duggan.
50. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 6 Mar. 1960.
51. Maurice Duggan. Notes on 'The Burning Miss Bratby' manuscript. T.S. Eliot. 'The Waste Land.' *Collected Poems 1909-1962*. London: Faber, 1974: 84. Note to line 307.
52. T.S. Eliot. 'The Waste Land.' *Collected Poems 1909-1962*. London: Faber, 1974: 74.
53. This phrase may have its origins in Pascal's: 'Between us and heaven or hell there is only life, which is the most precarious thing in the world'. Blaise Pascal. *Pensées*. Note 328. Ed. Louis Lafuma. Trans. John Warrington. London: J.M. Dent, 1960: 90. (See page 592)

54. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 3 Apr. 1960. Duggan later glossed a query by Sinclair over the word 'tympanum':

I was thinking of the stretched membrane of a drum. I meant that having brought the burning, nay, the smouldering Miss B to the point of a little sexual exercise I found, on engineering the raising of that folded skirt, not the delicious bifurcation I had led the reader and character to expect, but something tympanic--i.e. unpierced. A macabre, a morbid, a vulgar analogy. But then, why not? It is my style.

Letter to Keith Sinclair 28 Apr. 1960.

55. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 20 Mar. 1960.

56. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 2 Apr. 1960.

57. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.

58. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 25 Mar. 1960.

59. 'Maurice Duggan on Art and Form in Fiction.' *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8. This and its companion article on the same page, 'Writer's Problem of Ordering His Experience for the Purposes of Prose Described by Burns Fellow' are reprinted from Duggan's own copy of his speech.

60. 'Maurice Duggan on Art and Form in Fiction.' *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.

61. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 3 Apr. 1960.

62. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 5 Apr. 1960.

63. Maurice Duggan. Note on verso of page 123 of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' manuscript. In the possession of Barbara Duggan.

64. C.K. Stead. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 10. C.K. Stead. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.

65. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 28 Apr. 1960.

66. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 25 Apr. 1960.

67. Maurice Duggan. Note on verso of page 139 of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' manuscript. In the possession of Barbara Duggan.

68. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 10 Apr. 1960. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 10 Apr. 1960.

69. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 16 Jul. 1960.

70. Dr Erich Geiringer. Conversation. 24 Apr. 1994. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.

71. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.

72. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 21 Nov. 1960.

73. The exact recipe for what Duggan always later referred to as a 'Duggan Special' was one half Bianco and one half dry vermouth to one gin, with tonic water. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 29 Jul. 1994.
74. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.
75. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 18 Jul. 1960.
76. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.
77. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Dec. 1973.
78. Maurice Duggan. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 337.
79. Graham Billing. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
80. Maurice Duggan. Letters to John Reece Cole. 20 Mar. 1960, 23 May 1960, 20 May 1960.
81. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 23 May 1960. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Frank Sargeson. 10 Apr. 1960, 17 Aug. 1960.
82. Mary Sinclair. Conversation. 11 Aug. 1994.
83. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 3 Apr. 1960. The book was entitled *Open Account: A History of the Bank of New South Wales in New Zealand 1861-1961*. Wellington: Whitcombe & Tombs, 1961.
84. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 14 Feb. 1960.
85. C.K. Stead. Interview. 3 Oct. 1991.
86. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 5 Jul. 1960.
87. John Goldwater. Interview. 27 Apr. 1993.
88. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 8 Jun. 1960.
89. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 8 Jun. 1960.
90. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 18 Jul. 1960.
91. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 3 Aug. 1960.
92. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 3 Aug. 1960.
93. 'Only Connect (a presumptuous note on the teaching of English Literature).' *Manuka* (1960):5-6. The repetition of 'ribbons' in the last sentence may be a misprint.
94. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 28 Apr. 1966. In the possession of C.K. Stead. The letter was never sent. For an account of its discovery see C.K. Stead. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 22, note 12.
95. 'Only Connect (a presumptuous note on the teaching of English Literature).' *Manuka* (1960): 6.
96. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.
97. *Critic* 30 Jun. 1960: 5. E.A. Horsman. Interview. 12 Oct. 1993.
98. Fleur Adcock. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 30 Jun. 1974. Duggan papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. The poem was also one of James K. Baxter's favourites for recital.

99. *Critic* 11 Aug. 1960: 8. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 16 Jul. 1960.
100. *Review* (1960): 15.
101. Maurice Duggan. Personal Papers.
102. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Aug. 1960.
103. J.H.E. Schroder. *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 3 (1960): 300-304.
104. Maurice Duggan. *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 4 (1960): 405-406.
105. 'A Delight in Books: Children's Book Week 1960.' *New Zealand Libraries* Apr. (1961): 67.
106. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Aug. 1960.
107. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Aug. 1960.
108. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 18 Jul. 1960.
109. E.H. McCormick. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992.
110. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 28 Apr. 1960.
111. E.A. Horsman. Letters to the Registrar. Both 20 Jul. 1960. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin. E.A. Horsman. Interview. 12 Oct. 1993.
112. *The University of Otago: Calendar for the Year 1960*. Dunedin: Otago University, 1960: 112.
113. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson 16 Aug. 1960. Misdated July.
114. Dan Davin. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 27 Sept. 1960.
115. Maurice Duggan. 'The Burning Miss Bratby' manuscript. In the possession of Barbara Duggan.
116. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson 17 Aug. 1960. The quotation is repeated in a letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Aug. 1960.
117. Maurice Duggan. 'The Burning Miss Bratby' manuscript. In the possession of Barbara Duggan.
118. Maurice Duggan. Note dated 1 Oct. 1973, included with the manuscript. Personal papers.
119. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Aug. 1960.
120. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 17 Aug. 1960.
121. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Aug. 1960.
122. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 17 Aug. 1960. For a curious presaging of 'Riley's Handbook' it should be noted that one of the few passages in *The Backward Sex* which Duggan approved of was the paragraph: 'At my father's funeral [...]', describing the comic burial of the protagonist's father in a watery grave. [Ian Cross. *The Backward Sex*. London: André Deutsch, 1960: 7.] Beside this Duggan wrote in his copy: 'It would be v. memorable if it sustained this rich undertone all the way through'. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

123. Charles Peake. "'The Labours of Poetical Excavation.'" *Beckett the Shape Changer*. Ed. Katherine Worth. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1975: 41.
124. Samuel Beckett. *The Beckett Trilogy: Molloy, Malone Dies, The Unnameable*. London: Picador, 1979: 79.
125. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 11 Sept. 1960.
126. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 3 Aug. 1960.
127. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 5 Sept. 1960.
128. Maurice Duggan. Note on 'The Burning Miss Bratby' manuscript. In the possession of Barbara Duggan.
129. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 18 Oct. 1960.
130. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 18 Oct. 1960.
131. Maurice Duggan. Comment in reply to questionnaire from *Contemporary Novelists*. 14 Dec. 1970. Personal papers.
132. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 356.
133. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 17 Aug. 1961.
134. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 21 Nov. 1960.
135. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 326.
136. A reference to the mysterious bar-fly at Tunny's Reach: 'Royeen or Ronayne or however he styles and however supports himself', a homosexual, fond of singing and with expensive tastes in beer, a 'dapperman, a dandy, a mirrorman and a dab hand with the pen I'm told; but for all that not above boring the ear off you' who sits in a corner of the bar where he can watch the road without being seen. He seems to combine aspects of Sargeson and Duggan himself. *Collected Stories*: 326, 329, 332, 334, 351.
137. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 6 Nov. 1960.
138. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 337.
139. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.
140. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 18 Oct. 1960.
141. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 21 Nov. 1960.
142. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Nov. 1960.
143. Keith Sinclair. 'Notes from the Welfare State.' *Landfall* vol. 16 no. 1 (1962): 18-19. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.
144. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 337.
145. *The Tempest*. Act 4, scene 1, lines 275-276.
146. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 14 Nov. 1960. This is the second of two stanzas.
147. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 337. 'The Burns Fellowship.' *Landfall* vol. 22 no. 3 (1968): 237. Duggan's personal papers contain the ambiguous note: '[In 1960] I wrote a short novel not yet published, a long short story--Riley's

Handbook, two other stories in [*Summer in the Gravel Pit*] and of course, a lot of seminal stuff. Duggan wrote to C.K. Stead on 28 Apr. 1966: 'I remember that I actually wrote the story the following year--when I first began copy-writing--after coming back from Dunedin [i.e. 1961]'. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead. [Never posted but kept by Duggan]. Quoted in [Introduction] *Collected Stories*: 12, 22 note 12. This contradicts other statements by Duggan, though on balance it seems that at least a substantial amount of work on the story must have been done in late 1961.

148. Maurice Duggan. Report with application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.

149. Duggan may refer to the writing of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' in 1961 in the expansion of 'Riley's Handbook' which also occurred in that year.

Change your lack of style; so I admonish myself. Venture sunsets and place names and detailed descriptions of sweeter habits, the native tale, Hinemoa, en folie, swimming strongly in the cold lake; something like that you'd care for? Pah. I prefer to be a little more selective in my inheritance; I've no desire to lead anyone to that dejection.

Collected Stories: 349.

[...] the girl about twenty years ahead of the oldest of us in wanting what she had come to know and knowing how to get it, a simple proposition, all through the tail end (ha) of that summer and the fire of the next [...]

Landfall vol. 15 no. 4 (1961): 368.

In later versions Duggan reduced the reference to 'all through the end of that summer', thereby removing the allusion to the close of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. *Collected Stories*: 350.

150. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Nov. 1960.

151. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 26 Nov. 1960.

152. The same was to occur a year later, when Duggan wrote a story entitled 'The Drum of the Blue Mouse' for School Publications. The story was paid for but never printed.

153. J.W. Hayward. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 10 Jan. 1961. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.

154. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993. Letter to the writer. 8 Oct. 1994.

155. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct. 1993.

156. *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 1 (1960): 8. *Landfall* vol. 14 no. 4 (1960): 317. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 5 Dec. 1960.

157. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 2 Jan. 1961. Misdated 1960.

158. 'Decision.' *Mate*. Sept. 1961: 3.
159. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 5 Dec. 1960.
160. Maurice Duggan. Report with application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.
161. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 11 Jan. 1961.
162. Maurice Duggan. Telegram to John Reece Cole. 11 Jan. 1961.
163. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 Feb. 1961.
164. Christine Cole Catley. Interviews. 17 Jan. 1992, 15 Oct. 1993. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 4 Oct. 1974.
165. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Mar. 1961.
166. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993.
167. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 27 Feb. 1961.
168. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 27 Feb. 1961.
169. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 27 Feb. 1961.
170. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 8 Mar. 1961.
171. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Mar. 1961.
172. George Haydn. Conversation. 5 May 1994. George Fraser. *Both Eyes Open: A Memoir*. Dunedin: John McIndoe, 1990: 105.
173. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Mar. 1961.
174. Marie Shaw. Conversation. 25 Jul. 1994.
175. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Mar. 1961.
176. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Mar. 1961.
177. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 13 Mar. 1961.
178. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 27 Feb. 1961.
179. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Mar. 1961.
180. *New Zealand's Heritage*. Ed. Ray Knox. New Zealand: Paul Hamlyn Ltd: 2885-2886. *An Encyclopaedia of New Zealand*. Ed. A.H. McLintock. Wellington: Government Printer, 1966. Vol. 1: 252.
181. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 Apr. 1961.
182. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Mar. 1961. Later in life Duggan's attitude to television considerably softened, even so far as to become a fan of the *Star Trek* series.
183. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 8 Mar. 1961.
184. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Mar. 1961.
185. Kendrick Smithyman. Conversation. 24 Jul. 1994.
186. Kay Stead. Conversation. 29 Jul. 1994.
187. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.
188. Graham Nicol, Editorial Department, Hutchinson Publishing Group. Letter to C.K. Stead. 6 Nov. 1960. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead.

189. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 8 Mar. 1961. Raleigh Trevelyan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 8 Feb. 1961. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead. [Notes on Texts and Publishing Matters.] *Collected Stories*: 377.
190. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Mar. 1961.
191. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 5 Apr. 1961.
192. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Mar. 1961.
193. 'A Note on New Authors Limited.' *New Authors Short Story One*. Auckland: Hutchinson, 1961. Since Duggan is noted in his introduction (p.73) as having published *Immanuel's Land* an exception was made in his case. Trevelyan had already written to Duggan: 'I do not think that the fact that your stories have appeared in their (Pilgrim Press) edition would necessarily preclude them from appearing in New Authors Short Story I.' Quoted in letter from Maurice Duggan to C.K. Stead. 16 Feb. 1961. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead.
194. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 Mar. 1961.
195. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 Apr. 1961.
196. Because subsequent scholarship revised the numbering of Propertius's Latin text Adcock changed the title of this poem in *The Eye of the Hurricane*, [Wellington: AH & AW Reed, 1964] her first collection, to 'Note on Propertius I.5'. Later the numbering was dropped altogether. Fleur Adcock. Letter to the writer. 8 Oct. 1994.
197. Lillian Chrystall. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.
198. Bill Pearson. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992. Estelle Baker, Belenaise Rautahi, and Jane Winiata [all formerly Royal]. Interview. 29 Aug. 1992.
199. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 15 May. 1961
200. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 May. 1961.
201. John Reece Cole. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 22 Jun. 1961. Held with Duggan's letters to Cole. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
202. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 15 May. 1961.
203. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 26 May. 1961. Keith Sinclair. Interviews. 26 Aug. 1991, 31 Aug. 1992.
204. Albert Camus. 'From a Writer's Notebook.' *Encounter* 97 (Oct. 1961): 11-23. Duggan owned a copy. He also owned and annotated copies of Camus's *Carnets 1935-1942* and *Carnets 1942-1951*.
205. Marilyn Duckworth. Interview. 10 Apr. 1992.
206. Marilyn Duckworth. Interview. 10 Apr. 1992. Copy of *Immanuel's Land* in the possession of Marilyn Duckworth. Duggan also used the phrase 'Over the fence is out' in 'Riley's Handbook', *Collected Stories*: 323. The passages in *Over the Fence is Out* which Duckworth particularly feels apply to Duggan are: 'Gregory in their economically designed kitchen [...(paragraph)]', p 11.

'Money? Money? What's this [...(speech)]', p 12.

'Do you know what size I take in shirts [...(speech)]' and 'What? Did I really say that? [...(speech)]', p 30 & 31.

'He unwrinkled his brow, straightened his back [...] Shouldn't I wash?', p 34.

Over the Fence is Out. London: Hutchinson, 1969. Duckworth wishes to emphasise that the monstrous character of Gregory, as she develops him later in the novel, in no way reflects on the character of Maurice Duggan.

207. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Jul. 1961. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 27 Jul. 1961.

208. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 1 Sept. 1961.

209. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 17 Aug. 1961.

210. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 13 Aug. 1961.

211. Charles Brasch. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 28 Aug. 1961, 21 Sept. 1961.

212. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 29 Sept. 1961.

213. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 21 Sept. 1961.

214. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 17 Aug. 1961.

215. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 23 Sept. 1961.

216. Despite Duggan's hopes that this would be £1,300 per annum his salary in fact became £1,250 p.a.. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 3 Aug. 1962.

217. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 23 Sept. 1961.

218. *Mate* 8 (Dec. 1961): 49.

219. Phillip Wilson. 'Three Aucklanders.' *N.Z. Listener* 9 Feb 1962: 35. E.A. Horsman. Review. *Landfall* vol. 16 no. 1 (1962): 79-82.

220. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 28 Aug. 1961.

221. Marilyn Duckworth. Interview. 10 Apr. 1961.

222. C.K. Stead's essay was published in *Distance Looks Our Way*. Ed. Keith Sinclair. Auckland: Paul's Book Arcade, 1961: 79-96.

223. Maurice Duggan. Reported in a letter to John Reece Cole. 17 Aug. 1961. Clause 8 of the conditions governing entry for the 1959 award states: 'A winner in either section of the 1959 Award shall not be eligible for entry in the two following award periods, e.g. 1961 and 1963.' *History of the New Zealand Women Writers' Society. 1932-1982*. Eds. Thelma France, Hestia Quinn, Roma Henden, Isobelle Ashforth. [New Zealand]: n.p., 1982: 219. Duggan claims in his letter to Cole that he 'did not see and did not know of' the 1959 conditions.

224. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 17 Aug. 1961. *History of the New Zealand Women Writers' Society. 1932-1982*. Eds. Thelma France, Hestia Quinn, Roma Henden, Isobelle Ashforth. [New Zealand]: n.p., 1982: 223.

225. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 11 Nov. 1961.

226. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Dec. 1961.
227. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 27 Nov. 1961. A proof copy of the *Landfall* rate card was sent to Duggan by Caxton in November 1962. After he had consulted with media experts at Carlton Carruthers du Chateau it was considerably rewritten according to his suggestions. Final rates per issue were: inside front and outside back cover, £12; full page (including back inside cover), £9, half page, £5; quarter page, £3; less 10% for annual contract; less 5% for repeat standing matter. Maurice Duggan. Letter to D.L. Donovan. 3 Dec. 1962. Among Duggan letters to Brasch, Hocken Library, Dunedin. Rate card in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
228. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 27 Nov. 1961.
229. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Dec. 1961. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 25 Jan. 1962.
230. Graham Billing. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
231. Maurice Duggan. Note among personal papers.
232. Lillian Chrystall. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.
233. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 8 May 1993.
234. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 8 May 1993.
235. Nick Duggan. Interviews. 25 Aug. 1991, 2 May 1993.
236. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 19 Dec. 1961.
237. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 3 Jan. 1962.
238. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
239. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
240. Duggan noted on the end-paper of his copy that he read it in Mar. 1962. Book in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
241. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992. Samuel Beckett. *All That Fall. The Complete Dramatic Works*. London: Faber and Faber, 1986: 196. This may be the origin of Riley's bitter pronouncement on the life of his mad mother, Pegeen: 'That's a door we all have the key to, a robing we can't miss. A dog dead in a culvert'. *Collected Stories*: 345.
242. Molly Macalister. 'Maurice Duggan 1922-74.' *Islands* vol. 3 no. 4 (1974): 342.
243. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992. 'Cunabula', a cradle, appears on page 312 of *Collected Stories* in its Latin singular form, 'cunabulum'. 'Cunctator' appears on page 309. 'Cunctipotent' appears on page 308. It may or may not be a coincidence that one of the dictionary's compilers is named Fowler.
244. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 18 Apr. 1994.
245. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
246. Poem in the possession of Jack Lasenby.

247. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. Dated only 'Wednesday' but probably in the first half of 1962.
248. It should be emphasised that there is absolutely no connection between the pseudonym 'Sylvia' and the writer Sylvia Ashton-Warner.
249. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 21 Jan. 1962.
250. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965.
251. 'Sylvia'. Interview. 27 Apr. 1993.
252. Poem in the possession of Jack Lasenby.
253. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 18 Apr. 1994. Jack Lasenby. Letter to the writer. 16 Jun. 1994.
254. 'Sylvia'. Interview. 27 Apr. 1993.
255. 'Sylvia'. Interview. 27 Apr. 1993.
256. 'Partnership for "Good Keen Man".' *New Zealand Herald* 2 Feb. 1962: 1. *Those Were the Days: A Nostalgic Look at the 1960s*. Ed. Stephen Barnett. Auckland: Moa Publications Ltd, 1989: 70. Reprinted from *The Weekly News*. 21 Feb. 1962.
257. *Mate* 8 (Dec 1961): 47.
258. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993. Barry Crump. Letter to the writer. 13 Jul. 1994. Barry Crump. *The Life and Times of A Good Keen Man*. Opotiki: Barry Crump Associates, 1992: 66. "'Good Keen Man" Has "Retired".' *New Zealand Herald* 1 Feb. 1962: 3.
259. 'Bankrupt Given Discharge.' *New Zealand Herald* 28 Jul. 1962: 6. Barry Crump. Letter to the writer. 13 Jul. 1994.
260. 'Partnership for "Good Keen Man".' *New Zealand Herald* 2 Feb. 1962: 1.
261. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 18 Apr. 1994.
262. Fleur Adcock. Interview. 18 Mar. 1993.
263. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer.' *Collected Stories*. 198. C.K. Stead first drew attention to this in his introduction as where Duggan 'dissociates himself from the line of New Zealand fiction which has gone in for the realism of inarticulacy'. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 13. A further comment on a New Zealand author was to appear in the story. After the phrase 'Maori girls, Maori farms, Maori housing' [*Collected Stories*: 200] Duggan had considered inserting the words '(caps in Caselberg Old Face, please)'. Brasch thought it amusing but distracting, and asked of its intention. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 18 Oct. 1962. Duggan's explanation was: 'The reference is to Caselberg's indignation at my use of a lower case initial letter in maori in my story *Chapter*. On the principle of "murder your darlings" this will have to come out. Pity'. Letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Oct. 1962. 'Chapter' in *Immanuel's Land* spells Maori with a lower case m, but it is in upper case in *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.

264. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 May 1962.
265. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 30 Mar. 1962.
266. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Apr. 1962.
267. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 10 Apr. 1962.
268. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965. Keith Sinclair. interview. 31 Aug. 1992.
269. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole [later Cole Catley]. 3 Aug. 1962.
270. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole [later Cole Catley]. 3 Aug. 1962.
271. Charles Brasch. 'Notes.' *Landfall* vol. 17 no. 1 (1963): 3.
272. Dennis McEldowney. *Frank Sargeson in His Time*. Dunedin: John McIndoe, 1976: 51. Both plays were published as *Wrestling With the Angel*. Christchurch: Caxton, 1964.
273. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 May 1963.
274. C.K. Stead. Interview. 3 Oct. 1991.
275. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole [later Cole Catley]. 3 Aug. 1962.
276. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
277. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991. Keith Sinclair. *Halfway Round the Harbour: An Autobiography*. Auckland: Penguin, 1993: 146.
278. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 11 Sept. 1962. John Reece Cole. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 11 Oct. 1962. Among correspondence from Duggan to Cole, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
279. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 18 Apr. 1994.
280. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Charles Brasch. 28 Jul. 1962, 20 Sept. 1962.
281. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 19 Sept. 1962.
282. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 12 Sept. 1962.
283. C.K. Stead. Interview. 3 Oct. 1991. C.K. Stead. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 22.
284. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 4 Oct. 1962.
285. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 20 Sept. 1962.
286. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Oct. 1962.
287. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Oct. 1962.
288. 'Almost, it's as far as you get.' was cut to 'Almost'. *Collected Stories*: 196. The last two sentences were deleted.
289. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 Oct. 1962. Misdated 12. ix. 62.
290. See Appendix Two in this text for the original passage and an examination of the changes made.
291. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Oct. 1962.

292. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Nov. 1962. The italics are Duggan's own.
293. 'Conversation with Charles Brasch.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 4 (1971): 355.
294. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 4 Oct. 1962.
295. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 4 Oct. 1962.
296. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Nov. 1962.
297. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 Oct. 1962. Misdated 12. ix. 62.
298. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 12 Sept. 1962.
299. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 3 Dec. 1962. The proximity of the completion of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' to the start of what eventually became 'O'Leary's Orchard' may explain the origin of the latter story's title, in Buster's reference to the 'single demesne, O'Leary's orchard'. *Collected Stories*: 199.
300. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 1 Aug. 1974.
301. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 Dec. 1962.
302. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 3 Dec. 1962.
303. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 3 Dec. 1962.
304. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 3 Dec. 1962.
305. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer.' *Collected Stories*: 197.
306. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 7 Nov. 1962.
307. Fleur Adcock. Letter to the writer. 8 Oct. 1994.
308. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 15 Feb. 1963.
309. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 15 Feb. 1963.
310. Jack Lasenby. Conversation. 24 Nov. 1991. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
311. Fleur Adcock. 'Cold Moon Shining.' *Landfall* vol. 1 no. 1 (1963): 26.
- Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 9 May 1963.
312. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 May 1963.
313. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 5 Mar. 1963.
314. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 May 1963. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 5 Feb. 1963.
315. Ronald Holloway. Interview. 1 Mar. 1994.
316. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 9 May 1963.
317. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 19 Apr. 1963.
318. Maurice Duggan. Application papers for Burns Fellowship. University of Otago Archives, Dunedin.
319. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
320. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 9 May 1963.
321. Janet Paul. Interview. 18 Oct. 1994.

Summer in the Gravel Pit

'[A]h, my country! I speak of cultural problems, in riddles and literary puddles, perform this act of divination with my own entrails.' ('Along Rideout Road that Summer'.)¹

Summer in the Gravel Pit was a title Duggan liked and saved until he could find a use for it. As an image of life of a certain temper he admitted it seemed gnomic. However the 'wry irony' of the title's tone, the enclosing of the pleasures of summer within the wider and more unpleasant context of the gravel pit, had great appeal for him.² Had 'Riley's Handbook' appeared in the collection, as Duggan at first hoped, the book's title might have seemed clearer. Instead it appears that Gollancz rejected Riley's obscene rant, and stories from *Immanuel's Land* were included to replace the offending work, somewhat damaging the collection's sense of unity.³ Yet if any one theme can be said to encompass the previously uncollected stories appearing in *Summer in the Gravel Pit* this arises not as the result of a conscious plan but of a continuing authorial concern. The same was true of *Immanuel's Land*. This concern might be characterised as 'varieties of sourness', an attitude to life exhibited by the stories in motifs of brief pleasure and comprehensive entrapment, and thus neatly encapsulated in the collection's title.⁴

In its operation Duggan compared the title to Auden's famous stanza:

The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crack in the tea-cup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.⁵

Images like these, Duggan felt, were to be recognised less as direct and explicable metaphors and more as 'a point of view, an attitude of appraisal'.⁶ In a journal note written towards the end of his life on the soul as entelechy, he seemed to comment further:

Later, he came to see that some matters respond only to indirect description or statement--analogy or symbol. It is the way poems are made and music exists--the process of parallel evocation.⁷

Such a pronouncement may be little more than a reinvention of T.S. Eliot's objective correlative, a concept which itself aimed for no more than the elucidation of what literature had always done. But the decision that a story, *in toto*, should be an intricate artifact providing an appraisal of life, or at least ^{some of} its aspects, was a new feature in Duggan's work.

In *Immanuel's Land* the autobiographical impulse had been paramount, perhaps more so than for most other New Zealand prose writers in the first half of the twentieth century, who saw writing from life as a matter of social commitment.

But like his writing, Duggan's life had always been shaped less by social forces than by personal difficulties. In 1960, in a speech given to the Otago University Literary Society (see page 359), he defined both his old and new literary aims.

Where, before, my whole concern was to put all of myself *into* my work, directly, now my whole concern is to keep myself *out*--something that can only be done by questioning one's experience through another's situation [...] To imagine oneself in another's situation is to question one's own experience for an objective purpose.⁸

The difference is not great since Duggan's experience remained at the heart of the creative act, but the result was to be something broader, a statement on life demanding not judgment but understanding. 'The Deposition' and 'The Departure' can be seen as in some ways pivotal in this change, extending the autobiographical material of the *Immanuel's Land* stories into the sour themes of pleasure, entrapment and despair. Subsequent ventures into attempting to depict not just a personal world but the nature of things, an artifact exploring the general through New Zealand particulars, put even more emphasis on Duggan's poetic interests in language and style. Events became self-referential material rather than containers of immediate personal or social significance. Thus 'The Wits of Willie Graves' can be read as an image of corruption though it does not carry a moral message. 'Blues for Miss Laverty' is an image of social isolation but does not imply a programme of solution. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' is an image of bravura offered not as a way of dealing with loss but simply of covering it up.

The opening of 'The Wits of Willie Graves', the first story in the collection, is highly poetic. Its first four paragraphs reveal Duggan returning for the first time since 'Chapter' and 'Voyage' to one of his greatest strengths, evocation of landscape. Although the presentation of a landscape as an opening device has long been a convention, the beginning of 'The Wits of Willie Graves' must be one of the most complex in New Zealand fiction. The description is remarkable because Duggan yokes the rural terrain so surely to the tenor of Willie Graves's mind, which is penetrated much as Willie himself penetrates the increasingly ominous interior. The New Zealand landscape becomes, as in Symbolist poetry, a place that corresponds to human moods and ideas, observing in turn any who traverse it *avec des regards familiers*.⁹ Willie is a debt collector, with an appropriate surname for an agent of retribution. He is in fact the 'approaching, intangible disaster' which has caused the village he seeks to be abandoned, since he is an outsider who potentially could demand payment of debts, expose improper behaviour and rescue those trapped in unhappy lives. That Willie is not up to the task is what the story reveals in its exploration of his 'wits'--his mental faculties and knowledge.

Willie appears new to his job, since he has 'screwed himself up' into the hectoring frame of mind necessary to recover unpaid debts. These, it is stated in the first paragraph in an unusually frank authorial aside, 'were early days for Willie'. At the beginning of the story Willie still believes that he can surprise the people he is approaching, and that he can make progress across the landscape. But for him this is a new territory. He has had to be told to close the many farm gates behind him. By the second paragraph Willie is aware that he is in fact entering a maze in which, like the fenced-in sheep or cattle, he will be 'immured'. By the middle of the paragraph he feels that the terrain approximates his own overwrought mental state, because: 'What lay at the heart of the maze would be what he brought there--a wrangling, an impure rage, a wealth of promises'. His mind is to some extent creating the environment he enters, as if he were the author of his own story. Willie is quickly overcome with a sense of futility, at his work, at his sense of progress, and at the idea of 'progress' in general in backblocks New Zealand, but despite temptations to return he presses on. Thus by the end of the second paragraph, the story scarcely begun, Willie feels he is moving only through 'a very nowhere of a place', and has entered 'the actual physical terrain of his most maniacal depressions'.

Willie's destination, the village of the fourth paragraph, appears as an image of futility, devoid of people, and dilapidated so that one of the locks on the houses has to be tied to the wall with string. Unlike Goldsmith's Auburn in 'The Deserted Village', which is the centre of 'the bloomy flush of life' until a successful act of enclosure by an outsider, Duggan's village has been guiltily abandoned and has no worthwhile past nor future.¹⁰ The road before Willie crosses a carefully constructed bridge, and stops. Likewise by the close of the paragraph the ostensible plot of the story has to some extent ended, since the debt collector has arrived and been defeated. But Willie, who was in a hurry at the beginning of the story and irritated at the slowness of his advancement, now merely sits in his car for an hour: 'bemused, depressed'. The dry, ravaged landscape around him is a 'burning underworld', both a Hades and a land of the unconscious. It has a literal appearance reminiscent of an Eric Lee-Johnson Northland painting, and the metaphorical ramifications of something like T.S. Eliot's 'dead land' of 'The Hollow Men'.¹¹

With its preamble over, the story properly begins in the gradual appearance of the Fisher family, father and four daughters. Despite his earlier resolution to dominate others, Willie's first response to the Fishers is subservient. He asks if he is trespassing. This placatory tone remains his approach to them for the rest of the story, and leads him to offer Fisher some of the bottle-full of whisky he has with him. Jack Fisher is unpleasant. He immediately vents his racist views on the Maori that Willie has arrived to dun, and although Willie tries to counter with a more tolerant attitude to humanity he merely parrots the views of Mrs Rogers, the owner

of the store which sent him. His are ideas held without conviction. As Fisher observes, Willie is indeed 'green timber', unlike the 'dry sharp scrub' through which the Fishers make their entrance.

Although it is Willie who initiates the drinking of whisky, Fisher is clearly more interested in alcohol than in social contact, and getting his hands on the rest of the bottle remains his fixed aim throughout the story. To do so he invites Willie up to the house to stay for tea, and from this something new is revealed about Willie Graves's mentality, his emotionally isolative nature. This is a view he holds with definite conviction. To be 'rootless' is 'almost a necessary condition'. The empty landscape thus becomes further emblematic of Willie's loneliness. Progress through it is futile because Willie has no origins, and leads only to the 'cheap mystery, cheap sentiment' of his depressions. He has no real human contact, only brief encounters with others based on a Jack Fisher-like, acknowledged selfishness. In a moment of brief self-awareness, caused by observing aspects of the landscape such as the mothering duck and the deserted houses, Willie understands that such a policy has led him to the 'nowhere' of Fisher's farm, at the heart of the maze. But his self-knowledge quickly becomes complacency and does not alter his behaviour, because he imagines that he can leave at any time. His conclusion is: 'And he felt no envy for anything he saw; and he was pleased enough with himself'. Willie in fact is eventually corrupted precisely by his belief that he can attach himself to Beth Fisher, 'then cutting the knot and running off'. His horrible complicity will stem from the ascendancy of loneliness and selfishness in his character.

As in 'Chapter', 'The Wits of Willie Graves' is begun with a thicket of description to be penetrated, the protagonist's mental processes buried among the presentation of a new environment. Perhaps it is no accident that both stories were conceived of as the beginnings of novels, and Duggan himself saw connections between the two (see pages 252-253). In both the protagonists push further into a landscape while mistakenly believing in the efficacy of escape.¹² As in 'Chapter', Willie's mind seems to be creating the environment he moves through as much as reacting to it.¹³ But unlike 'Chapter', at the centre of Willie's landscape is the actively malevolent Jack Fisher. As a self-obsessed and destructive *alter ego* at the heart of Willie's depressions, Fisher is almost an early version of Riley. With part of his own selfhood, his daughter, Fisher will tempt Willie to stay on, and Willie, whose name implies the query 'will he?', will leave us in no doubt that the question has been answered.

Through Willie's first thoughts of Beth as he takes a swim, 'a filly in the role of a staid wide-gaited mare', Duggan hints at both Willie's sexual interest and Beth's entanglement in incest. All four girls have stunted names, as if they have been damaged by their necessary adaptation to their world. Duggan skillfully contrives

an atmosphere of suppressed sexuality around the swim. Willie is in his underwear. He calls: 'Come on in' flirtatiously to the girls, partly because he has just been observing Beth. Beth does not join her sisters since her bathing suit does not properly cover her developing chest. Afterwards Willie looks in the windows of the deserted houses and the touch of their weatherboards reminds him of Beth by unconscious association: 'they were as smooth as the groomed flank of a horse. He stroked them'.

Up at the house Willie's first conversation with Beth revolves around whether she is too young to have a drink. Beth immediately responds: 'I'm old enough', but Willie at first decides that she is not, saying 'I don't make the rules'. From the doorway he then observes the shining 'flanks' of the houses once more, again sublimating his desire into his view of the landscape, and allows himself to be persuaded. For the second time in the story Willie's use of alcohol has created ties that will allow him to be trapped in Fisher's world. He looks away as Beth drinks and gasps. He is of course corrupting a minor, but this is also an attempt by Willie to see the girl beside him as an adult. However he is shocked at the precocity of Beth's sexual knowledge when she next questions the paternity of Mrs Rogers's baby. When Beth repeats that she is 'old enough' to know about sex, and then asks whether Mr Rogers is sufficiently old, her suggestion of his impotence is too sophisticated even for Willie. He responds: 'Why do you ask?' and Beth does not reply, because she knows already that people do not always sleep with the right partners.

The conversation between Willie and Beth is full of strange nuances. Beth complains about life on the farm, but does so in the tones of a housewife: 'I hate milking and trailing after the kids--oh, they're all right I suppose--and cooking'. Having already asked Willie questions about sex, she asks him about love. Willie is nonplussed and says: 'I've never thought about it', because such considerations are outside his experience. In fact her line of questioning implies a desire to know whether a loving relationship is possible without a sexual element, but neither Beth nor Willie seem to comprehend what has been asked. Instead Beth drinks some more, and reveals her desperation to get off the farm and go to town, to which Willie's response is an unhelpful: 'And then?'. Clearly if Beth were to escape she would need someone's permanent support, and it is implied that she hopes that person might be Willie. Even though Willie feels later that the question of his taking her away with him has not been asked, his next actions indicate a confusion over just such a matter. He wipes his hands and looks at a girl. He sits down, closes his eyes, and admits his desire, transferring Beth's unsuitability to himself as something 'inappropriate to his years and his temperament'. This latter thought is

also partly true as he prefers to avoid the responsibility of attachment. He tells himself to run, until Jack Fisher appears.

Aware that Willie has been watching his daughter, Fisher leans down and smacks Beth hard upon her buttocks, the very part of the body that Willie has been thinking of in terms of a horse's flanks. When Beth objects, Fisher demonstrates an almost unnatural affinity with Willie's mind by declaring: 'She'd eat the hand that offered her a lump of sugar'. Fisher's gesture is a display of sexual ownership and there is a heavy irony in his words, meant for Beth's comprehension and for the reader's, in: 'Needs a man's hand, don't you Beth?'. With his marriage somehow over, Fisher is an isolated person who has failed at human relationships, and this has led him to unnatural vices. Willie's response is one of confused complicity. As Beth calls in the children to tea Willie imagines her 'to have gathered years about her', once more seeing Beth in an adult fashion which would validate his desire. He also realises from Beth's look, as she waits for an answer to her mute question of running away with him, that he has enough power over her to get what he wants. Despite pouring out some glasses of whisky he feels guilty and 'uneasy at the thought of the hours before he could leave'.

The meal begins in a strained atmosphere. Willie is standing by the sink, and the young children and Fisher are already at the table. Fisher's speech to Willie while reaching for the bottle is a collection of ironies, of which it is impossible to tell how much he is truly conscious: 'let's get at her [...] See you do him proud, Beth. Any man who's a pal of Johnny Walker is a pal of mine. Eh, Will? [...] Here's looking at you'. Again such statements can be regarded as uncanny coincidences, or as showing an *alter ego's* familiarity with the state of Willie's mind. Willie drinks, and despite having watered his glass earlier the alcohol begins to lower his inhibitions. He hears, unconscious of its symbolism, a bull bugling in a paddock, but is almost frightened by it and tells Fisher that he must not be late 'getting away'. Fisher fixes his eyes on Willie and replies that he and Beth appreciate company, that Willie should drink more and stay the night. In effect, he is implying that Willie can spend the night with Beth if he leaves the bottle available. Knowing his control over Beth will allow him to have her tonight and ditch her later, Willie sits down. He relaxes and drinks again, saying: 'There's nothing to hurry back for after all'. There is a final irony in his holding the glass of whisky and announcing: 'Here's how'.

Willie's mind has been thoroughly corrupted. At the close of the story he and Fisher are sitting opposite each other and both are doing the same thing, watching Beth. They have become the same type of person. Both see Beth as an object to be used for their convenience. As the story ends she does not even know, as Ian Wedde has observed, 'whether this mephitic and homely atmosphere signals doom or

escape', although it is fully clear that she will remain a victim.¹⁴ As for Willie, in a remarkable paradox, his belief that he can get away with cutting and running over people like Beth will leave him in a nowhere world like Jack Fisher's farm forever. Willie has, in a sense, dug his own grave. As with 'Chapter', of which this story is in many ways a more horrific version, 'The Wits of Willie Graves' is so completely resolved at all levels by its close that it is difficult to see how Duggan might have expanded the work into a novel. The first Lenihan novel, of which 'Chapter' and 'Salvation Sunday' were the main components, seems to have been conceived by Duggan in terms of short stories which could somehow be interlocked later. However when each was finished none had any but the most superficial link with the others.¹⁵ This is scarcely surprising, given the extraordinary compression of incident, theme and language towards which Duggan always strove. He once characterised this process as 'a folding, an intensification', and the poetic density of 'The Wits of Willie Graves' is a successful example.¹⁶

The Lenihan stories grew from examining and re-emphasising the same problems of the same family from different angles, and seem to have developed each from the one before it. Likewise, although thematically close to 'Chapter', the opening of 'The Wits of Willie Graves' can be compared with part four of 'The Fabulous McFanes', a children's story which Duggan was writing at the same time. After giving up their circus life the McFane family comes to live on a backblocks farm, arriving by truck on a road which runs out at the gate to a paddock. They drive through the gate into an area mysterious to the children, who do not yet know why they have been brought there. When Jennie asks where they have come to Laddie replies: 'Nowhere [...] Don't you recognise it? Nowhere.' At that moment the truck rounds a bend near a river and the children see six wooden houses which are unpainted, the weatherboards shining from the polishing of the wind. These, the children learn later, are mill houses, where 'once [the owners] worked the timber out from the hills back there they packed up and left'.¹⁷ But the approach to the farm is joyous, with the pleasure of retiring there never in doubt, and waiting for the children is not a malevolent *alter ego* but the cheerful Aunt Wendy and her son Nicky. This is more than a simple desire by Duggan not to waste material. It is part of a continual experimentation with form in order to see whether the same material presented in a different light can better yield up the truth that it contains.

The second story in the collection, 'Blues for Miss Laverty', is further evidence of Duggan's remarkable tendency to write out of earlier work. Duggan professed to worry over the loss of 'imaginative capital', a fear that when autobiographical material and insights have been used once they are gone forever and so should not be wasted.¹⁸ But his own writing frequently returned to characters, themes and events that he had written of before. Thus despite the obviously Romantic

conception of the origins of artistic creation and the nature of the artist embodied in such professed theory--which were ubiquitous in New Zealand literature at the time--Duggan's revisionist practice is somewhat like that of a Neoclassical painter who repeats over and over the same theme. Kenneth Clark's explanation of the Classicist's impulse is revealing in relation to Duggan.

A subject comes to the classic artist from inside, and when he discovers confirmation of it in the outside world he feels that it has been there all the time. He must give to his subjects an air of unchangeable inevitability, and this becomes a problem of formal completeness. That is why the classic artists [...] return to the same motives again and again, hoping each time to mould the subject closer to the idea.¹⁹

Duggan's undoubtedly Romantic approach to writing was in fact tempered by his strongly Classical view of the role of art in his life. He wrote out of a passionate inner nature which he saw as a part of himself to be presented publicly, but only when fixed properly into the ideal forms of literature. In a letter of advice to a young author written in the last year of his life Duggan made this clear:

I guess it's always the energy of the passion that thrusts up the reading on the valve--and there's passion enough even in wrong feelings--but how you release the valve, is for me, inseparable, from how well one has mastered the necessary craft.²⁰

In the next paragraph of ^{the} same letter Duggan encapsulated this in the maxim: 'Language is humanity: humanity is language'. The one is a framework without which the other cannot justly exist. Duggan's writing became ornate because as such it could be the cry of a complex mind, but it could never be wild, unformed, nor less than coherent. Such is the self-consciousness, the determination to control utterly what and how the public will see, of the natural stylist.

'Blues for Miss Laverty' is a reworking of an early story by Duggan, 'Saint Louis Blues', about which little is known beyond its description in a 1944 letter by Greville Texidor. The early story presented a young man in a state of despair, who sits in his room listening to gramophone records that he plays over and over again. Gradually he narrows his selection of records down to blues, and then a recording of St Louis Blues. He plays the song for twenty four hours, after which he suddenly takes action by smashing the record and walking out of the room. Possibly thereafter the story ends with the young man committing some sort of violence on himself.²¹ It is an account of a crisis pushed to breaking point, and the story may very well have contained something of the wild incoherence Duggan later eschewed (see page 99).

When Duggan wrote his second version sixteen years later he removed the despairing and out-of-control young man from the central focus, making him the 'nameless tenant' of Room Three, and added the character of Mary May Laverty. She is a rational, sympathetic figure to whom the man and his record can become a foil, objectifying her inner state. His blues are 'for' Miss Laverty, as the title implies. Throughout the story May Laverty is pushed to the point of despair which Room Three represents.²² After the work was published Duggan noted that 'general reaction considers the story lightweight, untypical, evanescent. But fortunately one does not set one's compass to suit *opinion*.'²³ In fact as an exploration of loneliness and despair it is typical of one of Duggan's darker works, but it is written in a style more accessible than most of his stories. The device of the tenant at the blues removes the need for the complex poetic description of landscape in stories like 'The Wits of Willie Graves' to reveal characters' mentalities or advance themes.

The first word of the story, 'Miss', defines May Laverty's lonely status, and the transferred epithets 'bitter and solitary' applied to her pink gin, define her mental state. In the presentation of the drink Duggan is not at all subtle, relegating its genuine description to a following parenthesis which serves only to highlight the human adjectives which have come before. It is a literary device used openly and quickly to establish mood. The rest of the sentence trails off into the description of a distant view, emphasising the dark of May Laverty's room and the lights so far away below that they seem to be strewn across her floor. Duggan many years later revealed that he had seen the story's location as a combination of London's High Holborn and Wellington's Karaka Bay Heights.²⁴ May Laverty later claims to live where she does for the view, but each time the lights of the city are described in the story their only effect is to show how cut off she is from the city's life. She has a nervous habit of playing with 'a dull wisp of hair' which will not stay in place. Her Sisyphean efforts with it are an unconscious gesture of her futile hopes for a better life with human warmth, but also an image at an appropriate scale. It seems that for aging spinsters even impending tragedy must be something subdued.

Thus it is also appropriate that at her piano May Laverty should play 'minor chords' while waiting for someone to appear. As a music teacher she is an artistic person who finds her sensibilities alienate her from a society which does not much value the arts. At the same time music is the outpouring of strong emotions in the form of sound, and reflects a rich emotional life that May Laverty is unwilling to share with others. Instead she lives at the top of a high building away from the city, with a card that reads 'Please ring'--in contradiction to an intimidating system of entry which involves throwing a bunch of keys down four storeys from a window. Paul Mooney arrives tardily for his music lesson and repeats his mother's excuse that 'it's the electricity and the dinner was late'. A power failure is an unimaginative

reason to give to someone who has the electric lights of the city spread out below her. Last week the boy was also late, and before that he did not come at all. May Laverty is dressed up, waiting to go out to dinner after the class on the fee the Mooneys will pay her. The Mooney family, whose name so resembles 'money', have wealth from Mr Mooney's job as a public accountant. For them the arts are a polite accomplishment, a little something for their son to practise as an improving hobby. They fail to pay May Laverty not out of spite but from sheer thoughtlessness. But for May Laverty music is her only source of livelihood.

May Laverty's response to Paul Mooney's transparently false excuse is to feel: 'Tired to the middle of the marrow of her bones; the yellow bones of the blue Miss Laverty'. Already from the second paragraph of the story blues music has been wafting up uncontrollably from the downstairs tenant's room and articulating May Laverty's condition. 'God send that nothing snaps, that's all', is the thought that it inspires in her. Music means nothing to Paul Mooney. He confuses the Londonderry Air with London and when told to play something else cannot think of anything. He cannot play the St Louis Blues either, though May Laverty says she will, since: 'I keep hearing [it] in my head'. She asks Paul not for his violin but for the colloquial and Irish 'fiddle', and tells him to turn out the main lights. St Louis Blues is a song of lament and emotional loss. For May Laverty the passion in music is something to be let out only in the dark. Snatches of the song's lyrics appear in the story as commentary on her state of mind, and the most repeated is: '*I hate to see that evenin' sun...*'. The approach of the dark each evening, associated by May Laverty with passion, merely accentuates her bitter solitariness.

To Paul Mooney's thinking music is a hobby, and so he is embarrassed when May Laverty's playing, in approximate harmony with the music downstairs, becomes art. He listens to 'notes as thick as grief' and feels such behaviour is strange. When the light comes on and he finds that May Laverty has been crying, her emotions released in the medium of art, he can only look at the ruin of her makeup and fail to recognise her outburst as grief. Instead he wants to leave. May Laverty angrily says: 'I'll have to start all over again', referring to her makeup but also unconsciously to her lost composure. In fact she does not repair her makeup, as she has no one to fix it for. She lets Paul Mooney go and shouts down the stairwell at the man in Room Three. She asks him to: 'Shut it off'. But the music is no more shut off than her own unhappiness can be, and the tenant's rejoinder: 'Go mind your own business' is in fact a reminder that her 'business' is in sympathy with the wailing of the song. May Laverty's building has a timing mechanism which controls the stairwell light and which is 'set mean'. It seems an apt image for the parsimony of her environment, a world which, as in 'The Wits of Willie Graves', appears to mirror her mentality as much as it also affects her actions. May Laverty's life, like the

timer, has been set mean. As she leaves the building she hates to be caught in the dark at the bottom of the stairs, and her spiteful response is to leave the timer on again so that 'the light burned wastefully'.²⁵ She is leaving the building not to seek fresh opportunity for human contact but to waste it.

In the next section in the Mooney household, the family attempts to understand the intrusion of May Laverty's card and the note she has written on it. Mr Mooney wonders where Haversham College is, failing to recognise, whereas the reader will, a reference by Duggan to Dickens's Miss Havisham, one of the most solitary and bitter spinsters in all fiction. On the back of the card May Laverty has written: 'No tickee no shirtee', a parody of a Chinese laundryman's language and of the role of the artist as servant to the rich. Mrs Mooney sees this as impudence. Her interrogation of her son has led to her belief that Paul did not receive a proper lesson, when in fact Paul asked to go early. In an attempt at loyalty Paul says that May Laverty seemed angry, since he observed the latter part of her behaviour but not the grief that was its cause. Anger is an emotion that he understands--he speaks up because he is 'distressed by his mother's anger'--but real grief is outside his comfortable experience. Mrs Mooney does not see 'any profit' in Paul going to further classes. She tells Paul to get his 'violin' and has him play the Londonderry Air, so that a 'grief wailed long and uncertainly' through the house--but it is a grief in the song for Danny Boy and not in any way from its player. In contrast to Mrs Mooney's mercenary attitude, Mr Mooney seems sympathetic from the first when he admits that they have been inconsiderate. He also has a feeling for the blues, which implies that he has some experience of loneliness. His oblivion to his wife's 'hard coloured stare' after he keeps the card and justifies Paul's stopping lessons on artistic grounds, because the world 'isn't losing a Paganini', suggests some degree of estrangement from his wife and her views.

Nevertheless it is Mrs Mooney who contacts May Laverty first. They speak on the telephone, in an exchange which displays Mrs Mooney's meanness, and which results in the haughtiness of May Laverty's refusing to take any money at all. Afterwards May Laverty sits 'in the high window', looking almost the Victorian cliché of the maiden waiting for her lover to come, and then goes downstairs to find Mr Mooney's £5 note in the mail. From the timing it is clear that Mr Mooney has acted independently from his wife. The money, which is too generous, the expressed preference for the blues, and the business rather than private notepaper all suggest a hesitant desire for contact somewhere between adultery and simple human warmth. May Laverty's other letter informs her that she has not won even a minor prize in the lottery, but in a sense with Mr Mooney's overture she has. Most significantly the door to Room Three is shut and 'the music silenced'.

The pair meet one evening for an assignation or a blind date--May Laverty is not sure how to describe it. Both are nervous, and while May Laverty is working up her courage and ruining her confidence it is in fact Mr Mooney who makes the approach. From the beginning May Laverty's attempts to be direct and honest about her own feelings reflect her desire for genuine human contact, but what she actually says seems unconsciously designed to be off-putting. Among her first words to Mr Mooney are: 'have you an impulse to turn and run?'. In the bar she opens up the conversation by wanting to know 'where we stand'. Even her suggestion that they return to her apartment rather rushes the evening without allowing them to enjoy each other's company. Back at May Laverty's building the St Louis Blues is playing again, an ominous indicator of her mood. Neither she nor Mr Mooney is happy, comfortable or confident. However they begin to discuss the man in Room Three and the distant view, although the snatch of music in the text suggests escape: '*I'm gonna pack up and make my getaway*'. Despite her stout heart necessary for tackling the stairs May Laverty is a victim of her instinct for withdrawal into self-pity, as the remainder of the conversation makes clear.

With the lights out Mr Mooney, rather than declaring his passion, begins to falter. May Laverty if anything encourages him to withdraw. In her efforts to be frank she second-guesses his hesitancy over their encounter, asking: 'What are you trying to say? You wish you hadn't is that it?'. Like the ship which they observe on the harbour their relationship is sailing into a wall, and May Laverty is discovering the sad truth that loneliness inspires a sympathy in other lonely people which must still be developed into genuine contact. However, moments after managing properly to confess her loneliness and openly revealing that she is 'not asking for anything more than a little human warmth', May Laverty switches on the lights once again. The pair wince in the brightness. When Mr Mooney protests that the dark was pleasant May Laverty explains away her actions:

'Because I've deceived myself too often, in the dark' [...] Her expression was one of remoteness, grimness. 'I'm like some bird perched over the city on a dark cliff. And that's not what I want to be at all.'

Like Paul Mooney, who used the electricity as an excuse, it appears that May Laverty is employing a falsehood. Her isolative nature means that her problem is not a surfeit of experiences in the dark but a lack of them.

May Laverty gives Mr Mooney back his £5, even though he does not want it, and halts any further development of their relationship. When Mr Mooney suggests they might chat she puts him off, telling him that it is because he is too afraid. She then reduces the cause of their rendezvous to curiosity, and perhaps gratitude. When Mr Mooney raises the matter of human warmth once more she shuts him off with:

'Sometimes I wonder if there's anything harder'. Nevertheless if May Laverty is actively afraid to go further Mr Mooney is passively so, and he is more than willing to be persuaded to give up.²⁶ When he rises to leave and takes his hat, he seems to look at her for a moment with relief. But it may be significant that relief is an emotion May Laverty reads into 'the steadiness of his gaze'. Whether this is really Mr Mooney's feeling or not is hidden from the reader. He departs downstairs with the omnipresent music wailing of lost alternatives (*'If it weren't for powder and for store-bought hair'*) and yet again of loneliness (*'I hate to see that evenin' sun...'*). May Laverty stands in the dark for some time and admits sorrowfully to herself that the song is 'like the source and refrain of all her elderly discontents'. She is genuinely alone for the first time since the opening of the story, although her loneliness has been, as Lawrence Jones observes, 'beautifully revealed by a cumulative series of confrontations'.²⁷

When May Laverty goes downstairs to confront the man in Room Three she is surprised at the doorway to find the tenant neither wild nor debauched. His situation in his room--alcohol, cigarettes, blues music, solitude--is almost a mirror image of hers. In one respect May Laverty is confronting herself in the tenant, and thus it would do her no good to complain to him. The record's troublesome repetition reflects the monotony in May Laverty's life of bitter solitude and of destructive self-pity, and thus there is some poignancy in her asking the tenant, 'what were you doing, punishing yourself or something?'. The man offers nothing of his own dilemma, apart from the admission that the music was driving him up the wall, as it has been May Laverty. Thus although the tenant's own problems may be complex it is a simple matter for the reader to project May Laverty's loneliness and isolation onto him.²⁸ He is, effectively, an *alter ego*. May Laverty's response is to return to the nervous habit of playing with her hair which began the story. The tenant merely seems amused.

The final part of the conversation between the tenant and May Laverty is a triumph of Duggan's contrivance. It is at once realistic but also full of resonances created by the rest of the story. Despite knowing nothing of the details of May Laverty's plight and making no attempt to learn more about it, the tenant's responses to her have a curious complicity. The man has repeatedly asked May Laverty what she wants and what she is looking for, a question which now takes on an existential meaning. He gives her the record, which she accepts, and after this exchange of the emblem of sorrow May Laverty suddenly manages to repeat clearly her desire for '[a] little human warmth'. Her words are open and revealing, and her speech that follows displays her bitterness at such warmth denied her by Mr Mooney. However the fact that this is her reply to the tenant's simple question on what she was looking for in his room, which so resembles her own apartment, also implies that May

Laverty is looking for the source of human warmth in herself. She is asking why she has withheld it from a possible relationship. 'There was no reason to run' applies as well to herself as to Mr Mooney. The tenant's response is 'a frown of wonder'.

The tenant's next actions are to shake his head and to say, closing the door, 'What a hope'. These are as ambiguous as May Laverty's outburst. On the one hand the man appears to be agreeing with her on the hopelessness of human contact, and thus paradoxically offering her something of brief but simple understanding. On the other hand he shuts the door on her and ends the conversation, as if suggesting that he cannot find the openness and warmth inside May Laverty necessary to initiate further human relationships, although paradoxically she is now at her most vulnerable and open. Either way the future is bleak, and as May Laverty makes the ascent back to her room in the dark, holding the record, she gives way to the laughter of despair. As the story closes on her unrestrained outpouring of emotion, a grief no longer contained in her art, she and the tenant in Room Three have become the same. In its use of an *alter ego*, a boarding house, and its utter pessimism about the nature of human life, 'Blues for Miss Laverty' is not as far from the story Duggan wrote next, 'Riley's Handbook', as first appears. May Laverty is the creator of her own misfortune. But as in 'The Wits of Willie Graves', Duggan--the authorial arbiter of fate--has contrived a trap from which his protagonist was never likely to be rescued. Mr Mooney is a timorous family man, and Beth Fisher is old enough to be sexually alluring. One might reasonably think that it is Duggan himself who shuts the door on May Laverty at the story's close. In Duggan's gravel pit there is little of the good luck with which May Laverty and Mr Mooney toast each other in May Laverty's apartment before turning out the lights.

'For the Love of Rupert' began as a fragment of 'The Wits of Willie Graves', and some thematic parallel still remains in the corruption by money of Eddie Finnane. Eddie, whose name is somewhat like Willie, has a similar 'cut and run' attitude to human relationships and is similarly weak-minded. However at this point connections with 'The Wits of Willie Graves' end and the story seems more related to Duggan's novel, 'The Burning Miss Bratby', for which it appears something of a dry run. Duggan certainly began 'The Burning Miss Bratby' after writing 'For the Love of Rupert', or at least an early draft which led to the story. Both exhibit a noticeable lack of interest in descriptive narrative or poetic writing, both focus on character and motive revealed in conversational gambit and response, and both develop at a remarkably slow pace. It may also be significant that both works contain at their centres an elderly, invalid woman who is capable of irritable insights, and that although there could only be the most tenuous connection between Tryphena Price and Joan Bratby, both works include a spinster figure and a virile, somewhat shallow male. In both 'For the Love of Rupert' and 'The Burning Miss

Bratby', to some extent, the characters move through permutations of encounters punctuated by scenes of sexual adventurism.

The story declares itself from its opening sentence when Eddie Finnane tells Miss Cave about a customer's credit rating: 'Do make sure the man's a good risk'. This is advice that, regarding Eddie, none of the women in the story will take. 'For the Love of Rupert' begins in the office of a large business, although what that business is, how the office appears and what Eddie Finnane looks like are never revealed. Instead the story focuses immediately on the relationships between characters. Joy Cave (surely one of Duggan's less inspired choices of names, in a work where names act as motifs) is annoyed with Eddie's implied criticism of her work. This is in part, it would appear, because she has some flirtatious interest in Eddie. She releases her anger by in turn criticising 'the old duck', Tryphena Price, who is waiting outside, possibly because she has some inkling of Tryphena's infatuation with Eddie.²⁹ She refers to Tryphena as dowdy. However Eddie has already observed that although Joy Cave's skirt may be 'tympanic over her thighs' she dresses without taste and her smile is in all senses artificial.

Tryphena Price is unlucky enough to be briefly described and is shown as physically unattractive. She is ten years older than Eddie and is by far his most reliable member of staff. Eddie has never needed to supervise her work, which is a shame for Tryphena who would very much have liked more supervision. She habitually gazes on Eddie with longing looks designed to convey a passion for him. These are presented with a 'bold innocence' which is in contrast to the usual deference of her nature. But hers is 'a myopia of tenderness', a short-sighted misjudgment. She appears not to see the real Eddie but something else, a 'secret promise' in him which Eddie himself cannot understand. Having rarely had any kind of conversation with Tryphena, but having suffered her looks for some time, Eddie concludes that: 'she seemed, indeed, in her timidity, to question the whole function of language'. This too forms the basis for a misjudgment, as in the conversation that follows she manoeuvres him into an agreement to come to tea on Sunday.

Eddie's natural response to any advance by Tryphena is deceit, and this is so throughout the story, a short-term solution which always weakens his ability to deal with her. Having claimed that he is booked on Saturday he feels obliged to ask: 'Is there no other possible day?', and promptly finds himself committed to Sunday. He is left horrified, not only because he is disturbed by Tryphena's desire for romantic attachment, but also because, 'He was standing on ground that was at once unknown and unsafe'. This appears a suggestion that Eddie is essentially selfish in human relationships, as is Willie Graves. Furthermore Eddie seems to be trapped rather easily into tea at Tryphena's house. In asking about other days he even offers her the opportunity to pin him down. Tryphena may be bold but she is also innocent--even

her secretive action of leaving a book on the desk is painfully obvious to Eddie. The reason for the ease of his capitulation is clear as soon as she leaves the office and Eddie begins to muse. Tryphena Price is rich.

This fact, withheld from the reader, explains much--the envy in Joy Cave's resentment, and Eddie's willingness to consider 'what advantages would have to be surrendered by anyone wishing to be possessed of [Tryphena's money]'. Despite the attention of two women, Eddie, a businessman, is motivated more by money than anything else, and as her surname implies, Tryphena's wealth is available at a price. By this point in the story Duggan has contrived Eddie's entrapment. Eddie does not appear in a good light, but there is also a suggestion that Tryphena's tenderness is not entirely myopic. It may be that she has divined Eddie's 'secret promise' as the possibility of his corruption by her wealth. Eddie, too, feels he is being consciously tempted by 'coin [...] that was liable to prove Tryphena's possession and not at all Miss Price's'.

This is further complicated by Eddie opening the book Tryphena has left and finding she has marked the beginning of Rupert Brooke's 'Song of the Beasts'. He is shocked by its revelation of sexual desire and chooses to interpret this not as an outpouring of passion but as a proposal of marriage, a transaction involving his commitment and Tryphena's money. Tryphena, on the other hand, is clearly interested less in the respectability of marriage as an institution than in the passion of its romance. Up until now this has existed in her life only in the form of poetry. As the title of the story makes explicit, Tryphena is in love with Rupert Brooke's ecstatic fervour, and to this extent her tenderness certainly is myopic. Eddie is no more a person imbued with poetry or its passion than is the style of his story. When Eddie tells Joy Cave that this 'really isn't a proposal from anyone you know' he is telling the truth. The private Tryphena who has revealed herself is someone unknown to the office world.

In part two Eddie reminds himself as he approaches the house that neither he nor Tryphena have anything in common. Neither really understands the other, except that each believes in Eddie's willingness to be attracted by wealth. Eddie still thinks of Tryphena dispassionately as 'Miss Price', and this is reflected in the story's narrative. His attention appears to be directed more to Tryphena's house and what it offers, 'the values of money, security, solidity and order', than to its owner. Unlike Tryphena he is not interested in the garden except as 'a lot of land'. He submits to, rather than enjoys, having a flower put in his button hole, and when asked if he likes the place his reply: 'Oh I envy you', continues his mercenary train of thought. However Tryphena's interests lie in passion. She asks Eddie whether he has opened the book she left for him, with a tenacity that even he admires. Eddie is unable to describe what he read in Rupert Brooke's poem--language, in fact, fails him as it

never does Tryphena--and he hopes she will want him to ignore it. Thus he is doubly amazed when she announces that she means every word.

Tryphena's approach is unsubtle but Eddie, who is deceitful by nature, attempts a sophisticated dissemblance. Eddie responds that he is 'touched', and even admits to himself that this is insincere. But such deceit leads the pair only further towards impending disaster. In fact Eddie is shocked not by an expression of passion from a woman of Tryphena's age or condition, as Tryphena reasonably surmises, but by 'so harsh a disclosure' of sexual passion itself from any woman. He is once more aware of standing on unknown and unsafe ground as Tryphena takes him by the arm:

What was [Tryphena's gesture], Eddie wondered; the touch of success, or of sympathy with his impossible position? He had no idea of what she would demand of him next, nor of what his next move should be [...] Eddie was troubled with the thought that for all his care he had somehow committed himself, beyond retreat.

From this moment of small triumph the narrative refers to Tryphena as 'Miss Price' no longer, but uses her first name.

For twenty years Tryphena has been caring for her widowed mother, a burden assumed at twenty eight which helped destine her not for marriage but spinsterhood. Mrs Price's age and formidable manner makes meeting her difficult for Eddie. Unlike Tryphena, Mrs Price actually tries to get to know him, albeit in a tactless way. She wants to hear about Eddie's age, his name, and about his job (i.e. why he is not in the army). These are all attempts to place him 'in a true and small proportion' rather than to build him up into a poetic lover. In fact her manner rewards her with considerable insight. She understands that Eddie is the type of person who would rather fix a radio aerial than listen to music, and that Tryphena's attempt to conjure passion into her life is 'too late'. Eddie in fact admires 'the old lady's mad spark' because of her understanding and her directness. But if for Eddie Mrs Price's frankness is refreshing, then for Tryphena it is alarming. Tryphena is manipulative by nature, and is thus not interested in discovering the real Eddie. Her response to Mrs Price's questions is: 'You're too personal'. Her belief that such questions are inappropriate leads her to interpret Eddie's comment on the pain of Mrs Price's keeping her wits as being painful for herself, not for her mother.

The direct exchange between Eddie and Mrs Price highlights the miscommunication in the exchange between Eddie and Tryphena which follows. Mrs Price has exposed 'the poor springs' of her daughter's passion, which stem from a paradox. Tryphena's passion is simulated because it is constructed from books rather than real experience and aims for some poetic rapture, but it is also a passion 'in some curious way she had no need to simulate' because her desires are real and

fuelled by the desperation of aging and loneliness. But whatever its nature, the old woman has made clear that it will be too little, too late. However it is Eddie who keeps things going, with a rare moment of complete honesty. He confesses that even his name is a deceit. His real name is Wilfred. This allows Tryphena to talk of the poet Wilfred Owen, and Eddie in turn to conceal his ignorance of poetry. With a drink for Eddie, and a change of clothes for Tryphena, their relationship is able to continue. Thus Tryphena, with Eddie's knowing connivance, has 'changed the defeat into a victory'. Eddie even alters the way he speaks, though all he does is to admit that he has no passion because 'time has blown it cool'. For a second time Tryphena takes his arm and leads him further into the house.

The new room, appropriately, has 'an air of mild mania about its decoration'. In a brief excursion into descriptive narrative Duggan makes the room emblematic of Tryphena--large, high, dominated by art, and disconcertingly black and white, even down to the white busts which reflect her white blouse. Inside, all Eddie thinks about is 'the wealth the house attested'. Tryphena attends to her music with 'devotion, solemnity, pain', the same attributes she brings to the man she hopes will be her lover. She then plays for an hour with great passion. Eddie does not respond. As with her use of Rupert Brooke, Tryphena is employing art as a substitute for real communication, partly because of her self-delusion and partly in the knowledge that any real communication with Eddie would destroy their relationship. Thus there is a kernel of truth revealed in Eddie's initial observation that Tryphena 'seemed, in her timidity, to question the whole function of language'.

Tryphena arranges something to eat and in the interval Eddie washes his face, observes himself with contempt in the mirror, and drinks straight from the bottle to bolster his resolve. He seems to rouse himself sexually by thinking of Joy Cave, but this too is 'without pleasure'. When the moment of seduction arrives it is Tryphena who makes all the initial advances. Eddie feels so trapped that he expects to hear the key turn in the door's lock. Tryphena tries explicitly to tempt Eddie with her wealth, but in the last moments Eddie seems in danger of not finding this enough. He feels unable to think, and even lies to himself that he has not thought 'very seriously about Tryphena's money'. But Tryphena continues to make advances and, with both pushed to the brink of achieving their ostensible objects, Eddie forces himself to succumb. As he advances towards the white blouse, as if to a beacon, his final thought is a denial of personal responsibility which can only be half true, and his final feeling is despair.

Tryphena believes that by sleeping with Eddie she can attain the poetic fervour of Rupert Brooke, and Eddie hopes that his desire for the house will rouse him to sufficient passion to manage a sexual encounter. A fiasco inevitably follows.³⁰ What in fact occurs is deliberately obscured by Duggan, who records the event only

in retrospect and exclusively through the self-justificatory biases of Eddie's mind. Eddie makes much of Tryphena's ignorance of sex and her shock at its reality. There is no doubt that 'she begged him--who needed no begging, then--to let her go'. Most critics have accepted Eddie's account of a genuine apology and a hurried escape.³¹ But there is also a suggestion hidden in Eddie's thoughts of an unacknowledged sexual failure on his part:

He'd overcome his reluctance, finally, just well enough to think of tumbling, at that exact cost, a mansion and a few acres [...] But to fail, and to fail to such a note of wailing distaste, to the accompaniment of what unpleasant commentary on himself; that was harder to ignore.

Earlier in his account of the fiasco Eddie has admitted a sentence which the reader is encouraged to view as metaphoric, but which can also be a literal statement: 'His undesiring hand had struck her a blow, unsensual and outraging'. There is more than enough rationalisation in Eddie's tone to suggest that he has hidden his share in the failure of the act from himself, and taken advantage of Tryphena's ignorance to make her feel totally to blame. Despite his abhorrence for what has happened Eddie even harbours final regrets, since he has 'wit enough to wonder what would have been the outcome had things gone differently'. Such a sentence would not be out of place in 'The Wits of Willie Graves'. Eddie's last thought as he drinks from a bottle of beer is that Tryphena has made a fool of him. This is certainly true, but by loading his own complicity and failure onto her he has made an even greater fool of Tryphena.

Tryphena's reaction is to resign from the company so as not to face Eddie again. Eddie accepts her resignation, both from business and his private life, with a sense of relief. To Joy Cave, who has learned of the weekend visit, Eddie will only say that he and Tryphena have 'things in common'. With some insight Joy observes that 'Miss Price, being the woman, would come off badly'. Eddie begins a steady process of rationalisation of his own part in the affair, and attempts to forget it. But at the same time he finds himself forced into a reconsideration of his own character, although 'more had happened than he was able to assess'. His confusion is mirrored in his naming of Tryphena by both her first name and as 'Miss Price'. Eddie's confidence, his image of himself and his sexual prowess, has taken a blow, and so to escape he develops a new interest in Joy Cave. To Eddie, Joy is in many ways unsatisfactory. She is gaudy, she has pretensions, she can be cynical, and in accepting Eddie's invitation to go out she quickly moves the event to a place and time of her own choosing. Duggan is contriving an echo of Tryphena's actions in arranging her own encounter with Eddie, a repetition of plot which is more the

device of a novel than a short story. Joy chooses a moonlight cruise, and Eddie worries about the sexual performance such an outing would seem to require:

He could not expect moonlight to promote in him now that mystic fusion of desire and tenderness which life and day had so far denied him. He agreed to accompany her, as he might have agreed to gamble.

For both Eddie and Joy the cruise which ends the story begins as a disappointment. The ship is old, little more than a water-borne sexual arena. The city it looks back on is grotesquely commercial, and Joy finds herself trying hard 'to invest this cruise with all its shabby advertised promise'. Like Tryphena, Joy also appears to have romantic illusions, but hers are shallow and she will settle for what little reality offers. She is soon 'unconscious of any contradiction between this and her office personality; between this booze and petting and the elegance she there aspired to'. Eddie, on the other hand, seems somewhat desperately conscious of a sexual role which he contemplates without enthusiasm. He says that the organisers have provided music, moon and transport, and that: 'The rest is up to us'. He intrudes his hand 'cautiously inside Miss Cave's sharp elbow' in a further, unconscious echo of Tryphena's method of enticement. Eddie and Joy have been drinking heavily. When Eddie leads them both to a sheltered place they become befuddled, so that Eddie seems less a male seducer than 'a girl with a doll'.

It is the spectre of Tryphena Price which is inhibiting them. Remembering the incident with the poetry book, Joy thinks of Tryphena's proposal and feels guilty. Eddie has an even greater reason to feel guilty. He reveals that Tryphena has attempted suicide and is now dying or dead. In an uncomfortable reference to Duggan's own life (see page 209), Tryphena has reacted to her own half-real, half-false sense of guilt by taking an overdose of pills. Nevertheless Eddie has gone ahead with the cruise and has not even tried to ascertain whether Tryphena has died. Instead, in a further act of rationalisation of his involvement with her, he has tried to put as much distance between them as possible. He even attempts to fictionalise their relationship by telling Joy that Tryphena's advances were 'just a joke'. As Joy begins to cry he says that: 'A post-mortem never brings the dead to life'. However Eddie then realises that a post-mortem might lay the dead to rest, and considers telling Joy what happened.

Eddie decides to tell Joy because he realises that she, like him, is at heart a selfish person. He guesses that she 'wept for herself'. Her unimaginativeness, like Eddie's, is a useful form of self-defence. Joy seems to connive with him by putting an encouraging arm around his neck and talking about his name. In the full knowledge that Tryphena's version of events will never be told Eddie gives Joy 'rather more than the truth', disguising his own motives and performance, just as

does 'For the Love of Rupert'.³² Yet this confession, a perversion of church ritual, dispels Tryphena's 'troubling wraith' by providing 'that point of communication which had so painfully been lacking'. The result is not a shared language, since language has been falsified by Eddie, but a feeling in common. Joy provides a horrible form of absolution by saying: 'we can't weep over everyone, can we? I mean they wouldn't expect it'.

Both, in their now mutual desire to forget Tryphena, begin sexually to embrace. The meeting of their arms and lips is described by Duggan with the imagery of death and darkness. Tryphena to all intents and purposes has died. The lights of the town which eventually approach offer Eddie and Joy images of desolation, promise of tomorrow, and a suggestion of awakened sexual performance. The story ends with a description of Eddie both needing and no longer needing Joy. The sexual encounter over, her sleeping body appears on the one hand to have been 'as casually abandoned as a doll', but at the same time Eddie is pillowing her 'dark, vacant head'. Both of them now have something in common, a perverse marriage of true minds in their sense of shared guilt.³³

If 'For the Love of Rupert' is not as successful as Duggan's other stories in *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, and it has certainly never inspired the interest of the other stories, the fault may lie in the techniques more common to the novel which Duggan employed. The plot develops at an attenuated pace usually foreign to the short story, and without the absorbing poetic description which was always Duggan's strength. Thus the encounter by Tryphena and Eddie with Mrs Price, for example, does much to dismantle the characters' illusions, but the reader is already well aware of the corrupt nature of their relationship. When Duggan allows the pair's illusions to be restored, he merely returns the plot to the *status quo* in an interesting fashion rather than quickly advancing the action, something more likely in a novel than a short story. Tryphena's 'seduction' of Eddie has its power precisely because it has been prepared with the elaborateness and detail of a novel, as Terry Sturm intimates.³⁴ There is no sense of the tightly controlled epiphany about it. Such leisurely pursuits of character create difficulties fitting 'For the Love of Rupert' into a short story framework. As late as 1968 Joan Stevens was claiming as truism that in a short story: 'There is no room for loose ends, digressions, mistakes or uncertainty'.³⁵ However by the time of *Summer in the Gravel Pit* Duggan desired to write something which achieved its resonance less from formal simplicity or some relation to his own life and more from the internal dynamics within the story. The creation of the story-as-artifact which would depict an aspect of human life meant that Duggan began naturally to explore character in all its complex ramifications, rather than to examine an event or collection of epiphanic moments. This expansion was

pushing the publishable results of his writing ever onward towards the complexities of the novella.

'Along Rideout Road that Summer' is now Duggan's most famous and most anthologised work. Literary critics have frequently seen it as both Duggan's and New Zealand literature's decisive break with realism, forgetting perhaps that composition of the story followed 'Riley's Handbook' and so did not seem so radical a departure to Duggan himself. The basis of the story is disarmingly simple. Buster O'Leary tells of his running away while a teenager and finding himself in the morning at the farm of Puti Hohepa, 'a mere dozen miles from the parental home'. Buster's father is a small-town banker of a narrow-minded disposition, while Puti Hohepa is a farmer and a Maori, who takes an unhurried attitude both to life and the husbanding of his land. Buster is 'a bookish lad', but he does labouring work on the farm and begins an idyllic sexual relationship with Fanny, Hohepa's largely uneducated daughter. Eventually Mr O'Leary arrives to demand ^{that} his son return home and after various appeals to propriety he is made to leave in abject defeat. However by the next day Buster has begun to realise that his stay with the Hohepa's can only be temporary. After saying goodbye to Fanny, he eventually departs by hitching a ride with a passing truck which drives off 'through the tail-end of summer'.

With the contrasts of character and lifestyle it contains, 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' is a story at the heart of traditional New Zealand literary themes, but it is Duggan's flamboyant use of language which makes an almost overwhelming impression on first reading the story. Duggan has made skillful use of the double perspective provided by an older Buster recalling the events of his youth, and is able to incorporate successfully a number of different registers within the story at once. In the space of a paragraph, as the Canadian critic Neil Besner has shown, Duggan is able to employ the language of--for example--traditional European romanticisation of the Maori race, of fashion and fashionable phrase imported from abroad, highly literary rhetoric and its parody, and colloquial New Zealand idiom. That Duggan is able to make these cohere in what Buster himself calls a 'verbose review' is a remarkable achievement, due partly to Duggan's success with monologue and partly to the well-worn nature of the plot for readers of New Zealand fiction. Buster appears to be addressing an audience in a self-conscious manner, but as Besner shows the nature of his relation to that audience, and even the audience itself, changes subtly with the story's changes in register.³⁶

When Duggan completed 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' he did not rate it as highly as much of his earlier work. To Brasch he described it as 'a mocking story' and seemed genuinely surprised when Brasch was willing to publish it in *Landfall* (see pages 397). Undoubtedly one of the reasons for his low opinion of it was that

Duggan first conceived of the story as high burlesque. He planned to make fun of the conventionality of pastoral, both the rural idyll of traditional European writing and the attempts to transfer it to New Zealand in novels like *The Backward Sex*, which he read in early 1960 (see page 361). Pastoral had also appeared in his own stories. It has widely been noted, and was acknowledged by Duggan himself, that 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' has an antecedent in 'Six Place Names and a Girl', written in 1948.³⁷ But it is usually forgotten that this story has an even more conventional antecedent of its own in the 1944 work, 'Sunbrow' (see pages 100-101). Once more Duggan was returning to and reworking his own earlier material.

Thus in 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' many of the pastoral or pastoral-like components usually associated with New Zealand fiction, including those of the early colloquial stories of Frank Sargeson, are examined, exaggerated and finally rejected. 'That Summer', the title of one of Sargeson's most famous stories, is incorporated into Duggan's title. Like Sargeson's protagonist Buster recalls a summer past, a relationship taken up and forced to an early end, and being adrift in an insecure world. At first Buster believes he can find escape from his past in the 'superior' environment of Puti Hohepa's farm, but the farm itself is too rundown and ramshackle to be the proper stuff of such pastoral ideals. Burlesque is achieved as the older Buster's language makes fun of the young Buster's actions.³⁸ This, in addition to the questionable appropriateness of European literature like 'Kubla Khan' in a New Zealand setting, is a reason for Buster's initial concentration on the discrepancies between the written and the real. Indeed it is the romanticisation of place by 'old STC' that the older Buster calls into question, because the young Buster tends toward the same romanticisation himself. Like 'that old hophead's' opium dream, Buster's carbon monoxide dream cannot be sustained, and it collapses into a girl, a Maori 'damsel with a dulcimer', singing 'A Slow Boat to China'.

However one reason why 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' seems more than a clever burlesque may be that Duggan's original intentions appear to have expanded as he wrote the story. The reason for this may be mostly biographical. 'Riley's Handbook', as C.K. Stead has surmised, is at bottom a story arising from Duggan's relationship with his mother, hence its bitter and constant raillery at the 'dead Pegeen'.³⁹ 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', which Duggan wrote next, either consciously or unconsciously arises from Duggan's relationship with his father, and in this regard is more complex. As the title explains, Duggan himself had had recourse to 'ride out' on more than one occasion in his early youth, although by running away to Bill Kirker's house he had never gone beyond family contact. Eventually his father had been forced simply to let him go (see pages 49-50). Duggan's relationship with his father was permeated with a mixture of love, anger, emulation, disdain, and above all, guilt. It is guilt over Buster's youthful actions--

both to his father and in trying to make the Hohepa farm an escape from Rose Street West into a rural idyll--which motivates the bravura language of the older Buster in 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. The older Buster attempts to hide his feelings over what in fact happened. The result is the complex story to which readers respond. With the use of double perspective Duggan engages his personal feelings yet triumphantly remains detached from the work. The story proves a vehicle which will let him revel in sophisticated language and satirise convention, while retaining through the description of the young Buster the opportunity to attack puritanism and explore relationships.

Some critical debate has occurred over race-relations in the story and Buster's attitude to the Maori, although interestingly these have hinged largely on interpretations of the story's style. Bill Pearson has argued that the young Buster's is a view limited by self-deception, containing within it much of his fellow countrymen's attitude to Maori as second-class citizens.⁴⁰ Terry Sturm likewise sees the young Buster as inclined to sentimentalise the Maori. He claims Buster has illusions about the sexual freedom of his relationship with Fanny and of Puti Hohepa as a superior father-figure, only to have them punctured by Hohepa's unwanted advice: 'A boy shouldn't hate his father: a boy should respect his father'.⁴¹ C. K. Stead, on the other hand, has argued that 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' contains no such moralising and that Buster's story is one of self-discovery, of recognition of his closeness to and distance from his father, and of the experience of love.⁴² That the story is able to sustain all three interpretations is testament to its fecundity and its enduring relevance, but also to the obscuring tendency of the story's writing.

If controlling utterly what the reader sees is the essence of style, then the older Buster must come close Duggan's conception of a master stylist. Duggan once wrote of him: 'The narrator's persona is the very style and language of the story'.⁴³ The brio of Buster's narrative, impossibly eager to go into elaborative detail, makes the story easily the most wordy in New Zealand literature.⁴⁴ Yet as with parts of *Ulysses*, such as the 'Oxen of the Sun' episode, despite the appearance of a superabundance of language on the page the older Buster's method of telling does not reveal but obscure. In fact the harder he tries to elaborate the more obscure his story becomes, a paradox which suits his purposes exactly. An easy connection can be made between Buster's monologue and Catholic confession, though Buster's brio successfully prevents what he is saying from becoming any form of true admission, just as Riley's bitterness does in 'Riley's Handbook'. The repetition of the word 'gentlemen', C.K. Stead has observed, was explained by Duggan as indicative of a man describing his youthful actions to an imagined jury, and as such is integral to the older Buster's defensiveness.⁴⁵ The young Buster is in fact presented at a

considerable authorial distance which would appear far more obvious were it not for the use of a first-person narrative. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' often seems a much bigger story than it really is, partly because of its themes but mostly because of the large gaps in the narrative which are unstated and unexplored by the older Buster. Nothing is known of the Hohepas' situation except what little Buster reveals incidentally. Nothing is seen of Buster's life at home except what is reported with deliberate exaggeration. Even whether Fanny is pregnant or not at the end of the story is never discovered.

It is not surprising then that a story with such complex doublings of perspective and motive should begin with an image of recall: 'I'd walked the length of Rideout Road the night before'. The young Buster is remembering having stumbled into the Hohepa farm the previous evening. In the same words the older Buster is reliving both this prior experience and its recollection. Even Duggan himself is revisiting a territory he has written of earlier. From the beginning of the story the reader is faced with the challenge of differentiating between what actually happens to Buster and the older, narrating Buster's additions to it. Thus the sight of 'wandering stock' glimpsed in the night is compared by Buster to 'milk white unicorns', but it appears to be the older Buster who embroiders this with 'or, better, a full quartet of apocalyptic horses'. The almost automatic exaggeration in such descriptions reveals both an incipient dreaminess and a penchant for qualification, an extravagance that is both appealingly adolescent and worldly wise. The older Buster describes his youthful emotions with the ambiguous term 'almost happy'. Such equivocation can be read solely as an adult cynicism, yet the young Buster's is also a dubious happiness since it has little basis in reality. Buster has run away from home in darkness, and the opening of the story's first paragraph is a continual deflation by the older Buster of assertions of escape to a far place, progress, and physical ease in the transition from Buster's normal job behind a 'shop-counter' to the 'tractor seat' of ploughing Hohepa's fields.

Buster's imagination has in fact run away more successfully than he, since he has not managed to run very far. The escape from town into country, the older Buster urbanely claims, appeals to his sense of the absurd, but if it is absurd this is because Buster has botched his escape. All he has managed is to walk along Rideout Road, and to be left with the sore feet of a literal tenderfoot. He is not continuing to run but sitting on a tractor, going 'down and back'. Such are the facts Buster does not want to face, although he observes that 'unfortunately there have to be some facts, even fictional ones' before admitting that he has moved a mere dozen miles. He then misrepresents his situation to the reader, and to himself, by gradually allowing his imagination to take it over. Buster begins to exaggerate the awfulness of his parents, describing his father as close to suffocating under the *Financial*

Gazette and his mother as pushing for the castration for sex offenders (one of which, of course, the young Buster would like to be).

On the tractor Buster enjoys himself by quoting Coleridge's exotic 'Kubla Khan', not Wordsworth's more homely 'The Solitary Reaper'. His choice of poem encourages a view of a more satisfying rural setting than the Hohepa farm, but as Buster reaches 'the bit about the damsel with the dulcimer' he looks up and sees Fanny Hohepa sitting on the gate and playing a ukulele. The result is a 'perfect moment of recognition' as the eyes meet of an eager seventeen year-old boy and almost sixteen year-old girl, still under the legal age of consent. But there is also set off in Buster's mind a 'shock of recognition of a certain discrepancy between the real and the written'. This is a shock which has intellectual ramifications the older Buster makes much of, partly to conceal the fact that it concerns Buster acknowledging something of the unsustainability of his poetic self-image as a daring adventurer. Fanny is no Abyssinian maid and doesn't give a damn about poetry or even cultural problems. She approves of Buster because she thinks he is singing, and she too appears to sing. Singing contests are stock material in traditional pastoral, as is the shepherd who meditates his rural Muse. Buster admits to himself with surprise that despite Fanny's unpoetic appearance 'her present position, disposition or posture, involving as it did some provocative tautness of cloth, suited me right down to the ground'. In this sentence, which ends in bathos, and in those which follow, Buster acknowledges that he wants to have contact with the real-live girl as well as live in the exotic world of the poem.

The elaborate meeting of Buster and Fanny in the story is presented by the older Buster as an encounter of male and female, Maori and Pakeha, town and country, but above all of art and reality, and the successful confluence of all these themes has made it a seminal moment in New Zealand fiction. Buster realises that much of what has led him to imagine he is living in a Mount Abora-like world has been 'tranquilizers ingested in maturity'.⁴⁶ For Buster and most Pakeha New Zealanders, despite their Eurocentric education and expectations, someone like Fanny can be the only indigenous Abyssinian maid and a Hohepa-like farm the only Xanadu. Just as his mother suffers from trying to wedge size nine feet into size seven shoes, so Buster's intellectual inheritance has been a cultural difficulty of fitting 'nines into sevens in this lovely smiling land'. Even so the older Buster, remembering the meeting, disguises some small dismay at his own willingness to settle for 'the reputedly wild Hohepa girl' in a tight dress. He recalls sardonically that the 'profound distillations of her local experience' of which Fanny sang was 'A Slow Boat to China', when he has already admitted that on the tractor he could not hear a note. He parodies the revisionist tendencies of his own imagination by claiming that he mentally concocted a silly plaque to commemorate the occasion.

Even the Hell's Angel jacket is an affectation, since it is unlikely that someone from Buster's background would have been able to obtain one. When Fanny seems about to leave, the older Buster mocks the showy rolling of a cigarette to make her stay by boasting that he held the steering wheel in his teeth. In fact Buster has already turned the tractor off.

The conversation between Fanny and Buster is reported in all its stark contrast to Romantic poetry.⁴⁷ Duggan uses the exchange to burlesque the clichéd mutual recognition of lovers in conventional idylls. But the conversation itself is also immediately mocked by the older Buster as reflective 'of the first trystings of all immortal lovers'.⁴⁸ These immortal lovers in turn he deflates as 'mum and dad, mister and missus unotoo and all' as he is forced to regret, but only at the beginning of the next paragraph, that his romantic relationship with Fanny did not endure. The older Buster is glossing over the real nature of his somewhat wistful recollections. He complains: 'Romantic love was surely the invention of a wedded onanist with seven kids. And I don't mean dad'. Any hint of sentiment is kept at a jokey distance as he examines, yet again, a generalised intellectual principle rather than the specific case involving that principle in his own life. At the very moment when the young Buster is beginning to discard some of his illusions the older Buster prefers over-statement or under-statement to the honest but disadvantageous assessment of reality.

The meeting of Buster and Fanny in the river, and the sexual encounter that follows, is the most obscured moment in the entire story as the older Buster recalls it 'in our decent years'. Sex is something everyone is supposed to understand 'or we wouldn't be here', living in the flow of life where the 'universal river and regional stream' meet. The older Buster alludes to the stream of the Hohepa farm, the debouchment of the sacred river in 'Kubla Khan' and to the Nile which spreads over a delta, 'Fanny's dark delta' in fact. He claims that all this is encompassed by himself as 'O'Leary's orchard' when he puts his arms around Fanny in the water and possesses her. The encounter is extraordinarily concealed by the older Buster as he intellectualises it into cultural investigations, so much so that his language becomes opaque. The reason for this circumspection is suggested in the obscure image of the flooding of the Nile, 'Abyssinia come to Egypt in the rain', and later in the image of the herdsman's bowl plucked by someone else from the river. Buster cannot accept the fact that it was Fanny who approached first and who sexually educated him. Their incoherent moaning expresses what happens more coherently than Buster's endless explanation:

Ah, Buster. Ah, Buster. Buster. Ah, darling. Darling! Love.

Fanny ignores Buster's interfering imagination and intellect, and with sex she teaches him to be 'honest, simple and broke to the wide'--the latter part of this phrase

presumably an oblique reference to two expressions of tumescence, 'hard-up' and 'expanded'.

Fanny in fact is too good for Buster both as a person and sexually. Her 'spontaneous and natural' actions on the riverbank undo for him a childhood of enforced puritan restraint, although he still has some difficulties in seeing her eagerness as proper. Nevertheless the result is that despite having received 'top marks in the wickedness of following the heart' Buster falls completely in love with her. Whether the more sexually mature Fanny has engaged her emotions to the same extent the older Buster never allows himself to explore. However he claims earlier that love is a sugar-coated toffee which one would gag on and then tries weakly to defend this view as not 'mere cheap cyn...sm', the ellipsis cleverly heightening the initial syllable as 'sin'. The patina of bitterness in such statements, and the fact that the older Buster is so wary of admitting the advances come from Fanny, suggest his continuing denial that love in their relationship may have been mostly one-sided. With such psychological complexity Duggan has already moved the story far beyond simple burlesque. In conventional pastoral the women are available but faithful, and the men are experienced. In novels like *The Backward Sex* older women may be sexual educators, but their boy pupils remember this with a gratitude that is unqualified.

In the erotic conventions of the idyll sexual acts need no sanction. There are usually no parents to disapprove. Even in 'Six Place Names and a Girl' Duggan reduced Pelly's parents to the unlikely role of spectator-accomplices. But on a New Zealand farm where *Marathon* is no more than a brand of gumboot, Puti Hohepa tells his daughter's boyfriend that she is too good for him.⁴⁹ (The close of the story even reveals the father's unpastoral-like worry that she may be pregnant). Because of his idealised view of his situation, Buster's response is a surprised indignation. Although settling for Fanny over an Abyssinian maid, Buster still likes to see the Hohepa farm and its occupants as comprising a superior, paradisaal environment. Thus Hohepa's statement-in-judgment is no more supposed to happen than the drudgery of milking cows. Buster looks to Fanny for support, but she gives only a selfish giggle. With this coda the first part of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' effectively comes to an end. The story does not have a conventional plot where incidents happen in a concatenated sequence. Instead it is constructed of elaborations around three large tableaux--Buster's encounter with Fanny, Buster's rejection of his father, and Buster's realisation that he must leave the Hohepa farm. This is a favourite device of Duggan's, which in this story seems all the more static because the foreknowledge of the older Buster influences his narration at all times.

In a passage which is a preamble, setting the stage for a 'showdown' in which Mr O'Leary appears, Buster claims that his parents' first reaction to his absence is

silence. This he interprets as 'stony silence', and in a list of his chores now undone he imputes selfish reasons to his parents for loving him and wanting to keep him at home. When letters from his parents arrive he describes them perversely as in 'mum's masculine hand' and 'reeking of blood and tripes' from the kitchen. Once again Buster is beginning the process of exaggeration in order to revise reality with his imagination. The purpose of both the young and older Buster in such acts of imputation and imaginativeness is to control the reader's reactions by undermining with irony the letters' statements of 'an undying, all-sacrificing love'. The letters imply that the O'Learys have believed Buster's was an 'idyllic childhood' but that now, their belief shaken, they are attempting to hold onto this illusion. Thus their position is not so different from that of the son who is also living in an illusion, and on Sunday when the O'Learys drive past the farm they and Buster ignore each other. Fanny remains indifferent, because for her a relationship with Buster is a 'light and tumbling' matter. Buster claims to share her mood while being her 'demon lover', a witty reference to the supernatural exotic of 'Kubla Khan' and to intense sexual energy in the modern vernacular, but also an indication of the strength of his emotional attachment.

The appearance of Mr O'Leary at the Hohepa farm takes the form of a character assassination, an *argumentum ad hominem* carefully staged by the older Buster. In an extraordinarily long paragraph Mr O'Leary addresses his son and the Hohepas on the homestead's verandah, and scarcely ever is what Buster's father actually says revealed. Instead the older Buster addresses the reader, describing how Mr O'Leary is not asked and does not comment upon Fanny's suitability. He entertainingly suggests that his father's respectability is founded on sexual repression, and that the only 'tender rapport' between his parents comes from Mrs O'Leary's attempting to prevent her husband's habit of playing pocket billiards. More seriously the older Buster identifies his father's attitude to 'Maori girls, Maori farms, Maori housing', and criticises Mr O'Leary's assimilationist tendencies as disguised intolerance. Such claims may possibly be true, but how much so it is impossible to tell from Buster's narration, and they are in any case an irrelevance to the reason for Mr O'Leary's presence. The older Buster's argument, as with the elaborate use of the discrepancy between Fanny and an Abyssinian maid in the earlier tableau, is little more than an appealing intellectual smokescreen developed for his own purposes of concealment. All Mr O'Leary is in fact uttering at this point are a few prefatory remarks that there is 'no reason why matters shouldn't be resolved amicably, etc'. The smokescreen's source lies in the fact that the young Buster has interpreted these remarks of compromise as assimilative, of himself as much as the Hohepas, and feels in them an intolerance which the older Buster artfully embroiders. The reportage of his father's words is carefully sandwiched

between the claim that these are 'lying old hohums' and a description of Mr O'Leary in a hangman's cap.

The older Buster's verbosity is clearly an inherited trait. Mr O'Leary moves on to general remarks, addressed to Buster as much as the Hohepas. Yet Buster's reaction is to feel that Puti Hohepa is the only person they are directed to. He also feels surprise that Fanny should regard him as if the situation were his fault. The older Buster admits his father does not talk of 'race, colour creed or uno who', but only after he has claimed Mr O'Leary is a representative of 'decency, caution and the colour bar'. Even his father's evident discretion is denigrated by the older Buster as part of the commercialism of a banker. Mr O'Leary is in fact speaking at length and perhaps with some clumsiness of individual rights and freedoms in New Zealand, and of their moral and legal limits as applied to all. Among these 'grave ponderings on the state of the nation' it is impossible to know how much he touches upon the place of Maori in the community, or the degree to which his remarks become insensitive. Paradoxically, in his determination to direct the reader's attitude to his father's words Buster removes any evidence with which the reader might form a more objective condemnation. What is clear is that the older Buster's attack on Mr O'Leary's vagueness and discretion stems from a feeling by the young Buster of his father's insincerity. Mr O'Leary's nastier comments, like most people's, are confined to the privacy of his home. Whether the suppression of these in public life amounts to nobility or hypocrisy is a moot point, but the young Buster is in no doubt. Thus the older Buster interprets his father's words on the social role of Maori in the worst possible light, as 'what shall be done for our dark brothers and sisters, outside the jail?'.

A combination of liberalism and *ad hominem* arguments has been used by the older Buster to curry favour with the reader, but perhaps also to conceal some embarrassment by the young Buster on being found by his father amongst Maori, since he is well aware of Mr O'Leary's private opinions. Buster is uncertain of his own attitude toward Maori people. His descriptions of the Hohepas tend to veer between the illusory and the bigoted, reflecting both the Pakeha romanticisation of the Maori and the racial denigration common in New Zealand history. Fanny is at once 'a picture of rustic grace' and a 'collapsible sheila', Puti Hohepa a 'dignified dark prince' and a 'chocolate old bastard'.⁵⁰ When the story finally focuses on the point of Mr O'Leary's speech, the shrewd suggestion that Buster may have been ensnared 'with flesh and farm', the older Buster intervenes with a paragraph describing 'the view', which is the farm and its characters in the form of a picture. Yet this description contains an inadvertent admission. Despite previously claiming 'I wasn't listening', the older Buster jokingly depicts himself as standing literally at

attention. He comments that his is 'Not a bad heart, surely?', suggesting some feelings of guilt and responsibility for his father's presence among the Hohepas.

During Mr O'Leary's speech Puti Hohepa has abstracted himself, moving to sit away on the edge of the veranda and consider the view. Hohepa's motives may be little more than delicacy. However the older Buster insists that this represents 'an inattention' deriving from the verbosity of the speech, although he is forced to admit in a circumlocution of his own that he does not know what Hohepa's reaction to the speech has been: 'so little did his expression reveal of his inward reflection'. Fanny is bored, and Buster merely allows himself to be bewildered and distracted. Mr O'Leary now speaks unmistakably to Buster of 'your-mother's-love', the older Buster's hyphenation turning this into cliché while the young Buster is forced to look away. The older Buster covers this gesture of embarrassment by claiming that this would allow him to hear the breaking of his father's heart, when it may be his own heart that is somewhat moved. However Buster rolls himself a cigarette and Fanny, moving to sit beside Puti Hohepa, shares a further cigarette with her father. Mr O'Leary does not smoke.

When Hohepa and Fanny enter into smoking Buster is overjoyed at what he interprets as a gesture of support, even though the pair are no longer sitting near him. The older Buster is quick to couch this joy, however, as some enviable miracle of parent-child relations: 'father and dark child in silent communion and I too, in some manner not to be explained because inexplicable, sharing their hearts [...] Love thy silver coatings and castings. And thy neighbours!' For Buster, this situation is more a matter of hate thy father-neighbour and use thy Hohepa-neighbour. He goes and sits beside Fanny and feels 'warmed and consoled'. Now thinking himself protected from the 'mad armies' in Mr O'Leary's voice, Buster kisses Fanny in front of him. Puti Hohepa does nothing, and Buster imagines his father's anger. The reality is that an almost sixteen year-old girl is acting as protectress for Buster in the defeat of his father, and so the older Buster then obscures the importance of the relationship with Fanny at that moment. He makes the sudden admission that in retrospect there was between them 'no more than a summer's dalliance'. It appears an impressively honest and cool-headed evaluation of their relationship at the story's halfway mark, but once more this is done for the purposes of disguise.

In the clichés of conventional fiction the function of an ogre-ish parent is to keep star-crossed lovers apart, but Mr O'Leary is given no chance of even momentary success. In the middle sections of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' Duggan seems more interested in examining a father-son relationship than in the possibilities of burlesque. This examination allows Duggan both to satirise the real and imagined Pakeha middle-class attitudes of his own father and to explore any feelings of residual guilt at abandoning his father's values in the pursuit of literature.

It is scarcely surprising, then, that the mocking older Buster is manipulative of the reader's responses but that the roguish vitality of his language means he never loses the reader's sympathy. Moreover it is an ultimate willingness to be honest almost in spite of himself, particularly in the passage which follows, that is his most endearing trait. In general through the second half of the story Buster appears in a better light, since he becomes more honest with himself and thus with the reader as well. Partly for this reason the tableau of Buster's all-important rejection of his father is presented to the reader twice. The repeated version is shorter, with emotions displayed more forcefully, and throughout the evasive brio in the older Buster's language largely fades. In one sense Mr O'Leary does manage to keep the lovers apart, since on his first arrival he interrupts them *in flagrante delicto*. In reaction Fanny remains calm. Buster is agitated, sulky, and imagines his father's thoughts as: 'Ah, filthy beasts!'. Once more the older Buster makes an admission in the service of concealment, hiding the young Buster's sense of guilt in the confession: 'I felt sorry for him, for a second [...] his dream of reconciliation in ruins'.

This disturbance of son by father withheld from the first version of their encounter is, Buster admits, 'The key to daddy's impassioned outburst'. Mr O'Leary calls Puti Hohepa out onto the verandah where an attempt to tell him what he has seen is cut off by 'a single slow movement' of Hohepa's hand. Mr O'Leary's long, unreported and rattled oration then begins, contracted in this repeated version to: 'Thus the tableau'. Towards its close when he suggests that Buster is ensnared by 'flesh and farm' Mr O'Leary is critical of Fanny's morals, although to what extent is once more unreported. In the earlier version the older Buster has been at pains to emphasise Fanny's unconcern. Nevertheless he now takes the opportunity to revise events by emphasising the threatening nature of Mr O'Leary's comments, so that this time he appears protective of Fanny against his father. The older Buster insists: 'She was too tender to endure for long the muscular lash of his tongue and the rake of his eyes'. He claims that this is why Fanny goes to sit beside Puti Hohepa 'as heretofore described'. In fact this does not tally with the earlier version, where Fanny remains bored. In that version she does not move until after Mr O'Leary has gone on to speaking of mother-love and Buster throws her the tobacco. However the result is the same, that when Buster joins Fanny and her father (any mention of kissing is omitted), all of Mr O'Leary's audience are now sitting together with their backs to him. He leaves angrily, crossing a ploughed tongue of land toward his car.

Typically of human nature, now that Mr O'Leary has been defeated in what Freud would have designated an Oedipal conflict, Buster feels sympathy for his father over what has been done. These contradictory emotions are succinctly described as 'grief and love, an impossible pairing of devotion and despair'. In the

passage that follows the older Buster even admits to a feeling of guilt underlying the poignancy of sorrow:

I wished, gentlemen, with a fervour foreign to my young life, that it had been in company other than that of Puti Hohepa and his brat that we had made our necessary parting. I wished we had been alone.

With the threat of the father gone, the older Buster's narrative has become more direct. It is the voice of the young Buster which seems to appear in concluding:

Suddenly all I wanted and at whatever price was to be able, sometime, somewhere, to make it up to my primitive, violent, ignorant and crazy old man. And I knew I never would.

There is nothing of burlesque or exaggeration in these statements. In fact, having genuinely escaped his home, the illusions Buster has held about his position on the Hohepa farm begin to wither. For the first time he acknowledges an irritation with Hohepa's silence and Fanny's giggling unconcern. In a revival of spirit he then decides it would be nice to go back inside with Fanny to continue sexual relations once more. For Buster this would be 'taking up the classic story just where we'd been so rudely forced to discontinue it', both sexually and in terms of reasserting his paradisaical vision of the Hohepa farm. But Fanny frustrates him, in all senses of the word, by running away giggling across a paddock.

The third part of the story begins with a preamble in the cow shed. Buster has been ploughing a paddock, and his thought that Puti Hohepa will have to harrow the late lettuce 'on his own' suggests that departure from the farm is already being considered. In the cow shed he finds Fanny and Hohepa talking, but because they are speaking in Maori he feels an outsider from the 'picture of rustic grace' they present. Maori, the indigenous language of these rustic people, is as much a mystery to Buster as Hohepa's methods of husbandry. The language is one more blow to Buster's illusions, as in Xanadu everybody speaks a convenient English. Buster has likewise openly come to acknowledge milking the cows as a bore. The brand name of the diesel, 'Onan out of Edinburgh', is an echo of the 'wedded onanist with seven kids' whom the older Buster has claimed invented the illusion of romantic love. When Buster tries to look at his 'mountain princess of the golden chords' he feels something is changing, and he even goes so far as actually to hope that the change is in himself. The loss of his illusions and innocence, and their replacement by the experience and cynicism of the older Buster, is under way.⁵¹

Over dinner Puti Hohepa for the second time in the story makes a sudden statement which surprises Buster and leaves him indignant. Hohepa says: 'you should make peace with your father'. Once more Buster immediately seeks Fanny's support by trying to touch her foot under the table. The young Buster tries to justify himself to Hohepa by asking 'should fathers hate their sons', but over this the older

Buster attempts to justify himself to the reader. He attacks Hohepa as a parent for his 'reputedly wild daughter' and the fact that none of his four sons live at home. Buster is bitterly disappointed to discover that he did not escape 'proscription and prescription' when he 'stumbled along Rideout Road following, maybe, the river Alph'. With his vision of Xanadu gone he now realises that what has been 'a long summer' is over. He is left 'too tired even for hate', because he is exhausted and because his hatred of his vanquished parents has been largely dispelled.

When Hohepa adds: 'You must make up your own mind' even Buster can momentarily admit the 'gentle sagacity' of his words, just as the older Buster's narration is in some respects an attempt to comply and make peace with the memory of adolescent relations with his father. Nevertheless indignation soon reasserts itself, as Buster claims that his parents' reaction to any previous independence of mind on his part was that 'mum had hysterics and dad popped his gut'. Buster is in fact deeply confused, and the older Buster obscures this remembered perplexity by presenting it as a series of questions asking what exactly he should make up his mind about: 'My black daddy? Fanny? Myself? Life? A country career and agricultural hell? Death? Money? Fornication?' Despite the implication that this list constitutes a plethora of irrelevancies, all the questions are significant. Buster compares himself to a dog let off its chain and then shot for enjoying itself, but the metaphor is only partly apt. Buster was not freed but ran away. However, although no one is threatening to shoot him for not returning to Rose Street West, it is clear that for Buster one type of life has been brought to an end. With his illusions of Rideout Road as a superior place destroyed, and with no desire to return home, it becomes logical for Buster to consider escape once more. But this time he will take a less innocent view of what such a departure involves. He has begun to learn what the older Buster already knows, that 'life was going to be simply a matter of out of one jail and into another'. This understanding is perhaps the real source of bitterness in the older Buster's tone throughout this further long paragraph.

It is to Fanny that Buster once more turns, in the hope that she may have some answer or comment on 'the state of disunion'. But by now Fanny is asleep on the kitchen couch and showing only 'her large unconcern' for everything around her, from Buster's problems to the unwashed dishes. Understanding from her lack of interest that she is no '[h]elpmeet', Buster is forced for the first time to consider the 'strength and weakness' of their relationship. The result is one more form of disillusionment as over a second cup of tea, alone, he assesses his emotions. He acknowledges the strength of his feelings for Fanny, but the weakness of hers for him. This is confirmed when he kisses her, only to watch her momentarily stir and then roll over. By acknowledging at last the true state of his relationship with

Fanny, Buster does not so much make up his mind as come to an understanding of what must be done. He goes outside to join Puti Hohepa on the verandah.

Ever since Hohepa's statement that Buster should make peace with his father and that 'a boy should respect his father', Buster has in his anger compared Puti Hohepa with Mr O'Leary. Now out on the verandah the older Buster displaces Mr O'Leary as his father by openly referring to 'daddy Hohepa'. This has been prepared for a few sentences previously, where Mr O'Leary is imagined as becoming Buster's mother by his washing the dishes in an apron and rubber gloves. Hohepa is conceived of as a surrogate father partly so that Buster can talk freely with him, and partly because Buster is about to leave his second home where Hohepa is patriarch. However this second escape is an easier parting as both surrogate father and son freely talk. Hohepa offers further work if Buster wants it, and respects Buster's decision to travel south. The only sticking point is when Hohepa asks whether Fanny is pregnant. Buster later reflects: 'Maybe I should have said why don't you ask her', but in conversation he manages a more direct and honest: 'I don't know'. Thoughts of pregnancy engender indignation in Buster once more. A Xanadu-like world, and similarly a rural idyll, is supposed to contain only acts without consequences. The older Buster feels a further guilt--a minor strain to set off against the major guilt he feels over his father--because in fact he did not wait to find out whether Fanny was pregnant or not. This unresolved issue makes it clear that the young Buster is still escaping--not simply leaving--Rideout Road, and with perhaps some illusions still intact. Buster merely hopes Fanny is not pregnant, and the older Buster compares hope to masturbation, a bad habit that makes one blind to matters like consequence or responsibility.

Thus when describing Buster and Fanny's final parting later that night, the older Buster once more uses bravura language to obscure the event. While the couple walk along the riverbank he chooses a deliberately unromantic style to hide the extent of his own feelings, as if playing self-consciously on the writing in a bad novel. This allows Duggan once more to burlesque this type of scene as it might appear in conventional fiction.

Then, by one of those fortuitous accidents not infrequent in our national prosings, our hands met, held, fell away. Darkness. My feet stumbling by the river and my heart going like a tango.

While the older Buster plays linguistic games with the expression 'happy conjunction' the young Buster gently holds Fanny's head, restraining himself from expressing the 'dilemma my mind then pretended to resolve'. The older Buster disguises the pathos of their conversation by relating only what is not said, and suggesting that no more than six words were in fact uttered. Perhaps these were: you are too good for me. However no clues are given for this guesswork. The

reader is almost totally excluded from the exchange, and from the final love-making which follows Fanny's '[u]nsubsidized' and hence unexpected touch.⁵² When the pair return to the house once more the parting which the reader is permitted to see more clearly is a second version. This echoes the method Duggan used to depict the parting of Buster and Mr O'Leary, which also concealed much. Nevertheless in the second version all that is revealed between Buster and Fanny is a brief exchange, similar to the 'crumpy conversation' with which the couple first met. The gap between the two partings serves the dual purpose of allowing the older Buster to disguise his remembered unhappiness at losing both the real and illusory Fanny, and also of allowing Duggan to avoid the outburst of passion which would have damaged his burlesque of conventional sentimentality. Instead passion is compressed into the last moment when Fanny says goodnight, but where in his emotional turmoil Buster can manage only a more tentative: 'Be seein' yuh'.⁵³

Coleridge is now useless and Buster's copy is left with the tractor beside other useless things, a spanner which 'wouldn't fit any nut', a greaseless grease gun and a 'radioactive' letter from Mrs O'Leary. Buster has promised to wait for milking but escapes earlier, once more walking along the river in the dark. Consciousness of this repetition, and of loss and uncertainty, leave Buster feeling 'sick, abandoned, full of self-pity'. But as the light comes up he feels better. His reaction to the new day is relief, a sensation so strong that he begins to run. He has properly escaped at last instead of tying himself down at a convenient distance from home, and he has left behind what began as a saving illusion but which slowly became a burden. Buster accepts his freedom by asserting, 'Where was there to go, anyway? It just didn't matter; that was the point'. A truck gives him a ride and Buster looks back not at Mount Abora but at Rideout Mountain. The 'Maori red' spurs happy memories of the Hohepa farm, but he is happy to be moving on. Even the gloominess of the truck's driver cannot get him down. 'STC' may be gone but Buster's imaginativeness is still present as he conceives of the truck as a hearse, driving 'through the tail-end of summer'. Buster's innocence, like the season, is dead, and for better and worse he goes off into the world to become the adult who tells the story.

Burlesque does not usually contain so successfully such powerful feelings as those which underpin 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. But if the story aims for the quality of burlesque then Duggan has succeeded in the same way that *Don Quixote* is a mocking story of medieval romance epic. The author's affection for his targets remains evident. The young Buster appears so full of life, and the telling itself is so lively, that the story manages to encompass both the model and its exaggeration. Like Cervantes's novel, 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' has persisted long after many of its antecedents have faded away, until it has replaced

the very works it set itself against. Like Don Quixote, Buster O'Leary has the attractive qualities of a dreamer who sometimes succeeds in imposing his vision on those he meets, including the reader. Duggan found himself attracted to Buster but was somewhat surprised that others were, and was similarly surprised when the story's element of burlesque was so quickly ignored. To Brasch he wrote after the work's publication:

People, readers, seem so often to stand too close--(The brandy! Cover with rugs! Do not try to move the victim!) But of things past I can be amazingly indifferent--as who can't?⁵⁴

While there are biographical reasons why Duggan may have written a better story than he hoped for in 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', there are similar reasons why he may have failed in 'The Deposition'. 'The Deposition' was a work written earlier than those on the preceding pages of *Summer in the Gravel Pit*. It is a reconsideration of the Lenihan stories of *Immanuel's Land*, material loosely based on Duggan's childhood, and represents the extreme development of a tendency Davin had observed of New Zealand short stories in his introduction to the 'World Classics' anthology.

[I]n our time writers, like psychologists, have tended to look to childhood for the sources of their troubles, believing that the rose sickens in the bud.⁵⁵

The theme of deposition, with its suggestion of the crucified Christ's removal from the cross or the displacement of someone from high office by another, indicates the story's content. However a further meaning of the title, that of authoritative testimony to be used as a substitute for the production of a witness in open court, is valid to the story's intention of investigating the source of unhappiness in the Lenihan family and of placing blame. The first sentence contains a momentary admission of guilt by Mr Lenihan 'at having for wife so difficult a woman', a guilt immediately discounted by him but central to the story. By the end of the first paragraph it is clear that his wife has locked herself alone into a darkened room, and that he cannot help seeing this as 'a selfish and wilful indulgence'. In an ironic foreshadowing of the implied reasons for his relationship with Grace Malloy, he thinks of his wife: 'What would the world come to [...] if everyone gave in, threw in their hand just like that?'

Lawrence Jones has observed that 'The Deposition' is written in a 'convoluted' Jamesian style, and this style reappears in other works.⁵⁶ Such an approach no doubt results from Duggan first conceiving of the story as part of his novel 'Along the Poisoned River' (see page 247). But the style is also necessary in a work concerned with the detailed analysis and presentation of characters' motives and beliefs. 'The Deposition' fulfils T.S. Eliot's assessment of James's writing as 'a

determination not to simplify, and in that simplification lose any of the intricacies and by-paths of mental movement'.⁵⁷ The first three paragraphs of the story focus on Mr Lenihan's self-justificatory thoughts as he summarises the family's troubles for a new housekeeper, Mrs Byrne. The existence of Mrs Byrne is not revealed until the third paragraph, so that during the opening Mr Lenihan's implied appeal for understanding seems directed at the reader. The complex language and the pursuit of nuance is a further example of an exhaustiveness Duggan would bring to fruition in 'Riley's Handbook', of taking a subject and examining it in all its minute ramifications until it is used up. However in 'The Deposition' the aim of such exhaustiveness for Mr Lenihan is to appear reasonable while evading guilt over his wife's difficulties, and to present her problem as one in which outside interest would be of no help. As in 'Chapter', an intricate opening has been devised by Duggan in order to reveal what is in fact being concealed.

Next Mr Lenihan appears to change the subject, and he asks Mrs Byrne where she is from in 'the old country'--he avoids the anglicism 'home'. Mrs Byrne's response that she is from Northern Ireland, and the exchange that follows has been noted by critics as an example of Duggan's second generation Irish consciousness.⁵⁸ In fact it is a very rare example in Duggan's oeuvre of an overt reference to how the Irish as a cultural enclave live in New Zealand. Even on this occasion Duggan's purpose is to advance his story. When Mr Lenihan says with eminent good sense: 'I'm the wrong one to want to revive dead squabbles', he is also further revealing a capacity for ignoring the inconvenient, since the partition squabbles in Ireland were anything but dead. This is similarly the case when he reveals that his wife sees no one but the priest and Doctor O'Connor, who is: 'An Irishman, like ourselves'. Mr Lenihan displays not only the sort of immigrant behaviour which best trusts its own kind but also a desire to keep his troubles within the limits of an extended family. This is one reason for his willingness to hire a Protestant Irishwoman over a Protestant New Zealander.

Mr Lenihan's response to his wife's withdrawal has been to engage a housekeeper. Later it will be to remarry. However the exact nature of Mrs Lenihan's problem is left unexplained to Mrs Byrne, and to the reader. Mr Lenihan merely repeats on three occasions that his wife is going through a 'difficult time' and leaves the new housekeeper to make up her own mind. Mrs Byrne's conclusion is that it is 'The change'. That this, a reasonable construction by Mrs Byrne, seems so inaccurate to the still largely uninformed reader is an indication of just how evasive Mr Lenihan is prepared to be. Despite the detailed attention to motive in the story's opening Mr Lenihan's direct speech has been mostly unreported, and thus concealed. Once again Duggan has matched style to content. Mrs Lenihan's problem is clearly more serious than menopausal depression, which a doctor or priest might reasonably

be expected to ameliorate. Mr Lenihan's silence in the face of Mrs Byrne's mistake, allowing the housekeeper to believe that she has guessed the delicate matter correctly, is a confirming illustration of his avoidance of the family problem. Instead Mr Lenihan unconsciously turns the wedding ring on his finger, as if it were a burden or something he would like to exchange.

The subject changes to the children. Mr Lenihan holds back his amused surprise when Mrs Byrne suggests that the dilemma is hardest on them. The selfishness of Mr Lenihan's concerns is thus displayed. It is implied that he is hiring a housekeeper not so much to preserve the welfare of his daughter and son as to keep up appearances and be taken care of himself. When he confesses that his appetite is hearty he makes no mention of his children's. This contrasts with Mrs Byrne's good-heartedness in her desire not to 'start off wrong-footed' with the children, a kindness which will in turn be contrasted with Grace Malloy's treatment of them later. As she settles in to begin work, Mrs Byrne mentions the poverty of the 'backward place' she is from in Ireland, another rare commentary by Duggan on Irish immigration. However Mr Lenihan, who is the manager of a large department store, measures Mrs Byrne's poverty by the state of her hat. He retreats after explaining his own favourite dish and Mrs Lenihan's diet. In a moment of intuitive rebelliousness Mrs Byrne puts on her hat and goes into the garden in search of the children.

Grace Malloy is introduced in almost entirely negative terms as a subject of gossip. She works in the cosmetics section of Mr Lenihan's department store, although she has 'neither the skin nor the manner for the job'. Her appointment to the section, and likewise her promotion because of her personal relationship with the manager, are instances of poor judgment on Mr Lenihan's part, the sort of poor judgment that has led him to become involved with her in the first place. Grace Malloy is portrayed as determined, vivacious and unsophisticated, epithets that might have applied equally well to Duggan's own step-mother. In the right combination such qualities could be immensely attractive, but Duggan is careful to qualify these characteristics so that they do not appear attractive at all. Grace's unsophistication is not a charming naturalness but 'poorly bred pretension'. Her robust vivaciousness is really directed toward a kind of confrontationism and domination of others. Her bold determination is in fact a selfish adventurism, aiming to 'go further, dare more' and to weigh the consequences in 'its importance to herself'. Duggan summarises this with the horrible image of 'the big bold warhorse blinkered for the fray, indifferent to the drum and the flash; the big bold warhorse, blind'.

However, having introduced Grace Malloy to the reader, Duggan goes on to dwell upon her self-centred nature for three more paragraphs. Even her selfishness is corrupted by pragmatism. Grace is not interested in love or romance, nor large

ambition, but simply wants the best deal out of life she can get. Her view of herself is confidently narcissistic, so much so that people cannot believe her social gaffes. Thus her personality is a form of 'improbable disguise' which Duggan lets the reader see behind. Grace Malloy's motives for her later actions, like Mr Lenihan's, are subjected to exhaustive scrutiny, since the pair are the main adult characters in the story. However Duggan is far harsher in his treatment of Grace than he is of Mr Lenihan at the story's start. Mr Lenihan's motives are revealed indirectly through his rationalisations. In Grace Malloy's case Duggan comments directly and very critically to the reader.

When Grace Malloy comes to Sunday tea Mrs Byrne has been established in the house for over two years, but she is almost immediately threatened by Grace's presence. Although one probably reads 'The Deposition' as the story of Mrs Lenihan's replacement by Grace Malloy, it is through repetition that Duggan makes the process of deposition work. After her withdrawal into her room Mrs Lenihan has been supported in the household by Mrs Byrne, and the story that follows is in many ways Grace's deposition first of the housekeeper and then of the wife. In fact it is precisely Mrs Byrne's knowledge of the contents of the locked room which guarantees 'in its negative gloomy way her firm position' ahead of Grace Malloy. The device of the housekeeper thus allows Duggan to emphasise Grace's intrusiveness. In the kitchen after the Sunday tea is over Grace stands literally in the place occupied by Mrs Byrne on 'that first and bustling day'.

As Grace frankly quizzes Mrs Byrne about the nature of the house she begins to learn something of the 'closed door and silent room'. The madwoman locked away in secret is a type borrowed partly from *Jane Eyre*, and without some extra knowledge of Duggan's background it seems rather stagy in its presentation (see pages 24-25). Mrs Lenihan's withdrawal is a *donnée*. It is never explained, examined or placed in a psychological context, despite its melodramatic oddity. One can only speculate that Duggan was too close to his material for further explication. Even Mrs Byrne's account of the problem to Grace is characterised as 'not direct'. It is only reported to the reader, and in a language containing some of the most Jamesian distortions of the entire story. In fact Mrs Byrne does not detail the problem but hints only at its extent. The story holds the reader's attention because of the simple suspense generated by Duggan's delay in any description of Mrs Lenihan's condition.

Mrs Byrne outlines the difficulties in the household to Grace by saying: 'there was anger and stubbornness, wilfulness and despair'. This is at once a description of Mrs Lenihan's state and also of Mr Lenihan's response. His frustration has given way to a 'slow mutter' of rage against his wife. Yet these emotions, defined by Mrs Byrne, will have been transferred at the end of the story from the adults to the

children. To the extent that Duggan's own unspoken motive in writing the story is to detail and observe how this transfer occurs, because of its bearing on his own childhood, then difficulties of distance from his material become inevitable and ubiquitous (see pages 247-248). Grace Malloy is alarmingly impatient to receive answers to her queries, and in her treatment of Mrs Byrne she again compares poorly with Mr Lenihan at the story's start. But whereas some of the conversation between Mr Lenihan and his housekeeper was reported to the reader directly, here the exchange between Grace and Mrs Byrne is filtered entirely through Duggan's highly critical narrative. Despite pretending to show rather than tell, at a number of such crucial points in the story Duggan's influence as narrator is far removed from anything approaching the spirit of Flaubertian impersonality. He not only skillfully directs the reader towards a certain judgment of his or her own accord--as in 'Guardian' or 'Now is the Hour'--but also, through his manipulation of style, technique and imagery, seems almost himself to intrude.⁵⁹

Over the next year Grace Malloy visits the house several times, and her lack of further questions makes clear that she has learned of Mrs Lenihan's condition from Mr Lenihan. Meanwhile Mrs Lenihan's 'painful melancholy' becomes worse. When she ceases eating Mrs Byrne expresses fears for her during one of Grace Malloy's visits. Grace and Mr Lenihan are playing a two-handed game of cards in an almost stage-image of conspiracy.⁶⁰ After going to light a match in the darkness to check on his wife, Mr Lenihan returns and asks the others to come with him. His appearance is not worried but apologetic, as he indicates that this has not happened before. The tone in his voice of deprecation suggests a concern mostly with public appearances. The reactions of the two other women are carefully contrasted. Mrs Byrne wonders if Grace Malloy should be included in the invitation to investigate, but at the doorway to the bedroom she hesitates and feels the 'poor hiding thing' has rights of privacy. Grace Malloy senses an opportunity and pushes in ahead of the housekeeper, who is thus described as 'vanquished'. Mrs Lenihan is in fact dead, and Mr Lenihan has known all along. But it is Grace who first makes the announcement, and Duggan cannot avoid the pat image of describing this in terms of 'a card from her sleeve'.

After the scrupulously attenuated revelations of feeling and thought in the story's introductions of Mr Lenihan and Grace Malloy, their reactions to Mrs Lenihan's death seem remarkably simplistic. There is a simple anger from Mr Lenihan at the circumstances, and a short diagnosis: 'She was insane with the idea of dying'. This is followed by a partly self-serving refusal from him to talk of blame. The brevity of these reactions can be to some extent explained by the emotional and mental restraint Mr Lenihan places upon his responses. He checks himself and decides: 'the less said, the better'. Much is being concealed from the reader, but with

over three years for Mr Lenihan to consider the cause of his wife's illness a truly Jamesian author would not have left the diagnosis seeming flat and short, nor Mr Lenihan's reactions curiously unmixed when he might be feeling anger, sadness, hope, surprise, relief and guilt. Once more Duggan as narrator is perhaps too close to his material, earlier quick to present Mr Lenihan's refusal to face facts or Grace Malloy's dubious motives, but less willing at this point to explore the details of Mr Lenihan's reaction to his wife's death or the origins of her illness. The presence of such an authorial blind spot appears confirmed in the somewhat overdrawn ending of the section, with Grace's startled action in thinking of marriage when Mr Lenihan says he will telephone a priest. Duggan did not normally leave such clumsy signposts in his mature fiction.

The Lenihan children, Margaret and Harry, are introduced late in the story as being underfoot amongst the mourning and funeral arrangements. After having been told to go outside, Harry sneaks through the house to the room his mother had occupied. He enters it to find Father Kelliher praying over her open coffin. Harry's motives are defined in a sentence, that: 'curiosity was stronger than grief; grief being to him, then, no more than what he was expected to show'. As with the adults, Duggan seems reluctant to provide more than a minimum analysis of the children's bereavement. Nevertheless the passage which follows is a masterly presentation of Harry's latent resentment at his mother's death. Throughout Harry displays an angry scepticism of the Catholic faith and a studied indifference to grief. Father Kelliher's zeal appears both literally and metaphorically in a poor light. He holds the boy up to see Mrs Lenihan and her 'strange dead face which to Harry gave nothing but a resentful angry look'. Although Duggan has retained in the phrase the sense that Mrs Lenihan really is offering such a look, Harry appears to transfer his own anger to his dead mother's features. The priest drops Harry who knocks the coffin. This allows the boy to determine that the reason for the strength of his distaste is because he hates to be touched by Father Kelliher.

Still underfoot, the children are not allowed to attend the funeral. Nor are Mrs Byrne and Grace Malloy (in any event women seldom attended the graveside ceremony), so that in his concern for public appearances the only character in the story who publicly mourns is Mr Lenihan. The conversation between Mrs Byrne and Grace Malloy while waiting at the house reveals Grace's rising status within the family. She brazenly implies that Mrs Lenihan has committed suicide and will be buried in unhallowed ground, and claims to know this is in fact why the children have been kept from attending the burial. As if in retaliation Mrs Byrne indirectly reveals that the cause of Mrs Lenihan's death is some sort of drug overdose, and she comments mysteriously that the doctor has said: 'he'd never let her have anything like that'. When asked how Mrs Lenihan could have obtained such things, Grace

answers implausibly: 'There's the post'. With this exchange a number of features from the previous episodes come into perspective--the conspiratorial imagery of Mr Lenihan and Grace Malloy at cards, Mr Lenihan's ambiguous report on his wife's condition after sighting her ('She's out to it, anyway'), the lightness of his tone and Mrs Byrne's wish that observing it was something 'she had taken more care over, more note of, at the time', Grace's triumphal statement of Mrs Lenihan's death and its comparison to cheating at cards, and Mr Lenihan's concern to control his reactions and say little immediately after the discovery of the corpse. That Mr Lenihan and Grace Malloy have conspired in Mrs Lenihan's death is strongly implied, and the evidence carefully contrived, but nowhere further is it pursued in the story. It is important to the story's development to retain the suggestion that more than a chance death leads to Grace Malloy's ascendancy, but the possibility of conspiracy also remains a loose end, left over from Duggan's original intention to write a novel.

Mrs Byrne is distracted from further questioning about the death by Grace Malloy's stating how she came to know about Mrs Lenihan's illness, that 'Paddy told me'. Far from pursuing the possibly criminal actions of the recent past, Mrs Byrne attempts to make predictions of the future from her own tea leaves. She foresees 'tidings', possibly of a death, though Grace suggests a marriage. In fact the imminent marriage of Grace and Mr Lenihan will be a kind of death, as Mrs Lenihan becomes completely replaced. Grace has made plans to get the children out of the way by sending them to a seaside hotel. She claims to be friendly with the publican, at that time an oddly slatternly admission from a respectable woman. Mrs Byrne suggests that the children are 'on to everything' concerning the relationship between Grace and Mr Lenihan anyway. She wants to read Grace's tea leaves to tell her fortune, but Grace has been careful not to drink from her cup. Mrs Byrne expresses sympathy again for the dead Mrs Lenihan, and Grace's response seems heartless: 'It's what she wanted. We don't all have that'. But the words echo Mr Lenihan's earlier reaction: 'She had her wish and we don't all get that', and suggests a rationalisation of complicity in the death.⁶¹

Margaret and Harry reveal that they are not 'on to everything' when they discuss Grace Malloy with Mrs Byrne. In an echo of 'A Small Story' they wonder if Grace is the maid, and whether to do something 'for love' means to want nothing in return or to exact a price. The children know how to manage Mrs Byrne, but not Grace. As they engineer a way of staying up on the eve of leaving for the hotel, Mrs Byrne says with heavy irony: 'I give you up for good'.⁶² Duggan begins his description of the children's stay at the hotel with the statement that they are free 'of a borrowed sorrow'. After the death of Mrs Lenihan he frequently presents Margaret and Harry as admitting to no grief other than what propriety requires. The degree to which the children do or do not miss their mother is complicated by the fact that

they have not seen her for several years. However the development of such a complex sensibility is no more pursued in the story than the grief of the adults. Duggan in fact deliberately arranges the episodes that follow the discovery of Mrs Lenihan's death in the form of direct speech and dramatised presentation. Throughout these he scarcely enters his characters' minds. By attempting to show the impact of events on the children's mentalities, rather than to analyse them, Duggan achieves a simplification which he had been at such pains to avoid in the story's opening narrative.

Considerations of their mother do not appear overtly during the children's two months away from home. The tumbledown hotel is somewhere in Northland and evocative of the Hokianga which Duggan used to light out for in the late 1940s (see page 131-132). At first the children's impression of this new environment is that it is 'a world in which they were not at the centre'. Whereas in the past their activities would have earned the 'brogue rebuke' of Mrs Byrne, now the children find themselves receiving 'neither advice nor warning' from a hotel and its staff which are manifestly aloof and indifferent. The manager does not even admit to knowing Grace Malloy. Nevertheless the children are given a foretaste of the world they will inhabit under their step-mother, with Grace at the centre, like the composite staff, and the children at the periphery. The hotel gives the children only 'food and shelter, small services' and meets their return at the end of each day 'without curiosity'.

However, with a change in the children's attitude as they stay on longer, the description of the hotel itself alters. Two balanced sentences act as pivot.

It marked the centre of a discovered world secure from the influence of their caprice: nothing they might do would be of much moment here. It was ordered by forces of which they were not expected to be wise, by something which left them uncommanded but secure; they were free to escape.

Despite its role in getting the children accustomed to life on the periphery, the hotel also offers refuge from the reality of Grace Malloy's ascendancy. The children begin to like the place. Whereas previously the hotel was 'perched impermanently by the shore', it now appears 'indestructible if not by time at least by emotion'. Earlier it accepted everything 'without comment or surprise', whereas now 'it stood for something'. The children's main irritant is the telephone, reminding them of an outside world which seems 'distasteful and unreal'. Having escaped into a place without emotional entanglements or complications--a world Duggan was always seeking on his own journeys north--the children wish without hope that they may never return. The extent of the children's relief, in contradiction to earlier assertions that they do not sorrow deeply, suggests a deep repression of their feelings about the slow destruction of their home-life.

Margaret is more aware of these feelings than the younger Harry, and so she sees the symbolism inherent in the undercutting by the sea of a sand-castle. The fact of the impermanence of homes is sad, though homes themselves are not much of a loss, so that the children's 'cries of disappointment might have been delight at the destruction'. Harry cannot understand his sister's rage at the hopelessness of building new castles, except to guess that her anger has nothing to do with the beach and sea. On the night before leaving the hotel he has an experience which is also repressed and remembered only as a dream, in which Margaret joins him in bed. What follows is frightening for Harry in part because it is mysterious to him. By confining the event to Harry's dream-memory Duggan is non-specific about the physical details of the children's encounter, but the incestuous overtones are unmistakable. They are a perverse reflection of Mr Lenihan's own behaviour with Grace Malloy. Margaret is pleading for love and attention, and offering the same in the 'warm adult bed'. Attempting to resist and feeling shame, Harry looks in the direction of the dressing-table mirror in the dark. But he cannot see himself, pulls the sheet over his head, and surrenders to whatever happens. The next day on the bus Harry puzzles over the nature of his relationship with Margaret and feels that 'she would know his dream'. This would be possible only if she were somehow involved in real events. She looks surprised when Harry takes her hand, and he involuntarily thinks of Father Kelliher. Earlier, over his mother's coffin, Harry had 'hated to be touched by Father Kelliher' and had felt overcome with distaste. His conclusion: 'It didn't matter, very much', is a determined refusal to think further which seems similar to Jimmy Sullivan's refusal to care in *The God Boy*. As in Cross's book, disaster in the lives of adults leads to disastrous consequences in the lives of otherwise innocent children.

To some extent this quasi-incestuous encounter, like the implied conspiracy to murder Mrs Lenihan, is another loose end in the story. The resolution of these two incidents was presumably to have supplied the plot for the rest of 'Along the Poisoned River'. Such a novel would undoubtedly have been lurid. It is certainly possible that having depicted the death of the mother, the arrival of the step-mother and the resultant family unhappiness, which is essentially the scope of the earlier Lenihan stories, that Duggan lost heart for the continuation of the work. What remained was only melodramatic material, a murder mystery and a sex scandal, both far removed from his usual thematic or stylistic interests. These sensational aspects of plot are not pursued in 'The Departure', which is all that remains of Book Two of the projected novel.

When Margaret and Harry return home, the first of many changes they find is that they are unable to enter the house. The children have not been met at the bus station, and they have to ring the doorbell. Grace has not bothered to learn that they

usually enter by the front door, and assumes that like most New Zealand families they would go round to the less formal back door. Margaret and Grace have a brief tussle of wills over who understands Mr Lenihan better, arguing as to whether to call him or approach him in the garden. Margaret observes the scouring out of the house, and when Grace refers to her father as 'Paddy' she wishes she had not returned. This wish is complicated by a guilty conscience, so that Margaret rails at Harry to 'tell tales, now you're back', and runs to Mrs Byrne's room. But just as Grace has managed to depose Mrs Lenihan and marry her husband in the intervening two months, so she has also replaced Mrs Byrne with her sister Sylvia. Grace has occupied the master bedroom, and even though the children reject her presence utterly they feel relief that the gloom of their mother's illness has been lifted. Margaret and Harry are left with little choice but to try and fit in where they can. Mr Lenihan is caught in the centre of the emotional turmoil. His response is to be 'curiously breezy', just as he was at the beginning of the story with Mrs Byrne when trying to shrug off feelings of responsibility. As Margaret runs from the room after announcing her hatred of Grace, Mr Lenihan is left turning his wedding ring. Marriage is still a burden to him, but now with a new set of troubles.

Another fragment of 'Along the Poisoned River', 'The Departure' is also derived loosely from an autobiographical incident, the move by the Duggan family to Paeroa. Mr Lenihan is taking a final stroll through his back garden before the family leaves the next morning. In an anticipation of 'O'Leary's Orchard' burning weeds are smoking in an iron drum. Duggan deftly uses the depiction of setting to suggest details of Mr Lenihan's character and mood. The tidy, ordered garden reveals the perfectionism of his personality as surely as the warring stripes of his clothes reflect his divided thoughts. He does not like to be called Paddy by his neighbour, Billy Price, a non-Irishman whose garden is so sloppy that his weeds poke through the fence. Mr Lenihan stands by the children's swing, and even though it revives memories of play his mood is so low that he sees its shadow as a 'gallows'. He sits beneath the 'fantastic flowers' of the passionfruit vine and gives way to his own feelings. Realising that he cannot be seen, he does not come to the housemaid's call to answer the telephone. Instead he even allows himself to admit 'lusting lightly' over her, and in this way Duggan establishes entry into Mr Lenihan's most private thoughts.

With skill Duggan appears to write somewhat under the influence of seventeenth century garden poetry, as if tracing the ebb and flow of Mr Lenihan's 'green thought in a green shade'.⁶³ Mr Lenihan contemplates his life while observing his situation in the garden around him. Beneath the vines he thinks of his annoyance at his wife, Grace, for allowing the maid to address her by her Christian name, and in a foreshadowing of what follows he imagines that Grace and Billy

Price 'would make a good pair'. He thinks of his first wife and her illness, but the one thing he will not allow himself to dwell on is the possibility that his present marriage is a mistake. Nevertheless Mr Lenihan still finds it necessary to advise himself to make the best of it. This tacit acknowledgement of a poor remarriage is the 'essential secret' withheld when in a moment of self-consciousness he understands that the tidy garden is a mirror of his own personality. Unlike the garden, his wife cannot be controlled. Mr Lenihan's family life resembles the paradox of the rotting trellis with the rioting vine whose leaf he crushes, where one aspect cannot be repaired without destroying the other. The garden and his hard work on it have served as a retreat from familial contact and now, genuinely hiding away instead, Mr Lenihan feels peace, pleasure and ease. However, despite the difficulties of creating the garden and turning its rock into the foundations of a concrete path, Mr Lenihan will not be sorry to leave it, even though he acknowledges that the prospect of moving to run a country store does not please him. Such self-honesty, and the admission that his family life has somehow gone wrong, leaves Mr Lenihan depressed. As he contemplates a concrete path for others to walk on as the only thing he has achieved which will last, he gains instead a moment of satisfaction at the beautiful transience of the passionfruit petals that brush his face.

Grace Lenihan appears, blowsy and poorly made up, tramping down the path. Duggan so relishes the description of her hideousness as to place some strain on the credulity of Billy Price's later attentions. Mr Lenihan overhears her conversation with the neighbour across the fence.⁶⁴ Grace is not looking forward to leaving for the country store. She will take her time travelling there with Margaret, and perhaps in an echo of Mansfield's 'Prelude' Harry will merely travel with the furniture.⁶⁵ Grace appears shallow and indiscreet, unlike her husband, and her attitude to life requires only one sentence for its summary: 'Have your fun while you're fit for it'. She plucks at the 'sappy' weeds of Bill Price's garden which, like the vine, seem to riot. Billy Price gives Grace a large and 'fertile' cabbage over the fence, with the words: 'Knocks Paddy right out of the picture'. As Grace clasps it to her breast the vegetable becomes both emblem and vehicle for her flirtatiousness, just as Mr Lenihan's withered and seeding garden, like his baldness, seems an indication of his fading power and virility. When the incident is over, at the story's halfway point, Mr Lenihan enters the house in an angry frame of mind.

The break in the story hides an argument between Mr Lenihan and Grace in the bedroom about what has been overheard. The remainder of 'The Departure' describes the angry Sunday lunch which follows, with the implication that despite the serving of beer its recriminations are no departure from the family norm. Mr Lenihan carves the Sunday roast as if in 'some melodrama of blood and revenge'.

There is a barely suppressed violence in the way he makes the meat bleed and stabs the potatoes, and in the angry formality of his manner. Duggan's description of the roast's 'rich odour' in the hot room is purposefully unpleasant. The English meal, so inappropriate in the antipodean summer, is realistic of its period. But it also suggests the family's failure to adapt to new circumstances, both of Mr Lenihan's remarriage and of moving to the country. Mr Lenihan's determination to serve out the meal despite the bad atmosphere, as if he were some 'just dispenser of the stuff of life', further displays an adherence to saving ritual. This is ironically compared with a spoiled Mass, since Grace doses the children with senna tea and liquorice immediately after church, which Margaret thinks a careless and at worst a deliberate attempt to blacken and flush out the recently accepted Host. Grace is not perturbed if the fasting children must wait a little longer to eat. The meal thus mirrors the family's discomfort just as the garden did Mr Lenihan's thoughts and Grace's flirtation.

Everyone is caught up in the midst of the marriage-battle. With a forced joviality Mr Lenihan calls for beer in a way that alludes to his knowledge of the exchange with Billy Price. Grace's response is a well practised, because frequently used, look of denial made for the benefit of her sister, Sylvia. A pointless argument ensues over the suitability of Doris the maid. Margaret and Harry are subdued, wary of becoming involved. But like the adults they are drawn into the argument when Mr Lenihan gives them some beer with contrived recklessness. The children form their own secret alliance by touching under the table. They communicate in ironies, such as when Margaret pronounces the beer bitter and Harry replies, meaning more than the drink: 'It always is'. Sylvia speculates for a moment on the 'monstrosity of the desire and the improbability of the agreement that had led to this unsuitable match'. But she is unable to find any reason for the marriage other than the selfishness of both partners, Mr Lenihan needing to find someone to look after his children and Grace needing to find someone with money to support her. Nevertheless Sylvia feels this does not go far as an analysis, and in fact Duggan does little in the story to explain the marriage, merely to condemn it. To this extent the story is still dependent on its antecedent work, 'The Deposition'. The fact that Mr Lenihan threatens Grace with looking after the house and children in the country, since he knows how uninterested she is, and that he admits starting a new business will be risky, confirms that neither have received from the marriage the care or support they first hoped for.

The children want to go for a swim, but they are constrained at first by Grace's meanness, which has been fanned by the family argument. Talk of an hour's wait before swimming, followed by Sylvia's suggestion that they could all 'take an hour off', leads Grace to suggest that a lifetime off would be better, and she and Mr

Lenihan exchange grim looks. Although effective within the story's context, this remark may have been meant to take on an even greater resonance as part of 'Along the Poisoned River', where Grace and Mr Lenihan have been implicated in the former Mrs Lenihan's death. In the same way Margaret and Harry's touching under the table would mean more in relation to the novel's incest. How much Duggan may have adapted 'The Departure' after extracting it from the novel can never be known.

The children are so anxious to leave the room that they have foregone dessert, which children normally enjoy. Even Grace unconsciously acknowledges that meals are trials to be endured when she says: 'The kids got off without their pudding', as if the children were reprieved from a deserved punishment. Her final suggestion that the children are 'devils' causes both Sylvia and Doris to pause and appear to consider who the real culprits are. Mr Lenihan's suggestion that they will soon be miles away calls forth a second reflection from Sylvia, that departure will end

not only the long, unenjoyable and ill-tempered meal, but a term of sentence too, as though, beyond that brown room and beyond that vine which, turning, she now saw flickering with light, lay...

The ellipsis hides the words 'more of the same', which Sylvia cannot bring herself even to think. A change of place will not bring a change in the family's way of life, and the marriage is a trap. The Lenihans are caught in cycles of destructive behaviour, so that Mr Lenihan's concluding remark that he will not be sorry to turn his back on the place merely echoes his earlier comment on the garden: 'I'll be glad to be shut of it'. With divorce an impossibility, marriage is the one thing he cannot turn his back on. It would seem an appropriate image on which to end *Summer in the Gravel Pit*. However the collection goes on to reprint 'Salvation Sunday' and 'Chapter' from *Immanuel's Land*, giving an impression of detailing the life of Harry Lenihan as adolescent and young adult. The book ends with a reprint of 'Voyage', as if it were a story of escape to a far country.

Notes

1. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer.' *Collected Stories*: 199.
2. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. These views and phrases are among a collection of comments on *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, written at around the time of the book's publication, which appear to be responses to questions asked in interview.
3. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 19 Apr. 1963. 'Riley's Handbook and other stories--all but one published. Title at the moment *Summer in the Gravel*

Pit. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers--comments on *Summer in the Gravel Pit*. 'Original selection didn't include anything from *Immanuel's Land*--but did include stories not present here [i.e. "Riley's Handbook"] [...] a selection made by Gollancz. There are things left out I would have wanted to include--if the book was to take the form of *Selected Stories*. There are things taken in that I might myself have left out. But basically I've no quarrel with it'.

4. I am indebted to Professor Robert Chapman for this fine phrase, and for the insight it contains.

5. W.H. Auden. 'As I Walked Out One Evening.' *Collected Shorter Poems 1927-1957*. London: Faber, 1966: 86. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers--comments on *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.

6. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. Comments on *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.

7. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.

8. 'Maurice Duggan on Art and Form in Fiction.' *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.

9. Charles Baudelaire. 'Correspondances.' *Selected Poems*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1975: 42.

10. Oliver Goldsmith. 'The Deserted Village.' *The Poems of Thomas Gray, William Collins, Oliver Goldsmith*. Ed. Roger Lonsdale. London: Longmans, Green and Co.: 1969: 681.

11. T.S. Eliot. 'The Hollow Men.' *Collected Poems: 1909-1962*. London: Faber and Faber: 1974: 90.

12. As Terry Sturm observes, in a statement that could apply equally well to both stories: 'For Duggan the whole issue of "man alone" is complicated by moral ambiguities'. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 57.

13. Dan Davin comes close to a similar view when he observes: 'the place itself is a character', and later that 'Willie's nowhere is within him, his own terrain'. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 156.

14. Ian Wedde. 'From Blue to Gold.' *Islands* 34, vol. 1 no. 2 (1984): 132.

15. Nevertheless an undated note left by Duggan suggests that he was still thinking in the early 1960s of somehow making a collection built around the Lenihan stories:

Proposed sequence for Lenihan group.

1. In Time of Change
2. A Small Story
3. Race Day
4. The Departure
5. The Killer
6. Now is the Hour

7. Chapter--with italic epigraph from *In Time of Change*.

'...you can come back if you want to, when you've grown up.'

'I will,' Harry said.

The Lenihans & Other Stories.

[Note in the possession of Barbara Duggan].

The use of the title 'In Time of Change' for 'The Deposition' suggests that the note was written after 1961 but before the publication of *Summer in the Gravel Pit* (see page 382). The epigraph is in 'The Deposition' [*Collected Stories*: 225]. Duggan has dropped 'Salvation Sunday' from the sequence, perhaps because it did not fit the chronology, or perhaps because of the reservations over the story which he was expressing in 1961 during the selection process for *New Authors Short Story One* (see page 382).

16. 'Maurice Duggan on Art and Form in Fiction.' *Critic* 28 Apr. 1960: 8.

17. *The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories*. Queen Charlotte Sound: Cape Catley, 1974: 37-39, 46.

18. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 336.

19. Kenneth Clark. *The Romantic Rebellion*. London: John Murray, 1973. 293-294.

20. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Stephen Sinclair. 1 Apr. 1974. Next to this passage Keith Sinclair, Stephen's father, has noted 'this is MD'. C.K. Stead quotes from this letter in his introduction to the *Collected Stories* [*Collected Stories*: 20-21]. The phrase 'Language is humanity' is used by him as the title of this same essay on Duggan in Stead's *In the Glass Case: Essays on New Zealand Literature*. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1981: 107-121.

21. Greville Texidor. Letter to Maurice Duggan. Dated only 'Tuesday' but probably *ca.* December 1944.

22. Dan Davin comes close to this idea when he writes of the story as a 'successful exteriorisation' of the author's self: 'There is despair at the heart of it, as there is in all [Duggan's] writing, but the despair is objectified in a character quite outside himself for whom he could feel and imply a compassion which would have been less permissible in the handling of a character closer to his own'. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982. 157. But one might observe that it is the tenant who despairs throughout most of the story, and that the plot works precisely to delay May Laverty's despair until the story's close.

23. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Mar. 1961. This is a view shared by C.K. Stead, who has observed: 'Duggan's Miss Laverty is an advance on Mansfield's Miss Brill; but there is about both of them an air of contrivance [...] he can turn his hand to what he called 'conventional fiction' with professionalism and

polish; but there is something a little flat in the writing and a lack of total authenticity in the human material'. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*. 10-11. Patrick Evans sees 'a different tone in Duggan's story, lighter and more whimsical [...] Miss Laverty is scarcely labouring to express a momentous (if obscure) personal vision [...] and the threatening world around her amounts to nothing worse than a record on an over-used record player'. Patrick Evans. 'Maurice Duggan and the Provincial Dilemma.' *Landfall* vol. 36 no. 2 (1982): 227.

24. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Jun. 1966. Robert Mooney and May Laverty meet in Cannon Street. No such street exists in Wellington, although Stewart Dawson's, a corner jeweller's shop, was a popular meeting place in the late 1950s. London's Cannon Street is just off Holborn, and its hotel is a suggested place of assignation in Eliot's 'The Waste Land'.

25. The device of a light on a timer is so reminiscent of Beckett's theatre that one is tempted to see its origins there, as Duggan was reading Beckett's plays at the beginning of 1960. It would be interesting to speculate to what extent Duggan learned from Beckett to use a story as an emblem of life or its aspects. Duggan was reading Beckett's works with enthusiasm from the late fifties on, though the presentation of environment as a revelation of his characters' inner lives does appear in Duggan's preoccupation with landscape right from his earliest stories.

26. Critics are often unhappy with Mr Mooney for not acting more boldly. Terry Sturm describes him as 'imprisoned in a constricting morality which leads him to romanticize his meeting with [May Laverty] and misinterpret her intentions'. [Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 62.] Ian Wedde alludes to 'Robert Mooney cramped into bourgeois (catholic) emotional impotence'. [Ian Wedde. 'From Blue to Gold.' *Islands* 34, vol. 1 no. 2 (1984): 133].

27. Lawrence Jones. *Barbed Wire & Mirrors: Essays on New Zealand Prose*. Dunedin: University of Otago Press, 1987: 105.

28. Ian Wedde, for example, writes of 'the lodger with his disenchanting self-pity'. Ian Wedde. 'From Blue to Gold.' *Islands* 34, vol. 1 no. 2 (1984): 133.

29. Duggan may have borrowed what Eddie terms the 'unbelievable' name Tryphena from Paul's letter to the Romans 16: 12. Tryphena is one of two sisters who are praised as diligent in the work of the Lord. However its origin probably derived from the name of a harbour on Great Barrier Island. At the close of 'For the Love of Rupert' Eddie and Joy take a cruise on a harbour ferry out of Waitemata Harbour and south past Rangitoto Island. At the close of the story the ferry 'stood off a farther island and the moon lay down a clear shining channel'. This presumably is Motuihe Island, with the ship facing out to sea along Motuihe Channel. In the distance to the northwest lies Great Barrier Island and Tryphena. The ship is 'vainly, cunningly' enticed toward a dark reef, and then past midnight 'the bow of the ferry turned in a

slow, full arc, swinging away'. The geography of the journey thus mirrors much of the story's earlier action. *Collected Stories*: 195.

30. It is tempting to speculate whether Duggan had in mind a comment on the unconvincing motivation offered by E.M. Forster for the marriage of Henry Wilcox and Margaret Schlegel in *Howards End*, which seems to involve chiefly the preservation of the house.

31. Davin, for example, accepts that: 'It is made clear that the sudden revelation of the difference between literature and reality, between 'romance' and the uncompromising sexual facts, has been too much for Tryphena and her fantasies have been destroyed'. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982. 158.

32. In a tenuous but interesting connection, Eddie's fictionalisation is a mirror of Duggan's writing of 'Along the Poisoned River', the work which preceded 'The Wits of Willie Graves' and 'For the Love of Rupert'. In 'Along the Poisoned River' Duggan's fictionalisation of his own past became a way of replacing rather than somehow recreating reality. (See pages 247-248).

33. Davin observes that the conclusion of Brooke's 'Song of Beasts' is:

Beyond lust and fear,
To the level waters of moonlight,
To the level waters, quiet and clear,
To the black unresting plains of the calling sea.

Davin concludes: 'Eddie and Joy are the beneficiaries of "The Love of Rupert" and Miss Tryphena's thwarted dream has provided both the catalyst and the occasion'. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 159. One might quibble over the word 'beneficiaries', but not with the rest of the argument.

34. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 62.

35. Joan Stevens. *New Zealand Short Stories: A Survey with Notes for Discussion*. Wellington: Price Milburn, 1968: 1.

36. Neil Besner. 'Coming of Age in New Zealand: Buster O'Leary Among STC, Rhett Butler, Hell's Angels, and Others.' *Ariel* vol. 18 no. 1 (1987): 63-73. W.H. New also comments on Buster's audience and on the suppressed eroticism of his language. W.H. New. *Dreams of Speech and Violence: The Art of the Short Story in Canada and New Zealand*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1987: 229-235.

37. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 Oct. 1962. [misdated 12 Sept.]

38. Patrick Evans examines this disparity differently as a transcendence of the traditions of provincial fiction, with 'the character laden with civilised preconceptions destined to be put to flight by reality.'. Patrick Evans. 'Maurice Duggan and the Provincial Dilemma.' *Landfall* vol. 36 no. 2 (1982): 228.
39. C.K. Stead. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 18.
40. Bill Pearson. 'The Maori and Literature.' *Essays on New Zealand Literature*. Ed. Wyston Curnow. Auckland: Heinemann Educational Books, 1973: 114.
41. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 59-61.
42. C.K. Stead. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 12-14.
43. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.
44. Davin nevertheless perceptively observes that 'the personalities of the younger and the older Buster merge into each other and separate in a natural way familiar to us from the workings of our own memories'. Dan Davin. 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*.' *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982: 160.
45. C.K. Stead. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 22: note 12. Stead also speculates on the origins both of the expression and aspects of the story's style to be found in Nabokov's *Lolita*. [C.K. Stead. Letter to the editor. *Journal of New Zealand Literature* 9 (1991): 134-136. Duggan read *Lolita* not long before beginning 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. (See page 361). It is further worth noting Buster's comment on the Hohepas' smoking before his father: 'To my dying day I have treasured that scene and all its rich implications', which could be interpreted as the older Buster's brio or as a suggestion that he has died and is facing final judgment. [*Collected Stories*: 202.] W.H. New considers the possibility that the word 'gentlemen' places the story as a pub anecdote and that the phrase 'To my dying day I have treasured [...]' suggests a deathbed memory. W.H. New. *Dreams of Speech and Violence: The Art of the Short Story in Canada and New Zealand*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1987: 229-230.
46. This phrase of Buster's seems to carry a burlesquing echo of Wordsworth's description of how poetry is formed by 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'. This sits well in the same sentence with the burlesquing of other European concepts--the dove symbol as a 'ring-dove' (wood-pigeon) and of *per ardua ad astra* as 'look up though your feet be in the clay'.
47. C.K. Stead has noted the irony in the descriptive phrase 'crumpy conversation' as a gibe at the literary style of Barry Crump. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 13.
48. A misprint has crept with determination into the phrase 'its universal mate'. *Collected Stories*: 198. Duggan's original typescript has the word 'its' as 'it's'. Brasch queried it as its in a letter and Duggan replied: "'it's" is correct (i.e. it is

universal, mate)'. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 18 Oct. 1962. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Oct. 1962. After appearing as 'it's' in *Landfall* the apostrophe disappeared again in the Gollancz edition of *Summer in the Gravel Pit* and subsequent reproductions.

49. C.K. Stead first noticed the reference in *Marathon* to both Byron's *Don Juan* and a brand of New Zealand gumboot. Duggan confirmed that it was just such a brand name in a letter to Brasch. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 26 Oct. 1962. Stead also observes that the names of Hohepa's cows 'are faint echoes of a British pastoral tradition' and that Duggan's story 'rewrites the New Zealander's conventional rural idyll'. C.K. Stead. [Introduction.] *Collected Stories*: 14.

50. Terry Sturm has similarly commented on how in the story 'rebellion and reaction can remain imprisoned in the consciousness it appears to be rejecting, can turn out simply to be an inverted image of it'. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 60.

51. The break between the paragraph ending '[...] I hoped it was me' and the next beginning 'We were silent through dinner [...]' is unclear in the *Collected Stories* because of the page break, but exists in all other versions of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. *Collected Stories*: 205-206.

52. Throughout the paragraphs on Buster and Fanny's final parting Duggan has Buster self-consciously allude to the scene as if it were typical of something hackneyed from 'our national prosings'. Thus, as Fanny's 'last touch spoke volumes', Buster remarks that this is '[u]nsubsidized'. It is possible to see in this word an in-joke by Duggan on the operation of the New Zealand Literary Fund. [*Collected Stories*: 208]. I am indebted to Dr William Broughton for this reading.

53. For a further reading of Buster and Fanny's parting in relation to an earlier draft by Duggan, see Appendix Two.

54. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Jul. 1963.

55. Dan Davin. [Introduction.] *New Zealand Short Stories*. London: Oxford University Press, 1953: 9.

56. Lawrence Jones. *Barbed Wire & Mirrors: Essays on New Zealand Prose*. Dunedin: University of Otago Press, 1987: 104. It is interesting to note that Duggan appears to have been particularly fond of James's *What Maisie Knew*. Duggan's copy [London: John Lehmann Ltd: 1947] has notes on its endpaper indicating that he read it in winter 1949, then again in August 1954 and again in November 1962. The story of a child exposed to and manipulated by the vicissitudes of the Farange marriage would have been of interest to him both in relation to his own childhood and to his conception of the Lenihan family. On the endpaper Duggan has further noted:

Her perceptions are 'confused'. She receives 'explanations' etc. which, while unable then to understand them, she will later remember. And meantime, of course, they do everything for the reader, for the novel. External comment upon her situation, which she only vaguely apprehends, at first, allows the reader to draw the conclusion she cannot draw. See, eg., p 37 [Chapter 6. Duggan has marked 'She became aware in time [...] no hurry to reinstate her.'] for the 'technique' of this.

p42 [Chapter 7, first paragraph] et seq. Maisie at the centre of the dispute--her understanding, etc. What is said before the child brings her 'consciousness' into play--etc.

p64. [Chapter 10. Duggan has marked 'At this Sir Claude only smiled [...] nicer here than at your father's.'] For various reasons of character, Sir Claude saying *more* than the occasion demands. All through, the 'useful' assumption, by all, that Maisie knows more, knows everything and can therefore be *told*.

p70 --made the subject of a demonstration--etc. [Chapter 11. In the paragraph 'This was the very moral [...] queer look with Sir Claude' Duggan has marked the phrase 'made the subject of a demonstration' and the last line 'Maisie saw, very red [...].']

Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

57. T.S. Eliot. 'Milton 1.' *Selected Prose*. Ed. John Hayward. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1953: 127.

58. C.K. Stead. [Introduction]. *Collected Stories*: 15.

59. In a letter to Duggan (now lost) C.K. Stead once questioned the use of point of view in the Lenihan stories, and Duggan replied on point of view and the character of the narrator: 'You see I do believe in the "tic", the "habits" of the narrator--that little twelve year old picking her nose while she said daddy killed mummy with a shotgun'. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 5 Sept. 1965.

60. The *Collected Stories* version contains a misprint in its description of the card game. 'Grace Malloy sat, stacking the cards, listening[.] Mrs Byrne silently commented [...]'. The bracketed full stop should be a comma. *Collected Stories*: 217.

61. A more exaggerated variation on the same topic occurs in 'Riley's Handbook' in a description of the interment and decay of Pegeen, the interrupted sex act of Fowler's father and Pegeen's sister Millie six weeks after the funeral, the suspicious circumstances of Pegeen's death investigated by the police, and Riley's extensive disinterest: 'By her own hand or by his or by the sudden flowering of a mortal tumour, what odds does it make? They took his word while I sat in innocent and

religious ecstasy praying they might take his life, innocent or not, for all he'd been guilty of, not least the hate I bore him'. *Collected Stories*: 312.

62. The break between the paragraph ending '[...] I give you up for good.' and the next beginning 'Free now of a borrowed sorrow [...]' is unclear in the *Collected Stories* because of the page break, but exists in all other versions of 'The Deposition'. *Collected Stories*: 223-224.

63. Andrew Marvell. 'The Garden.' *The Complete Poems*. Ed. Elizabeth Storey Donno. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972: 100-102. Garden poetry typically debates whether art improves or corrupts nature, and whether gardens should be a setting for debauchery or meditation.

64. The Gollancz/Paul editions of *Summer in the Gravel Pit* contain a misprint on page 105 in Grace's speech: 'Hallo, Billy. Seen my odd man?' The *Collected Stories* [page 232] corrects 'odd' to 'old', as it was in the original publication of the story in *Image* 5 Apr. (1959):4

65. Katherine Mansfield. 'Prelude.' *The Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield*. Auckland: Penguin, 1981: 11. The two younger children are replaced by the furniture and have to make their departure in the evening on the storeman's dray. See also Duggan's use of the same incident from Mansfield in 'A Small Story.' (page 342, note 14). Patrick Evans claims there are further parallels between Mansfield and Duggan. Patrick Evans. 'Maurice Duggan and the Provincial Dilemma.' *Landfall* vol. 36 no. 2 (1982): 224-225.

Chapter 7--The Life of Riley [aet. 40-50]

'But at the end of the road, at the foot of the uterine slope, to miscast it, Riley was always waiting.' (*'Riley's Handbook'*)¹

During the fortnight's holiday before beginning work at Dormer-Beck Duggan examined the manuscript of *'The Burning Miss Bratby'* once again. He attempted to revise the novel and soon gave up. He was unsure whether this abandonment was caused by failure to have written a good first draft or an inability to revise properly, but aware that both derived from something within himself. Despite the completion of *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, the acknowledgement of so much wasted effort over the novel left him concerned about his own abilities.² Duggan dumped the draft into a beer carton in his study, together with the similarly sized, and similarly aborted, *Along the Poisoned River*. On his literary future he confided to Brasch:

I have passed that milestone buried in bracken and blackberry and cannot now recapture the enthusiasm, the pleasure with which I sat there full in the calm and conventional view. I cannot go back from all the furious flaw of *'Riley's Handbook'* to the well-tuned banality of, say, *'Chapter'*. It may be that I cannot go forwards, either; but I must chance that. I must confess to some relief at having done with what has been an empty time of picking without heart at an unyielding wicket: I have known there lay no garden beyond, only the greasy slope to the grey river. Now, at least, if I am again in an empty time I'm not preoccupied with a mere glitter of verbs [...] I shall now look again at the, doubtless unfinishable, *'O'Leary's Orchard'*.³

Duggan blamed advertising for his flagging reverence for the written word. *'O'Leary's Orchard'*, now retitled in the form in which it would eventually be published, would occupy him intermittently for the next three years.

Dormer-Beck Advertising Ltd was located in purpose-built offices at 54 Ponsonby Road, opposite Western Park. The agency had a solid reputation. It was generally felt that there were three large advertising firms in New Zealand--J. Ilott, Charles Haines and J. Inglis Wright--but Dormer-Beck had become strong enough to be a rival. Unlike most of its competitors Dormer-Beck's headquarters was in Auckland, with branches in Wellington and Dunedin, so that its presence in the city was considerable. The agency building was constructed around a courtyard and Duggan's office was on the second floor. He found his new work environment, along with his increased status and salary as a much valued employee, more pleasant than at Carlton Carruthers du Chateau. Nevertheless he felt it necessary to tell literary friends: 'the atmosphere invites a "belief" in advertising--jingles and TV and

commercials--and, well, really...!'⁴ In fact he was very committed, arriving at work early and working with great dedication. His pent-up feelings of aggression over the unfairness of life he put into a drive to perform well. Advertising could be a demanding job with staff always on trial, and Duggan took pride in being the best in the office.⁵

The flavour of Duggan's domestic routine had crept into a poem published in *Mate* at the end of the previous year.

Change on the dresser, handkerchief, car keys:
at breakfast she attended the child, silently.
Not later than six he would return,
a little drunk, to this labyrinth of compromise.⁶

Duggan was using the Anglia to get to work, and when back at Forrest Hill he would settle down to drink whisky in the evenings. He professed to worry in a letter to Davin about his 'steadfast devotion to barleycorn and beer', but at home 'everything to excess' had become a favourite, jocular saying.⁷ Although Duggan felt he was drinking too much there was always something else of more immediate concern. His sister Kathleen was critically ill with cancer, and she came up from the South Island to stay with Ron and Marie Shaw over the winter in order to escape the cold. Doctors had given her only four months to live.⁸ O.E. Middleton had been going blind for some time and was being read to once or twice a week by Sargeson. Sargeson's own sight was so bad, Duggan joked anxiously, that the pair could muster between them only sixty four percent of one eye.⁹ Then there were agency deadlines which left him little time to write.

In July Brasch was in contact about a series of autobiographical sketches by notable new Zealand writers and artists which he hoped to initiate in *Landfall*. These were to be entitled 'How I Began'. When invited to contribute Duggan procrastinated, clearly flattered to be asked but facetiously renaming the series: 'Scratching only made it worse'.¹⁰ He was very aware that he had produced only two small collections of short stories. With his whole literary future looking hopeless it seemed absurd to be describing himself as an author. He promised to consider further and reply in a few weeks. However, now that he was properly eligible, Duggan intended to submit a story to the Katherine Mansfield Award in August, and he was undecided between 'The Wits of Willie Graves', 'Riley's Handbook', and 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'.¹¹ The fiction prize was raised to one hundred guineas as the essay contest had been dropped. He decided at last on 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', but once again Duggan's entry did not make the short list. The winner was Maurice Shadbolt's 'Homecoming' from his newly published second collection, *Summer Fires and Winter Country*.¹² Shadbolt was the year's Burns Fellow, though by a strange twist, of which Duggan was unaware,

he was writing to Baxter at this time of a sense of failing creative powers. Baxter also felt just such a 'menopause of the mind' and later used the complaint to open his *Pig Island Letters*.¹³

Meanwhile a public literary row was developing over the introduction to parliament of the Indecent Publications Bill. For years the Ministry of Customs, advised by a committee headed by Professor I.A. Gordon, had been the chief arbiter of what did or did not constitute the importation of pornography into New Zealand. However, dissatisfaction over the chain of events which led to the Supreme Court ban of *Lolita* had encouraged the drafting of new legislation by the Secretary of Justice. John Reece Cole, still President of PEN, was on the Secretary's Advisory Committee. The new Bill proposed to remove the authority over censorship from the Customs Department and the Courts, and to place it in the hands of a specially appointed tribunal. The tribunal would be directed to take into consideration such matters as artistic merit and creative intention, but it would also have remarkable discretionary powers, including that of total suppression of its proceedings in the media. While American blacks led by Martin Luther King marched on Washington, the New Zealand Council for Civil Liberties announced its support for the new Bill. So too did the New Zealand Library Association. However seven Auckland University figures--Robert Chapman, Thomas Crawford, Allen Curnow, E.H. McCormick, Bill Pearson, Keith Sinclair and C.K. Stead--publicly protested. As 'Whim Wham' Curnow attacked Cole in *The Press* and the *New Zealand Herald*, and Cole vehemently replied in the Wellington newspapers. Fourteen Auckland writers, including Duggan, sent a telegram to the Leader of the Opposition urging a reconsideration of the Bill.¹⁴

For Duggan and Cole to find themselves on opposing sides of what was rapidly becoming a rancorous issue was painful. PEN's Executive Committee issued a statement in qualified support of the Bill, but this was seen as mostly in support of Cole, who in fact had joined the Advisory Committee not as PEN President but as a prominent librarian.¹⁵ In the October *PEN Gazette* Cole claimed to follow--'although with no other parallel'--the example of the recently disgraced British Secretary of State for War, John Profumo, in making a personal statement in defence of his actions.¹⁶ Duggan, together with Cross, Glover, McCormick, Middleton and Shadbolt, resigned from PEN. It was not an orchestrated walkout. They were only six from 115 members. Duggan later characterised his withdrawal as a 'rather romantic gesture'.¹⁷ Before he could leave the organisation he had first to bring up to date his unpaid membership fees.¹⁸ Cole sent Duggan an angry letter, claiming his friend's resignation expressed a lack of personal faith or trust in Cole himself. Liberal members of the Indecent Publications Tribunal, he asserted, would ensure

that its powers were not abused. On the day of the Bill's third reading in the House Duggan responded:

You are aware of so much more than me, as background to the framing of the Bill and the politics of the pleading for it. I simply feel that somewhere someone has been sold a pup [...] I don't see the basis of your vehemence. It isn't yet supposed that PEN is only its President and John Reece Cole all of PEN [...] Forgive this secret midnight peeing, a relief at last, against the walls of the club. (Not yours, do you see, and therefore we may exchange nods when next we meet. Perhaps.)¹⁹

The Bill was soon passed into law, and the trouble with Cole was to prove ill-timed.

November brought fresh trials and also death. On the third day of the month Duggan's sister Kathleen died in Dunedin, just a few weeks after her thirty-ninth birthday. Cancer had ravaged her, and the disease had always frightened Duggan. He was horrified at the drawn-out nature of her illness and nervous at the reported presence of the priesthood.²⁰ In a painful reminder of his own childhood, Kathleen was survived by her husband and three year-old daughter. At the same time a further setback to *Summer in the Gravel Pit* seemed possible, as Blackwood Paul became reluctant to proceed without a substantial grant from the New Zealand Literary Fund. The Advisory Committee met that same month. Davin reported that on a further holiday break he had managed 30,000 words towards a new book, and Sinclair was en route to England to recruit staff for Auckland University's History Department.²¹ Janet Frame had returned to New Zealand from Europe shortly before. Thinking of his own experience, Duggan imagined her: 'Fingering [...] her return ticket to make it bearable'.²² Instead Frame applied for and received the Scholarship in Letters. She was to spend the next year on Waiheke Island, finishing *The Adaptable Man* and beginning to write *A State of Siege*.²³ Duggan's 'A Small Story' appeared translated in a Russian anthology of New Zealand fiction, the contributors to which were then lambasted in the newspaper *Truth* as somehow assisting the Soviet Union.²⁴ But better news came when the Advisory Committee approved a grant of £185.

Duggan was seeing little of Sargeson, although his former mentor had attended a poetry reading at the Auckland Art Gallery in which Duggan took part. Others who read included Kendrick Smithyman, C.K. Stead and M.K. Joseph, but it was Duggan who was the evening's star performer. He went 'lolloping through the scandalous Riley' in a specially edited version.²⁵ Duggan's career in advertising had left his relationship with Sargeson edgy. The former mentor had once guided the young Duggan like a substitute father and saved him from a bourgeois fate. He had encouraged Duggan to force New Zealand fiction out of the Sargesonian mould, and

then managed to stay friendly when his *protégé* succeeded. But Sargeson could not understand and did not countenance Duggan's new material interests. Other writers felt the same. For them, Duggan's justifying such a job by his expressed pride in hardcover books, an expensive radiogram, nice clothes and good quality liquor seemed somehow base, and at worst, flashy.²⁶ When Duggan replied to Sargeson's criticisms with his earlier argument about the male reek of the hunter, and of being a lion in his own house, the former mentor took umbrage. Sargeson decided that he was being called somehow effeminate. His response was to announce that if Duggan wished to be a lion in his own house then he should learn to stand up and piss all over himself as he roared, because when one visited the zoo that was what the lions did.²⁷ He repeated the nature of Duggan's offence and his own riposte to several others.²⁸ There was no rift. The relationship was too important for Duggan not to continue seeing Sargeson occasionally, but most further encounters would leave him exasperated.

The end of the month brought the assassination of John F. Kennedy and Duggan's birthday. To stimulate his writing Duggan purchased a new typewriter, a factory-reconditioned Imperial, and used it to confide by letter to his other mentor, Dan Davin:

I am 41, tomorrow. Am I, would you think, a late developer? The word and the imagination yet to be undammed and the world to go down, kneeling, before the golden avalanche? But the sun shines and it is summer between the leaves and in the gravel pit and the tenor mowers decapitate the summer daisies and I am pleased enough to be merely Maurice and neither Gee nor Shadbolt--I think.²⁹

Driving north through the rain to visit Eric Lee-Johnson in Waihi, John Reece Cole swerved to avoid a child with a raincoat over its head who was dodging across the highway in front of him. His car ran off the road, and he badly struck his left temple. To go to hospital would have been sensible, but instead Cole telephoned the Lee-Johnsons--Eric and his new wife Elizabeth--from Tauranga. He was on an errand to collect some manuscripts for the Alexander Turnbull Library and did not want to be delayed. The Lee-Johnsons went down to collect him.³⁰ The accident left Cole shaken and ill, and after his return to Wellington it gradually became clear that some brain damage had occurred. Cole's personality began to change, and he seemed more erratic, reckless, spendthrift, and less perceptive. At the Alexander Turnbull Library, where he was hugely popular, his staff found it increasingly necessary to manage his affairs for him.³¹ Duggan was very distressed. When the Coles visited Forrest Hill for a week in December he had to speak to his old friend softly, move about carefully, and keep well away from such controversial topics as the Indecent Publications Act.³² Cole was so heavily sedated that at one point he

faltered near the back doorstep, fell, and broke the door's bottom pane of glass with his head. Fortunately he was not cut.³³ Despite these problems and concerns, Duggan was happy to have him visit.

In December Bob Lowry died, aged fifty one. He too had been going through a disastrous period, deeply unhappy after his wife, Irene, had left him. The previous 3 May he had scribbled out a fragmentary 'Diary of a Day', portions from which indicate the alcoholic crisis his life was approaching:

A dam[sic] good day anyhow to bed dog tired at 8 when wife returning [...] & Roused & drank bottle sherry before leaving for work at 8am.

1. Discovered McCahon triptych upside down.
2. Thought to full credit W[hitcombe] & T[ombs] for *Linotype* & lithography.
3. Thought to credit Offset Plates (Charlie Noble is *one of us*) [...]
5. Then in comes Hamish Keith with program for Cresswell's Forest (Cathcart/Sargeson) [...]
7. at some stage (about 7 pm) RL[owry] opens satchels and out drops (& smashes) chutney he bought in morning.
8. But not to worry [...] ³⁴

Lowry parties had carried on into the 1960s, and at one of the last before Irene's departure Duggan had become involved in a fight long remembered by the literary community and retold in several versions. Duggan's potential for aggressiveness when drunk was well known. On several occasions when Lasenby took Duggan to parties on the North Shore he was asked by the hosts to remove his friend who was becoming difficult. Duggan would go quietly, and would regret his actions in the sober light of morning.³⁵ But the most famous fight of his life was not started by him at all. At Gladwin Road he was in conversation with others when someone attacked him without warning. He was hit in the face, his lip split, and a furious general fracas ensued. One of the pair was holding a glass, and when Duggan awoke at Forrest Hill the next morning he found himself splashed with blood, presumably the other man's as he himself had not been gashed. Duggan held no clear recollection of what had happened, and excited inquiries made for him by Sinclair, who had been absent, provided but little illumination.³⁶ It appears that during his Burns Fellowship year Duggan had been pestered in the Captain Cook Hotel by a drunken painter, Don Terris, who wanted to begin a conversation. Duggan was rescued when Phil Ruston called him out of the room, but Terris had been offended and never forgotten the slight.³⁷ Like Duggan, Terris was a hard-drinking lapsed Catholic, self-taught and talented though lacking confidence in his ability, and sometimes obstreperous. In 1977 he took his own life.

Lowry parties were seldom attended by literary people in the months after Irene moved out of the house at Gladwin Road. On one Saturday Lowry arranged a gathering, but then found he would have to go out of town to Hikutaia. Not wishing to appear any less than cheerful and expansive to others, and more importantly to himself, he put a notice on the wall of the Queen's Ferry Hotel, announcing that the party would go on in his absence. A group of strangers attended, and Lowry returned to find windows broken, the house a mess, phone wires damaged and a washbasin pulled away from a wall.³⁸ With his friends seemingly gone, his drinking and depression continued to feed off each other at an accelerating pace, and his health had badly deteriorated. The house became inhabited by two alcoholic drifters who kept the printer company as he continued to sink lower. On the night before his death Lowry appeared at the Chrystalls', disoriented and deeply depressed. He could not easily keep his head up from the table.³⁹ The next day one of the drifters found Lowry sitting upright but dead on a chair in the living room.⁴⁰ The cause of his death remained mysterious although it was widely regarded as suicide. A request for cremation was refused by the Coroner, as by the time of the funeral a verdict had still not been pronounced.⁴¹

In fact Lowry was far from being bereft of friends, and his death stunned the literary community. Despite his financial profligacy there was scarcely a writer in Auckland who did not feel in some way in Lowry's debt. Amongst his legacy of unfinished business he had printed the first half of Hone Tuwhare's first book of poetry, *No Ordinary Sun*, then disassembled the type after running out of the letter e. Blackwood Paul was publishing the book, but Tuwhare had stipulated Lowry as its printer. Later the job had to be completed by others, reusing the same type, and thus there was no standing type left for the whole book. When *No Ordinary Sun* sold out with remarkable speed a copy had to be sent to England to be lithographed before reprinting could proceed.⁴² Duggan attended the funeral at Waikumete Cemetery on a cloudy summer's day with the ground looking as hard as flint. Denis Glover, who had come up from Wellington, gave the funeral tribute. He was visibly moved by the death of his old school friend. Afterwards Duggan drove Lasenby, Middleton, and one of the drifters who had discovered Lowry back into town.⁴³ Duggan was in no doubt that the printer's death resulted from 'profound alcoholic depression' and was suicide.⁴⁴ Lowry had always played up to his boozy Irish persona. For Duggan the implications were frightening.⁴⁵

In January 1964 a contract for *Summer in the Gravel Pit* was drawn up with Paul's Book Arcade.⁴⁶ Phoebe Meikle, who had been Chief Editor with the company for several years, signed on the publisher's behalf. The Paul family was visiting England.⁴⁷ Meikle soon saw something of Duggan as the book was edited. She had heard he could be difficult, but when he visited her house in Rangitoto

Terrace to listen to her suggestions she found Duggan more than willing to discuss even the smallest detail. So carefully written did she consider the stories that Meikle felt she could not make the slightest alteration without consulting Duggan on his meaning and intentions.⁴⁸ Some time later Blackwood Paul succeeded in arranging a joint publication with Victor Gollancz Ltd in London. This involved employing the same assiduity and British contacts that had seen *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* published with Faber and Faber, two novels by M.K. Joseph already published by Gollancz, and Bill Pearson's *Coal Flat*, the large novel finished at last, successfully published with Angus & Robertson the year before. Paul had managed this latter even though the New Zealand Literary Fund had failed to provide a grant-in-aid.⁴⁹ With an English publication Duggan's international recognition and sales seemed finally assured. However it appears that Gollancz soon objected to the inclusion of 'Riley's Handbook', and the stories 'Salvation Sunday', 'Chapter' and 'Voyage' from *Immanuel's Land* were substituted for it. From Gollancz and Paul's Book Arcade Duggan received a £100 advance on sales.⁵⁰ The final typescripts he proofed at the end of February, and disheartened perhaps by the removal of the book's centrepiece, he was soon complaining to Brasch at his most curmudgeonly:

I've not much heart for the job, and it all seems such dull dead stuff [...] I can't believe, however, that there can be any urgency--except from the Pauls' point of view.⁵¹

Despite the prospective appearance of a book Duggan was writing very little. He had spent his New Year break drinking too much and 'murdering my milky mummer'.⁵² Instead of completed fiction he produced a brief article for the *Chrystalls* on their recent designs of primary school halls and a small contribution to Brasch's 'How I Began' series, now renamed 'Beginnings'. This he dispatched to the *Landfall* editor.

In a sense I imagine myself as Mary McCarthy's 'perfect pre-Sanforized man, who came pre-shrunk into the world'; but this is conceit. I must have had a beginning, but cannot recall it [...] The present time, when I am writing little or not at all, seems unpropitious for a recollection of beginnings or a narrative of early literary ambitions. So much mere biography [...] would be unavoidable; the compelling authority of so many good big books would be altogether wanting; that sense of a future, said to be vital to any significant view of the past, would all too uncertainly inform the piece. And then I have an active aversion to the idea of inviting that beast, the hypothetical reader, back-stage; would hope, indeed, for hypothetical refusals to any invitation so extended.⁵³

The piece was unhelpful, and its steadfast refusal to contemplate a future seemed almost a cry for help. But Brasch was accustomed to such gestures of giving up on the struggle to write from Duggan. The *Landfall* editor still did not have enough articles to begin the series. His reply, that 'you might reconsider the point next time you're on the crest of the wave instead of in the trough', was tactful but could not hide some disappointment.⁵⁴

It seems to have been in the first half of the year that two literary visitors did something to alleviate Duggan's evident unhappiness. The first was Colin McInnes, the British-born author of such novels as *City of Spades* and *Absolute Beginners*, who had spent his youth in Australia and was now preparing a photo-book on the antipodes for Time Incorporated. Maurice Shadbolt brought him to Forrest Hill for dinner and the result was a formidable literary encounter. Both Duggan and McInnes proved marvellously opinionated after a few drinks, and soon they began to enjoy arguing with each other on almost every possible subject. Shadbolt and Barbara were reduced to the position of enthralled spectators, watching McInnes define Henry Moore as 'a first-rate second-rater' while Duggan laughed and worked up a reply. As the drink and diatribe flowed Shadbolt thought what a disaster it was that a talent like Duggan's should be spent in advertising, with which he appeared to have become thoroughly enthralled.⁵⁵

The second meeting was with the Australian comedian Barry Humphries. Humphries was in New Zealand visiting Jeremy Beckett, an anthropologist friend at Auckland University, and buying New Zealand paintings. He performed some shows at the University hall and soon got to know C.K. Stead. The Steads took Humphries and Rosalind, his Auckland-born wife, up to Forrest Hill to meet the Duggans. It was an encounter of alcoholic monologists. At first Duggan spoke, witty and amusing, of New Zealand culture and the difficulties of writing, mentioning among other asides toheroa and their season. He also could not resist a moment of pomposity in showing off his bookshelves and pointing out the number of hardcover editions. Fuelled by several drinks, Duggan was working himself up to greater conversational heights when Humphries suddenly cut in, now also comfortably drunk, and spoke as if for the first time in a tirade of his own. He announced that he collected toheroa, but only in hardcovers, and began to embroider a speech on how short the season for books was, the tight limit on the bag, and the soup that could be made from them. It was a cruel reconstitution of Duggan's talk and an expert pricking of his vanity, perhaps the only time Duggan ever found himself bested in a battle of verbal wit.⁵⁶ Somehow the meeting remained amicable. When the Humphries were leaving Duggan gave the comedian his spare duffel-coat to help keep out the chill.⁵⁷ But in fiction he was later to observe of

O'Leary's volubility with Isobel: 'his ribald monologue excused them both from anything approaching a conversation'.⁵⁸

The winter proved particularly cold and wet, making all the more difficult some additions the Duggans decided to have built at Forrest Hill. The old bach was torn down and a carpenter, Jim Lawson, put up a new study for Duggan, a room to accommodate Barbara's potting wheel and kiln, and a tool shed, all in a row near the back of the house. Duggan wanted his study to stay separate from the main building, although five years later he changed his mind and the house was extended a little to link up with it. The completed study looked out pleasantly onto an enclosed court with a juniper tree. The room contained a large desk, a painting by 'Sylvia' on one wall, and a couch that Duggan reserved 'for when I am morose or melancholy and must keep my own company'.⁵⁹ While Brasch was announcing in *Landfall* that New Zealand fiction was 'visibly coalescing at last into a body of work', Duggan moved in his equipment and papers.⁶⁰ Time spent on writing was set apart from anything else, and even Nick knew that he must on no account disturb his father during those hours.

Duggan's desk was extraordinarily tidy. The top drawer contained a piece of corrugated cardboard and laid out on it was a set of perfectly sharpened pencils, a fountain pen with its favoured italic nib, and a collection of black inks. There were also ribbons for the typewriter, each labelled with comments such as 'used once' or 'one track free'.⁶¹ Such behaviour was part of the immense care and control exerted by Duggan over every aspect of his life he could muster, and by his reverence for the tools of a trade. If Nick played in the back yard with a hammer and left it overnight to rust in the dew he could expect to be told off, or even clipped around the ear--Duggan's most extreme form of physical punishment.⁶² Work on 'O'Leary's Orchard' was intermittently brought out and tidied away. It had expanded into a story on '[t]ime, season and seclusion', and withdrawal from life had become a major theme.⁶³ Its language had also become intricate and complex, as if in unconscious contrast to the pithy style of the advertising copywriter. Duggan hunted through the dictionary and seemed to collect several favoured but unusual words, such as *camber*, *lave*, and *bosky*. The story drew no nearer conclusion.

Nick was now ten years old, a solid healthy child fond of camping and swimming. He was uninterested in books although Duggan observed, 'he seems bright enough'.⁶⁴ But Duggan was not at all eager for his son to play any type of team sport, although New Zealand's chief international achievements of the time were sporting, such as the endless successes of the All Blacks, or the two gold medals Peter Snell was soon to win at the Tokyo Olympic Games. Nick was actively discouraged from playing rugby, which Duggan still blamed for his own youthful osteomyelitis. Sometimes Nick would see his father in the bedroom with

his stump sock off, using methylated spirits to dress skin that was reddened and breaking down. The disability seemed all the sadder because Duggan was meticulous with his personal appearance, always keeping his moustache carefully trimmed, his nails cut, and his hands properly clean. Nevertheless Nick admired his father's physical prowess. When Duggan folded his arms across his chest, the sleeves of his shirt rolled back, Nick would wonder if he could ever have forearms as large as his father's. He emulated his father's practical skills, watching him carefully wash the car on weekends and then coil the hose up so methodically that its loops lay perfectly together as if from memory.⁶⁵ Duggan's love for his son was unqualified in a way that it was never for anyone else. Yet his unpredictability also left Nick, who wanted above all to be loved by him, feeling intimidated. When drunk Duggan was capable of a bitter invective directed heedlessly at anyone nearby. He could insist to Nick that he was not his father, so convincingly that the thought unsettled Nick for several years.⁶⁶

In September Greville Texidor died, aged sixty two. She had been frightened when Werner Droescher left her, but she had sent her daughter Rosamund out to Auckland to complete her secondary schooling and stayed on by herself in Europe. In 1962 she moved from Spain to Sydney, and later back to Spain once more. Officially resident in Australia but spending most of her time in Barcelona, where she was near the Pattersons, Texidor was unsettled. She was living, she felt, only out of a suitcase. On her own visit to Sydney two years previously Barbara had met Texidor, who expressed a desire to return to New Zealand. Texidor made attempts through Frank Haigh to obtain an entry permit but was unsuccessful.⁶⁷ In her final letter to the Duggans, written to Barbara from Barcelona, she observed:

I feel too old to take that terrible journey & start a home (still have furniture in store in London & here). I am rather old for starting things alone [...] Since coming to Spain I have not been able to write and least of all a letter to a friend [...] The position is now all gone. Not even an echo in the patios of Gerona. I hope I won't be an echo soon myself.⁶⁸

Texidor did manage a return once again to Australia, but with her future looking bleak she committed suicide in Hazelbrook. Dressed entirely in black, she took an overdose of pills.⁶⁹ Duggan was not to learn of her death until the following January, but then contacted Charles Brasch with the suggestion that Sargeson supply an obituary for *Landfall*.⁷⁰ An article eventually appeared.⁷¹

At the same time of year as Texidor's death 'Sylvia' moved from her parents' home to Grafton Road. This time it was into the downstairs flat of Pamela Firth's house, alongside the Auckland Domain at number 56. Sylvia had by now held three exhibitions and was teaching art in an Auckland girls' school. Soon Duggan began

seeing her again.⁷² Their relationship suited his instinct for disaster, and allowed him the illusion that he was somehow living out 'O'Leary's Orchard'. Sylvia would telephone him at Dormer-Beck just before lunch and he would drive over to join her. She loved to see him coming down the path to the flat with a determined look set on his face, no doubt in some pain from the effort of walking. She made him meatloaf on every visit--fortunately they both liked meatloaf--and they would play records by Sarah Vaughan or Aretha Franklin on the radiogram. Sylvia was delighted to get Duggan back. She was producing a series of pictures which were later much acclaimed, and she felt Duggan inspired her to paint well. But Duggan appeared to prefer thinking of the relationship in terms of doomed romance.⁷³ As well as lunchtimes he began seeing her on occasional evenings.

Sylvia wanted to marry Duggan and pestered him to propose, but much to her annoyance he talked instead about Barbara. Since his moving back to Forrest Hill, Duggan and Barbara had slowly settled once more into comfortable orbits. On Labour Day they attended one of Una Platts's 'snowball parties', annual October gatherings at Lake Road ostensibly held to see her snowball tree in bloom. Una, who had recently been buying paintings for the Auckland Art Gallery Associates, served everyone who was crowded into the small house and garden with beer and flagons of wine.⁷⁴ But although Duggan later defined Barbara and Nick as 'a fixed thing in my life' he continued to treat his relationship with his wife as containing centrifugal forces, drifting to the edge of destructiveness before drawing back toward her.⁷⁵ He loved Barbara but found this left him--despite his job--still highly dependent on her. He hated this dependency which he also wanted, and despised himself for such hatred. His intelligence raced through these complications. In fiction he was writing at this time:

There remained the reaches between them, corners which neither could invade, subjects not to be broached and silences to be kept: they were not many but they were there.⁷⁶

To Duggan Sylvia seemed an escape into emotional simplicity and an irresponsibility free from consequence. She was one subject for Barbara not to broach. But an even greater silence to be maintained was Barbara's increasing concern that Duggan was drinking too much and too often. In their evenings together Duggan and Sylvia could become thoroughly inebriated, or Duggan would go out drinking in town with Kenneth McKenney, who was friendly with Pamela Firth. McKenney was interested in literature, but he had also worked as a geologist in Fiji and Australia, as a boilerman on the Auckland Harbour Bridge, and was now with a local advertising agency. An admirer of the tough-guy characters of Raymond Chandler or Mickey Spillane, he was at work on a novel of his own which was eventually published as *The Hide-away Man*.⁷⁷ McKenney was happy to see

Duggan as in the Hemingway mould and to encourage drunken, rowdy behaviour at pubs and parties. With his mental processes firmly in the grip of alcoholism, Duggan was happy to be so led.⁷⁸ Alcohol, as he described it in 'O'Leary's Orchard', was: 'A powder for painting the eyes'.⁷⁹

In December, having been home for a few days with mildly infected tonsils, Duggan reported by letter to Fleur Adcock on the year. He had earlier bought a copy of Adcock's first book of poetry, *The Eye of the Hurricane*, and admired it despite the 'rather dour Caxton look' of the printing.⁸⁰ Cole had resigned from the presidency of PEN at mid year because of his illness. He still retained his job at the Alexander Turnbull Library, and Duggan had even seen him in Auckland in November. Duggan thought he looked very old, and felt his friend to be suffering from some form of premature senility. Cole had a poor memory of the present but held a strangely complete recall of earlier times. Sinclair would be back from England soon. *Summer in the Gravel Pit* was due out in London in January, a publication which Duggan glumly referred to as 'the tired old book'.⁸¹ In England Blackwood Paul had been diagnosed as having incurable cancer, and he had to return to New Zealand by air to set his affairs in order. Previously he had separated his bookshop from his publishing firm and renamed the latter Blackwood & Janet Paul. Now his wife would soon be carrying on the business without him. Sargeson, whose view of publishers was usually acrimonious, had for some time been in dispute with the firm over a series of quibbles in the publication of his *Collected Stories, 1935-1963*. E.M. Forster had written an endorsement for the edition, and Sargeson was angry that a quotation from this had been placed on the dust jacket without his permission.⁸² Perhaps under Sargeson's influence, Duggan professed to be unhappy with his own book's contract. Clause twelve bound him to offer his next book to Paul, although it was unlikely that he would have been held to such an agreement.⁸³ Ostensibly to free himself, he sent the firm his collected poems under the title 'A Voice for the Minotaur'. In fact it was a half-serious attempt to get his poetry into book form. Duggan would have liked a reputation as a poet, though he freely admitted to Adcock that he did not have her gift.⁸⁴ But the volume was never published, and Blackwood Paul was to die in February.

Barbara and Nick spent two weeks camping at Taupo over Christmas and New Year. Duggan did not accompany them. After what he half-jokingly described as the statutory 'alcohololidays' he took his fortnight's leave from advertising at the end of January 1965.⁸⁵ He was determined to write during this opportunity, turning down an offer from Brasch to review Antony Alpers's *Maori Myths & Tribal Legends* for *Landfall* so as to have more time.⁸⁶ He worked diligently at the sizable 'O'Leary's Orchard', now well into revision but still far from its completion.⁸⁷ By the end of the fortnight he had finished only a poem which he

offered to *Landfall*, but which Brasch rejected.⁸⁸ The weather was hot and humid, and after a year of driving himself hard at advertising Duggan was tired. His energies were further distracted by an opportunity for advancement in his career. The position of Chief Copywriter became available at the firm J. Inglis Wright Ltd. Duggan applied, and was accepted for the job.

J. Inglis Wright, or 'jingles' as its own staff sometimes called it, had been founded in Dunedin in 1906 and was one of the biggest advertising agencies in the country. Based in Wellington, it had branches in Dunedin, Christchurch and Auckland, and a reputation for creativity. The new year also saw the retirement from the firm of David Cody, a man who had started work as a shorthand typist with the Railways Department, but who at J. Inglis Wright had done much to build the business up. He had brought in major accounts such as Griffins biscuits, Ford, and AMP. On his retirement Cody visited Robert Griffin and thanked him for his longtime support, then casually pointed out that over the years keeping the account had cost him two painful ulcers.⁸⁹ With the gradual contraction of the New Zealand economy from the mid 1960s advertising became ever more competitive, and a single telephone call to an office might herald the loss of an important account. Despite suggestions to the contrary to his literary friends, Duggan was extremely proud of what had proved a rapid rise in the commercial world. As Chief Copywriter--'(caps, please)' he joked in a letter to C.K. Stead, who was in England for the year on a Nuffield Travelling Scholarship--Duggan was leader of the agency's teams of writers and visualisers.⁹⁰ Les Edwards, who had once been his superior, was now working under him.⁹¹

The Auckland offices were in the Bing Harris building on 9 Anzac Avenue, a warehouse building in which J. Inglis Wright had leased and refurbished the top two floors. The lift to the upper stories was an elderly cage with an iron gate. The address was not good but the firm found the offices well organised, with room for several artists' studios and a small theatre. By letter Duggan described the view from his window to Sargeson in what he knew would be appropriately jaded terms.

[L]ooking out over wharves, ships, spars and funnels to Northcote and the bridge. Excruciatingly lovely, Frank. Divine shine on the sea--like nugget on a shoe, no less. Breeze redolent of diesel and coal. And seven stories down the ants look just like people.⁹²

Fire drill was an immediate problem. Stairs were to be used for evacuation, though in extremity there were fire escapes stretching up the outside of the building by the windows. Duggan was unable to use the former method of exit and rejected the latter. 'You'd never get me climbing out on that ledge,' he announced, pointing beyond the windows. 'They'd have to knock me out first.' He was adamant that he would rather burn than lose his dignity. An agreement was reached that he could

use the elevator, and two staff members were quietly detailed to ensure that in an emergency Duggan would be taken to it.⁹³

The company was in its heyday. Duggan enjoyed arguing with the account executives who would bring him briefs on a new product, sending them off to find out more, and then helping come up with a 'rough' to be refined for the media campaign. The work suited his meticulousness. He was soon telling one of the company directors, Laurie Enting, that his creative capacity would be all the greater if he did not have to spend so much time 'rounding up sheep'. Enting, based in Wellington but frequently in Auckland to consult with the the branch's Director-in-charge, saw such care as a good sign.⁹⁴ The advertising world, like the rest of the business scene, was run on essentially formal lines, with superiors and juniors generally referred to as Mr, Mrs or Miss, and only colleagues at an approximately similar level on first name terms. The men wore white shirts, ties, and suits or sports jackets, although the staff of the Creative Department would often dress informally. But Duggan was no wearer of corduroy or denim to work. As an older member than most he usually arrived at the office in conservative clothes. His cheeks were so well shaved that they appeared to gleam.⁹⁵ When producing copy Duggan again seemed curiously old-fashioned. He would write longhand with a fountain pen in black ink, covering more and more of the page as he repeatedly crossed out and rewrote the words he was crafting. Rather than tear up a sheet of paper and start from scratch he would work at a line doggedly. The page was reduced to leavings, scored-out and indecipherable to anyone but himself, its nuggets buried within it.⁹⁶ For Duggan this was exactly the same process as writing a story.

Summer in the Gravel Pit at last appeared in Britain, in the customary yellow Gollancz dust jacket and at a price of twenty one shillings. The cover announced that Gollancz was glad to add Maurice Duggan, 'already well known in his native New Zealand', to its distinguished list of authors. Davin was asked to review the book for the *Times Literary Supplement* and in his diary noted of the stories: '[The f]irst are disappointing. The rest, so far, already known to me and pretty good'.⁹⁷ He worried that Duggan would not much like his review, but when it was printed, severely cut back by the *TLS*'s editors, it was mostly complimentary. Davin's was the first review to appear. Like those which followed, it emphasised the sombre vision of the stories and their compassionate view of despairing characters. Davin's personal worry that such despair might reflect the author's state of mind was occasionally revealed:

[B]etween those who look for a little human warmth and fail to find it and those who fail to see why it should be expected, Mr Duggan, lost in his private shade but looking to where the light falls and fails, watches his people.⁹⁸

In general the British reviews were positive but of a low standard, usually providing little more than a few impressions. In an overview of *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, Sargeson's *Collected Stories* and Shadbolt's first novel, *Among the Cinders*, *The Observer* noted: 'Mr Duggan starts off by making us as miserable as we can be and then turns out to be quite congenial'.⁹⁹ *The Scotsman* decided that Duggan, 'is a professional who understands the form of the short story extremely well'.¹⁰⁰ However *The Birmingham Post* complained that the stories, 'have rough edges which need smoothing and polishing and long passages which need cutting to bring the stories into clearer focus'.¹⁰¹

But successful publication in England still brought with it enormous prestige in an anglophile New Zealand. When a review in the British *Sunday Times* compared Duggan to Katherine Mansfield, praising 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' as 'the pinnacle of his art', the *Otago Daily Times* carried this fact as an item of news three days later. The body of its article quoted two thirds of the British review.¹⁰² In May the *New Zealand Herald* borrowed the *Sunday Times* review of Duggan and the *Observer* review of Shadbolt and printed them together as if they were a single article by a local journalist.¹⁰³ Bill Pearson wrote to the newspaper to complain about the lack of attribution, and to suggest that a New Zealand response should be found for New Zealand writing. The *Herald* replied that a review in London was newsworthy and the paper could not wait until the book's domestic release.¹⁰⁴ However when *Summer in the Gravel Pit* did appear in New Zealand in late May local reviewers outdid their British counterparts in observing the collective weight of Duggan's pessimism. The *Auckland Star* claimed Duggan as one of the country's best writers, despite his 'dour view of life'.¹⁰⁵ Even Lawrence Jones, a recently arrived American at Otago University, noted in *Landfall* that Duggan's world seemed joyless and populated by 'the lonely, the repressed, and the futile'.¹⁰⁶

One acute review, which looked for more than unhappiness, was James K. Baxter's in the *Listener*. It seems to have been Duggan's favourite. He sent a copy to Adcock in London, and clearly its view of the stories was close to his own.¹⁰⁷ Noting that Duggan was 'nothing if not our finest poet writing in prose', Baxter observed:

He achieves the minor miracle of winning a reader's acceptance that this, after all, is what life is like--a series of acrid compromises which deform the natural man (or woman) for the sake of a doubtful gentility [...] In Mr Duggan's stories, not the meek, but the vigorously and conventionally stupid inherit the earth [...] Mr Duggan is wise enough to offer his compatriots a sponge of vinegar and no solutions.¹⁰⁸

'Is this an allusion, think you? To what?', Duggan joked of the closing sentence in a letter to C.K. Stead.¹⁰⁹ In London Stead was having a busy time with projects, such as organising readings of New Zealand and Australian poetry at the Royal Court Theatre for the Commonwealth Festival of the Arts. His literary critical work, *The New Poetic*, had appeared in England the year before, and he had just published a further short story of his own. This was 'A Fitting Tribute' in *The Kenyon Review*.¹¹⁰ The story's protagonist, Julian Harp, was based on Barry Humphries. On a visit to Forrest Hill Stead had once lain on the floor to demonstrate how man-powered flight, the basis of Harp's achievement, might proceed.¹¹¹ Sargeson had already cabled Stead with congratulations over the story when he telephoned Duggan in enthusiasm. He was shocked to find that his old *protégé* had not found time to read it. However Duggan soon put the matter right and sent Stead a letter in warm appreciation.¹¹²

In fact the reason Duggan had not been able to read Stead's story was because he had been involved in a traffic accident early in May. The *Kenyon Review* was left in the car. After an evening on the town with Sylvia, Kenneth McKenney and Pamela Firth, where all drank a great deal, Duggan and Sylvia returned in Duggan's Anglia at ten o'clock to the house in Grafton Road. As Duggan was backing into a parking space McKenney's Mini arrived at speed. The stopping distance was drunkenly misjudged. McKenney's car slammed into the back of the Anglia at forty miles (65 kilometres) per hour. Describing the incident later in several versions, Duggan joked that this was an attempt to prove 'you *could* get a Mini Minor into an Anglia'.¹¹³ He was bruised and shaken, and Sylvia was knocked about. McKenney and Firth were sent through the windscreen and badly cut. Duggan found the experience a sobering one in every way. The Anglia needed six weeks of repairs.¹¹⁴

Only a few days later Prime Minister Keith Holyoake, under pressure from the United States, announced in parliament that an artillery battery would be sent to South Vietnam 'in the struggle against communist aggression'. Obligations under the South East Asia Treaty Organisation were later cited amid controversy. New Zealand troops were already supporting Malaysia against Indonesia.¹¹⁵ Opposition to the war amongst the young was already widespread overseas, and the culture of protest this had spawned was to develop in New Zealand with numerous literary figures involved. Duggan was not among them. His lack of enthusiasm for politics, his growing personal difficulties and the punishing hours of his job left him little energy for public gestures. Nevertheless this non-involvement had him seeming on the far side of the generation gap, a member of the much-ridiculed 'establishment'. Further troops would be dispatched to Vietnam in the years to come, and combat units would remain in the country until December 1971.

With the accident came the end of the affair with Sylvia. Encouraged by Duggan, she had already applied for a Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council grant to study painting at the Royal College of Art in London. She received a grant of £600 plus travel allowance, and although the Royal College turned down her enrolment she was soon accepted for a place at Hornsey College. Sylvia was nervous about leaving the country, but Duggan encouraged her and she was gone by mid year.¹¹⁶ Duggan was left more restless than ever. He began to consider the possibility of dropping advertising. By applying for the Scholarship in Letters he might write undisturbed for a year. He tempted himself with the idea of applying for a second Burns Fellowship thereafter. This would stretch full-time writing out for yet a further year, as Janet Frame had done by receiving the Fellowship for 1965. There might even be twelve months as writer-in-residence at an American university. Applications for the Scholarship in Letters would not close until 20 September, and Duggan began immediately to vacillate. Its grant of £1,100 would be a considerable cut in income. But 'O'Leary's Orchard' still demanded to be written and 'The Burning Miss Bratby' had never been revised. Duggan felt that 'whatever happens in the future two years, even one year, would be wonderful'.¹¹⁷

Summer in the Gravel Pit sold well in Britain--927 copies in the first few months--and Gollancz soon found that stocks were low. Duggan earned a total of £90.2.10 in royalties, just £9.17.2 short of his original advance.¹¹⁸ Nevertheless the firm began to consider a reprint, while Duggan gave copies to old friends. In the Coles' he inscribed: 'For Reece: who may sometimes have thought that while he came north for summer I headed south for gravel pits'.¹¹⁹ In the Chrystalls' copy he wrote: 'For David and Lillian Chrystall, who have always dealt with the gravel so hospitably'.¹²⁰ He was even feeling successful enough to joke to friends of humility:

I must remember to be modest about my modesty and to use modest and to smoke only tampax and never to cross my legs in front of men for the raging desire this may incite in diseased minds they all have them and to go to bed clean and early and never never to touch myself there because someday a white horse will coming riding on a black knight.¹²¹

By July Duggan received word that a second impression of the book had been commenced. 'It is a relatively rare thing for a volume of short stories to be reprinted so you are to be congratulated,' Gollancz Ltd wrote, and added, 'When can we expect a new book from you?'¹²² Duggan's hopes for giving up advertising continued to gather.

Meanwhile Sargeson's *Memoirs of a Peon* had appeared in print at last. Martin Green, an editor of the London publishing company MacGibbon and Kee, and a fan

when still a schoolboy of Sargeson's stories in *Penguin New Writing*, had written asking whether Sargeson had anything which could be published. The book was Sargeson's third publication in a short period, together with the *Collected Stories* and his two plays in the volume *Wrestling With the Angel*.¹²³ Soon the *Times Literary Supplement* was praising *Memoirs of a Peon* as the portrait of a 'sad and savage' New Zealand.¹²⁴ A bronze bust of the author by Alison Duff, commissioned through the Arts Advisory Council, was installed in the Auckland Public Library. At the same time O.E. Middleton, holder of the year's Scholarship in Letters, appeared in the Auckland Supreme Court as plaintiff in a libel action against the editor and publishers of *Truth*. He had begun the suit a year earlier over the newspaper's treatment of contributors to the Soviet short story anthology. Counsel for Middleton were Frank Haigh and R.A. Adams-Smith. After a hearing which lasted five days the jury found in Middleton's favour and awarded him substantial damages.¹²⁵ In England Stead had been asked to edit a second New Zealand short story collection, following on Davin's 'World Classics' volume, for Oxford University Press. Stead was soon approaching Duggan to appear in it.¹²⁶

In Auckland August proved the wettest month on record. By its end Duggan felt he had reached a crisis both in writing and with his involvement in advertising. Gradually he had come to a decision to apply for the Burns Fellowship. He would ask for an exemption from the clause requiring residence in Dunedin. However at the last moment he changed his mind and applied instead for the Scholarship in Letters. Having already been Burns Fellow once before, Duggan felt his chances would be better with something new.¹²⁷ His application claimed he had two short novels, 'The Burning Miss Bratby' and *O'Leary's Orchard*, which he needed time to complete. The decision of the Literary Fund Advisory Committee would not be known until December. If he was successful Duggan planned to resign from advertising, but this decision was made with noticeable reluctance. He even found it difficult to inform the company of his application. 'Awful gamble, etc.,' he reported to Stead. 'Turning my back on etc. and etc. Evidence of my passionate involvement with etc.'¹²⁸ He had earlier carefully written to the Registrar of Otago University to ask if he would be eligible for the Burns Fellowship once more. Now he wrote again, hinting that he would apply in 1967. 'So it's all nicely complicated,' Duggan informed Brasch. 'But if it comes off, then a story or two, for certain'.¹²⁹

As spring arrived Duggan was largely left waiting, but in good spirits. 'Even on Saturdays we are Sundayish', he wrote. 'But it is Springbok time and paradise lies, however wetly, between knock off and the game's knock on'.¹³⁰ The touring South African rugby team was beaten first by Auckland and then by the All Blacks at Eden Park, and even Duggan found the almost ubiquitous radio commentaries difficult to avoid. Arthur Sewell was back in the country and had been given the

chair in English at the University of Waikato, which had been founded the year before. Mandy Rice-Davies had been prevented from touring New Zealand after both popular objections and official obstructions. 'For the Love of Rupert' was placed third in the Katherine Mansfield Memorial Award, behind Stead's 'A Fitting Tribute' and the winner, Sargeson's 'Just Trespassing, Thanks'. The judge was R.A. Copland.¹³¹ Duggan bought himself a Ford Cortina. J. Inglis Wright's long involvement with Ford meant that it was the make agency employees were encouraged to purchase.

Duggan even enjoyed a long Labour weekend at Taupo with Barbara, Nick, and the Chrystalls, staying at the Chrystalls' large 'bach'.¹³² Marti Friedlander, an Englishwoman who had come out to New Zealand in 1958 and taken up photography just twelve months ago, accompanied them on the trip. She brought a Rolleiflex camera with her and, fascinated by Duggan's perceptive eyes and rugged face, she photographed him repeatedly on the Chrystalls' launch. To Friedlander he looked a man somehow deeply aware of human frailty, but forgiving of it in others and hoping for its forgiveness in himself.¹³³ Duggan loved the fishing excursions, while the generous comfort of the Chrystalls' bach and the fact that the launch could be driven along railway tracks straight up out of the lake meant that his prosthesis was no hindrance. Nick watched in delight as his father and David Chrystall cleaned the beach-front of dead broom and blackberry, heaped it together and used cans of petrol to set it ablaze.¹³⁴ Despite a long period of drifting into himself, when Duggan was happy normal family relations could be restored.

But the family had scarcely returned to Auckland when Sylvia telephoned Duggan from her Muswell Hill flat in London. In England it was nine a.m., but the New Zealand time was the same hour in the evening. Sylvia sounded hysterical, though Duggan thought she might merely be lonely from having failed to settle well in a new environment. For some time he had been sending her letters to bolster her confidence, telling her of exhibitions in London he had spotted in the *New Statesman*, and reminiscing on his own earlier sense of wonder at what the city had to offer.¹³⁵ But over the telephone Sylvia announced that she had resigned from Hornsey College and wanted to return to New Zealand. She quickly became convinced that Duggan was in London, despite their method of communication, and demanded that he come and collect her. When Duggan protested that he was in Forrest Hill with Barbara, Sylvia insisted that Barbara was dead, that she was not to be lied to, and that she would be waiting for Duggan outside her flat with her bags packed. As she rang off Duggan was still unsure whether she had been overcome by isolation or suffered a second breakdown.¹³⁶ In any event he had visions of a second attempted suicide and Sylvia dying on the floor of her London flat. Adcock was travelling in Italy. Duggan decided to telephone Davin at Oxford University

Press and enlist his help. The call was put through, with profuse apologies from Duggan, and Davin in turn telephoned Martha McCulloch in Coram Street. McCulloch made her way to Muswell Hill. There she found Sylvia with bags packed, sitting on the steps of the flat and waiting for Duggan to appear.¹³⁷ Sylvia was taken by McCulloch back to Coram Street, and eventually a cable from Davin informed Duggan that everything was all right. Davin worried whether a telegram might be indiscreet but, as Duggan later pointed out, Barbara had been reluctant witness to the affair from the beginning.¹³⁸ Duggan had also cabled the Steads and asked them to help if they should be needed, but the redoubtable McCulloch already had matters in hand without any assistance.¹³⁹

McCulloch telephoned Duggan to let him know Sylvia's condition and later wrote him a long letter. She saw Sylvia as 'a rather shallow girl' and said so, pricking Duggan's vanity when she suggested that he had poor taste in women.¹⁴⁰ She advised Duggan to have no further communication with Sylvia as further contact would only make things worse. Duggan agreed, chastened and feeling guilty. Sylvia returned to her flat. However when Davin visited Coram Street to talk over the matter with McCulloch they telephoned Sylvia's Muswell Hill landlord and learned that she was still making arrangements to fly back to New Zealand. Davin wrote to Duggan in warning.¹⁴¹ Sylvia arrived in Auckland and immediately called Duggan from the airport, sounding calm. Patiently he explained to her that the affair was over for good, that he was sorry she had turned her back on an opportunity in Britain, and that he would not see her. Sylvia went off to stay with her parents. A few days later she telephoned Forrest Hill again, but hung up when Barbara answered. Duggan hoped that this would be the end of it. He had already resolved to cease going to parties around the town and to spend his time at home.¹⁴²

Nick was now 'a gun-totin' eleven year old', and as always Duggan took distinct parental pleasure in his son's robust health and active nature.¹⁴³ 'Today's ambition is to be an doctor,' he wrote, 'yesterday's was to be a botanist; before that, marine biology; and before that, a fisherman. An interesting range'.¹⁴⁴ As summer approached he bought his son a six-foot (1.8 metre) pram dinghy with a squared-off front, complete but still unpainted.¹⁴⁵ With Nick's delighted help he spent his free time under the carport lovingly sanding the boat's wooden hull, then priming and undercoating and adding two topcoats of white enamel. It was Nick who was allowed to choose the paint, and when he named the boat 'Dolphin' Duggan had one of the artists at J. Inglis Wright make up a name plate. This was coated in polyurethane and attached to the back of the boat with brass screws. But having finished the project, Duggan would go no further. He would not consider coming camping with Barbara and Nick at Taupo over Christmas.¹⁴⁶ 'I'm uneasy off the bitumen', he excused himself to friends.¹⁴⁷ He had grown, like his father before

him, capable of large gestures of love, but little of directness or intimacy. His leg, his writing, and increasingly his drinking interposed themselves. Fatherhood, as Nick neared his teens, would be a matter of trying to shout words of affection across a great distance.

In December John Reece Cole resigned from the Alexander Turnbull Library on the grounds of ill health. He had not improved since the accident. Instead, a short time earlier, he had impulsively taken the motorscooter his daughter Sarah kept for going to university, although he had never used one before. Cole began joyriding through Wellington without a helmet. When he fell in front of a bus, badly striking his right temple, he was fortunate not to have been killed. His mental state deteriorated further. He began to suffer delusions, one of the worst being that the Bishop of Wellington was trying to kidnap female Chinese librarians. Christine Cole was left in despair that so little remained of her husband as he used to be.¹⁴⁸ Over the same period Sylvia made repeated attempts to get in contact. She had become a patient at Tokanui Psychiatric hospital in the Waikato. She telephoned Duggan at work, asking him to visit her and saying that there were things they must talk over. Duggan refused. A week later a letter from her arrived, on the same day as a £23-telephone bill for international calls to Davin and McCulloch. Sylvia wrote that she was feeling better and intended to stay under hospital care until she was properly recovered, but still she wanted to see him. Duggan wrote a short, stern reply, saying there was nothing more he could do for her. He felt terrible responsibility and guilt. There was no further communication.¹⁴⁹

Word came that Duggan's application for the Scholarship in Letters was successful, with payment to be administered by the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council. His name alone had been enough to carry the day.¹⁵⁰ The Scholarship was to be taken up by Duggan from April of the next year.¹⁵¹ Unwilling to lose a top copywriter who would not be easy to replace, J. Inglis Wright agreed to take him on again when the Scholarship year was finished. Soon the company even offered to pay Duggan a retainer of up to £1,000 for the twelve months off if he would act in an advisory capacity, on the understanding that his first priority would be to writing. Duggan accepted this arrangement with some relief. To literary friends he cited the necessity of creature comforts, his being too old to find another job, and even simple greed. He abandoned ideas of applying for the Burns Fellowship in 1967, fearing that it would stretch relations with J. Inglis Wright to breaking point.¹⁵² News soon came through that the Burns Fellowship for 1966 was awarded to James K. Baxter. 'O'Leary's Orchard' was in its third draft. Duggan hoped to combine it with 'The Burning Miss Bratby' in a publishable book during his Scholarship year, and to get more work underway for further rewriting. He had already written thirty pages of a work called 'In the absence of the Butler let me show you...', labelling it a fantasy

and changing the title to 'Porn's Journ'. But the work threatened to become more obscene than literary and he broke off.¹⁵³

Duggan was also reading Sargeson's *Memoirs of a Peon*, which had appeared in New Zealand to respectful rather than enthusiastic reviews. Sargeson had given him a copy in October, but Duggan had not hurried to read it. The former mentor was concerned at the number of misprints, since he and Janet Frame had been forced to proof-read it in one rushed weekend.¹⁵⁴ His gift to Duggan came with a note of request:

I've just inscribed this copy--so don't mark in the margin--just let me have list of pages with t m b (top middle bottom) & the word or words wrong.

I'm not concerned with minor inconsistencies--just downright literals.

Duggan marked errors in the book anyway, and wrote a private observation on the reverse of Sargeson's green notepaper:

I suppose it took me the first ten or twenty pages to get into the tone, as it were, the 'manner' of the prose--O All the confidence it must take a literary man, in however wet a narrative o[ver]coat, to so expose his point of view.¹⁵⁵

To friends he was more guarded, suggesting that he knew Sargeson too well to give the book a proper reading.¹⁵⁶ But he was no longer a frequent visitor to Esmonde Road.

When Barbara and Nick returned from their fortnight at Taupo, spent under wet and windy conditions in company with George Haydn and Molly Macalister, they found Duggan had passed his time teaching Snowy, the family budgerigar, to speak. 'Merry Christmas, big deal,' it chirped. Privately they wondered how much of the holiday Duggan had spent at drinking.¹⁵⁷ However in the New Year all three went as a family to the Coromandel for a week, Barbara and Nick staying with the Sinclairs at their Wyuna Bay bach and Duggan, not wanting to be seen without his prosthesis, taking a room at the nearby Golconda Hotel. He was in good spirits. Mary Sinclair met him coming along the road to the bach after breakfast, chortling that he had just had a poached egg and all the water it was cooked in.¹⁵⁸ Keith Sinclair had been kept busy through the previous year with his university duties, the successful publication of his *William Pember Reeves*, and also his participation the anti-Vietnam war movement. Along with other writers and academics he had appeared at 'teach-ins' and anti-war meetings around the country, and the bach provided an opportunity to rest from his increasingly involved and conspicuous public life. Over time he had added bunkrooms and a boatshed to the original structure. Years later Duggan was to remark on the oddity of a nation that built

houses so like homes for use only during an annual fortnight.¹⁵⁹ The Thompsons had similarly built a place nearby at the top of a hill, on a piece of land that Sinclair had earlier considered using for his own bach. But despite its wonderful view Duggan found the steps up to the Thompsons' location made it almost impossible for him to visit.¹⁶⁰

Duggan later reported the activities of the holiday to Davin as: 'we fished and drank beer in the sun and ate too well, cooling the wine in the rainwater tanks, and stared at the sea'.¹⁶¹ Over this break, in between fishing expeditions, Sinclair had plans to put in a small orchard on the steep bush slope behind his bach. With Duggan's help he began the clearing, preparation and planting on a hot sunny day, and together the pair worked well into the afternoon. Duggan was enjoying himself but suddenly at around three o'clock he collapsed. He was suffering from heat exhaustion and his stump was in great pain. Sinclair had to help him back to the bach and get him a cup of tea.¹⁶² However even this did not manage to spoil the holiday, and afterwards at Forrest Hill Duggan was happy to find himself spending his remaining week off in family company.

Royalties of £12.0.7 arrived for *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, the first payment Duggan had received beyond his advance, and also the news that at the year's end Charles Brasch intended to retire as editor of *Landfall*.¹⁶³ His magazine had now been active for two decades. Speculation immediately began as to who would be Brasch's successor. Duggan wondered if the journal would be taken over by Canterbury University, much as *Meanjin* had been by the University of Melbourne, but Brasch was reluctant to see *Landfall* under the sway of an English Department.¹⁶⁴ As soon as Duggan was a full-time author once more the first writing he completed was a 'Beginnings' article for Brasch. The series had got under way with Janet Frame's piece in March the previous year. In early May Duggan posted the *Landfall* editor an article in nine sections. It was not the conventional autobiographical narrative that had typified other contributions, but nine meditations on the word 'Beginnings' as applied to differing times in his life. To Brasch he wrote in his covering letter:

It required much effort--chiefly to find the right tone--because these things are of very doubtful value unless they are honest in their analysis and precise in their facts.¹⁶⁵

It was characteristic of Duggan that he had to find a style in order to proceed. With its gaps, its lyrical phrasing, and its tendency less to explain to the reader than to reveal Duggan talking to himself, the article tells much but is restrained by what its subject is unwilling to give away. Almost nothing is made of Duggan's life prior to the loss of his leg. Although there is brief mention of earning a living as an

advertising copywriter, the examination of literary development halts after the Burns Fellowship, and folds back in upon itself.

Having earlier given up on Duggan as a possible contributor, Brasch was delighted with the piece. He hoped to print it in the December issue, which would be 'the last of my reign'. Brasch was pleased that the range of the series would be extended by what he described as, 'a fascinating picture from within of a development I have watched in glimpses from outside'.¹⁶⁶ He asked whether Duggan had ever read the massive *Memoirs de Brantôme* mentioned in the third section, but Duggan ducked giving a direct reply. His letters offered only happy unconcern as to whether to leave spaces or dots as dividers.¹⁶⁷ Duggan was busy with the routine of writing. He would rise at seven each morning and get to the desk in his study by 8.30, then write until 2 pm. On occasional afternoons he would have to drive into town to J. Inglis Wright. 'Some typing in the evening,' he reported to Adcock, 'if I'm sober enough, or reading or help Nick with his homework'.¹⁶⁸ Alcoholism was cutting a small productive part from his day, but remained in check. By mid May Duggan was hinting to Brasch at sending a story within a few weeks.¹⁶⁹

The Auckland Duggan now lived and wrote in was a very different place from the overgrown provincial town of his childhood. Its population had continued to expand dramatically until in 1966, two decades after the Second World War, it had well over half a million people and expected to double that number in the next twenty five years. Auckland's urban area sprawled across 194 square miles (312 square kilometres) and comprised four cities. Its 'golden mile' of Queen Street business property had a capital value of £27,700,000, with more than that again invested in the construction of new commercial buildings. In the past six years over 110,000 television sets had been registered between Wellsford and Meremere. Such statistics, indicative of a developing commercial and industrial metropolis, seemed almost incredible in a small-scale and still rural-minded nation. Auckland International Airport had commenced operations at Mangere the previous November, with jet air travel now available across the Tasman Sea and Pacific Ocean. The city's thirty miles (48 kilometres) of motorways could no longer cope with the traffic congestion, and the newly constituted Auckland Regional Authority was considering a £21,000,000 rail-bus rapid transit scheme that would include 1.2 miles (1.9 kilometres) of underground subway. The decision had already been made to double the width of the Harbour Bridge. In suburban developments primary schools were being hurriedly planned for as yet unborn children.¹⁷⁰

On the North Shore even Frank Sargeson's once isolated fibrolite dwelling was now hemmed in by respectable ownership flats. The neighbourhood was unimpressed by his purely functional garden or the stream of unusual visitors who

came and went under the overgrown hedge across his gate. An anonymous note suggested he exchange his bust in the Auckland Public Library for a pair of gardening shears. But when Duggan occasionally visited the house as he found his creative bearings, he saw that its contents, like his former mentor's lifestyle, remained bookish, rough-and-ready and stubbornly unchanging.¹⁷¹ Sargeson was rushing to complete a new novel, *The Hangover*, for his English publishers, but he had his doubts about the work and was returning to page one to include a new character.¹⁷²

Winter approached with the days cold and clear, Duggan's favourite weather for writing. He had always felt that Auckland's hot summers worked against a writer's best interests. His drinking seemed to make him more impervious to low temperatures than ever. Jack Lasenby, who was working as a teacher and writing a novel in his spare time, found when he and Liz visited Forrest Hill that the house often seemed cold.¹⁷³ Duggan was approached by John Hardy, a theatrical producer, and two others associated with television in Dunedin, to make a film of 'Blues for Miss Laverty'. Although he found it difficult to imagine the story on screen he gave initial permission, subject to developments.¹⁷⁴ Then on 8 June he posted Brasch the promised new work, not 'O'Leary's Orchard' but a piece he tentatively entitled 'North'. Later it would appear as 'An Appetite for Flowers'. Duggan hurried the piece to *Landfall* in the hope that it could be published during the remainder of Brasch's editorship, but when Brasch replied that this would be impossible the editor found himself immediately pressed to send the story back.¹⁷⁵ Brasch did so with some reluctance. He felt the work was a fresh new departure, with only the title giving him concern. He suggested 'Looking for North' as a possible replacement and observed: 'I see Hilda as living in Pond St, Hampstead, near the end of the 24 bus route: am I miles out?'. Perhaps to Brasch's surprise, Duggan agreed.

Yes, Hampstead surely, as a setting: I find that I do on occasions quite consciously overlap certain parts of Hampstead with certain, limited, parts of Wellington.¹⁷⁶

Precisely when Duggan began 'An Appetite for Flowers', or how quickly it was written, is unknown. Later he professed to think little of the story.¹⁷⁷ It may well have been produced in a matter of weeks, or possibly in moments between other work on 'O'Leary's Orchard', inspired by observing troubles among his friends over custody of children. With the story returned and no further obligations to Brasch as editor, Duggan retitled it 'Up Jacob's Ladder' and submitted it to *London Magazine*.¹⁷⁸ Next he recommenced work on the fourth draft of 'O'Leary's Orchard'. This, he commented to Brasch, would also be 'atypical Duggan--as I might wish all Duggan to be'.¹⁷⁹ By mid year he was going in to the office at J.

Inglis Wright regularly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, and using the rest of the week to write. He remained nonchalant when a rejection of 'Up Jacob's Ladder' soon came in the post from England.¹⁸⁰

Duggan learned privately that Robin Dudding, previously editor of *Mate*, was to take over *Landfall*, and he wrote to Brasch expressing pleasure at the decision.¹⁸¹ Dudding did not have a private income as Brasch did, and thus editing the journal was to be part of more general job as the Caxton Press's Publishing Editor. He and his family were to move to Christchurch in August, where they settled at length on a half-acre (2,000m²) at 15 Barnes Road. Word had also come of the acceptance of Fleur Adcock's second book of poetry, *Tigers*, by Oxford University Press in England. On her return from a further holiday in Italy Duggan wrote in warm congratulations.¹⁸² Barry Crump, he reported to her, had been briefly staying with the Lasenbys in Devonport and working as a reporter for the television programme *Town and Around*.¹⁸³ Duggan and Crump had met in Auckland the previous year and become friendly, so that Crump visited Forrest Hill sometimes for a drink, a chat, or even to arm-wrestle.¹⁸⁴ Duggan had shown himself capable of occasional jealousy of others' success, but he could also be winningly generous. He admired C.K. Stead's anti-Vietnam War poem, 'A Small Registry of Births and Deaths'. When this was accepted by the *New Statesman* Duggan sent the younger writer, who had been back in the country from the beginning of the year, a note in praise.

I perceive, as I hate to confess, the grand advantage of a greater application, a superior intelligence, a greater perception and a more accommodating heart. Plus sobriety. It's not going to be easy, for you.¹⁸⁵

In August Duggan felt himself close to finishing 'O'Leary's Orchard', which was sixty pages long in typescript. He began typing out a fifth and final draft at the rate of five pages a day. Barbara, Nick and Jeremy Lasenby visited Wellington for a week during the school holidays, staying with the Coles. Christine had given up her copywriting job at Catts-Patterson to look after her invalid husband. Her dreams of making a contribution to New Zealand literature through him were in disarray. Sargeson once shocked Christine by saying that if Cole had not met her he would probably have written more, but that he would then probably have committed suicide. To support Cole she was reviving the interest in journalism which she had first discovered when writing for a local paper, while a pupil at New Plymouth Girls' High School. Now she had become television critic for the *Dominion* and would soon be frantically reviewing in other magazines under eight different names.¹⁸⁶ In fact her efforts were to make her one of the country's most respected journalists and head of Wellington Polytechnic's School of Journalism. Inspired no doubt by Christine's activities, Nick and Jeremy sent their comments on the capital city to the

Sunday Times children's page, where they expressed disappointment that the Freyberg Pool was a few inches under Olympic length and that it was forbidden to climb the war memorial. The article was clipped out and kept by proud parents.¹⁸⁷

Despite being saddened by Cole's decline, Duggan stayed on in Auckland to type out his story's final pages. He felt enormous relief at having 'O'Leary's Orchard' complete at last, and more than a little deflated. On the process of writing it he recorded:

So many wrong approaches--I must have written and rejected no less than two hundred other [pages]. I am insane, of course. A nubile heroine, Miss Bernstein; a mum; and O'Leary, mere proprietor of this absurdity and its chattels. Brilliantly wrong-headed and hard, so hard, to do [...] it's too long for any magazine--the same length as *Riley's Enchiridion*.¹⁸⁸

His next task, Duggan decided stubbornly, was to begin once more on 'The Burning Miss Bratby', a project he contemplated 'with holy dread--and a mild boredom'.¹⁸⁹ At the same time J. Inglis Wright offered him the position of Creative Director for the Auckland branch. The job would mean a £2,500 salary per annum, considerably more status, control over most aspects of an advertising campaign, and even the right to choose his own secretary. Under his present circumstances Duggan thought the title insipid, and he turned down the offer.¹⁹⁰

But 'The Burning Miss Bratby' was not revived. No further changes were made to the manuscript. Though Duggan sat in his study before it day after day, he was simply unable to come to terms with the work. His senses did not flood, as he had put it in 'Beginnings', and the daemon did not enter.¹⁹¹ After five such productive months he could manage nothing with the bundle of papers, and this is no doubt why he confessed later to friends that in his Scholarship year he had trouble with writing.¹⁹² Without successfully finishing 'The Burning Miss Bratby' he had no novel and no future as an author. It did not occur to Duggan that in 'O'Leary's Orchard' he had just written the type of work which he always hoped his novel would be--a piece heavily patterned, contrapuntal, and straining the limits of realism. As he sat, waiting for something to happen, but with no words or even plans for words apparent, Duggan began genuinely to despair. He visited Sargeson, taking with him a carbon copy of the 'Beginnings' article, ostensibly to check whether his former mentor had any objections to references in it. But Sargeson supplied Duggan with whisky and the meeting soon became fraught. Duggan found it necessary to write afterwards in an approximation of apology:

I realise that I am an irascible bastard; but if you found, as you said, some of my opinions questionable if not deplorable I can only reply

by saying: They fluctuate: I'll have a different set, tomorrow. This is the deep core of my so patent corruption.¹⁹³

He accepted the job of Creative Director. It had always required massive efforts of will-power to battle through depressive episodes, and now Duggan also believed that the creation of literature was an act of determination at which he had failed. On what he saw as succumbing to advertising, he wrote:

The battlements on which one stood, so readied for alarm and so defending one's inner integrity, are now shown to have been a property-maker's command of illusion: there is no substitute for will.¹⁹⁴

Alcohol was ready to make up the difference. Duggan was unhappy and his unhappiness had a symbiotic relationship with drinking. He was always prepared to concede that he drank too much, but unwilling to consider that such behaviour might be out of his control. If he gave up drinking, he told friends, he would have to change his entire lifestyle, as everyone he knew drank.¹⁹⁵ A new Alcohol and Drug Addiction Bill was before Parliament. In the past alcoholics had often been gaoled, but the bill proposed that they could be placed by a magistrate, acting on the opinion of two medical practitioners, in a psychiatric institution for up to two years. A *Listener* editorial by Holcroft in favour of the bill prompted a letter to the editor from the secretary of the New Zealand Alliance for the Abolition of the Liquor Traffic. This in turn provoked a flippant response by Duggan, attacking the Alliance and justifying wine through a characteristically obscure reference to the writings of St. John Chrysostom of the fourth century Greek Orthodox Church.¹⁹⁶ In 'Beginnings' Duggan had written more seriously of his first illness and subsequent introduction to literature: 'If one sort of life becomes, in some aspects, impossible then another must be devised'.¹⁹⁷ Now his transformation into a new type of personality seemed once more to be taking place.

Nevertheless the literary world could continue to regard Duggan as within its reach. While in Wellington Barbara had met Bruce Mason, and through her he happily passed on recollections of his early admiration for 'Riley's Handbook'.¹⁹⁸ Duggan received a conciliatory note from Sargeson in congratulations on the 'Beginnings' typescript, which he had taken some time to read because his friend Harry Doyle was visiting and ill.¹⁹⁹ Soon Duggan was sending a similar conciliatory telegram over Sargeson's latest story in *Landfall*, 'Charity Begins at Home'.²⁰⁰ Sinclair won the Hubert Church Award for *William Pember Reeves*. The last number of *Landfall* under Brasch as editor appeared, with Duggan one of the many grateful signatories to the page secreted into the issue in Brasch's honour. Duggan also wrote a letter of his own in more personal thanks.²⁰¹ He had sent Dudding 'O'Leary's Orchard' and it had been accepted for the new editor's first issue.

But as Creative Director Duggan was spending most of his days in the office at J. Inglis Wright, and his main communication with Dudding was not over stories but a reissue of the *Landfall* rate card.²⁰²

Duggan bought a new car. He could now afford to join the class of person who traded in a car every few years in order to take advantage of inflation. C.K. Stead was amazed when Duggan proudly explained this as good economics--such materialism seemed to flout everything the literary community stood for.²⁰³ However the car was soon damaged in an unfortunate accident when Duggan collided with a driver who was in a hurry to get to work and had run a red light.²⁰⁴ By December he was writing to Adcock in rambling complaint:

[M]y writing year has gone to pot because it seems by temperament I must be top rather than intermediate dog in my lousy-type job [...] Rain? On juniper and poplar in their spring heyday this patter falls. Scatters. The earth has smells. Winds refuse to be subdued and branches break and all buds scatter, all petals rather. It is a time of tenderness and the sad grain of the year breaks across it. Boys on bicycles thunder down dangerous slopes [...] So long ago I calmed my heart and entered the jungle to stalk the major beasts, not thinking of trophy or smoking-and-drinking gunrooms, and stand appalled before this ancient monster and, too late, offer to lay down my arms. Why not, brothers and sisters brides and donors, settle for the *quiet* desperation?²⁰⁵

The letter so worried Adcock that she wrote back almost immediately, asking Duggan whether he was all right. Self-pity, a sentiment he had always deeply distrusted, would become more common to his tone now that he felt he had given literature up. Sardonic humour helped conceal from himself the fact that he was deeply depressed and alleviating this condition with alcohol, which in turn acted as a depressant on his mental state. With the New Year Duggan's Scholarship in Letters ended. Meanwhile James K. Baxter had been accepted to continue in a second year of tenure as Burns Fellow.

As Creative Director Duggan was in charge of the entire Creative Department at J. Inglis Wright in Auckland. He had finally escaped out of copywriting, though only into generating and coordinating the copywriting of others, as well as overseeing the print, radio, television and photographic aspects of a media campaign. It was a remarkable rise for someone who had become a Chief Copywriter less than two years before. In the shifting world of agency accounts J. Inglis Wright held, among others, Beecham cleaners, BOAC, Bushells, Corbans Wines, Johnson & Johnson baby products, Johnson Wax, Tip Top ice-cream and WD & HO Wills tobacco. All would have passed at times through Duggan's

scrutiny.²⁰⁶ The Client Services Director, Russell Wilson, brought the Schweppes account into the firm when on a visit to Sydney he told a copywriter friend not to get his schweppsticles in a knot. From this had come the slogan, 'Schweppesmanship, the simple art of being a good mixer'.²⁰⁷ The convoluted team nature of any advertisement's production and the many changes it went through from conception to finish, as well as the fact that material from overseas campaigns was often used and adapted for the New Zealand market, meant that attribution of any line or phrase was always problematic. Nevertheless by 1967, although Duggan was not writing fiction, most of the country was being exposed to material by him on its television screens and in its newspapers on an almost daily basis.

Of the thirty or so total staff in the Anzac Avenue offices about a dozen were under Duggan's direct control. He was an exacting manager. Duggan would arrive early, parking his car in the space nearest the door so that he would not have far to the elevator. In the office he was extremely well organised, unusually so for a creative staff member. He was completely reliable over deadlines, and keen to understand every aspect of an account and its campaign.²⁰⁸ He expected great punctuality from his people and was unhappy if tea breaks or lunchtimes were taken for longer than allowed.²⁰⁹ The swinging 1960s were under way, with the appearance of the Beatles's album *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, psychedelia, and the Californian 'flower power' summer. Among this Duggan could seem at once schoolmasterish and liberal, since he encouraged others always to think freshly and explore bold options in a campaign. But he could be harshly critical of woolly thinking or muddling, and he was intolerant of anyone who did not measure up to his standards. Some of the staff walked in genuine fear of him, and Duggan felt later that a great deal of aggression went into this hard-driving approach to his job.²¹⁰ 'When I say jump--they jump,' he confided proudly to Sinclair on one occasion, and Sinclair, who had a department of his own to run at the university, was most impressed.²¹¹

Brian Couldrey, a young Account Executive who worked closely with Duggan on a group of clients, found managing the older man at times a daunting task. Duggan was large and aware of the intimidating physical presence in his big moustache, his thick eyebrows that rose up at the temples, and his strong, gruff personality. It was Couldrey who had to deal with the unhappiness left by the Creative Director's intolerance for staff who were not always effective. However Couldrey felt he had never met anyone so at home with language. At meetings Duggan was always ready with the right word, often witty though sometimes vitriolic. His reports, written in longhand, were marvellously incisive and lucid, and when altered they were changed decisively. Because Duggan was himself so capable, and made such conscientious efforts with each campaign, he was also able

to bring the best out of those under him. He began to mould a consummately professional creative team, and could be very supportive of them over matters such as salary increases. Couldrey noticed that prior to a presentation, the crucial meeting at which a media campaign would be revealed and explained to a client, Duggan could become nervous. Sometimes just beforehand he would put on deodorant in his office, as his bulk often seemed to leave him overheated. In meetings he liked to position himself somewhere dominant, such as at the end of a table, where his verbal dexterity could be at its greatest advantage. But once inside the conference room the words would begin to flow, and not just what Duggan was saying but the drama of what he said would take hold. With his age, his authoritative manner and careful appearance, Duggan appealed to the mostly conservative business community. As pride in his own performance came to the fore his eyes would begin to shine with the same infectious enthusiasm that had charmed both his literary and boyhood friends. Some in the office called it his 'full fervour' look.²¹²

Duggan was soon known as a capable all-rounder, who on a good day displayed formidable energy. Despite its surface formality the high tension of the advertising world could sometimes warp into moments of anarchic *frisson*. The mercurial Russell Wilson once became so angry with a colleague that he placed him in a chair on top of a desk, tied him up with an extension cord, and left him for the night. During one period when business was slow the Creative Department conducted a meticulous survey of the number of people who broke stride to avoid a trapdoor in the floor just outside the elevator. The agency handled the Wilkinson Sword razor blade account, and while a copywriter Duggan's task had been to secure a greater market share for his product over its rivals, Gillette.²¹³ Wilkinson Sword was run by the Randolphs, an old established British family who would occasionally send representatives down from England to visit the distributors in Auckland and to review marketing progress. However the company became a public concern and new blood was brought in, so that the account seemed in some danger as a young sales executive arrived at the offices of J. Inglis Wright. The newcomer was a former rugby player with blond hair left fashionably long, and he seemed penetratingly articulate. The meeting began poorly, creeping through what Couldrey thought of as the 'getting-to-know-you bits', until the visitor made a sharp remark and Duggan from the far end of the table countered with a typically trenchant riposte. There was a sudden intake of breath around the room, until the young Englishman beamed and said: 'oh touché, touché!'. From that moment he and Duggan were friends, and the way to holding the account was smoothed.²¹⁴

In March Robin Dudding's first issue of *Landfall* appeared, with 'O'Leary's Orchard' at the front of the journal. At forty seven pages the story took up nearly as much space as 'Riley's Handbook' had earlier and read, as Gambo had described

Isobel's play, 'like a fire in a fireworks factory'.²¹⁵ The same issue contained two reviews of C.K. Stead's 'World Classics' anthology, *New Zealand Short Stories: Second Series*, which included 'In Youth is Pleasure' and 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. In his review Terry Sturm chose the latter story, along with Sargeson's 'City and Suburban' and Stead's 'A Fitting Tribute', for special praise. He observed:

[Duggan] is technically the most skilful writer represented; yet his irony is at once more uncompromising and his technique more complete than Mr Sargeson's.²¹⁶

This may be one reason why, after reading 'O'Leary's Orchard', Sargeson wrote to Duggan with congratulations that were distinctly back-handed. He felt the story might be sagging in one or two places. The story's appearance in *Landfall* was the first time he had read it, a far cry from the days when the former mentor had been consulted over each new manuscript. 'Anyhow a unique piece of work,' he concluded, 'which it must have satisfied you a lot to knock off'.²¹⁷

However Sargeson wrote again a few days later in a more friendly tone, saying that on a second reading the story did not sag at all. He even complimented Duggan on having turned the upper-middle class world associated with advertising to his advantage.²¹⁸ Duggan's reply was also carefully friendly:

Thank you for your letter--in fact the only 'noise' I've heard, so all the better for coming from so authoritative a source [...] I rather more agree with your first letter; it does sag. Should it emerge again I would definitely treat the newspaper report indirectly and much, much more briefly.²¹⁹

Nevertheless Duggan had seen Sargeson from his car in Takapuna just a few days earlier, watching the now sixty four year-old man drop his haversack to weigh himself on the public scales before a pharmacy. Duggan's reaction had been to think better of stopping to speak face to face.²²⁰ 'An Appetite For Flowers', which in comparison to 'O'Leary's Orchard' he described to Sargeson as, 'less "appealing" (perhaps)', was submitted to *Landfall* and accepted by Dudding for September.²²¹ Duggan had first thought of calling the story 'To Eat Flowers and Not To Be Afraid', from a poem by e.e. cummings. But after discouraging comments from literary friends he adopted a condensed version.²²²

Later Duggan recalled his working day to Kendrick Smithyman as:

Leaping in and out of the shower (honest, when did I?), joining the motorway cavalcade at eight in the morning of rain, hail or shine, returning to a shot of Four Roses (I hate bourbon) to wind down the piano stool and settle with a good book or a shitty liver.²²³

The hours were long, the work and its pressure constant, and Duggan often found that: 'My bloodhound mask is disconcerting, even to me'.²²⁴ J. Inglis Wright ran an

in-house training course in Wellington every two or three years to which key people were brought to attend seminars on the latest trends, information, and technology. About sixty copywriters and visualisers attended, together with the company's few creative directors. Duggan revelled in receiving a small expense account.²²⁵ However he soon found that he was not to have a moment to himself, not for seeing the Coles or even to have a drink. The seminars started from ten o'clock in the morning with Australian media experts talking about television, and discussions on the likely impact of the introduction of decimal currency from 10 July. In the evening a working session began at nine thirty. Greville Wiggs, the company Chairman, had arranged a creative assignment, and the staff were split into small groups to get a presentation ready for first thing in the morning. As leader of one of the groups, Duggan had had enough. Instead of tackling the assignment he put all his efforts into arguing it was nonsense, that it was not a creative problem but a marketing issue, and that there was no point in pursuing it. He persuaded his group into dropping the task and retiring for the night. The next morning Laurie Enting, acting as adjudicator, called upon the group leaders to make their reports. Enting was canny, and well accustomed to managing the fragile and volatile natures of his creative people. He had heard about Duggan's group and carefully left them until last. At length, before Duggan was to make his presentation, Enting said: 'Maurice had a go at standing this proposition on its head, didn't you, Maurice'. Duggan grinned and replied: 'I hoped you wouldn't pick it'.²²⁶

But in a more crucial situation Duggan could be every inch the advertising professional. When James Belich, then Director-in-charge of the Christchurch branch, found his office invited to seek the Apple and Pear Marketing Board's Fresh-up Juice account, he requested Duggan from Auckland and some Wellington television experts to come down to strengthen the Christchurch input. Duggan and the rest of the task force were briefed on the problem by Belich, then sequestered at the Russley Hotel for the next two days. Occasionally Belich would appear to check on progress. He found Duggan and the others around a blackboard covered in slogans. Gradually the team had come up with the idea of 'an apple in a glass', and were working on a tag line roughly approximating: 'Drink an apple'. Designs were being worked up for the new cans' labels, which consisted of an apple and an orange drawn together and surrounded by the shape of a glass cup. Later when a presentation was made the lucrative account was won for the agency. Belich respected Duggan's intellect and ability, and was accustomed to the fact that many painters, musicians and writers who could not support themselves on their art alone found advertising a way of earning a living. However he felt that Duggan had a chip on his shoulder, and wondered if its origin might lie in the suppression of talent.²²⁷

In spring 'An Appetite for Flowers' appeared in *Landfall*. With *The Hangover* due to be published soon, Sargeson wrote in unforced appreciation of the story and hoped there would be more.²²⁸ But his letter queried the use of 'cream' as a verb in the sentence: 'She creamed her face and used pink tissues'.²²⁹ In irritation Duggan scribbled on the notepaper: 'Shakespeare & Swift, for two, use it as a verb & I am always pleased to be in good company. But, anyway, hell!--this is my corruption? One word?'. However in his eventual reply to Sargeson he was considerably more restrained.²³⁰ Some others, such as Sinclair and Smithyman, had given up going to Esmonde Road altogether, disconcerted by Sargeson's off-putting nature. When Lasenby visited one sunny afternoon in his teaching clothes, shirt, tie and walk-shorts, Sargeson immediately began complimenting him on his brown knees and would not let the matter rest.²³¹ Nevertheless Harry Doyle, for some time severely ill with a valvular heart disease that left him weak and breathless, was now staying at Esmonde Road as a permanent guest. Not wanting to consign him to a hospital, Sargeson had even arranged for an extra room for Doyle to be added to the house. He worked on a new comic novel, *Joy of the Worm*, as the carpenters hammered. Duggan could not bring himself to read 'An Appetite for Flowers' again in *Landfall*, even as he customarily did for literals. In October he learned that 'O'Leary's Orchard' had reached the final eight of the Katherine Mansfield Memorial Award, but had gone no further.²³² In Wellington Laurie Enting had a friend interested in journalism who asked him how one learned to write. A few days later at the Anzac Avenue offices Enting passed on the query. He was not surprised when Duggan looked up from his desk and barked: 'Scratch on paper!'²³³

At the end of the year a minor row with Barbara resulted in Duggan writing her an exhausted letter on Christmas Day and leaving it where she would find it. This was also a useful present, since Duggan offered so few chances for anyone to see inside the increasingly walled personality within which he conducted his emotional life. The world's first heart transplant operation had been carried out only days before. Duggan wrote:

I have, as I think you know, found it impossible to live these days. But I have tried, as well I might, not be ^[cruel] absolute ogre and have wanted to try to match some lighthearted moods [...] Either it is alcohol or it is something much more dire. As I fear. As if, indeed, my life had run out, over all those ordinary shoals (so awful because so ordinary) and not returned to cover them. Drinking, do you know?, does not solace this; makes it, indeed, only less possible to hide that somewhat banal despair [...] I type this to you because you have heard it all before. I could not bear an interruption, on xmas

day. Who have nowhere to hide...every room open to everyone, and me not wanting to be alone or in company.²³⁴

Despite his literary and commercial successes Duggan seemed ever more unable to communicate his feelings directly with others. Alcohol-driven depressions left him unable to focus on any pain beyond his own. Years later in 'The Magsman Miscellany' he was to use the satisfactions of Narcissus as his image for failure of artistic perception.²³⁵ Everyone hoped that things would improve. On one occasion, while drunk, Duggan said to Mary Sinclair that he felt tenderness was the only thing that mattered in marriage. Mary was surprised, as she no longer thought of him as a man capable of such emotions. Later Barbara remarked sadly to Mary that Duggan had become a mountain, from which the clouds parted only once in a while to let him be seen.²³⁶ Such glimpses sustained the family.

At dinner parties after the New Year Duggan's growing inability to manage the forces which shaped his emotional life would repeatedly reveal itself. After one or two meals with the Steads at Tohunga Crescent, Stead began to feel that there was a definite curve to Duggan's behaviour over each evening. Now Professor of English at Auckland University, Stead observed how Duggan would arrive appearing normal and proceed to drink with the other guests at the table during the meal. Gradually through the evening he would seem to rev up, fuelled by quantities of alcohol as he made witty interjections and comments, until at the dinner's halfway point he would embark on a story with eyes ablaze and clearly at the top of his form. This he would embroider and extend euphorically and brilliantly well, with his hosts and other guests almost falling off their chairs with laughter. Everyone adored a good Duggan story. But immediately the tale finished Duggan would seem to collapse, all energy spent, and would suddenly appear drunk and overwhelmingly low-spirited. He would have to be helped to the car and Barbara would drive him home.²³⁷ At one evening during dinner at the Steads' Duggan became increasingly bombastic as he became more drunk. Maurice Shadbolt, who was also present, found himself being uncomfortably pressured by Duggan into taking anti-academic sides against Stead and Sinclair. Shadbolt was not at all keen to play such games and Sinclair, who was always the most loyal of friends, confessed later that Duggan had been getting on everyone's nerves.²³⁸ Yet in a sober daytime conversation Duggan did not display the same verbal peaks or emotional troughs. When Jack Lasenby wanted to apply for an editorial position with School Publications in Wellington Duggan wrote for him the most meticulous and useful of references. Lasenby also arranged a reference from Bill Wilson, who died aged forty eight of a brain haemorrhage a short time later in May. Wilson had become a senior lecture at the School of Architecture and was elevated to fellowship of the Institute of Architects only the year before. Duggan was one of the many who mourned his early death and who

felt, as he said, that the light had gone out of Auckland.²³⁹ Eventually when Lasenby was accepted by School Publications Duggan congratulated him warmly and suggested: 'Your only trouble in going to Wellington to write is that you are not going far enough south'.²⁴⁰

1968 was a year ripe with history. There were the assassinations of Martin Luther King in April and Robert Kennedy in June, the Paris student riots in May, and against the continual background of protest over the Vietnam war appeared the invasion of Czechoslovakia by Soviet forces in mid August. The *Wahine* sank in Wellington Harbour on 10 April within sight of Seatoun beach, and fifty one people drowned. But Duggan seemed oblivious to all events outside advertising. He was swamped with work. Together with Brian Couldrey he was deeply involved with the BOAC account, for which in fact advertisements had become steadily bolder and wittier.²⁴¹ A photograph of the legs for which a secretary had been hired would drift down a newspaper column, followed by a caption showing that she even wrote down punctuation while supplying her own:

'Dear Sir, comma. Due to heavy business pressure recently business associates inform me that you offer a 14-28 day Economy Excursion return fare to San Francisco for only £250, stop. If this surprising news is true, comma, arrange one for me immediately, exclamation mark. Yours etc.' How'd you like to see Hawaii, Miss Smith? 'P.S. Is it only £198.19.0 return to Hawaii?'²⁴²

Another product Duggan was deeply concerned with was the Quik Stik self-adhesive label. The firm's Managing Director, Jack Shaw, felt Duggan had an excellent understanding of the company and its business. A self-made man, Shaw clearly enjoyed Duggan's talent for verbal dexterity. For Quik Stik Duggan devised a number of what were at the time considered very sophisticated advertisements, that did much to promote the product in the market-place.²⁴³ Typical was a newspaper photograph of an attractive but completely serious-looking woman beside the front tyre of a car. Alongside was the caption:

A new breed of label for a new breed of tyre...Reidrubber Reidstar used Quik Stik as the answer to a marketing problem. The requirement--a label that would stick to a hard-to-stick, patterned surface without show-through. Self-adhesive Quik Stik, of course, using specially formulated adhesive. Norge-HMV used special, removable, non-staining Quik Stik labels for decorative, showroom identification of their refrigerators. Air New Zealand use detachable baggage tags by Quik Stik [...] Think Quik Stik...Quik Stik labels practically--anything.²⁴⁴

Eventually the Quik Stik campaign won the agency a Sales and Marketing Executive International award.²⁴⁵

J. Inglis Wright had an unwritten though scrupulously obeyed rule that staff were not allowed to drink in the office before five o'clock. But after a demanding day's work Duggan would stay on with other colleagues in the evenings to gather around the refrigerated drinks cabinet in the conference room and review the day's activities. Gin and tonic was the company drink, which he very much adopted. The account for Gordon's ('The Word for Gin, Sir, is Gordons') was held by the agency.²⁴⁶ Despite becoming more voluble over alcohol Duggan never talked, as others did, of his family life. His literary achievements were no secret, but he did not bring them up. A national referendum in late September voted, despite a vigorous temperance campaign, to increase hotel trading hours from six to ten o'clock. Sinclair heard from a worried friend that Duggan was sometimes to be seen in a bar in town, stoking up with several more drinks before driving home.²⁴⁷

In the September *Landfall* Duggan was one of five writers who wrote briefly of their experiences as Burns Fellow to mark the tenth anniversary of the Fellowship. In the article he did not so much recall 'the lovely bonus of the Burns year or the year of my Scholarship in Letters' as muse hesitantly on his otherwise sporadic literary commitment. 'I am not a professional writer,' he observed, 'I never shall be. But that does not mean that I shall cease to write'.²⁴⁸ In fact, despite claiming that he worked on and off at new material, Duggan was seldom finding occasion even to read.²⁴⁹ He appeared for the first time in New Zealand's *Who's Who*, as an advertising executive, and listed his recreation as: 'Poetry and its implications'.²⁵⁰ Adcock meanwhile had received the Jessie Mackay Poetry award for *Tigers* and Sargeson had won the Hubert Church award, for the second time, with *The Hangover*. Moreover Janet Paul was soon in contact about the demise of her independent publishing company.

At the end of 1965 Blackwood & Janet Paul Ltd had moved to 8 Cintra Place in Auckland, with Janet Paul solely in charge. But three years later problems had arisen over the firm's meeting a \$3,000 bill for the printing of a geography textbook. Paul had already been offered a possible loan in assistance by British publisher Mark Longman, and now the loan was requested. Longmans sent a director to New Zealand to look into the firm, and soon overseas assistance with the company's liabilities and assets was turned into a takeover. Blackwood & Janet Paul became Longman Paul. Longmans was principally interested in the New Zealand firm's educational list, and so for a further year at the company, as a director without salary, Paul had the unpleasant task of contacting literary authors whose work was no longer to be kept in print.²⁵¹ *Summer in the Gravel Pit* was to be remaindered from the end of November at a price of thirty cents each. Duggan took the

opportunity to buy six more copies. Janet Paul was willing to attempt persuading her sales people to keep the book on at trade prices, but Duggan suggested she allow it to go out of print.²⁵² Phoebe Meikle, who was sympathetic to Duggan and to a literary backlist, returned from three years in England to act as Executive Editor.²⁵³

Towards the end of the year Duggan's steadily growing and long suppressed aggression turned deeper inward. He was under immense strain. Once visiting the Sinclairs' house he grew so tense over a beer that he sat and folded a bottle-cap between his thumb and forefinger, a sight that twelve year-old Stephen Sinclair never forgot.²⁵⁴ When not at work he began an almost methodical process of self-punishment through alcohol. Duggan did not drink during the day but in the evening, as he wryly noted later, he would 'go on, to the night shift'.²⁵⁵ Preparations involved remarkable care. Duggan would drink heavily but not to excess with other members of staff at J. Inglis Wright and then drive home. His condition was one he had characterised for the villainous father in 'An Appetite for Flowers' as, 'equipoise between being sober and being drunk'.²⁵⁶ Often he would give a lift to a new colleague, Colin McKeown, who lived in Belmont. McKeown never worried that there was anything amiss in Duggan's ability to handle the car. Sometimes at the door to his house McKeown would invite Duggan inside for a nightcap, but this was always politely declined.²⁵⁷ A further drink at this time would not fit into his plans. At Forrest Hill Duggan would come inside the house, cheerful and a bit tight, and sit down at the breakfast bar.

But soon after his arrival Duggan would fix himself another drink and change suddenly into a morose, befuddled and irascible drunk. His understanding of his own tolerance for alcohol was so finely judged that Barbara began to see that one dreadful drink as a switch which would transform Duggan into an entirely different type of person. He would continue drinking steadily, pick angrily at his dinner--he refused to eat anything but steak, baked potatoes and peas--and glower around the room ready with a tongue-lashing for anyone who caught his momentary attention. Both Barbara and Nick watched out for a low and unpredictable flash-point. Later in life Duggan was to write of this time:

[W]hen I say I did what's called my serious drinking at home you will appreciate what hell that was--the domestic front was the battle front and everyone present was the enemy, the threat, the reason--night after night, weekend after weekend.²⁵⁸

At last, while he was still able, Duggan would rise, swing on the pole of the breakfast bar, then stagger across the room using the furniture as props. He would get himself into the bedroom where he would sit down on the floor. The door would be slammed with vicious force, so violent that this eventually shifted the door-frame,

and he would begin the ritual of taking off his prosthesis before dragging himself into bed.

Through all this Duggan remained lucid. Part of himself could watch, tragic and helpless, while his Riley personality wreaked havoc in his life. He felt agonisingly guilty for what was happening and at times would manage to communicate that sorrow to Barbara and Nick. Each morning Duggan seemed as if trying to make some emotional ground towards family and sobriety, but each day a cycle of deterioration would begin again. In the weekends he would often conduct long alcohol-sodden binges. Although with two incomes the family was affluent--as well off as in his childhood when Robert Duggan had been managing George Court's--a considerable part of Duggan's income was disappearing on drink. Later he admitted he 'pissed the cash against the wall'.²⁵⁹ On a Monday morning at seven o'clock neither Barbara nor Nick could believe that the man shaved, neatly dressed and ready to join the motorway's crawl across the bridge into work was the same drunken ruin of the night before.²⁶⁰

At the end of 1968 Duggan turned forty six: 'with the cabwork looking rather older and most of the brightwork tarnished badly; but still the same old frenzied grip--white knuckles at their pitch'. He noted: 'It was a bad year; and it will be another'.²⁶¹ Barbara and Nick took a holiday in Taupo over Christmas while Duggan continued with work. During his own fortnight's holiday in January he lay in the sun when he could and drank. He had largely given up going to dinner parties and his spirits were low, aware of Barbara and Nick circling him cautiously as he sat about the house. Although nothing was said Nick would sometimes find his father's mood so unapproachably bad that he would try to not go near him.²⁶² Nevertheless there were brighter moments. Nick was allowed to paint the back of the carport after warnings not to knock over the paint-can, so that when Duggan arrived and kicked it over himself he made the incident a family joke.²⁶³ Duggan also managed to send proposals for a book to Robin Dudding at the Caxton Press. This was to^{h2} be entitled *O'Leary's Orchard*, and would contain the title story, 'An Appetite for Flowers', and 'Riley's Handbook' which he also planned to revise. Dudding soon wrote back in enthusiasm. He would send *Landfall* pages of the first two stories to the typesetters, check on the costs involved, and apply for a New Zealand Literary Fund grant before March. Duggan was to get on with his revision.²⁶⁴ After the book's acceptance Duggan visited longtime friends George Haydn and Molly Macalister, asking whether they would mind if *O'Leary's Orchard* were dedicated to them. Both felt touched by the thought.²⁶⁵

In February Dudding wrote enclosing galley proofs of 'O'Leary's Orchard' and 'An Appetite for Flowers', and with the information that he had applied to the New Zealand Literary Fund for a large sum. This had prompted a telephone call from the

Advisory Committee's Secretary, warning Dudding that it might not be possible to back such an uneconomic proposition. Because of this it was doubtful the Caxton Press would be able to pay more than a standard ten per cent royalty, which Dudding had hoped to exceed. But Duggan raised no objections. The Caxton Press hoped *O'Leary's Orchard* would be the first of a series of volumes of short fiction by New Zealand authors, and the plans were to publish it together with another book in the series by August.²⁶⁶ Duggan finished his revision of 'Riley's Handbook' quickly. This consisted principally of the addition of a final ten lines--Riley's death, and a small hope that there might be some proffered chance of salvation.

Riley from there looking up at last.

Am I too late? It's someone speaking above the roar. Whose voice? Possible only to guess. In the roaring blood under the jade shadow.²⁶⁷

Meanwhile across the city at Grafton James K. Baxter began seeking salvation in public life rather than in art by adopting the role of hippy-prophet. Through a withdrawal from worldly materialism into the counter-culture, which also attracted great publicity and was thus curiously in tune with the spirit of the decade, he attempted to reform drug addicts at a self-styled commune in Boyle Crescent. Duggan's theatricality had lessened under his life's pressures whereas Baxter's had grown greater. Where Duggan's suffering faced inwards Baxter's turned out for confirmation from the world, as when he confessed to Smithyman that like St. Francis he was trying to love everything, but failing because he could not manage to love wetas.²⁶⁸

Smithyman's new volume of poetry, *Flying to Palmerston*, had appeared. He had been given a temporary position as a tutor in the Auckland University English Department in 1963, appointed largely through the support of J.C. Reid. By 1969 Smithyman had become Senior Tutor. His wife, Mary, who had suffered for years from arthritis to the point of being frequently bedridden, had recovered her health sufficiently to be working as a teacher at Forrest Hill Primary School, next to the Duggans' house. Now Smithyman was able to go overseas for six months to the University of Leeds on a Visiting Fellowship in Commonwealth Literature. His travels would include Canada, California and Fiji. In late May Duggan found himself required at short notice to travel to Hong Kong for J. Inglis Wright. He and Brian Couldrey were to attend a three-day BOAC area conference, along with five other advertising people from three other countries.²⁶⁹ Together he and Couldrey flew north on a Boeing 707, cooped up for over ten hours plus stops, although Duggan was impressed by the low cost of whisky on the plane. When they arrived in Hong Kong toward evening rooms had been reserved for them on the twenty fourth floor of the Hilton Hotel. As he looked out across the harbour Duggan felt

very much out of place.²⁷⁰ The intense heat upset him, and the debilitating effects of his inoculations against typhoid and smallpox were beginning to appear.

Next morning on the way to the conference Couldrey noticed Duggan was sweating profusely in their taxi. When the car halted at the venue and the door was opened, Duggan suddenly confessed: 'I can't step out onto the pavement. I'll collapse'. The meeting was due to start. Couldrey arranged for the taxi to return Duggan to the hotel and for a doctor to see him. At lunchtime he came back to check on his colleague. The doctor was present and most unsympathetic, telling Duggan that he should not have travelled so soon. Duggan was miserable at having gone so far for a meeting only to miss it. For the next couple of days he was confined mostly to the hotel, although when he did feel better Couldrey hired a taxi to drive them around the city. The intense heat and Duggan's prosthesis meant that he was able to move only a little beyond the car.²⁷¹ Later he recalled:

[S]itting on a broken seat on the foreshore being ignored by people for whom this place was home and who considered it no profit to serve me or even notice the presence of one pale man who would be happier the moment the plane circled and turned south.²⁷²

On the return via Manila and Darwin they spent the night in Sydney. Because Duggan still could not move about easily, Couldrey went to buy takeaways for their evening meal and brought them back to the hotel.²⁷³ Couldrey concluded that Duggan had not done much travelling and did not like it, unaware that the same man sixteen years earlier had been the author of 'Voyage'. To friends back home Duggan implied that he had enjoyed the trip and been impressed by the daintiness of the Chinese women. Privately he later decided that travel had become an anathema.²⁷⁴ However Couldrey had seen Duggan at his most helpless, and this provided a rare opportunity to get to know him well. Eventually Couldrey thought of the trip as a breakthrough which thereafter allowed both men to work together in a close and comfortable relationship.²⁷⁵

By now Duggan was well respected in the New Zealand advertising world. Bruce Mason felt he secured a position as Senior Copywriter with Wood & Mitchell in Wellington by speaking of Marshall McLuhan in the interview and then casually mentioning that Duggan was part of his circle of acquaintance.²⁷⁶ Less than two months after the return from Hong Kong a decade of rockets, astronauts and countdowns was to culminate in Neil Armstrong setting foot on the surface of the moon. At the same time Dan and Winnie Davin flew out to New Zealand, first visiting Oxford University Press offices in the Far East and in Australia. Davin was to be the Oxford University representative at the centenary celebrations of Otago University. It was a busy trip attempting to meet commitments of work, literature and friendship. However on 23 August, having flown up from Wellington that day,

and after Davin had spent the late afternoon sitting for a head by sculptor Anthony Stones, he and Winnie met Duggan as prearranged at the DB Tavern on the corner of Wellesley and Albert Streets.²⁷⁷ Davin noted in his diary:

Barbara and Nick were out in the car and we went straight to Takapuna. B. had casseroled a chicken. Maurice attacked the gin rather too vigorously but we had a very amusing evening, though with undertones of stress: that feeling which arises when one member of a group, for whatever reason, is drinking more heavily than the rest.²⁷⁸

Having once been used to consuming a bottle of whisky at a sitting, Davin was now under doctor's orders to touch only beer. Reluctantly he restrained himself, grumbling that beer did not allow him to get properly drunk. He and Winnie saw the Duggans once more at a farewell party four days later. It was the last time Duggan and Davin were ever to meet.

Nick had turned fifteen, was in his second year at Westlake Boys' High School, and had developed a passion for shooting with an air rifle. Although it was never articulated, Nick felt Duggan made it clear to him that he must not get involved in rugby or other team sports at school, since this was how his father had lost his leg. Nick had inherited his father's large build and he was sometimes asked to join a team, but lack of practice had given him no ball skills and he simply could not play. High school was an often lonely time for him, and it was no accident that this coincided with the increase in his father's drinking. With an alcoholic father Nick could not bring friends home from school in the evening, or to stay for the weekend. He was the victim of occasional bullying to which he responded with a learned stoicism, until one day he lost his temper and had to be dragged off a boy who had pushed him too far.²⁷⁹ However few seemed to think of the Duggans as a family in trouble. Duggan could hold himself together for most of the day. But that day was spent at work with other people, and his family saw less and less of him as the sober, self-controlled figure he presented to the outside world. 'True evil, ma'am, is something more domestic,' Duggan had once had Riley announce.²⁸⁰ If a telephone call came for him at home while drunk or depressed, Duggan was capable of marshalling himself through sheer will in a way that seemed chameleon-like.²⁸¹ But Barbara was spending every portion of her energy trying to keep her job and household from falling apart.

Duggan was interested in the technical side of Nick's involvement with shooting, but was not able to help in any way. It was Barbara who had to sit the arms tests which would allow Nick to own a rifle before turning sixteen, so that he could join the Auckland branch of the New Zealand Deerstalkers' Association and shoot at targets. Never having held a gun in her life, Barbara swotted up on their use

and care.²⁸² Nevertheless Duggan liked to project himself as the one who was showing Nick what to do. He told Lillian Chrystall that he and Nick were planning to go shooting birds, and when she objected he quipped: 'Don't worry, they're only mynahs'.²⁸³ At school Nick would occasionally come across an English teacher who knew of Duggan as a writer, but mostly he thought of his father with pride as an advertising executive. Sometimes Nick would accompany his father in to the office on Saturday mornings, delighting in the paraphernalia of the creative department. Duggan made sure his son always came away with something--pads of paper, marker pens, or sheets of cardboard. When Nick shot an opossum, a creature cornered in the ceiling of the wash-house, Duggan had a photo of him with air-rifle and kill blown up by the art section at J. Inglis Wright into a fifteen by twelve inch (38 x 30 cm) poster mounted on a card. Such moments of Duggan at his best reminded his wife and son of all he could be, but also of how far things had gone wrong.²⁸⁴

During the second half of 1969 J. Inglis Wright shifted its offices from Anzac Avenue to the more central Collins Bros. building at 48 Wyndham Street. St. Patrick's Cathedral stood opposite, dwarfed in the commercial environment. The office building, like the company's former premises, was old, supposedly the first high-rise building in Auckland, with wooden floors and a row of high arched windows along its upper storey. The agency occupied the two top storeys, gutting the space and then partitioning it once more, with administrative offices on the fifth floor and the creative department on the sixth. Bevan Stewart, an accountant who had been Company Secretary in Wellington and had joined the Auckland branch, took care of much of the office design. He was mostly assisted by Colin McKeown, but Duggan had considerable input into the layout of the creative department. A large office was built for him in the centre of the sixth floor. A ground floor carpark nearest the rear entrance was arranged, with 'reserved for MND at all times' painted on it.²⁸⁵ With great care Duggan ensured that the former conference-room drinks refrigerator was installed in his office. Tom Sexton, who had become second-in-command and who had guessed that Duggan had a drinking problem, was furious when he discovered it.²⁸⁶ However Duggan continued to avoid having more than one or two drinks from the fridge, and these were confined to time after the working day. The harbour bridge was successfully expanded from two to four lanes, doubling its daily capacity to 91,000 vehicles, and Duggan continued to cross it each morning and evening.

Meikle wrote from Longman Paul about reviving plans for an anthology for schools, *Short Stories by New Zealanders*, which she had first thought of before her departure for England. She promised a \$40 fee.²⁸⁷ Dudding wrote from Christchurch that *O'Leary's Orchard* was delayed and would not even be out by

Christmas. He was short of staff at the Caxton Press and the printing schedule was running behind. Fortunately the New Zealand Literary Fund had promised a grant of \$900. This would be made available on publication and meant that royalties could be paid at twelve and a half percent. At Dudding's request Duggan supplied a description of the stories for the book's blurb, almost the only critical comments on these works by their author which remain. In particular Duggan described 'Riley's Handbook' and 'O'Leary's Orchard' as 'almost short novels'. He felt that they offered two sides of the same coin, a consideration of death and life.²⁸⁸ Later however Dudding changed Duggan's description of 'Riley's Handbook' from 'blasphemous' to 'profane', worried that blasphemy might still technically be a crime in New Zealand.²⁸⁹ A general election was held in November. Sinclair stood as Labour candidate for the Eden electorate. Duggan wrote his campaign pamphlet and had staff at the agency design it.²⁹⁰ Although Duggan admired the Labour party's advertising approach overall, Sinclair lost on special votes, having apparently won on election night, and the Holyoake government was returned for a fourth term.²⁹¹

In January of the new decade Davin posted Duggan a copy of his new novel, *Not Here, Not Now*, from Oxford. It was the story of young Martin Cody's outward success at the cost of inner corruption. In his enthusiasm Davin had accidentally signed both the front and back fly-leaves. He was already busy with his next novel and the vignettes that would become *Closing Times*.²⁹² Duggan replied with congratulations which suggested *Not Here, Not Now* had struck a cord:

Well, you're the clever bastard all right. A very deceptively easy book to read; and an absolutely excellent title. I could never go straight to the core like that [...] I kept hearing your voice from time to time--all that dry, mellow sherry and real leather [...] I've my third collection out next month. All previously published: all heavily revised. Old hat: with some of my entrails stuck in the band.²⁹³

Dudding printed 2,000 copies of *O'Leary's Orchard*, to be sold at the expensive price of \$3.50, since inflation was pushing up the cost of books along with all other commodities. Sargeson's *Joy of the Worm*, had appeared late in the previous year at \$3.90. Duggan found his literary enthusiasm reviving, and for a moment he seemed interested once more in a revision of 'The Burning Miss Bratby'.²⁹⁴ Although the cover of *O'Leary's Orchard* was not finalised until almost the last minute, the book was stylishly designed. It was fronted with a photograph by Susan Wilson of a paisley blouse. On the back was a photograph by Marti Friedlander of Duggan looking vigorous and dishevelled on the Chrystalls' boat at Taupo, and 'N.Z. Stories 1' was printed across the top of the book's spine.²⁹⁵ But before any more thoughts of writing projects could develop, and even before he could see a copy of his new

publication, Duggan was travelling south to Queen Mary Hospital at Hanmer Springs. He was to be treated for alcoholism.

Early in the year Duggan had taken his customary fortnight's holiday, and the massive drinking binge which ensued could not be properly controlled after his return to work. He began to miss Mondays as his alcoholic weekends moved into a three-day cycle. Duggan visited Dr Lindsay McDougall, who suggested referral to Queen Mary Hospital. J. Inglis Wright offered to sponsor the stay and Duggan was admitted as a voluntary patient.²⁹⁶ Queen Mary Hospital had first been built for the treatment of combat neurosis among returned servicemen after the first World War. It was located in the countryside at the edge of the Hanmer State Forest, in the hope that an environment free from city stresses would be conducive to recovery. However as it grew clear that such neuroses were often compensated for by heavy drinking, the hospital gradually became a national centre for the treatment of alcoholism. On arrival Duggan received sedatives and vitamin injections, and he was soon encouraged to take moderate exercise and participate in group therapy sessions.

The mainstay of the Hospital's programme was Alcoholics Anonymous. Duggan received a heavy, navy-blue copy of the society's handbook. Begun by two reformed alcoholics in America in 1935 as the first self-help organisation of modern times, Alcoholics Anonymous involved following a twelve-step path. The first step was a necessary admission of being powerless over alcohol, and the second a statement of belief that 'a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity'.²⁹⁷ Without going any further to the next step, 'a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God *as we understand Him*', Duggan vehemently rejected the programme on the grounds that Alcoholics Anonymous must be a quasi-religious organisation.²⁹⁸ He found intellectual confirmation of this notion in the handbook's 'Foreword to the Second Edition', which revealed that the founders were associated with the Oxford Group and the society's principles based on the Group's tenets.²⁹⁹ He ignored chapter four, 'We Agnostics', which insisted that alcohol addiction had a spiritual as well as a moral dimension, and which urged its readers to arrive at some personal conception of the spiritual realm. Duggan wanted nothing more to do with the organisation and complained to anyone who would listen. This included Dudding, who kindly brought an advance copy of *O'Leary's Orchard* up to Hanmer Springs from Christchurch, along with a small library of reading material.³⁰⁰ Like a man clinging to the upper ledge of a burning building above a safety net, Duggan had no intention of abandoning whatever small control over his own life he had left, and taking a chance on deliverance. There were roughly sixty male patients in the hospital. Duggan would mix with the others, but his refusal to accept the AA programme left him isolated. Without the pain relief of drinking he

was dry but miserable. 'I tend to go on short walks,' he wrote to Barbara, 'and live in the bedroom, in between meals and the endless cups of tea'.³⁰¹ His newspapers were dominated by the complex rescue operation underway for the crippled spacecraft, Apollo Thirteen. President Nixon was promising massive troop withdrawals from Vietnam.

During his stay Duggan analysed his drinking problems with great energy of mind and seeming objectivity, and listened while other patients and hospital staff did the same in therapy sessions. He was soon something of an expert on alcohol addiction and the need to make total his cessation from drinking. He began a course of antabuse, a drug taken daily in pill form which produced violent nausea, vomiting and headaches if the user consumed any alcohol within six days of the last dose. All of Duggan's hopes were pinned on these large yellow pills, although as the date approached for his return home he felt a growing nervousness about how he would manage.³⁰² '[T]here aren't any rules for him,' he had written in 'An Appetite for Flowers', 'except the ones he feels like using sometimes, the ones he can make use of'.³⁰³ Dudding wrote that Oxford University Press was looking for a publishing representative and offered to help arrange the job. But Duggan procrastinated, not wanting to give up advertising.³⁰⁴ Nick had found holiday work as a grease-monkey at Causeway Motors in Barrys Point Road and Barbara was enjoying a rest. The future looked brighter when Duggan flew into Auckland on the evening of 13 May. He had lost twelve and a half pounds (5.5 kg) during his six weeks at Hanmer.³⁰⁵ On the day of his discharge the Hospital's Senior Medical Officer reported on Duggan to Barbara:

He has learned a lot about the disease of alcoholism. I think that he probably does want to give up drinking, but who can plumb the depths of the alcoholic's mind.³⁰⁶

Without his embracing Alcoholics Anonymous, the Hospital was not optimistic about Duggan's chances.

Duggan had been surprised to find that his time in hospital was a period relatively free of cravings for drink. Later, preparing the ground for the failure of will which he so feared, he was to conclude that only hospitalisation would keep him away from alcohol. This appeared in a scribbled note which was also a bitter summary of his hospital treatment:

My exp[erience] at H[anmer] suggests that there can be no drying out programme that is separate from the Hanmer programme--except some v. expensive and probably phony 'drying-out centre' that says: OK you're wanting to drain the band so you can start again. Here it is: couple of days of really intensive care, pretty euphoric level of sedation, then down fairly sharply in terms of drugs but up, slowly,

on exercise, massage, meals/diet, booster vit[amin] injections, 'play time' group therapy, sun tan lamps--Everything provided. Don't bring a thing but yourself and your shakes, flushes, resentment. Credit rating in advance. Worst thing: to a man whose system is planning with a total guile, a total dedication, a 'supply' of some heavy sort.³⁰⁷

On the second day after his return to Auckland, a Friday, Duggan visited the office to face any embarrassed questions about how he was feeling. On the next Monday he was back at work as usual.³⁰⁸ He was not drinking. He recommenced working long hours and demanding much of his subordinates, with possibly an even greater zeal than before. But apart from the antabuse pills, which he scornfully termed 'yellow footballs' and which kept alcohol out of reach, little else in Duggan's internal makeup had changed. He felt miserable, irritable, and was particularly wretched upon waking each morning.³⁰⁹ Still with him, as he wrote later, was 'the insane lodger, who can never be evicted once the addictive/compulsive boundaries have been passed, [so] that the worst moments are the best for the self-destructive purposes'.³¹⁰

Dudding was working hard on publicity for *O'Leary's Orchard*, setting up interviews and arranging for book reviews. The poet Peter Bland, then domiciled in Britain, arranged for a review to appear in the *London Magazine*. *O'Leary's Orchard* was officially published on 22 May, by which time Duggan had received an advance payment of \$50.³¹¹ At J. Inglis Wright Brian Couldrey broke the news of its appearance to the office, and the company took pride in Duggan's achievement.³¹² From Dunedin Brasch wrote in warm appreciation.³¹³ When a copy arrived at Oxford Davin wrote that he would rather read Duggan than any other New Zealand writer. Of the stories he observed:

Your wicked old heart has obviously gone into the first two more than the third but I'm not sure I don't like the third best of all [...].
['An Appetite for Flowers'] doesn't carry such a surcharge of rage, annoyance & the tragic as Lear O'Leary or the much riled Riley.³¹⁴

Although Davin acknowledged that the novella might be Duggan's natural length, he wished Duggan would go on to a novel. Davin had just finished what he hoped was the final draft of *Brides of Price*. By mid June *O'Leary's Orchard* sold 357 copies, and by the end of September this rose to 517.³¹⁵

New Zealand reviews were full of praise for Duggan's skill and for the depth of each story's characterisation. Although it was ten years since 'Riley's Handbook' had appeared in *Landfall* some still found the story difficult. One reviewer described it as a 'sad waste of talent', but most felt they recognised within it both humanity and craftsmanship.³¹⁶ In general Duggan was pleased with the results. The only dissenting voice came from the poet Herbert Lomas in *London Magazine*,

a copy of which Duggan found Sargeson showing him on a rare visit to Esmonde Road.³¹⁷ Sargeson's news was that it had been hinted by Otago University that the 1971 Burns Fellowship would be his for the asking. But with Harry Doyle still needing constant care he did not feel able to apply. Duggan read the magazine's review, an extraordinarily patronising piece in which Lomas took *O'Leary's Orchard*, two Indian novels, and a study of West Indian fiction, and ticked or crossed each off against British books and interests. *O'Leary's Orchard* received a definite cross:

'[M]asculine' (raw, immature, boyish) in feeling, but with a developed, painstaking, craftsmanlike romanticism about words. Not only has he nothing to say, he's not even looking for anything.³¹⁸

Lomas's conclusion was that: 'He's probably quite good; it's probably me'. But this, too, seemed to look down from a great height on a New Zealand fiction that was neither homely nor rough-hewn. 'If a critic can't even see the target...', was Duggan's only response.³¹⁹ But overseas sales may have been damaged. Dudding's attempts to interest Jonathan Cape Ltd and then MacGibbon and Kee in an overseas publication soon failed.³²⁰

Nevertheless honours continued to accumulate, as if under their own momentum. In September Duggan learned that he had won the Freda Buckland Literary Award of \$314, which had resulted from a \$5,000 trust fund set up through Buckland's will four years earlier. Maurice Shadbolt had been the previous recipient. Duggan replied with polite embarrassment that he had not heard of the Award but was pleased to accept.³²¹ Longmans were interested in producing a paperback edition of *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, with sales to schools in mind.³²² St. James Press was hoping to publish a 1971 edition of *Contemporary Novelists* and wrote asking Duggan for biographical details and a statement of literary meaning or intent. Duggan supplied a brief *curriculum vitae*, but on the latter he refused to be drawn.³²³ Terry Sturm, then a lecturer in English at Sydney University, planned to write on Duggan's work for an issue of *Landfall*. Duggan was amused at becoming an academic exercise.³²⁴ Dudding sent news that *O'Leary's Orchard* had reached the final twelve of the Wattie Award for the New Zealand Book of the Year (begun in 1968), which carried a \$650 first prize.³²⁵ The Award was to be presented by Sir James Wattie himself at a literary luncheon in Wellington, and for a while Duggan considered travelling south to attend. He claimed to lose interest when the Caxton Press could not afford to pay his fare, but he was more likely prevented by a resumption of his drinking.³²⁶ In the event the award was won by Professor John Dunmore for *The Fateful Voyage of the St. Jean Baptiste*.

An interview had earlier appeared in the *New Zealand Herald* under the headline, 'Author alive and well'. Throughout it Duggan spoke mostly in defence of working in advertising, but finished up:

The annual scholarship in letters which I held in 1967[sic] has given me a great deal of material which I am still using. I generally have something going all the time, but this doesn't mean I find everything publishable.³²⁷

It was a painful distortion of the truth to suggest that 'The Burning Miss Bratby', written a decade earlier, was still usable material. Across the top of his own clipping from the newspaper Duggan scrawled: 'Christ! What crap.'³²⁸ With his public life running on separately from his private world, he succumbed to alcohol again. Even the toxic reactions of antabuse did not dissuade him, and he ceased taking the drug altogether.³²⁹ Soon Duggan was coming home from work and drinking until he fell comatose from the breakfast-bar stool. Barbara and Nick would have to carry him to bed. Of necessity mother and son had formed a strong alliance in looking after him.³³⁰

Duggan was deeply depressed at having surrendered to his addiction once more. One weekend in mid October he reacted by taking every manuscript he had written, every bundle of notes, every letter he had received from literary friends, and burning it all in the concrete incinerator at Forrest Hill. From the house Barbara and Nick watched him carry armfuls of paper down to the bottom of the garden, where the incinerator stood beside a clump of *Agapanthus*, and stoke the fire. They did not interfere as he emptied out cabinets, shelves and boxes from his study. The angry, conscientious clean-out lasted all weekend. It seemed nothing less than an attempt by Duggan to destroy literature in his life and, 'live without any scrap of paper, old troubling draft, or any incrimination from thirty years of scribbling'.³³¹ The act also had strong overtones of suicide. And yet Duggan could not bring himself to incinerate his collection of letters from Sargeson, nor from Texidor, nor the bulky manuscript of 'The Burning Miss Bratby'. But he was otherwise so thorough that when he wanted to send Fleur Adcock a Christmas letter he found it necessary to contact Robin Dudding first. He no longer had anyone's address.³³² Worried that the resolve which got him through each day might crack, as it had done the year before, Duggan worked straight through the Christmas and New Year period without daring to take a holiday.³³³ His father had retired from Thompson's Silks the month before, and at Christmas Phyl invited her step-children and their families to come to Wellington from around New Zealand and see him. But Duggan threw himself harder than ever into work at J. Inglis Wright.

On 27 February 1971 Robert Duggan died of heart failure at Wellington Public Hospital, aged eighty five. He was buried three days later at Makara Cemetery.

While in good health and no longer a smoker, he had managed to remain working at Thompson's Silks until less than four months before his death. He had put in full, forty-four hour weeks and was proud of having the best sales book among the staff. To avoid mandatory retirement he gave his age as much younger than it was, and when Ian McCorquodale had met him in the shop only a few years earlier Robert Duggan begged his son's friend not to mention his true age to the shop's management.³³⁴ To his children Robert Duggan had always said that he wanted to go 'in harness', but when his health began to decline too much for work Maureen had looked after him and Phyl at home.³³⁵ After his death large numbers of cards and letters arrived paying tribute to his abilities and courtesy. Once more the family gathered from around the country for the funeral, standing at the grave-side under a cloudy but rainless sky. This time Duggan flew down from Auckland and sent his half-brother Bob money toward an air fare from St. Francis Xavier's Seminary in Adelaide, where Bob had been located for many years. Duggan felt deeply upset at his father's death, shocked at the reminder of mortality, and guilty that he had not managed to say goodbye. To Bob, who had also had no chance to see his father, he remarked that they should stay in communication as they both seemed to have some appreciation of the shadows they cast. However when Bob took him at his word and began to write letters Duggan quickly withdrew once again, as he had indicated earlier in fiction, like 'something that goes into its shell when you touch'.³³⁶

So cut off from the literary world had he become that it was only in June, when Bruce Mason wrote from Wood & Mitchell after two years with the agency, that Duggan learned how the playwright had come to be similarly employed in advertising. Feeling responsible, Duggan wrote in a belated warning which was also an honest self-analysis:

Unless you are saddled with a temperament/personality as obsessive and perfectionist and as weird as mine (the bosses' bright fool), you may work it out someway. But be clear about one thing: I write very little--more truthfully, nothing. I'm also not at all clear that I at all wish to [...] Maybe if I'm very clever a certain amount of leisure will creep back--and meantime the money is more or less lovely. I am reminded of a remark about a certain philosopher's position of eminence (Locke?): 'it's not that the hill is so high; it is only that the surrounding country is so flat'. That sums up my 'career' in advtg.³³⁷

Trouble had been growing between Duggan and a member of the board of directors based at the Auckland office. In the second half of the year this came slowly to a head. The 'Director', as he will be referred to here, was in charge of several large and valuable agency accounts--Johnson Wax, Johnson & Johnson, Helena Rubinstein, and Bushells. As a succession of crises developed with each account

Duggan was forced as Creative Director to act in support. He was left to deal with difficulties over Johnson Wax while the Director flew to a routine meeting in Wellington. When the Director could not get along well with the local heads of Johnson & Johnson and Bushells Duggan became chief contact instead. Helena Rubinstein Ltd felt the Director was out of touch with its situation and problems, and Duggan was asked to work as back-up. Soon he found himself acting as an account executive as much as Creative Director with several other clients. He became involved in writing marketing reports and analyses. On top of his normal workload he was supervising the agency's approach to such accounts as Kentucky Fried Chicken, WD & HO Wills, and Wrigley Co.³³⁸

It could not go on. At last Duggan notified Laurie Enting in Wellington, now Chairman after the retirement in the previous November of Greville Wiggs, that he would not act on accounts where the Director was in charge.³³⁹ One of Enting's tasks had long been to get the best from fragile and volatile creative people, and on occasions to argue with them without driving the most capable out of the agency. Duggan, whom he thought a typical case, was good enough to get a job anywhere. But Duggan did not normally take his disagreements to an *ad hominem* level, and on flying up to Auckland Enting felt himself obliged to choose between Duggan and the Director. Duggan's creative work was invaluable to the agency, and so when the Director arrived back from Australia later that day he found Enting waiting for him at the airport. Even the Director agreed with Enting's decision and was willing to resign. Duggan immediately felt a huge remorse that the company had gone so far, and Enting faced a major problem in preventing Duggan from resigning as well. Together with Tom Sexton, Enting spent two days trying to persuade Duggan to stay on, as he seemed to agree and then resolve to leave almost every other hour. At length Enting had to remain in Auckland over the weekend to ensure that Duggan would appear for work on Monday morning. Although he stayed with the agency Duggan never ceased to feel guilty for what had happened.³⁴⁰

A paperback edition of *Summer in the Gravel Pit* appeared. Duggan had asked to have a dedication to Nick included, but the request reached Longman Paul too late.³⁴¹ A New Zealand Literary Fund grant of \$460 allowed the book to be sold at the subsidised price of \$1.50 per copy.³⁴² The German publishers Horst Erdmann Verlag applied for permission to translate 'Towards the Mountains' and include it in an anthology of New Zealand fiction.³⁴³ John Welcome, author of successful novels on horse racing, sought permission to anthologise 'Race Day' among a collection of stories on a racing theme.³⁴⁴ St. James Press wrote asking Duggan once again for a statement on his work to include in *Contemporary Novelists*, and again Duggan declined.³⁴⁵ Nick turned seventeen in August. He was in the sixth form at school and had no wish to stay past the end of the year, but was uncertain

what he wanted to do in life.³⁴⁶ He was interested principally in shooting and in the gradual restoration of an old MG sports car which he had bought and was taking apart. Duggan offered encouragement and financial support over the vehicle, although he had no other involvement. He was interested and concerned for his family, but he seemed unable to grasp how much his alcoholic self-absorption prevented effective expression of these feelings. Much of his time at home Barbara and Nick thought him drunkenly oblivious to what was happening around him, until some comment or gesture would surprise them at how much he was still managing to observe.³⁴⁷

In October, after having begun in advertising as a junior copywriter just a decade before, Duggan was appointed to the Board of Directors of J. Inglis Wright. The event was reported in the business news of the Auckland newspapers.³⁴⁸ It was accompanied by a photograph of Duggan, in a dark suit and tie, one of several taken by Marti Friedlander in a session at which her subject was far from relaxed. The pictures reveal a tired looking man who has lost weight, his hair and moustache greying, the lines of mouth and eyes bent downward with profound melancholy.³⁴⁹ Brian Couldrey had been the other likely candidate for the directorship. Afterwards he was taken aside by Tom Sexton, now Director-in-charge of the Auckland office, and told apologetically that it was felt a creative presence was needed on the board.³⁵⁰ In fact such promotions were one more technique for binding people of a high calibre permanently to the firm.³⁵¹ Couldrey was unperturbed, and was himself appointed to the board early in the following year. As a company Director Duggan was entitled to a company car, a great luxury in a time when even second-hand cars were still difficult to buy. He obtained a new, white Mark Two Ford Cortina, which was unusual for its automatic transmission. His salary rose to \$11,500 per year, higher than the earnings of most GPs.

Nick's love of cars meant that he enjoyed using the Cortina, and he began to act as driver for Duggan during weekend drinking bouts. He took his father over to Wyuna Bay to visit the Sinclairs. At the sight of a drunken Duggan arriving with his son as escort, Sinclair began to contrive ways of not asking them to stay for dinner.³⁵² One Sunday Duggan decided impulsively that he wanted to visit a fellow patient he had met at Hanmer Springs, referred to here as 'Mark', and his wife. Mark was a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. Years before Duggan would have driven the long distance northward himself, but now although sober he asked Nick to take him instead. Seeing the journey as a positive step, Nick set out with his father. All went well until past Whangarei, when Duggan demanded they pull up beside a small hotel and then walked around to the back. Although the bar was closed he managed to return with a bottle of gin. This he drank raw in the car while Nick drove on. At length Nick began crossing a one-lane bridge, but realised he had

entered onto it too soon when a Volkswagen with a tidily dressed young couple appeared from the other direction. Both cars came to a halt, a bonnet's distance away at mid span, and Nick began putting the Cortina into reverse. At that moment Duggan exploded in the passenger seat. The couple in the Volkswagen were treated to the sight of a large, moustachioed male rampant in the car before them. He was swaying half out of the window, while shaking an empty bottle in their direction and screaming obscenely at them to move. Amid the ruckus Nick tried to explain that he was at fault, fumbling to back the car from the bridge. When at last they arrived in Paihia Duggan changed his mind at the edge of Mark's driveway. He did not want to go in, and Nick drove them back to Auckland. Far from being upset, as a teenager Nick found it an exhilaration to be living so far beyond normal controls. Merely from returning his father's empty tonic bottles he was making \$4 pocket-money a week.³⁵³

Harry Doyle had died of heart failure earlier in May at the Ranfurly War Veterans Home in Mt. Roskill. He was seventy eight. Sargeson was very upset. Despite years of patient nursing Doyle had grown so weak that Sargeson had had no choice but to arrange the move from Esmonde Road. Because of his dislike--almost his horror--of funerals, Sargeson did not attend the burial service. He and Duggan were out of casual contact, and it may have been some considerable time before word reached Forrest Hill of Doyle's death. Having no further constraints, Sargeson applied for the 1972 Burns Fellowship. But the membership of the selection committee had changed and he was turned down in favour of Ian Wedde. This result fed his worst fears of a conspiracy against him, and he rescinded all plans to leave his papers and books to the Hocken Library.³⁵⁴ Liz Lasenby had also died and Lasenby had remarried in Wellington, to Anne Couling of School Publications. He visited Duggan at Forrest Hill, and after a trip to the South Island sounded him out for thoughts of how Margaret Mahy, a star contributor to the *School Journal*, might be persuaded to try for and receive a Burns Fellowship. Duggan offered advice, although his only recorded response was: 'We are all experts at being children.'³⁵⁵

Increasingly when Duggan visited old friends in Auckland he would arrive drunk and looking to drink more. On several occasions when Duggan was unaccompanied Sinclair found himself expressing an interest in the Cortina's automatic transmission in order to replace his friend behind the wheel.³⁵⁶ Duggan remained a witty and entertaining guest, as much good company as he had always been, but his hosts became preoccupied with finding ways of keeping him from drinking in any further quantity. Mary Sinclair started bringing a bottle of spirits into the living room that was less than a fifth full. On one occasion, to prevent Duggan from draining what remained of a bottle of gin, she drank most of it herself

and was sick afterwards.³⁵⁷ Soon on his arrival people would pretend that there was no alcohol left in the house.

In the evenings after work Duggan's return to Forrest Hill would be indicated by the sound of a small bump as the car, still set in drive, nuzzled into the wall at the back of the carport. Together Barbara and Nick would go outside to help Duggan in. Their roles had changed over time from wife and son to nurse and nurse-aide. In general Duggan was not difficult, and he could still sometimes be charming, but at odd moments his anger would explode into a violence directed against inanimate objects. On one occasion when getting into bed he fell down before a cupboard and with his good leg proceeded to kick in all the hardboard panelling of its doors. Waking up sober the next morning, he examined the damage and chided himself for his stupidity. On another occasion Duggan attacked the telephone with a tonic-water bottle and pulverised it into a heap of broken grey bakelite and smashed machinery, then used the bottle to punch a row of holes into a corner of the living room wall. Barbara was faced with the difficult task of contacting the Post Office about the destruction of the telephone, and of trying to explain away what had happened as somehow reasonable. One evening, when the Cortina bumped to a halt and Barbara and Nick opened the car door, Duggan fell comatose out of the vehicle into their arms.³⁵⁸

In January 1972 Duggan took his fortnight's holiday entitlement from the agency. While Barbara kept up with work and Nick prepared to enter North Shore Teachers' College as a primary school teacher trainee, Duggan drank solidly. He was unable to stop when work recommenced and missed several days at the office. The resulting trouble forced him to write a letter to Laurie Enting in Wellington, assuring him that it would not happen again. In it he claimed that he had once more seen Dr Lindsay McDougall in company with Barbara and, quite untruly, that the doctor had explained Duggan could not be an alcoholic if he was concerned about his drinking and handling it his own way.³⁵⁹ Friends began to worry about his seemingly inevitable collapse, a disaster of which even Duggan appeared aware. Visiting the Thompsons one day, he announced suddenly that he would not mind going into Oakley but he would be damned if he'd sit in the sun. It was a reference to the wrecked and elderly men, committed alcoholics and psychiatric cases, who could be seen over the low brick wall when driving past Oakley Hospital on Carrington Road. They sat outside on wooden benches to enjoy the morning warmth.³⁶⁰ On another occasion Duggan began drinking heavily at a small gathering held by George Haydn to celebrate his mother's eightieth birthday. Haydn had found it untenable to hide the alcohol in the house when an adult asked for it. However Duggan quickly grew inebriated and his language became louder and more

disruptively obscene. Forced to choose at last between his friend and his mother, Haydn with great embarrassment asked Duggan to leave.³⁶¹

An Englishman, Tony Marchant, was hired by J. Inglis Wright from London and arrived early in the year to relieve some of the creative burden of Duggan's job. As a company Director Duggan was involved more than ever in administration, flying down to board meetings in Wellington, which his drinking made it impossible for him to enjoy, and making decisions on a wide range of issues that affected the company's staff. Marchant and his wife were invited to Forrest Hill to lunch, and they were a little surprised when their children were put at a separate table well out in the garden. They surmised that Duggan did not like children very much. Private radio stations had begun broadcasting in New Zealand two years earlier, establishing large listening audiences, and Duggan half-jokingly told Marchant of a plan for radio he had been nursing for some time. It was inspired by the fuss over inferred drug references in the Beatles's 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds'. To get round a ban on advertising alcohol on the air he hoped to promote a song which aficionados would understand was about getting drunk on gin, to be followed up in pubs with posters and printed coasters.³⁶²

The age of détente had arrived, with visits by President Nixon to China in February and to the Soviet Union in May. Although a sharp rise in wool prices meant that New Zealand was enjoying sudden prosperity, J. Inglis Wright had lost several important accounts and was beginning to enter a difficult period. Within a few years it was to have money troubles and even come close to losing its accreditation as an agency. Marchant found he was working under a man who could be excellent on a good day but who had definite peaks and troughs. Duggan was always approachable and often witty, but Marchant soon learned to put his head round the door of Duggan's office in the morning, initiate a twenty or thirty word exchange, and discover the Director's mood. Duggan was not able to move easily between the company's two floors, and some days he seemed much more mobile than others. Marchant assumed that this was due to difficulties with his leg. He felt that Duggan seemed disillusioned with advertising and irritated by its pettiness now that he had reached the top, a common cry in the business.³⁶³ In fact the job was holding Duggan's life together, but with nowhere further to take his ambition he could not maintain the semblance of normality much longer.

One evening at Forrest Hill Barbara received a telephone call from a house near the intersection of Northcote and Taharoto Roads. A helpful caller, who had discovered Duggan slumped behind the wheel of his Cortina, began, 'I don't really think you'd like the police to know of this...'. After managing to cross the wide intersection Duggan had drunkenly driven onto and down from the curb several times, then run completely off the road. He had still the mental wherewithal to

negotiate his way along the footpath between fences and lampposts, destroying several letterboxes before at last coming to a halt. Barbara and Nick got hurriedly into Barbara's car. They found the Cortina near the intersection, with Duggan lying across the passenger seat asleep. Carefully they lifted him out and into the other car. Barbara scribbled notes to place in the smashed letterboxes, apologising for a failure of brakes and promising to pay for the damage. Even as they returned home she and Nick felt that the situation seemed to have teetered beyond tragedy into farce.³⁶⁴ By the second half of the year Duggan was finding it harder and harder to re-establish the cycle of five working days after a weekend binge. '[A]ll the tissues [are] screaming for a "fix" of booze', he observed in an apologetic Tuesday morning note for Barbara, after missing yet another Monday.

What do I enjoy? Quite a question. Not booze--that enjoys me. And yet, the sun is shining and there appears to be a world out there [...] Point of this note--I guess to tell you, and Nick, in a moment of gloomy sanity, that I know what it's costing you both. Just keep hoping.³⁶⁵

On the same Tuesday afternoon he came home early from the office on the pretext of bronchitis. He was already dreading the next day when the presence of a cleaning lady, recently hired to come once a week, meant that he would have to go to work no matter what his condition.

The first issue of *Landfall* for 1972, the 101st of the magazine's history, had appeared late, which had never happened during Brasch's devoted editorship. Dudding had delayed publication in order to clear copyright on a 'lost and recovered' Katherine Mansfield story, which he had widely promoted with press releases.³⁶⁶ This, eventually, resulted in record sales for the issue. As well, he had for some time been over-tired and overworked, mostly with other Caxton Press commitments. The company's directors, using the issue's lateness as reason, sacked Dudding from *Landfall* and from the Caxton Press's general editorship, ending a period of strained relations.³⁶⁷ The magazine was taken over by Leo Bensemman, a printer and designer and also a Caxton director. However *Landfall* never really recovered from the disruption. In Dunedin Brasch was appalled. He offered Dudding advice and encouragement, and at length financial assistance in the form of a \$2,000 'loan', in setting up a rival literary magazine.³⁶⁸ The result was to become *Islands*, which claimed to grow out of the need for 'an independent journal'.³⁶⁹ By June Dudding was writing to Duggan that he hoped to get two issues out later in the year, and asked for a story or extract for the first number. Duggan had nothing to offer, but he sent a subscription for six issues. It was election year. The country's Prime Minister was John Marshall, after the retirement in February of Keith Holyoake. As Labour's Norman Kirk stumped the hustings in his election campaign he promised the

establishment of a public lending right for New Zealand authors, to reimburse them for royalties lost through library borrowings. The English Departments of Victoria and Otago Universities intended to use *Summer in the Gravel Pit* as a set text over the following two years, and Massey University was already using it. Longman Paul planned a reprint. The publishers arranged the inclusion of 'To Nick' in the new impression, though after some consideration Duggan suggested changing the word 'To' to 'For'. Longman Paul was also thinking of reissuing *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* by buying the rights to the book from Faber and Faber. Duggan gave permission for the project.³⁷⁰

Throughout his adult life Bill Kirker had continued successfully in the building trade. He had been seven years on the executive of the Takapuna RSA and had two children. One weekend he returned home to Nile Road to find a blue Mark Three Cortina GT parked in the driveway. The car was brand new. Bill went into the house, where Duggan was sitting in the living room and being given cups of strong coffee by Edie. His old friend, whom he had met only on rare occasions over the past fifteen years, was as drunk as Bill had ever seen anyone. Duggan's eyes were rolling and his conversation was only half coherent. 'I must get in touch with your mother,' he said to Bill, 'I owe her one and ninepence'. He appeared to be joking. Bill thought it better to drive Duggan home and convinced him to come outside to the car. The Cortina was a new model which had replaced Duggan's previous company car. 'The agency gave it to me,' Duggan insisted as he got in the passenger seat. Bill had never driven an automatic before. He put the car into reverse, pushed his foot down hard, and Duggan's face slammed into the windscreen. Bill braked, then started too fast again, and Duggan hit the windscreen once more. 'Are you bloody trying to kill me?' Duggan managed to yell. With difficulty Bill manoeuvred the car up the road and into the Forrest Hill driveway. When Barbara appeared he tried to explain that he had not given Duggan anything to drink. Barbara replied that Duggan had consumed a bottle of gin before leaving the house. The visit to Nile Road was repeated on two more occasions as Duggan attempted to seek some sort of escape from his troubles. The final visit was the last time Bill was ever to see his old friend.³⁷¹

On 22 October James K. Baxter died suddenly in Auckland, aged forty six, a victim of heart failure complicating a history of angina and self-neglect. Three days earlier, in Puhoi, he had written of the nearby city in his last poem:

Boredom is the essence of your death,

I would take a trip to another town

Except that the other towns resemble you exactly.³⁷²

Almost 800 people attended the funeral at Jerusalem on 25 October, and much of the event was televised. Baxter was given a tangi on the marae of the Ngati Hau tribe,

into which he had been received just a few months before. Nine Catholic priests officiated. Many friends came forward to speak of Baxter as they had known him in recent life. Lasenby was present among the small and largely silent group who had known Baxter as a writer. He now held the poet's old job of editing *Primary School Bulletins*, and he wrote to Duggan describing the graveside scene as, 'like a Kiwi version of the last sentence of *Wuthering Heights*'.³⁷³ However Duggan was now so separated from the literary world that the death seemed not to touch him. He had not read Baxter's two previous publications, *Jerusalem Daybook* and *Autumn Testament*. Duggan was not even to reply to Lasenby's letter for six months. It was only a year later that he shrewdly summed up Baxter the poet as:

part phony-saint, part stinking-guru but I don't think he ever doubted Flaubert's observation: humanity has but one objective: to suffer. James K. Baxter searched for suffering, which makes him curious enough, but he had to do it within a framework of myth and legend (Greek, Roman, Maori) or of metaphor and hagiolatry (Christianity) or an uneasy blend of the lot. But then talent never made poetry [...] James K. Baxter was probably impossible, intolerable, etc. etc. but fortunately his final reputation won't have much to do with the recollections and remembrances of his contemporaries--the work is there: the devices he used to whip and flog that work out of himself won't matter.³⁷⁴

Duggan was reading almost nothing, not even Sargeson's books from *The Hangover* onwards. Sargeson had just seen *Man of England Now* appear in print, as the second in the New Zealand Short Stories series.³⁷⁵ It was also the last as the series had been Dudding's project, and the Caxton Press was little interested in its continuance. But for Duggan personal troubles prevailed over everything, and his crisis was almost at hand. He was drinking large quantities of gin and tonic from his office refrigerator before coming home each night. It ran out so quickly that he had to visit bottle stores to buy surreptitious replacements. On the last day of October Duggan left Barbara another remorseful note:

I have only two people in my life--you and Nick. And so I bedevil you both. Nick, understandably, at least superficially, bounces back probably through some such rationalisation as: 'Dad's a hopeless drunk most of the time.' But he's so tremendously fond of you he really 'flowers' when I'm being more reasonable, less cruel.³⁷⁶

In mid November Dudding again wrote asking if Duggan might have a story for *Islands*. The magazine's first issue was already on sale, featuring material by Baxter, some of the early 'Butcher' poems by Vincent O'Sullivan, and Curnow's first substantial poetry since the late 1950s. The second number was due out the

following month. Subscriptions to the magazine had topped 600. Dudding had printed 2,000 copies of the first two issues and sold half, confident that he could dispose of the rest.³⁷⁷ Duggan replied that he had no story to offer. On 25 November he turned fifty, and the Labour party was elected to government with a twenty-three seat majority. Duggan wrote in congratulations to Martyn Finlay, who became Attorney-General, and Bob Tizard, who was Minister of Health.³⁷⁸ Then on the weekend of 16 December he drunkenly telephoned Laurie Enting in Wellington and abused the Chairman of J.Inglis Wright with all the copious and well considered obscenity that his talents could muster. Later Duggan liked to tell friends that it was this telephone conversation which caused him to be sacked.³⁷⁹ But Enting, whose experience of handling unhappy creative staff had left him thick-skinned, merely replied that Duggan should go wrap a wet towel around his head.³⁸⁰

Nevertheless on Monday morning Enting appeared at the Wyndham Street offices. Reports had been filtering through that Duggan would occasionally drink during the working day. Enting had taken the weekend phone-call as evidence that he had a problem on his hands. He confronted Duggan in his office and reminded him of the rule that staff did not drink before the day was over. With complete calm Duggan replied, 'Oh well, I don't expect J. Inglis Wright to change its rules for Maurice Duggan. So I'll have to leave, won't I'. Enting was dismayed by what seemed Duggan's simple acceptance of a destiny that placed drinking at highest priority. He handed the details over to Tom Sexton, and left.³⁸¹ Sexton arranged and accepted Duggan's formal resignation. Then Duggan cleaned out his desk and left the building. Not until that evening did Sexton ring Colin McKeown and give instructions for something to be done about the company car. It had been agreed that it could be purchased from the firm. Sexton informed the staff that Duggan had resigned. No reason for his departure was given. This was an aspect of the job that Sexton hated, and he himself left advertising seven months later.³⁸² Tony Marchant was promoted to Creative Director.

Duggan's journey into the commercial world was at first 'a raid upon the system to support myself in my sullen craft: then [...] a question of competition, of proving myself to be good enough'.³⁸³ This had both fuelled his alcoholism and kept it under control. Back at Forrest Hill he commenced doing nothing but drink. The binge went on for several days without respite. Visiting to try and help convince him to stop, Haydn saw Duggan staggering and falling drunkenly about in the bedroom. He was without his prosthesis, the bottom of his left trouser-leg flapping empty. Duggan was too drunk to know, or care, about his leg, and the realisation was for Haydn somehow deeply shocking. Haydn knew a builder, Wally Aldridge, who was a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. He rang and asked

Aldridge to come over. The man arrived but Duggan wanted nothing to do with him. Barbara was in despair. Duggan seemed to be going out of his mind.³⁸⁴ His drinking was passively suicidal, something he acknowledged later when reading Graham Billing's novel on alcoholism, *The Slipway*. In his copy Duggan noted an observation by the book's hero that yet another drink

could be accepted without consideration of the quantity already drunk or to be drunk later because its only end was to dispel the agony of not wanting to live and not daring to die.³⁸⁵

During the next few days Duggan managed to telephone Colin McKeown at work over details of his office effects, and mumbled an unrepentantly drunken but tearful farewell. McKeown felt rather embarrassed.³⁸⁶ In Wellington Laurie Enting received a rambling letter so ill constructed and disjointed that he could scarcely believe it had come from someone of Duggan's abilities. The letter seemed to be working its way up to an apology which it could not actually manage. Enting simply did not know how to reply.³⁸⁷ Just before Christmas Robin Dudding received a more coherent but self-piteous letter saying that Duggan had left his job, had money worries and concerns for his family, and was thinking of applying for the Burns Fellowship once more. Dudding replied that he would happily pay in advance for a story or an article for *Islands*, and to let him know if there was anything else he could do. Meanwhile Duggan continued to drink and rage. He felt, as he scribbled on Dudding's reply a fortnight later,

Not well. Xmas/New Year, etc. Too much. At the crossroads. Concerned about the future--which just went past, probably.³⁸⁸

On 14 January 1973, almost one month after leaving J. Inglis Wright and with his drinking unabated, Duggan allowed Barbara to take him to the Buchanan Clinic attached to Oakley Hospital. He had agreed to become a voluntary patient, staying at the Wolfe Home. He was both resentful and grateful for the opportunity to dry out. Soon Duggan was interviewed by the Clinic's Medical Officer, Dr Paula Auld, to whom he confessed his fears of becoming actively suicidal. He liked and felt a sense of rapport with Auld, a doctor who had no specific psychiatric training but was warm hearted, interested in the arts, and known for her enthusiasm in helping patients. Duggan was given tests, including an IQ test which he successfully sabotaged, and counselling at which his psychiatric history was recorded. To Auld he was clearly an alcoholic but was also suffering from an endogenous depression grown so severe as to be life-threatening. Duggan was begun on medication for a twenty one-day detoxifying course, despite his growing protests that he had no intention of giving up alcohol entirely.³⁸⁹ Each day he took part in the few hours available of group therapy sessions organised by Dr Gordon Parker, a psychologist who took a special interest in alcoholics. Parker observed Duggan's unusual

combination of extreme honesty and sophisticated rationalisation. In groups, where Duggan performed well and which he found useful, he would not allow any member to fabricate clever excuses for further drinking and was similarly hard on himself. However in interviews alone with Parker he employed remarkable arguments and quoted extensively from impressive sources in favour of his own personal addiction. His conversation returned often to what Parker noted as, 'semi-religious themes [...] the religious preoccupation of the professing atheist'.³⁹⁰ Nevertheless Duggan continued vehemently to reject Alcoholics Anonymous and what he sneered at as its 'pseudo and selfish pieties'.³⁹¹ He seemed confirmation of the standard view that intelligent alcoholics were the worst type.

With vitamins and tranquilizers Duggan struggled through his period of detoxification. As at Hanmer Springs, it seemed easier to stay dry in hospital than at home. He did not want visitors, and when his sister Marie appeared at the Clinic he seemed ashamed to be seen there.³⁹² When detoxification ended in early February, arrangements were made for a course of electroconvulsive therapy, or ECT. Developed in the 1930s as a treatment for schizophrenia, ECT was still regarded in the 1970s as sound medical practice. It could bring patients quickly out of a severe depression judged too strong for treatment by drugs, usually within a week. Duggan thus became the second major New Zealand author to receive electric shock treatment. Janet Frame had received it during her period of committal in the late 1940s and early 1950s. However, in contrast to Frame's case, by the 1970s the administration of ECT had been considerably modified. A general anaesthetic rendered the recipient unconscious and muscle relaxants prevented major fits during the induced seizure. As so often in the past, Duggan lay helpless on a hospital table and the anaesthetic was injected into his arm. Electrodes were placed on his temples. He awoke from each session feeling terrible and with a blistering headache.³⁹³ He had not given permission for ECT to proceed, and hospitals at the time were notoriously cavalier about such matters. He received six treatments of ECT over twelve days. On the day of his last treatment he discharged himself and returned to Forrest Hill. Dr Auld had left on holiday, although Duggan noted that later she said she would have tried to prevent him from leaving.³⁹⁴

Back at Forrest Hill, Duggan was close to panic. His family and friends felt terrible that he had received shock treatment without consent and he made the most of their indignation, worried also that his mind might have been permanently affected. The relief from depression provided by ECT was only temporary, and he knew that he would inevitably start drinking again. He telephoned Fleur Adcock in London, waking her up in the middle of her night. Adcock was so surprised, and Duggan so overwrought, that the conversation could proceed only incoherently. Adcock worried and wondered through a day of work and then rang the next

evening. It was clear that something was wrong, but all Duggan could be coaxed to talk about was his inability to write and his worry that he was drinking too much.³⁹⁵ Duggan also telephoned Marilyn Duckworth in Wellington and managed to say, 'I've got endogenous depression'. But he spoke of it as if he had caught a cold, and would elaborate no further.³⁹⁶ Within two days he resumed his drinking again. Now he was at best raving and demented, and at worst too stupefied with alcohol to avoid incontinence. After consulting several doctors Barbara decided, and still with reluctance, that she would have to apply at last for her husband to be committed. In fact Duggan had dreaded this for some time, and was determined to see it as the most bitter betrayal. To be committed to a mental hospital under section nine of the Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Act of 1966, in effect a judgment of insanity, meant a loss of most personal freedoms and rights as a citizen. In company with Barbara, Duggan was brought before Judge J.H. Murray in chambers at Takapuna Magistrate's Court on 23 February. Evidence was given by two registered doctors. When the judge began speaking in the severe tones with which he customarily admonished the wayward he was interrupted by Duggan, who announced loudly that he did not want to hear any more pious platitudes.³⁹⁷ Afterwards Duggan was led away. Barbara had been advised by each of the doctors that Duggan should be sent to Kingseat Hospital in Papakura, but the Court found on its application for admission that this was not possible. He was taken to Oakley Hospital once again, this time to the main institution on the other side of Carrington Road.³⁹⁸

The Auckland Mental Hospital was built on 200 acres (81 hectares) at Point Chevalier in 1867. It was one of several large lunatic asylums established in New Zealand during that period with reformist enthusiasm, to be based on the beneficent Quaker-run Retreat at York. The building, which was added to over time, was a two and three-storey brick edifice with two wings, designed in the imposing style of nineteenth century institutional architecture. In 1960 its name was changed to Oakley Hospital, known without affection as the 'Wow'. As surely as the city had expanded over a century to surround it, so the Hospital had fallen into disrepair, and by the late 1960s it was housing over 1,000 patients in tumbledown and often insanitary conditions. In mid 1971 the Oakley nursing staff, who were concerned at their being overworked, at the treatment of patients and a lack of proper training or facilities, led a nationwide strike that forced a government Commission of Inquiry into the Hospital's services. The public hearings that followed revealed scandalous conditions. There were huge unheated wards such as M7, the geriatric ward which housed 150 men with one day room and three nurses. The Hospital refuse trucks were used to distribute food without first being disinfected. Patients scavenged among rubbish at the Hospital and at the Point Chevalier shopping centre for cigarette butts to smoke. The severe shortage even of untrained staff meant that

tranquilizers were often used as a form of patient management.³⁹⁹ Following the Hutchinson Inquiry some improvements were made, but by the time of Duggan's admission most of the Hospital's problems had not been addressed.⁴⁰⁰ Duggan was placed in M2 Ward, in an eight-bed dormitory for males. The floors were covered with linoleum, the walls were plaster with plumbing overhead, the mattresses were of straw, and there were plastic chamberpots beside the beds. After 5 pm the wards were locked. At night the rooms stank of urine and the quiet was interrupted by the cries of the demented.⁴⁰¹ Unlike Kingseat Hospital, which had its own alcoholism unit, Oakley did little to separate alcoholics, drug addicts and the mentally disturbed. Duggan soon met a number of young junkies who had known James K. Baxter at Grafton or the Jerusalem settlement, and elderly alcoholics who remembered Baxter's early association with AA, those characters whom the poet had often used as mouthpieces in his writing. Duggan was disappointed to find that without exception none had read Baxter's poetry, and only one or two had heard him recite.⁴⁰² He was disturbed, as well, to observe that unlike the older alcoholics the drug addicts of the new generation seemed to feel no sense of guilt over their addiction, but regarded it as somehow justified in their rebellion against suburban society.

Doctor Rhys Johns, a medical officer at Oakley who was regarded as skilful in handling alcoholics, observed Duggan's barely veiled aggressiveness and diagnosed him as an habitual excessive drinker with an explosive personality disorder. Duggan responded by taking a dislike to him, and in general to anyone else who came within his orbit. He hoped soon to be transferred to Kingseat Hospital. It was an institution which was newer, run on a villa system and had, he told Dr Johns, 'better types of alcoholics'.⁴⁰³ Barbara applied for transfer to Dr Fraser McDonald, Kingseat's Superintendent. But although the paperwork was completed Duggan may not have been transferred for longer than a week. There was a concern shared by all his doctors that he might commit suicide, and he stayed within the confines of Oakley for most of his treatment. Duggan was exhibiting some of the patchy memory of an alcoholic close to the level of brain damage. He had little recollection of his time at the Wolfe Home. Doctors warned him that continued drinking would do permanent harm, but instead Duggan blamed his sessions of ECT.⁴⁰⁴ He commenced to wait for the opportunity of parole. He had been in a towering rage at Barbara for signing his committal papers, but in March he managed to send a telegram acknowledging their wedding anniversary of the eleventh. He was wrong by a month.

In mid March Duggan had his first abreaction therapy, in which subjects are rendered near-drunk under ether and then interviewed about matters they hold back from normal counselling. Duggan was a stubborn patient. Although close to unconsciousness he repeatedly asked for a cigarette and talked mostly of his

admiration for James Joyce. He successfully refused to answer questions about the death of his mother or the loss of his leg. However as the days went by he began to grow more relaxed. Group therapy sessions on 'inter-personal relations' were conducted each Monday and Friday by the Hospital chaplain, the Reverend Bob Walsh, and Duggan started to attend. He became friendly with another incarcerated alcoholic, Des Ellis, who had been at the Buchanan Clinic with him and whose progress seemed to be paralleling his own. During a further abreaction session he talked comfortably about his boyhood. Then he tried to explain to an uncomprehending doctor how *O'Leary's Orchard* supplied images of himself and the way his mind worked. By the end of the month Duggan's suicidal impulses seemed to have faded and he denied having any special problems at all. Rather than return to writing, he wanted to get a new job around which to structure his life. Despite such mixed signals he was allowed half a day back at Forrest Hill and, seven days later, the entire weekend. These visits went well. Duggan felt an occasional urge to drink but was able to dismiss it from his mind.⁴⁰⁵ Some of the time he spent setting his literary affairs in order. Robin Dudding had written in March suggesting a review of Sargeson's first volume of memoirs, *Once is Enough*, for *Islands*. He also offered support if Duggan cared to apply for work with the soon-to-be-reorganised Arts Council. To the former Duggan responded: 'Not on your life', and to the latter only with caution.⁴⁰⁶ On 10 April he was allowed to return to Forrest Hill on indefinite parole. Six and a half weeks had passed since his committal.

'I've been in Oakley having shock treatment, psychological tests, abreaction treatment,' Duggan wrote to Lasenby within days of his return, 'just for the hell of it'.⁴⁰⁷ At Forrest Hill he found Barbara thinking of taking a week's holiday in the South Island and Nick teaching on section. Barbara cancelled plans to travel south, and instead she and Duggan began to think of a trip into Northland over Easter. She was glad to have him back. Duggan pottered about the house. He was not on medication and could sleep well. Friends came round to visit. While at Oakley he had read and enjoyed *Statues*, a novel by the current holder of the Burns Fellowship, Graham Billing. Duggan thought of writing something of his own and of applying for some sort of grant. 'I'm exploring the environs for trace of the muse: not a track that's less than ten years old', he observed, 'and me ten years older than that, by Christ, by far'.⁴⁰⁸ After three days he became nervous that his will would not hold. On the Friday morning, before reporting to Dr Johns at Oakley, he left Barbara a note on, 'the question of what happens if I have what AA rather euphemistically refer to as a "slip"?'.⁴⁰⁹ He begged her to try and somehow stop him before his drinking started, and not to send him back to Oakley once more. It was a forlorn hope. To Dr Johns he gave a bravura performance of sobriety, returned home, and began drinking soon after.

Duggan was quickly back to two bottles of gin a day, drinking almost continuously. Jack London, his earliest hero, had once written: 'I achieved a condition in which my body was never free from alcohol', and Duggan had long since passed into similar territory.⁴¹⁰ Barbara was forced to give him virtual twenty four-hour care, but when he was capable of getting out of bed he was belligerent towards anyone who came his way. Wally Aldridge visited and spent most of a day trying to give Duggan counsel which he utterly rejected. When a doctor appeared Duggan insisted in front of Barbara that he wanted to separate from his wife but was unable to do so because drinking kept him dependent. He telephoned Dr Patrick Savage, the Superintendent of Oakley, but was too incoherent even to abuse him successfully. At last as he drunkenly staggered out of the house to what he called his 'once-upon-an-advertising-time car', most likely intending to drive to the bottle store, Barbara had to stop him by snatching away the keys.⁴¹¹ Duggan's response was to take the cap off the petrol tank, light a match, and try to push it in. Again he had to be prevented. Barbara began to apply to the courts for an order revoking Duggan's leave of absence.

Following presentation of an affidavit by Barbara, the order for Duggan's return to Oakley Hospital was granted by the Magistrate's Court on 26 April. In the afternoon a police car arrived at Forrest Hill and pulled up on the side of the road opposite the house. Two young constables got out, crossed the street, and knocked on the door. Duggan, who was in pyjamas, had no desire to be arrested or returned to hospital. He was jostled out of the house by the police, increasingly angry, and as he was taken over to the car he cursed and swore at the top of his lungs for the whole neighbourhood to hear. The car took him away.⁴¹² Official records described Duggan as 'obstreperous'.⁴¹³ Barbara and Nick were left upset and alone.

At Oakley Duggan was escorted by the police to M3. Located on the northwestern end of the hospital and holding approximately 150 patients, it was the nadir of Oakley's wards. M3 was the security ward for the seriously disturbed and violent, where those remanded by courts for psychiatric evaluation, or the criminally insane from prisons, were brought. All windows were barred, and each door was of solid wood and locked. Duggan was dumped into 'seclusion' and left without a word. He was in a small solitary cell, empty except for a mattress on the floor and a chamberpot. There was a window far up one wall and in the ceiling, well above reach, a sprinkler and a ventilation duct. He lay on the linoleum feeling miserable, frightened and abandoned, and wanting more than anything else to have a drink. How long a time he would be there he did not know, nor even if he could manage to survive it. 'Where else should I look for freedom but in a cell', he had once written in 'Riley's Handbook', and at last he had reached the bottom of Riley's world.⁴¹⁴ Towards evening a man came to the other side of the high, barred window and took

pity on him. The man tossed in four cigarettes, saying that he didn't smoke, and then four matches and the piece of a striker torn from a matchbox. He was Ben McGoldrick.⁴¹⁵ A year later Duggan was to name the gentle protagonist of his last story in McGoldrick's honour.

Duggan spent twenty four hours in his cell before being released, calmer but still very shaky, into the M1 Ward. This was the most open of Oakley's wards with no supervisory staff at all. It was generally regarded as a location for long-term 'trustee' patients. Duggan worried that this placement might be justified, that his current behaviour really was insanity and that he would stay dry only in a mental institution. Every day he was given Valium pills, which he accepted but only pretended to take. He felt he had been through every kind of treatment Oakley could offer. There was a rumour among the patients that an alcoholic unit would soon be built, and a large new ablutions section was being started across the yard from M2. Two evenings later Duggan was elected chairman for the month at a meeting of the Oakley branch of Alcoholics Anonymous, despite his protests that his interest in AA was both limited and ambiguous. 'I can't do all that much damage in a month,' he decided.⁴¹⁶ Nick visited the hospital with some changes of clothes. He found his father sitting on a small bench in the sun with the other inmates, near one of the gardens. Duggan seemed quite at ease and at peace. He entertained Nick with observations of a man who came out every day to rake the leaves, except that the man always held the rake six inches above the ground and there were no leaves to gather.⁴¹⁷

After a week Duggan told Dr Johns, with whom he was now on good terms, that he missed his companions in M2 and would like to be transferred back there. He bombarded the doctor with suggestions for a Duggan programme, mostly impractical, but managed to make clear that he was anxious about his long-term future and did not wish it to be separate from Barbara.⁴¹⁸ Once more he began reading, *Slaughterhouse Five*, which he judged somehow suited his mood. Then on 12 May he heard that Des Ellis, who had been paroled home at the same time as Duggan, had started drinking again. Ellis was married and had three children. Rather than return to hospital he had committed suicide.⁴¹⁹ Later that same day Duggan wrote Barbara a long letter:

For the first time I've tried to keep a note of my thinking over these past two weeks [...] [and] these notes record only evasions, rationalisations and quite infantile absurdities. The kind of insanity this drinking thing is for me, the destruction not only of my life but of yours too for too long, directly, and of Nick's too [...] if I, *and* everyone/anyone associated with me, am to have any real life, or even simply life, at all the only answer is: No alcohol [...] Just day by

day, no 'first glass' as AA have it. Otherwise there is only Des Ellis's road and I don't want to take that--strange as that may seem to you [...] I am now of the view that there's no point in my quibbling over concepts of 'higher power', etc. These are only evasions, a way of putting off taking the frightening medicine that says: No more alcohol. To the best of my present knowledge I've just swallowed the dose: I can't guarantee to keep it down but I can try, constructively, to do so and that means taking my therapy out of AA and life sober and not worrying as to how well I'm working the theory, or even how philosophically/psychologically/theologically valid it is, as long as it's useful--along with whatever else--in keeping me sober, day by day. One has to move from merely being sober to sober thinking [...] sobriety can't come from wives, children, doctors, hospitals. In the end it is me who will refuse the first drink; and if I *have* to tell anyone what the effort may be it will have to be another alcoholic, another 'dry' alcoholic--AA. Because, at rock bottom, only one alcoholic understands another alcoholic *in this area*.⁴²⁰

Duggan had become so practised at such talk that almost no one was listening, but by at last deciding that he was an alcoholic and that he must seek help, he had chosen to live.

Notes

1. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 323.
2. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 9 May 1963.
3. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 28 May 1963. The 'unyielding wicket' perhaps refers to: 'The small door in the big door to save heaving at the vastness' in 'O'Leary's Orchard'. *Collected Stories*: 246.
4. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Jul. 1963.
5. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
6. 'Virgin Country.' *Mate* 10, Dec. 1962: 22.
7. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 May 1963.
8. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 8 May 1963. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992.
9. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct 1993. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.

10. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Jul. 1963.
11. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Charles Brasch. 19 Apr. 1963, 14 Jul. 1963. On the cover of Duggan's copy of *Landfall* vol. 17 no. 1 (1963), containing 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', he noted: 'Submitted for entry to K.M. Short Story Award (1963) 'Along Rideout Road That[sic] Summer' by Maurice Duggan'. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
12. *History of New Zealand Women Writers' Society 1932-1982*. Eds. Thelma France, Hestia Quinn, Roma Henden, Isobelle Ashforth. [New Zealand]: n.p., 1982: 224.
13. Frank McKay. *The Life of James K. Baxter*. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1990: 196. James K. Baxter. *Selected Poems*. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1982: 60. Maurice Shadbolt. 'The Burns Fellowship.' *Landfall* vol. 22 no. 3 (1968): 240. Shadbolt soon rallied in the second half of the year by writing the hugely popular *Among the Cinders*. [Christchurch: Whitcombe & Tombs; London: Eyre & Spotswoode; New York, Atheneum, 1965].
14. *PEN Gazette*. Oct. 1963: 9-14.
15. *PEN Gazette*. Oct. 1963: 9-14.
16. *PEN Gazette*. Oct. 1963: 15.
17. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 24 Nov. 1963.
18. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 15 Oct. 1963.
19. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 15 Oct. 1963.
20. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 24 Nov. 1963.
21. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 24 Nov. 1963.
22. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 15 Oct. 1963.
23. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct. 1993.
24. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct. 1993.
25. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 24 Nov. 1963. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992. The edited version Duggan read was from *Landfall* vol. 15 no. 4 (1961): 318-375. It consisted of:
 'Tunny has his comfort [...] [except 'your ball, deuce, fault and double fault'] [...] acre of her bosom.' p331.
 'Nanma in the porch [...] [...] a court of law.' p336.
 'Nan dozing as though [...] [except 'oh I have it'] [...] The day, dazing.' p337.
 'The fire going [...] [...] manuka scent comes in a rush.' p 341-342.
 'What was it? [...] [except 'in the good old days when hope was dead and stinking' and 'hup, hupatit'] [...] the fumes of tar.' p342-343.
 'Nan and Tunny go off [...] [except 'pheasant'] [...] Bring me nothing.' p343-344.

'Jockey Breen in the bar [...] [except 'brougham or phaeton I wouldn't know what to call them, and fly' and 'He, the omnipresent voyeur (...) I envy him whoever he might be'] [...] india rubber koozers.' p344-345.

'If you could see me [...] [...] earth and air.' p349.

'No, let me be honest [...] [...] I am not so insane.' p355.

'Ah, grant it [...] [...] what we are?' p356-357.

'Anna by Nan [...] [...] hidden behind sunglasses.' p358.

'Martha winding for the [...] [...] to him and thankyou.' p366-367.

'MaNan has made a [...] [except 'Pah'] [...] to sympathy is it?' p370.

'Nan, bigmatron [...] [except 'like a f...ing precipice at the head' and 'Mr Riley you are near to death'] [...] A vignette at the least.' p373.

'I'd long a vanity [...] [except 'Now did you, once and for all'] [...] one of two.' p375.

26. C.K. Stead. Interview. 3 Oct. 1991. Marilyn Duckworth. Interview. 10 Apr. 1992.

27. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.

28. C.K. Stead. Interview. 3 Oct. 1991.

29. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 24 Nov. 1963.

30. Eric Lee-Johnson. Interview. 4 Sept. 1992.

31. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.

32. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 31 Dec. 1963.

33. Nick Duggan. Conversation. 28 Jul. 1994.

34. Robert Lowry papers. Auckland University Library.

35. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.

36. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.

37. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 1 Dec. 1964. Bill Pearson. Letter to the writer. 2 Feb. 1992. Bill Pearson. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992. Anthony Stones. 'Tailfeather: Don Terris 1930-1977.' *Islands* vol. 6 no. 3 (1978): 206.

38. Bill Pearson. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992.

39. Lillian Chrystall. Conversation. 4 Sept. 1992.

40. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct. 1993.

41. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 31 Dec. 1963.

42. Janet Paul. Interviews. 19 Apr. 1994, 18 Oct. 1994.

43. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct. 1993. Ronald Holloway. 'Remembering Bob Lowry.' *Landfall* vol. 18 no. 1 (1964): 54-58.

44. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 31 Dec. 1963.

45. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 31 Dec. 1963.

46. Maurice Duggan. Publishing contract. Personal papers.

47. Contract for *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, dated 26 Jan. 1964. Duggan's personal papers.
48. Phoebe Meikle. Interview. 7 May 1993.
49. Janet Paul. Interview. 19 Apr. 1994. A grant of \$300 was supplied by the New Zealand Literary Fund in 1970 to assist Longman Paul in reprinting *Coal Flat*.
50. Maurice Duggan. Publishing contract. Personal papers.
51. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 22 Feb. 1964.
52. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 31 Dec. 1963.
53. Maurice Duggan. Enclosed with letter to Charles Brasch. 22 Feb. 1964.
54. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 17 Mar. 1964.
55. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993.
56. C.K. Stead. Interview. 3 Oct. 1991.
57. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 12 May 1992.
58. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 274-275.
59. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 14 Jan. 1966
60. Charles Brasch. 'Notes.' *Landfall* vol. 18 no. 2 (1964): 112.
61. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
62. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
63. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 275.
64. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 24 Nov. 1963.
65. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
66. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
67. Kendrick Smithyman. [Introduction.] *In Fifteen Minutes You Can Say a Lot: Selected Fiction: Greville Texidor*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1987: 19. Greville Texidor. Letters to Barbara Duggan. Dated only 'Easter Monday' and 'Friday', but probably 1963. Among Duggan's correspondence with Texidor, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. Duggan's personal papers.
68. Greville Texidor. Letter to Barbara Duggan. Dated only 'May 15th', but probably 1963.
69. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 29 Jun. 1994.
70. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 21 Jan. 1965.
71. Frank Sargeson. 'Greville Texidor 1902-1964.' *Landfall* vol. 19 no. 2 (1965): 135-138.
72. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965.
73. 'Sylvia.' Interview. 27 Apr. 1993.
74. Una Platts. Letter to Dan Davin. 18 Nov. 1964. Among Duggan's letters to Davin.
75. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965.
76. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 274.

77. Kenneth McKenney. *The Hide-away Man*. London: Barry and Rockliff, 1965.
78. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
79. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 260.
80. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 15 Jul. 1964.
81. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 1 Dec. 1964.
82. Janet Paul. Interviews. 19 Apr. 1994, 18 Oct. 1994.
83. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 5 Jan. 1965.
84. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 1 Dec. 1964.
85. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 5 Jan. 1965.
86. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 26 Dec. 1964. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 30 Dec. 1964.
87. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Jan. 1966.
88. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 21 Jan. 1965.
89. Sir James Belich. Interview. 19 Apr. 1994.
90. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 May 1965.
91. Maurice Duggan. Letter to John Reece Cole. 31 Mar. 1965. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
92. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 23 Mar. 1965.
93. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993. Colin McKeown. Interview. 4 May 1993.
94. Laurie Enting. Letter to the writer. 9 Feb. 1992. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
95. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993. Russell Wilson. Interview. 27 Jul 1994.
96. Tony Marchant. Interview. 30 Apr. 1993.
97. Dan Davin. Diary, 4 Mar. 1965. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
98. Dan Davin. 'Cold Eye, Warm Heart.' *Times Literary Supplement* 22 Apr. 1965: 316.
99. Simon Raven. 'Antipodean Tales'. *Observer* 25 Apr. 1965. Press cutting among Duggan's personal papers.
100. Monica Foot. 'A Wife For Three Voices.' *The Scotsman* 24 Apr. 1965. Press cutting among Duggan's personal papers.
101. Anne Richards. 'The Short Story Revived.' *Birmingham Post* 1 May 1965. Press cutting among Duggan's personal papers.
102. J.J. 'New Zealand Landscapes.' *Sunday Times* [U.K.] 25 Apr. 1965. Press cutting among Duggan's personal papers. 'Praise for NZ Author.' *Otago Daily Times* 28 Apr. 1965: 6.
103. 'Back to Katherine Mansfield Land.' *New Zealand Herald* 8 May 1965: section 2: 2.

104. Bill Pearson. Letter to the writer. 6 Feb. 1992.
105. Robert Goodman. 'Dour view of life, but he's...Among Our Best Writers.' *Auckland Star* 5 Jun. 1965: 14.
106. Lawrence Jones. *Landfall* vol. 19 no. 3 (1965): 287.
107. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 29 Aug. 1965.
108. James K. Baxter. 'A Sponge of Vinegar.' *N.Z. Listener* 27 Aug. 1965: 18.
109. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 5 Sept. 1965.
110. 'A Fitting Tribute.' *The Kenyon Review* vol. 27 no. 2 (1965): 279-301.
111. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 May 1965.
112. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 May 1965.
113. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 May 1965.
114. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 May 1965. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 16 May 1965. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992. 'Sylvia'. Interview. 27 Apr. 1993.
115. Ross Doughty. *The Holyoake Years*. Feilding: Doughty, 1977: 189-190. *The New Zealand Book of Events*. Ed. Bryce Fraser. Auckland: Reed Methuen, 1986: 304.
116. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965.
117. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Fleur Adcock. 16 May 1965, 29 Aug. 1965. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 May 1965.
118. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 16 May 1965. Royalty statement from Gollancz to Blackwood and Janet Paul to 25 Mar. 1965. Among Duggan's personal papers.
119. Copy in the possession of Christine Cole Catley.
120. Copy in the possession of Lillian Chrystall.
121. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 May 1965.
122. Maurice Duggan. Quoted in letter to Charles Brasch. 18 Jul. 1965.
123. Dennis McEldowney. *Frank Sargeson in His Time*. Dunedin: John McIndoe, 1976: 53.
124. Quoted in *PEN Gazette* Aug. 1965: 5.
125. O.E. Middleton. Interview. 10 Oct. 1993.
126. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 5 Sept. 1965.
127. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 29 Aug. 1965. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 5 Sept. 1965.
128. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 5 Sept. 1965.
129. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 5 Sept. 1965.
130. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 5 Sept. 1965.
131. *History of New Zealand Women Writers' Society 1932-1982*. Eds. Thelma France, Hestia Quinn, Roma Henden, Isobelle Ashforth. [New Zealand]: n.p., 1982:

226. Frank Sargeson. Letter to C.K. Stead. 4 Nov. 1965. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead.
132. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965. Colin McKeown. Interview. 4 May 1993.
133. Marti Friedlander. Interview. 26 Jul. 1994.
134. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
135. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Martha McCulloch. 13 Nov. 1965. Among Davin's correspondence with Duggan. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
136. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965.
137. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 27 Oct. 1965. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Martha McCulloch. 13 Nov. 1965. Among Davin's correspondence with Duggan. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.
138. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 Nov. 1965.
139. C.K. Stead. Interview. 3 Oct. 1991.
140. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Martha McCulloch. 13 Nov. 1965. Among Davin's correspondence with Duggan. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 15 Nov. 1965.
141. Dan Davin. Diaries. 2 Nov. 1965. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
142. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 15 Nov. 1965. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Jan. 1966.
143. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Martha McCulloch. 13 Nov. 1965.
144. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Jan. 1966.
145. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Martha McCulloch. 13 Nov. 1965.
146. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
147. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 15 Nov. 1965.
148. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
149. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Jan 1966.
150. *The New Zealand Literary Fund 1946-1970*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1970: 4. Minutes of the New Zealand Literary Fund Advisory Committee, 16 Nov. 1965. National Archives, Wellington.
151. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 4 May 1966.
152. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 30 Dec. 1965. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Jan. 1966. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 24 Jan 1966. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 25 Jan. 1966.
153. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 30 Dec. 1965. 14 Jan. 1966.
154. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Dan Davin. 2 Oct. 1965.

155. In the possession of Barbara Duggan.
156. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Jan. 1966. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 24 Jan. 1966.
157. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 24 Jan. 1966.
158. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 5 May 1993.
159. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 22 Dec. 1973.
160. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.
161. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Jan. 1966.
162. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992.
163. Royalty statement from Gollancz to Blackwood and Janet Paul to 29 Jan. 1966. Among Duggan's personal papers.
164. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 23 Jan. 1966. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 25 Jan. 1966.
165. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 4 May 1966.
166. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 May 1966.
167. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 6 Jun. 1966. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Charles Brasch. 12 May 1966, 8 Jun. 1966. Duggan's mention of 'a copy of the *Memoirs de Brantôme*' in 'Beginnings' is an erudite joke. Only two editions of the *Memoirs* exist, both in French, Mérimée's 13-volume edition of 1858-1895, and Lalanne's 11-volume edition of 1864-1882.
168. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 8 Aug. 1966.
169. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 May 1966.
170. *Auckland 66: Auckland Expands*. Auckland: Breckell & Nicholls Ltd, 1966: 1, 29, 31, 34, 67.
171. Dennis McEldowney. *Frank Sargeson in His Time*. Dunedin: John McIndoe, 1976: 57-60. Michael King. Interview. 23 Jul. 1994.
172. Frank Sargeson. Letters to Dan Davin. 17 May 1966, 21 Apr. 1967.
173. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
174. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 8 Jun. 1966.
175. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 8 Jun. 1966. [two dated and written on the same day]. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 11 Jun. 1966.
176. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Jun. 1966.
177. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 16 Apr. 1967. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 18 Oct. 1967.
178. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 2 Aug. 1966.
179. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Jun. 1966.
180. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 2 Aug. 1966.
181. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 14 Jun. 1966.

182. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 2 Aug. 1966.
183. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 8 Aug. 1966.
184. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Fleur Adcock, 29 Aug. 1965, 18 Sept. 1965.
- Barry Crump. Letter to the writer. 13 Jul. 1994.
185. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 Aug. 1966.
186. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993.
187. 'Juniors Critical of Capital.' *Dominion Sunday Times* 4 Sept. 1966: section 2: 13.
188. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 2 Aug. 1966.
189. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 16 Aug. 1966.
190. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 8 Aug. 1966.
191. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 339.
192. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 5 May 1993. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
193. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 24 Aug. 1966.
194. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Feb. 1967.
195. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 5 May 1993.
196. M.H. Holcroft. 'The Road from Ruin.' *N.Z. Listener* 15 Jul. 1966: 12. N.A. Reynolds. Letter to the editor. *N.Z. Listener* 5 Aug. 1966: 13. Maurice Duggan. Letter to the editor. *N.Z. Listener* 19 Aug. 1966: 13.
197. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 338.
198. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Bruce Mason. 6 Sept. 1966. Mason Collection. Victoria University of Wellington Library.
199. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 10 Sept 1966.
200. Maurice Duggan. Telegram to Frank Sargeson. 8 Oct. 1966. Frank Sargeson. 'Charity Begins at Home.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 3 (1966): 221-226.
201. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 3 Dec. 1966.
202. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 3 Dec. 1966.
203. C.K. Stead. Interview. 3 Oct. 1991.
204. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 4 Dec. 1966.
205. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 4 Dec. 1966.
206. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993. Colin McKeown. Interview. 4 May 1993. Laurie Enting. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
207. Russell Wilson. Interview. 27 Jul. 1994.
208. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
209. Tony Marchant. Interview. 30 Apr. 1993.
210. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
211. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.

212. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993. Tony Marchant. Interview. 30 Apr. 1993. Russell Wilson. Interview. 27 Jul. 1994.
213. Christine Cole Catley. Interviews. 17 Jan. 1992, 15 Oct. 1993.
214. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
215. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 270.
216. Terry Sturm [paired with H. Winston Rhodes]. 'Two Views: The Short Story in New Zealand.' *Landfall* vol. 21 no. 1 (1967): 79.
217. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 3 Apr. 1967.
218. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 12 Apr. 1967.
219. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 16 Apr. 1967.
220. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 16 Apr. 1967.
221. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 16 Apr. 1967.
222. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 2 Aug. 1966. e.e. cummings. 'XXXIII' ['voices to voices, lip to lip']. *Complete Poems: 1913-1962*. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1980: 264.
223. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Kendrick Smithyman. 16 Jul. 1974.
224. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 9 Jul. 1967.
225. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 9 Jul. 1967.
226. Laurie Enting. Letter to the writer. 9 Feb. 1992. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
227. Sir James Belich. Letter to the writer. 29 Nov. 1991. Interview. 19 Apr. 1994.
228. Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 8 Oct. 1967.
229. *Landfall* vol. 21 no. 3 (1967): 230. *Collected Stories*: 288. Sargeson also noticed the presence of the word 'me' in O'Leary's 'pray undo me this button' as absent in its original source, 'Pray you, undo this button', *King Lear* act 5 scene 3: 309 [Arden edition. Ed. Kenneth Muir. London: Methuen, 1952]. [Frank Sargeson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 12 Apr. 1967. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 261.] Duggan felt this to be: 'My misquote, not O'Leary's'. [Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 16 Apr. 1967.] In his own *Landfall* copy Duggan marked 'me' as to be cut, although it was not removed in *O'Leary's Orchard and other stories*. He also marked the addition of a comma to be added to 'some inversion[,] explains the nickname' [*Collected Stories*: 266], which was likewise unaltered. However 'TV aerial' was marked to be changed to 'TV serial', and was so altered [*Collected Stories*: 267], and a vertical line was drawn beside 'will tell you how the world is made."', to which was added 'Once upon a time...' in *O'Leary's Orchard and other stories*. [*Collected Stories*: 267].
230. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 15 Oct. 1967.
231. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.

232. *History of New Zealand Women Writers' Society 1932-1982*. Eds. Thelma France, Hestia Quinn, Roma Henden, Isobelle Ashforth. [New Zealand]: n.p., 1982: 227.
233. Laurie Enting. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
234. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 25 Dec. 1967.
235. 'The Magsman Miscellany.' *Collected Stories*: 361-2.
236. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 5 May 1993.
237. C.K. Stead. Interviews. 3 Oct. 1991, 31 Aug. 1992.
238. Maurice Shadbolt. Interview. 29 Apr. 1993.
239. 'Architecture Lecturer Dies.' *Evening Post* 28 May 1968: 20. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
240. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
241. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993. Tony Marchant. Interview. 30 Apr. 1993.
242. *New Zealand Herald* 27 Apr. 1967, section 2: 5. See also *New Zealand Herald* 13 Sept. 1967, section 3: 3. Because of the team nature of any advertisement's production it is impossible to attribute this or any other printed commercial directly to Duggan, and given his senior position it is perhaps unwise to try. Nevertheless it can be claimed as Creative Director all such material would to some extent have come into his orbit.
243. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
244. *New Zealand Herald* 11 Sept. 1967, section 2: 2. See also *New Zealand Herald* 15 May 1968, section 3: 6.
245. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993. Sir James Belich. Interview. 19 Apr. 1994.
246. *New Zealand Herald* 26 Aug. 1967, section 3: 1.
247. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.
248. Maurice Duggan. 'The Burns Fellowship.' *Landfall* vol. 22 no. 3 (1968): 238.
249. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 25 Dec. 1967.
250. 'DUGGAN, Maurice Noel.' *Who's Who in New Zealand*. Ed. G.C. Petersen. Wellington: A.H. & A.W. Reed, 1968: 132.
251. Janet Paul. Interview. 19 Apr. 1994.
252. Janet Paul. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 11 Nov. 1968, 5 Dec. 1968, 23 Dec. 1968..
253. Janet Paul. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 2 Dec. 1968. Phoebe Meikle. Interview. 7 May 1993.
254. Stephen Sinclair. Interview. 27 May 1993.
255. Maurice Duggan. Draft of a speech to Alcoholics Anonymous. Personal papers.

256. 'An Appetite for Flowers.' *Collected Stories*: 297.
257. Colin McKeown. Interview. 4 May 1993.
258. Maurice Duggan. Draft of a speech to Alcoholics Anonymous. Personal papers.
259. Maurice Duggan. Letter to George Haydn. 6 Jul. 1974. Personal Papers.
260. Barbara Duggan. Interviews. 25 Aug. 1991, 30 Aug. 1992. Nick Duggan. Interviews. 25 Aug. 1991, 2 May 1993.
261. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 22 Jan. 1969.
262. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
263. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
264. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 28 Jan. 1969.
265. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
266. Robin Dudding. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 3 Mar. 1969, 12 Mar. 1969.
267. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 356.
268. Kendrick Smithyman. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992.
269. Maurice Duggan. 'Golden Fleecing.' Memoir. Personal papers.
270. Maurice Duggan. 'Golden Fleecing.' Memoir. Personal papers.
271. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
272. Maurice Duggan. 'Golden Fleecing.' Memoir. Personal papers.
273. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
274. Maurice Duggan. 'Golden Fleecing.' Memoir. Personal papers.
275. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
276. Bruce Mason. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 23 Jun. 1971. Bruce Mason Collection. Victoria University of Wellington Library.
277. Dan Davin. Diary. 7 Jul.--6 Sept. 1969. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
278. Dan Davin. Diary. 23 Aug. 1969. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
279. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
280. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 340.
281. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
282. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
283. Lillian Chrystall. Conversation. 3 Sept. 1992.
284. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
285. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
286. Colin McKeown. Interview. 4 May 1993.
287. Phoebe Meikle. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 17 Jun. 1969, 28 Jul 1969. Duggan papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

288. Maurice Duggan. Blurb of *O'Leary's Orchard and Other Stories*. Attribution of parts of the blurb is difficult. Only parts of paragraph 1 are Duggan's work. Paragraphs 2 and 3 appear to have definitely been Duggan's, except that the quotations were added by Dudding. Dudding may have softened the wording, but not the overall meaning, of paragraph 4. Paragraph 5 is completely Duggan's and paragraph 6 not at all. [Robin Dudding. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 17 Mar. 1970, 31 Mar. 1970].
289. Robin Dudding. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 28 Oct. 1969, 5 Mar. 1970, 17 Mar. 1970, 31 Mar. 1970. Duggan papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
290. Keith Sinclair. *Halfway Round the Harbour*. Auckland: Penguin, 1993: 194.
291. Hugh Young. 'Author Alive and Well.' *New Zealand Herald* 6 Jun. 1970. Section 2: 4.
292. Dan Davin. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 15 Jan. 1970, 13 May 1970.
293. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 20 Mar. 1970. Davin responded that Duggan was 'good at writing to a chap about his book'. Dan Davin. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 13 May 1970. Duggan papers. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
294. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 31 Mar. 1970.
295. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 5 Mar. 1970.
296. Barbara and Nick Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991. Maurice Duggan. Draft of a speech to Alcoholics Anonymous. Personal papers. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Laurie Enting. 5 Feb. 1972. Personal papers.
297. *Alcoholics Anonymous*. London: Alcoholics Anonymous World Services: 1969: 59. Italics in quotations are reproduced from the handbook.
298. Fraser McDonald. Interview. 2 Mar. 1994. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
299. Note by Duggan interleaved with his copy of *Alcoholics Anonymous*. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
300. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 17 Apr. 1970. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Apr. 1971.
301. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 9 May 1970.
302. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 5 May 1970.
303. 'An Appetite for Flowers.' *Collected Stories*: 304.
304. Robin Dudding. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 7 May 1970, 22 May 1970.
305. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 8 May 1970.
306. Dr Charles R. Burns. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 13 May 1970. Letter in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
307. Maurice Duggan. Note in the possession of Barbara Duggan. Undated.
308. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 8 May 1970.

309. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
 310. Maurice Duggan. Note on alcoholism. Undated. Personal papers.
 311. Publishing contract for *O'Leary's Orchard*. Author's copy. Duggan papers, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 5 Mar. 1970.
 312. Colin McKeown. Interview. 4 May 1993.
 313. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 17 Jun. 1970. Duggan papers, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
 314. Dan Davin. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 17 Sept. 1970. Duggan papers, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
 315. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 30 Sept. 1970.
- In an author's copy of *O'Leary's Orchard and Other Stories* Duggan made some small amendments to 'O'Leary's Orchard' even after the story's publication in book form. The date of the amendments is unknown. The amendments are [*O'Leary's Orchard* page numbers; then *Collected Stories* page numbers]:
- a). Between the paragraph: 'Faced then with the event [...]' and 'Acquiescence came easily [...]' Duggan has added '#' to indicate a space. [13: 242].
 - b). 'He had trod[,] for so long that road on which, with an eagerness he could not rebuke, they were now seeking to set foot.' Duggan has added a comma after 'trode', then appears to have crossed it out, and has added '?' in the margin. [13: 242].
 - c). 'O'Leary[,] insofar as conditions permitted, resolutely kept his eyes from undulations and declivities [...]'. Duggan has added a comma after 'O'Leary'. [15: 244].
 - d). 'In the hour or two, before getting out of bed became an unavoidable action, under the twin dictates of time and his bladder [...]'. Duggan has deleted the comma after 'two'. [20: 247].
 - e). 'The time of year for [winter] overhaul.' In the margin Duggan has noted 'winter?', as if considering adding the word before 'overhaul'. [40: 261].
 - f). 'I am involved with spring [...]'. Before 'spring' Duggan has indicated an addition. In the margin he has written 'a long anticipation of', and with a different pen 'preparing for'. [44: 264].
 - g). 'G.A.M. O'Brien M.P.S.' Duggan has circled 'M.P.S.' and noted above it '?'. [47: 266].
 - h). 'He crossed the window and flung it open upon a sweet profusion of blossom, upon the great cadence of the orchard'. Duggan has deleted 'a' and substituted 'the'. He has added a comma after 'profusion' and deleted the words 'of blossom, upon' [flung it open upon the sweet profusion, the great cadence of the orchard]. He has drawn a line across the page to the next page, to indicate the reason for his change, in

the sentence: 'Autumn was behind him; and ahead spring and summer were upon him; then autumn again'. [58: 274].

i). 'Presently the numbness passed and his nose and face began to pain him'. Duggan has circled the word 'Presently'. [61: 275].

j). 'So time flowed, in sunlight and a movement of leaves, until returning to pluck up the bright towel she gathered in innocence all light to herself upon bosses of flesh [...]'. Duggan has added commas after 'until' and 'towel'. [70: 282].

k). 'One more kiss is all it would take, perhaps, to change me into the handsome prince, silver Alvis at the door and a million banknotes crisp in the boot'. Beside this Duggan has noted 'this repeats a thought from something earlier?'. [71: 282].

Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan. Duggan did not mark the deletion of the word 'me' or the addition of a comma after 'some inversion[,]', as he did in his *Landfall* copy of 'O'Leary's Orchard' (see page 549, note 229). For a further comment written on the story's point of view, see the section, *O'Leary's Orchard*, page 614, note 15.

316. Robert Goodman. 'Talent In Abundance.' *Auckland Star* 23 May 1970.

317. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Apr. 1971.

318. Herbert Lomas. 'Unenglish Literature.' *London Magazine* vol. 10 no. 5 (1970): 97.

319. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Apr. 1971.

320. Robin Dudding. Conversation. 5 Dec. 1994.

321. The Trustees Executors and Agency Company of New Zealand Ltd. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 4 Sept. 1970, 22 Sept. 1970. Duggan papers, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. Lawrence Jones. 'Book Awards: A Short History of the Rarer Ones.' *Kite* 5 (Nov. 1993): 2-3.

322. Phoebe Meikle. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 4 Dec. 1970. Duggan papers, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

323. James Vinson. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 14 Dec. 1970.

324. Bob Duggan. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 14 Jul. 1971. Duggan papers, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

325. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 16 Sept. 1970.

326. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 22 Sept. 1970.

327. Hugh Young. 'Author alive and well.' *New Zealand Herald*. 6 Jun. 1970. Section 2: 4.

328. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

329. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.

330. Barbara and Nick Duggan Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.

331. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Apr. 1971.

332. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 1 Dec. 1970.

333. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Laurie Enting. 5 Feb. 1972. Personal papers.
334. Maurice Duggan. Memoir, dated 3 Oct. 1974. Personal papers. Ian McCorquodale. Interview. 18 Jan. 1992.
335. Marie Shaw. Interview. 12 May 1992. Phyl was to survive her husband by over two decades, dying in Auckland in the Regency Rest Home, Northcote, on 5 Aug. 1994. She is buried at Makara with Robert Harbron Duggan.
336. Robert Sydney Duggan. Letters to Maurice Duggan, 24 Apr. 1971, 7 Jul. 1973. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 283.
337. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Bruce Mason. 27 Jun. 1971. Mason Collection. Victoria University of Wellington Library.
338. Maurice Duggan. Memoir. Personal papers.
339. Greville Wiggs. Letter to the writer. 3 Apr. 1992.
340. Laurie Enting. Letter to the writer. 9 Feb. 1992. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
341. Phoebe Meikle. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Mar. 1971.
342. Phoebe Meikle. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 4 May. 1971.
343. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Auerbach. 30 Aug. 1971. Personal papers.
344. John Brennan [pseud. John Welcome]. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 6 Sept. 1971. Personal papers.
345. *Contemporary Novelists*. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 17 Aug. 1971. Personal papers.
346. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Apr. 1971.
347. Barbara and Nick Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
348. *New Zealand Herald* 23 Oct. 1971: section 1: 12. *Auckland Star* 27 Oct. 1971: 14.
349. Photographs in the possession of Marti Friedlander.
350. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993.
351. Laurie Enting. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
352. Stephen Sinclair. Interview. 27 May 1993.
353. Barbara and Nick Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.
354. Michael King. Interview. 23 Jul. 1994.
355. Quoted in letter from Jack Lasenby to Maurice Duggan. 17 Nov. 1971. Duggan papers.
356. Stephen Sinclair. Interview. 27 May 1993.
357. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 5 May 1993.
358. Barbara and Nick Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991. Nick Duggan. Interview. 2 May 1993.

359. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Laurie Enting. 2 Feb. 1972. Barbara Duggan. Conversation. 28 Jul. 1994.
360. Quin and Margaret Thompson. Interview. 6 May 1993.
361. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
362. Tony Marchant. Interview. 30 Apr. 1993.
363. Tony Marchant. Interview. 30 Apr. 1993.
364. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992. Nick Duggan. Interviews. 2 May 1993, 27 Jul. 1994.
365. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 12 Sept. 1972.
366. Katherine Mansfield. 'Brave Love.' *Landfall* vol. 26 no. 1 (1972): 3-30. Copyright permission is from Mrs Mary Middleton Murry.
367. Robin Dudding. Conversation. 5 Dec. 1994. Dennis McEldowney. 'Publishing, Patronage, Literary Magazines.' *The Oxford History of New Zealand Literature*. Ed. Terry Sturm. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1991: 588.
368. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 20 Dec. 1973. Repayment of the loan was cancelled by Charles Brasch's death, if indeed repayment was ever really required.
369. R.N.D. [Robin Dudding]. 'Tailfeather.' *Islands* vol. 1 no. 1 (1972): 84.
370. Anthony Dreaver. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 14 Sept. 1972. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Anthony Dreaver. 19 Sept. 1972.
371. Bill Kirker. Interviews. 25 Aug. 1991, 6 May 1993.
372. James K. Baxter. 'Ode to Auckland.' *Collected Poems*. Ed. J.E. Weir. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1979: 600.
373. Jack Lasenby. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 1 Nov. 1972. The sentence is:

Then I lingered among them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath, and hare-bells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.
374. Maurice Duggan. Notes toward an essay on James K. Baxter. Personal papers. For the full version see Appendix Three.
375. *Man of England Now*, with *I For One* and *A Game of Hide and Seek*, was published jointly with Martin Brian and O'Keeffe of London.
376. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 31 Oct. 1972.
377. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 13 Nov. 1972.
378. Martyn Finlay. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 13 Dec 1972. Bob Tizard. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 14 Dec. 1972.
379. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
380. Laurie Enting. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.

381. Laurie Enting. Letter to the writer. 2 Feb. 1992. Laurie Enting. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992. Duggan noted on a letter to Frank Auerbach that he left the agency on 18 Dec. 1972. Personal papers.
382. Brian Couldrey. Interview. 26 Apr. 1993. Tony Marchant. Interview. 30 Apr. 1993. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Brian Couldrey. 10 Jun. 1973.
383. Maurice Duggan. Letter to George Haydn. 7 Jul. 1974. Personal papers.
384. George Haydn. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
385. Graham Billing. *The Slipway*. London: Quartet Books, 1974: 181. Quoted in a review by Maurice Duggan. 'Port Paradise & Environs.' *Islands* vol. 4 no. 3 (1974): 335.
386. Colin McKeown. Interview. 4 May 1993.
387. Laurie Enting. Letter to the writer. 9 Feb. 1992. Laurie Enting. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
388. Maurice Duggan. Marginal note on letter from Robin Dudding to Maurice Duggan. 23 Dec. 1972.
389. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
390. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
391. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
392. Marie Shaw. Conversation. 1 Mar. 1994.
393. Fraser McDonald. Interview. 2 Mar. 1994. James Kalat. *Biological Psychology*. California: Wadsworth Publishing, 1992: 564-565.
394. Maurice Duggan. Alcoholism notebook. Personal papers.
395. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 4 Jun. 1973. Fleur Adcock. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 21 Jun. 1973.
396. Marilyn Duckworth. Interview. 10 Apr. 1992.
397. Nick Duggan. Conversation. 27 Jul 1994.
398. Barbara Duggan. Letter to Fraser McDonald. 26 Feb. 1973.
399. *Psychiatric Services at Oakley Hospital*. Report of the Commission of Inquiry. Wellington: Government Printer, 1971. 'Plight of Old Patients Described.' *New Zealand Herald* 29 Jun. 1971: 1. 'Drug Methods at Oakley Outlined.' *New Zealand Herald* 18 Aug. 1971: section 1: 8. 'Oakley Garbage Trucks Used to Carry Food.' *New Zealand Herald* 21 Aug. 1971: section 1: 3.
400. *Report of the Committee of Inquiry into Procedures at Oakley Hospital and Related Matters*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1983: 9, 10, 69.
401. Fraser McDonald. Interview. 2 Mar. 1994.
402. Maurice Duggan. Note on Baxter. Personal papers.
403. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
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O'Leary's Orchard

*'Now which on earth story ever is this writing me?' ('Riley's Handbook'.)*¹

Duggan's third volume of short stories contains two novellas, 'O'Leary's Orchard' and 'Riley's Handbook', and a long short story entitled 'An Appetite for Flowers'. Together these can be said to constitute the pinnacle of Duggan's achievement, the big book for which in 'Beginnings' he claimed to look in vain.² In Duggan's case his novellas can perhaps be defined as short stories which have been expanded because of their author's willingness to explore all avenues and capture every detail, particularly in the revelation of character. Such works start to take on the fullness and complexity of novels, but without losing the resonance and formal simplicity of shorter fiction. This was valuable to a writer whose prose style was essentially poetic. The relationship of Duggan's novellas to the novel might thus be summed up by O'Leary's description of a wicket, as: 'The small door in the big door to save heaving at the vastness'.³ In comparison works like 'An Appetite for Flowers' or 'Blues for Miss Laverty' focus on a smaller set of incidents as typical or crucial in a character's life. Such works exhibit the compression and elision common to the short story. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', despite having a large subject similar to 'O'Leary's Orchard' in the elaboration of an affair of the heart, is nevertheless notable for its focus only on three vital incidents in tableau. Furthermore its first person narrator, Buster O'Leary, is reluctant to explore in detail the ramifications of the affair offered in the narrative. In contrast 'Riley's Handbook' consists of many incidents in the main character's life which are scrutinised almost *ad absurdum* by the protagonist himself. 'O'Leary's Orchard' politely avoids descriptions of the sexual act, but it does not fail to investigate every nuance of Isobel's emotional impact upon its protagonist. Despite focusing tightly on O'Leary's thoughts and sensations, the novella also reveals a great deal about its two other main characters, Isobel and her mother, so that the work is very much a study of relationships and transformations. This was something Duggan had earlier attempted in his aborted novel, 'The Burning Miss Bratby' (see page 370-371).

The composition of 'O'Leary's Orchard' was begun immediately after 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. Like this latter, it appears to be a lament for the transitory nature of love, and for the argument that life can be little more than 'preparation for a sense of loss'. The novella specifically describes the affair between a middle aged man and a young woman, but its view is of how universally human relationships are conditioned by past circumstances. Duggan published a poem, 'Woman's Song', in *Mate* in 1962, as if experimenting in the articulation of the same theme from a female point of view.⁴ 'Woman's Song' was written at around the time 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' was finished and 'O'Leary's

Orchard' begun. The poem seems to incorporate imagery from both stories, its speaker emotionally crippled by nostalgia for Eden.

Yes, it was too late;
 the clock had already chimed
 that summer when I showed him
 the orchard where I spent my honeymoon.
 Ah, the ache in the apple tree,
 the sweet cold reproach of the river,
 the river bend of white water;
 sadness we both clung too.
 Summer there for our making,
 fruit for our ripening,
 life for all our loving
 if the clock had not struck.

Days and the light gone,
 night and my love gone,
 sun a faceless clock
 the hours beating and striking.
 This is all I have:
 sun in the river,
 love's hand on my heart, too late.

But it is important to observe that Duggan stood at some distance from O'Leary and O'Leary's attitudes. The message of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' was to live for the present as 'there is only life' (see page 357). Duggan noted for the blurb of *O'Leary's Orchard* that the story 'celebrates a sexual absurdity and the absurdity of a certain view of life'.⁵ A note written in 1973, when Duggan was out of Oakley Hospital and recovering from alcoholism, compares the two short novels and makes it clear that Duggan did not approve of O'Leary's psychology and his tendency toward social withdrawal. Nevertheless Duggan was writing partly in consideration of Riley and O'Leary's relationship to himself, since he saw both characters as aspects of his own personality. Thus he is harsher in 1973 than he might have felt at the time of the work's composition.

O'Leary turns the coin over; but he is a drinking man--Riley isn't--and has the superficial solace of a seeming wisdom and urbanity. In fact he's an emotional juvenile--a regressor--an adult relationship would be too frightening for O'Leary--he couldn't get away with this sort of posturing for one thing.⁶

Terry Sturm has noted that 'the two stories seem to suggest a fundamental duality in Duggan's vision of the world as the imaginative impulse behind all his writing', and Patrick Evans has made the same case even more strongly.⁷ This is true to some extent, as Duggan's own notes seem to indicate, but to go on and suggest that one character is positive and the other negative would be too much of an extrapolation. Clearly Duggan is suspicious of both Riley's bitter self-pity and O'Leary's isolative behaviour, both of which in different ways lead to forms of escapism.

Despite its conventional appearance, 'O'Leary's Orchard' contains some of Duggan's most poetic prose. 'Riley's Handbook', written by Duggan earlier, is a novella which seems more obviously *avant garde*, but for a writer who saw each new work as a fresh start 'O'Leary's Orchard' was the greater technical challenge.⁸ 'Riley's Handbook' was a difficult work to produce, since it is to some extent an exploration of its author's unconscious. This is evidenced in the way the story was written, in bursts of sustained intensity (see pages 372-373). However 'O'Leary's Orchard' is a work of balances, tensions, and references, and thus it took Duggan many years to complete. The novella aims to be what O'Leary at its opening calls 'a contrapuntal paean', a narrative imbued with an intricate mixture of motifs. For O'Leary this further means the addition of his voice in praise of Isobel to the many whom he feels will follow him. Despite the isolative nature of its main character, 'O'Leary's Orchard' concerns itself above all with moments of human contact.

The opening section of 'O'Leary's Orchard' presents its protagonist facing a time of decision. A few years previously O'Leary has moved to live in a barn on a small orchard, which he now maintains as a full-time occupation. The young Isobel Bernstein is coming to visit him at four o'clock, and O'Leary feels that she is 'fixed in her expectation that he would seduce her'. Viewing the seductive impulse as thus somehow originating in Isobel allows O'Leary to imagine that he still has some degree of choice as to whether to proceed or not. He wants to go slowly, aware of difficulties, such as the difference in their ages or the probable disapproval of Isobel's mother, and he feels 'discommoded by Miss Bernstein's headlong rush'. She is so precipitate that O'Leary even considers, with great intuition, whether he is little more than 'a mere optional extra' in her rush towards a relationship with an older man. But Isobel is already numbered among O'Leary's 'addictions', along with the burning of orchard trash. Like most addicts, O'Leary is in fact powerless to pretend to anything more than some semblance of a decision over whether to pursue Isobel or not. Beginning nevertheless with O'Leary's moment of choice, the opening of the work is an apt study in contrasts. There is the icy wind on O'Leary's back and the heat of the fire on his face, the use of formal names such as Mr O'Leary and Miss Bernstein, or of familiar names such as Gambo and Isobel, thoughts of 'May and December', and the flames or smoke of O'Leary's fire. In this latter case O'Leary

starts the 'base fire' of flames, an emblem of passion, and then piles on top the orchard 'debris' to make smoke, the emblem of disguise. O'Leary prefers smoke to flames, but soon the fire bursts into a fierce heat that he cannot dampen down, and he senses danger. It is after this, sweating, that he decides he must prepare himself for Isobel's arrival, with a care in his appearance which suggests his choice has been made.

The novella then moves into a flashback, since '[e]very gesture required a future, looked back on, for significance'. In fact, at the time when he first meets Isobel, O'Leary feels forced to consider his age and therefore to think back even further into his own past. As a man with some experience of the theatre, he is approached by a company of young players who wish to use his barn for rehearsals. Isobel, a first year student of drama at university, is among them. At this first encounter O'Leary becomes self-conscious about his age, probably because he is attracted to Isobel. He is a socially withdrawn person by nature, and he admits that 'without Isobel he might have refused'. Over the generation gap, a phrase in currency at the time the work was written, O'Leary senses that the group's presence in general, and Isobel's in particular, may mean the 'extinction' of this part of his personality. When rehearsals begin O'Leary hovers about, his interest in the play merely a blind for his interest in Isobel. Seeing her in a modern minimalist costume, he projects his own feelings onto her by supposing her 'to be representing either lust or carnal temptation'. He does not object when the rehearsal period is extended. O'Leary notes that he is afraid of fire in the barn, so that the image at the story's opening becomes one of its many motifs. Describing the drama is moreover a way for Duggan to comment obliquely on the composition of his own work, with '[t]he play was complex: the producer was a perfectionist'. A description by O'Leary of a further play in the second half of the novella allows for similarly oblique references to the protagonist and the work, with 'dignity in absurdity' and 'a fire in a fireworks factory'.

When Isobel meets O'Leary and speaks for the drama company, he feels that what she wants is 'accommodation'. The use of this word is an early example of the novella's curious literalism. Isobel wants accommodation in the sense of the supply of aid and temporary lodgings, as well as in the sense of adaptation and obligingness on the part of O'Leary. In fact it is appropriate that 'accommodation' should be one of the earliest examples of a word or phrase used literally, since it can further mean the adaptation of a word or expression to something different from its original purpose. Thus almost all the meanings of the word are represented. There are many other examples. As an account of 'May and December', 'O'Leary's Orchard' begins in autumnal May and follows the progress of the seasons to end in the December of early summer. When visiting the house of Mrs Bernstein, Isobel's widowed mother,

O'Leary is determined to 'lave his face at the earliest opportunity', but he decides it would be gross to ask so soon after arrival to be shown the 'lavatory'. O'Leary speaks to Isobel of 'a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing', and then he finishes by wondering, '[w]hat time is it, anyway?'. When he tells Isobel to close the cupboard on the skeleton of his past life, he adds, '[t]here's actually one in there, I think--disarticulated, of course'. Reversing the process, Mrs Bernstein complains that during the drama she had not expected to see 'breasts bared on stage', and O'Leary quips that the metaphorical sense of the phrase is drama's essence. Such literalism subverts the story's surface realism without disrupting it. 'O'Leary's Orchard', which is always aware of its own artifice, has 'fact and fantasy inextricably merged' at every level.

The first close contact between O'Leary and Isobel occurs when she cuts her hand and O'Leary tends to it in his room. O'Leary is in fact a former pharmacist and a member of the Pharmaceutical Society. Past misconduct has caused him to change his job and his name, and it is also, presumably, the unhappy cause of his withdrawal from social contact. His nickname Gambo comes from the initials of his former name, G.A.M. O'Brien. O'Leary is both a real name, certified by deed poll, and a false name for its owner's self-concealment. Thus O'Leary, as the opening of the work suggests, is 'owner of the place', while Gambo is 'the lively defector' from a painful past. But just as O'Leary is first shown in the novella amid images of disguise, Isobel's first appearance outside the group of players is presented through the imagery of exposure. Her flesh is 'opened' and her delight 'unsimulated'. O'Leary wonders if she wears anything beneath her revealing costume, and her eyes are 'quick and no more demure than her impossible garment'. Despite keeping his own gaze from 'undulations and declivities', O'Leary observes Isobel in great detail. He is deeply excited by her presence in his room, and he sees her as a 'resplendent animal'. But although attracted by her youth, he feels 'the reaches between them were too great'. As he wavers, Isobel runs her fingernail along a shelf of books, which touches off an analogy in O'Leary's mind of a child playing with a stick. It is this thought which decides O'Leary on getting Isobel out of his room 'without actually touching her'. At this stage in the work O'Leary's evident lust might make him seem unsympathetic. But Duggan is careful to emphasise this urge as troubling and repressed, and to imply that such feelings are a projection of a deeper loneliness.

However the young people begin to take over O'Leary's barn and force him 'to improvise as he worked in the orchard'. Without a routine, he must operate according to the dictates of his environment. That night, after treating Isobel's hand, O'Leary stands on the company's stage. Moved by nostalgia for the happier times in his past life, he begins to recite from *King Lear*. His actions throughout the novella can be characterised as a gradual process of developing from a self-imposed

isolation toward some degree of openness. The recited lines from a highly artificial genre, poetic drama, are the first spoken words in 'O'Leary's Orchard'. O'Leary can still manage to speak only in a language borrowed from Shakespeare. His words, which occur when Lear is first cast out from society by one of his daughters, yet which express dismay at revealing an inner unhappiness through tears, are thus full of ironic resonance.⁹ Lear's name suggests obvious parallels with O'Leary.¹⁰ The plot of *King Lear* derives from knowing that the king will be rejected by society and will go mad, and from not knowing how mad he will become, nor whether his rejection will be permanent. Similarly, the narrative drive of 'O'Leary's Orchard' comes from knowing that O'Leary and Isobel will have an affair which will mean some degree of reintegration with society by O'Leary, and from not knowing how deep their relationship will be, nor how long its effects will last. O'Leary feels able to say his lines from *King Lear* only because '[a] man could enjoy being ridiculous on his own'. Knowledge of his aloneness encourages him to indulge suddenly in further self-expression, by singing, leering and swaggering. Thus mentally 'rehearsed', he continues to recite, feeling that this is genuinely to 'let himself go upon the emptiness'. This time he chooses the scene from *King Lear* where Lear is revived from madness and is able to recognise his daughter Cordelia. Nevertheless he begins with Lear's protestations against the wisdom of such a revival.¹¹

Isobel, who is secretly present, begins to join in with Cordelia's part. This is a highly artificial plot device, something more easily associated with poetic drama than fiction. Isobel extends O'Leary's monologue into dialogue by speaking the play's next line. She then prompts O'Leary to continue, as an actor does on stage, but also as an interlocutor might in life. In Duggan's triumphant manipulation of genre O'Leary is shown revealing himself by acting a part. The traditional role of drama is the release and purging of emotions in catharsis. But here emotions are released and not purged, since their appearance only encourages further emotion, so that at the end of the play-acting O'Leary's heart feels 'at flood'. With the role-playing over, O'Leary and Isobel are able to talk at a personal level. However they soon prefer to revert for much of the time to sublimating their intimacy into a repeat performance of the drama. The scene from *King Lear* is thus the communicative equivalent of a wicket, a 'small door in the big door to save heaving at the vastness'. When O'Leary is left alone again after a kiss he finds that, 'The emptiness of the barn was not its usual comfort'. Just as the elderly Lear felt himself drawn out of the 'grave' of madness, so O'Leary has been forced partly out of his place of social withdrawal. This has even been physically paralleled by his leaving the barn with Isobel to take her out to her car.

Up until meeting Isobel, O'Leary's passion has been for sleep. Later he admits that theatre has been a passion in the past. In both he has been able to indulge his

fantasies, such as they are, but fantasy now seems likely to come true in even better fashion in 'real' life. The addition of Isobel to his thoughts, like an alchemical universal solvent, has dissolved everything else away. It is both probable that a former pharmacist like O'Leary should be interested in alchemy and also somehow improper, since alchemy is science infused with the mysticism of transformations.¹² O'Leary douses his excitement each morning with cold showers and thinks, in alchemical terms, of keeping himself and his relationship to Isobel pure. Yet at the same time he encourages his sense of physical vanity by preparing himself with a regimen of exercises, vitamins, and a sun lamp. With the flashback concluded, the results of such 'negative preparedness' are revealed in Isobel's four o'clock visit. But the seduction does not proceed smoothly, despite Isobel's manifest willingness. At first O'Leary is nervous and so becomes verbose in his description of a gold nugget given to her as a present. Next he feels faint and even wonders if he is dying. Isobel has to some extent 'ordered his extinction', as he feared she might. He becomes aware of the weakness of the body and thinks of the Biblical phrase: 'all flesh is grass'.¹³ By imagining himself and Isobel dead and mingled with the orchard, he derives comfort from thinking about them both in incorporeal form. But his sexual interest is reawakened by himself awakening to see Isobel. She pours him a glass of whisky. As in 'The Wits of Willie Graves' (see page 420), alcohol becomes the catalyst for human contact. O'Leary is in fact a heavy drinker. His later conversations with Isobel and Mrs Bernstein are punctuated with glasses of whisky refilled at speedy intervals. For the first time Isobel addresses O'Leary by the nickname from his former life, Gambo, with its overtones of gambolling youth. Then she takes off her clothes. O'Leary sees this as similar and superior to the alchemical purification of an element, from blue (her dress) to white (underwear) to rose (flesh).

The sexual act is hidden in an ellipsis and a brief description of the barn's light, with falling afternoon rain at length quenching the fires of desire. Isobel puts on her clothes once more and resumes her complex wholeness, but this time with the addition of red, in the form of a rain-hood, and gold, which is O'Leary's present. Her alchemical mixture now includes something of O'Leary himself. O'Leary has been drawn out of his shell, but his emotions are not yet totally engaged. His interest in Isobel seems not so much personal as aesthetic. He knows little of her personality. He lusts after her youthful flesh, but chiefly he seems to admire the sensations that he feels when in contact with her. He has already enjoyed his reveries of her as fantasy, and the alchemical analogies her body offers, and with physical desire sated he even savours moments of post-coital depression as he walks through the orchard. O'Leary's discovery of 'a redolence that evaded', of the absence of his lover's scent as he walks out into cold air, seems typical of the extreme subtlety of his perceptions.

Just as his exercise manual cautions against omitting a single step, so O'Leary appears to see a human relationship as a process with a beginning, middle and end, of which each moment should be enjoyed for its own sake. In the same way the controlling inevitability of the seasonal cycle is referred to by him, and savoured, throughout the novella.

But this is a curiously detached view of human relationships, conditioned perhaps by O'Leary's earlier experiences. Exactly what the misconduct was which caused him to be 'magisterially rebuked' is never made wholly clear. However it is implied that a previous relationship with a young girl was involved, similar to O'Leary's present one with Isobel, and that the liaison might have resulted in a trial for unlawful sexual connection with a minor. O'Leary also appears to have tried to abduct the girl, somewhat in the manner of Humbert Humbert in *Lolita*, a novel in which Duggan was particularly interested. *Lolita* was famously banned for indecency in the early 1960s (see pages 364, 398). This appears to be the meaning of the comments by Mrs Bernstein to O'Leary near the novella's close: 'You would hardly wish to make the same mistake, twice', and '[t]he girl [Isobel] is older'. Although the reader is not aware of it at the story's opening, O'Leary's knowledge of this episode in his own past makes his initial decision over Isobel, 'fixed in her expectation that he would seduce her', all the more significant. Similarly it is a further factor in his determination not to touch Isobel after visualising her in his room as a child playing with a stick. It also intensifies O'Leary's 'state of shock' after first kissing Isobel, and his then thinking of her as both the distant, and the more grown up, 'Miss Bernstein'. It informs O'Leary's noticeable hesitation in proceeding with seduction. Such resonances are testament to the remarkably sustained power of Duggan's imagination. 'Is it the overt nature of the flower--unfolded and tremulous--that rapes the bee?', O'Leary asks later in the work, as if trying to assuage his own guilt by suggesting powerlessness. Throughout 'O'Leary's Orchard' the past, which has led to a retreat from public scandal, has for the protagonist a haunting presence.¹⁴

With desire gone, the players' stage which O'Leary and Isobel pass as she departs is 'merely empty'. The silvering on the mirror is noticed as blackened, and Isobel is uneasy in the 'hard pinpricks of light' as she puts on her clothes. The world is no longer transfigured into something better, and objects are expected to take up 'their old positions', albeit with some differences. A passionate relationship between human beings, O'Leary appears to feel, allows the world to be transformed into something from fantasy. With passion it is impossible not to 'infect fact with fantasy', although before Isobel appears O'Leary tells himself in vain that it is important to avoid just such an infection. Nevertheless this transformation, or infection, is just what his other passions, sleep and theatre, have served to make.

The whole novella is in continual play with the metamorphosis of fact and fiction, of which literalism and alchemy are only part. O'Leary and Isobel first communicate through the 'fiction' of *King Lear*, but 'The Woman from Omsk', which the drama company is rehearsing and which is presented in plausible terms as part of the novella's 'reality', is in fact a non-existent play by a non-existent playwright. O'Leary's name may draw parallels with Lear, but Isobel's mother describes herself as 'the woman from Omsk: the real one'. Mrs Bernstein also declares: 'I do not wish to see Isobel confused with the woman from Omsk'. Even when O'Leary is confronted over Isobel by Robert Boyle, the leader of the players, his reaction is to say, 'Doesn't the stage satisfy your instinct for drama?'. Precisely why 'O'Leary's Orchard' should be so concerned with the interaction of fact and fiction does not become clear until close to the work's climax.

When O'Leary gives Isobel a nugget on a chain he makes a short speech on the nature of gold. Afterward the narrative appears to focus on the nugget rather than the characters, with such carefully detailed sentences as:

Isobel slipped the chain over her head and the weight drew it down.

The nugget plummeted and was arrested at the base of the loop:

O'Leary's token nestled and received a mild warmth.

Although the novella is told in the third person, it is confined to O'Leary's focus of attention to a remarkable degree. His thoughts, feelings and sensations are presented as they occur with an extreme descriptive precision. Throughout the work nothing is described if it falls outside O'Leary's attention.¹⁵ Thus despite its novelish interest in details, 'O'Leary's Orchard' is selective about what it presents. O'Leary's appearance is never described, nor Isobel's in any but several elaborations of details that have caught O'Leary's notice. Similarly no background description is ever provided of the orchard or barn. The church hall in which 'The Woman from Omsk' has its performance is described only in terms of O'Leary's discomfort with 'the chill and the hard chairs'. Later when he is about to be struck by Robert Boyle, a small gap appears in the narrative until O'Leary 'found himself on the floor'. His mind is not quick enough to register the blow and his fall.

Because the narrative never draws back from the protagonist's focus of attention, much of importance to the story's development is learned only peripherally, and much remains entirely hidden. O'Leary's exact age is never revealed. The circumstances of his past crime come only from Mrs Bernstein's conversation. The under-age girl herself never once appears in O'Leary's guilty consciousness. Mr Bernstein, Isobel's father, who died when she was young, is glimpsed only momentarily through a phrase of Mrs Bernstein's, as someone 'who had views'. But the substance of these views is never discovered. The narrating author has been removed, in the impersonal manner that Duggan once

unsuccessfully sought in 'The Deposition' (see page 456), with emphasis instead placed on perceptions and perceptiveness. It is this which may account for the impression remarked on by critics as the somewhat Jamesian quality of the novella's prose.¹⁶ The sentences of 'O'Leary's Orchard' can be intricate, but they are seldom as complex as those of Henry James, or even as the Jamesian passages in 'The Deposition' (see pages 452-453).

The performance of the play in a church hall brings O'Leary out into the public, and he seems in some considerable discomfort. This is both physical, because the hall is cold, and mental, when he sees his name acknowledged in the programme. He sucks on a peppermint since he is worried his whisky breath might offend someone, but he has managed anyway to offend the one person he most hopes to cultivate, Isobel's mother. Without knowing her identity, O'Leary pushes his feet under her chair. He is aware that the play is likely to be thought obscene, and so he is concerned about his association with it. Because of his past experience in court he imagines a trial for indecency with Mrs Bernstein as the accused. There is considerable irony in O'Leary's thinking, '[h]ow do you plead, Mrs Bernstein, wherever you are?', not just because she is sitting in front of him. It will later be revealed that she knows of and even facilitates Isobel's relationship with an older man. Mrs Bernstein is in fact guilty of complicity in her daughter's acts of 'indecency', not just on stage but also with O'Leary himself.

'O'Leary's Orchard' was written in the 1960s, when the borderlines of indecency were frequently being tested by art. Isobel appears topless. 'The Woman of Omsk' is then halted by the police and Isobel is wrapped in a rug. At the arrival of the police O'Leary wonders bemusedly 'whether this was part of the play', an echo of the overlapping of drama and life when acting *King Lear* in his barn.¹⁷ By not moving when the hall is cleared, O'Leary becomes 'a conspicuous figure', and by applauding the play he stands out even further. This willingness by O'Leary to meet the public gaze results from a commitment to Isobel which adds a further dimension to their relationship. When faced with a police constable O'Leary becomes verbose, enjoying the irony in 'I am undebauched', his speech in contrast to the officious register of the policeman. O'Leary is typically verbose when nervous, using language itself as a form of disguise. Later in the work Isobel complains at another nervous outburst, 'You never stop talking [...] don't you ever think of something and not say it?' As Isobel departs in the family car O'Leary has his second encounter with Mrs Bernstein, this time a moment of mutual recognition which occurs at a distance. This is in contrast to their first encounter of mutual non-recognition at close proximity. At the bus stop O'Leary is approached by a reporter who asks for his name and a comment on the play for publication. Although he has already committed a public act by applauding, O'Leary declines to appear in print. Thus

repudiating, or at least compromising, his earlier gesture, he gets tremulously on the bus and prepares to return to the safety of his home.

Duggan professed to be unhappy with the newspaper account of the play presented at length in 'O'Leary's Orchard', feeling that it made the novella sag (see page 505). Its language lacks the density of the rest of the work, but at the same time it allows a useful change of pace. To write badly on purpose can sometimes be as challenging as to write well. The newspaper article's journalese is filled with clichés and convincingly clumsy expressions, such as 'unplanned climax', 'straight-out sexual perversion', 'blatantly hoodwinked', and 'too offensive'. The Vicar claims the play has 'unparalleled depravity', as if there were no possible evil greater than 'The Woman from Omsk'. Duggan also uses the article to show in microcosm the difficulties which he had observed in the establishment of a New Zealand literature. Without regard to their audience, the players slavishly follow the fashions of the most extreme 'highbrow' foreign drama. But the audience has no interest in the artistic content of what is presented, and it prefers to look only for scandal. After an inevitable clash, both sides retreat to positions poles apart, in fact at opposite ends of the newspaper article. Both further adopt attitudes which have in common a sense of moral complacency. Caught in the middle, the institution of the law is little more than paranoid, and academia is both meek and muddle-headed in trying to please everyone. After reading the article, O'Leary dismantles the stage equipment in his barn, wondering what pretext he can use for seeing Isobel in future and hoping that rehearsals for a new play will provide it. His concern is indicative of an interest in Isobel that will no longer be content merely to follow the inevitable process of a relationship.

Duggan is careful in 'O'Leary's Orchard' to establish links between the ending of a section and the opening of the next, as if to reduce breaks in the novella to a minimum. Thus O'Leary moves from the passion of first kissing Isobel to a description of his 'passion for sleep', from watching objects take up 'their old positions with reluctance' to a description of new objects in a church hall, and from returning to his own place in the orchard to observing the placement of a newspaper article on the front page. After the removal of stage equipment in the barn, the section of conversation between O'Leary and Isobel which follows begins with something similar to, and also mocking of, a stage direction. As elsewhere in the story, detailed information is provided which in fact allows for little general conception of the scene. The day after the performance Isobel has come to see O'Leary, as they had previously arranged, and they have once more gone to bed together. When O'Leary gets out of bed his language enters the narrative, as he asks '[w]hy in hell' it should be he and not Isobel who has to make them coffee. Despite the apparent intimacy of the sexual act their relationship is balanced at a crucial

point. O'Leary feels that Isobel has come to him to be 'comforted', 'befriended' and 'loved', and that she has accepted sex as the outcome of this. Although he notes that her 'distress, after last night's first-and-last-night fiasco, had not been great', he feels that she has got what she wanted with the 'supplicant [...] honoured and the woman from Omsk exorcised'. For himself, it is O'Leary's birthday, although he keeps this from Isobel because he does not want to reveal his age. For O'Leary the sexual act has been an assertion of youthful vigour, a revenge 'on a day of nativity'. But with his sexual desire sated, post-coital depression leaves him merely 'a little bored with his miss'. While making the coffee, his mind runs over how this is 'a Sunday like many others' in the orchard. Even the archaic word 'miss' allows him to avoid a more genuine description of Isobel as something like a 'lover'.

Yet sandwiched amongst such attempts to maintain a sense of emotional distance is the ambiguity of the sentence: 'The situation was wholly compromising to both'. The pair feel compromised in that their nakedness is potentially scandalous, and in the way that sex has been a response to their individual needs, conditioned by their pasts. But the situation is also more positively a compromise in that they now feel free in each other's company. O'Leary feels 'he had brought her forward while himself moving back', so that they can now sit together naked and talk. Their relationship is slowly deepening. Such relationships have consequences, and the first of these is the arrival of Mrs Bernstein and her knocking at the barn door. Her expensive car, her loud knocking, and her prepared note give O'Leary and the reader immediate impressions of some power and authority. Such impressions are if anything heightened by her non-appearance. O'Leary and Isobel quietly discuss Mrs Bernstein's motives for coming to the barn, and O'Leary begins a nervous enumeration of her possible methods of retribution. Despite Mrs Bernstein's note requesting a meeting, O'Leary seems reluctant to see her. He declares to Isobel, 'I'm merely the proprietor [...] of this place and its chattels'. Isobel responds: 'You are absurd'. Such a refusal to speak for Isobel or their relationship is an act of withdrawal, but equally O'Leary refuses to withdraw completely into drunkenness.¹⁸ Instead he finds himself fascinated by the sound of Isobel's sudden laughter and her 'processes of thought'. As if to re-establish his emotional distance he disguises his wish to compliment her with pedantry, claiming that alcohol is '[a] powder for painting the eyes'. This phrase also serves to attribute his still deepening interest in Isobel to the befuddlement of whisky.

Nevertheless O'Leary's attraction to Isobel has developed into something more than physical. He goes on to acknowledge that there are many other young women with Isobel's physical charms, but that '[s]he had for him so many advantages over all the others'. He is in fact not bored with her at all, so that he comforts himself with the thought that his partly reconstructed personality as O'Leary is still 'a

disguise'. At that moment Isobel shatters his complacency by asking what would happen if she became pregnant. The section has thus moved from a consideration of O'Leary and Isobel together through to worry over a consequence in Mrs Bernstein, then through a further consideration of the pair together through to worry over a further consequence. Isobel is in fact using contraceptives and unlikely to get pregnant, so that O'Leary is left wondering why she even raised the question. His past troubles make him imagine himself once more in court, and he fails to understand that Isobel's feelings are such that she would like to get pregnant to him. He retrieves their intimacy by reverting momentarily to play-acting from *King Lear*, and the barn receives the couple's laughter at the work's halfway point.

The second half of the novella begins with a mystic description of the process of distillation and how this was eventually decoded by Berthelot, an early organic chemist who wrote on alchemy.¹⁹ Mrs Bernstein has appeared to meet O'Leary at his barn, and both drink heavily through the early part of the conversation which follows. Isobel and O'Leary's relationship now moves to be almost triangular, as Mrs Bernstein becomes actively involved and dominates much of the story's second half. Mrs Bernstein is as highly articulate as O'Leary, and so their exchanges have a quality of verbal sparring. Over whisky they discuss the possibility of warning someone of an event in advance. Although the issue under discussion is ostensibly the indecent nature of 'The Woman from Omsk', O'Leary feels sufficiently guilty about Isobel for the conversation to have something like a double edge. He recites a sardonic version of a warning letter and Mrs Bernstein counters with, 'Isobel has spoken of you'. O'Leary then retreats from any declaration of involvement with others by repeating his phrase from conversation with Isobel, 'I am merely the proprietor of this absurdity and its chattels'. But his words unconsciously gather up and involve Isobel's response.

After their conversation over the whisky, O'Leary and Mrs Bernstein move to a conversation over coffee on Isobel's future in drama. Mrs Bernstein is unsure of Isobel's possible talent and asks the opinion of O'Leary, who is non-committal. Isobel's dramatic talent is not an aspect of her that he has ever considered. Mrs Bernstein then expresses concern over a new play the company plans to rehearse, 'Sister Maybelle', which involves further nudity.²⁰ She is concerned about the notoriety Isobel will attract from such public scandal. But O'Leary, who has shrunk from similar notoriety himself, has observed already that Isobel is not much distressed by the trouble over 'The Woman from Omsk', and she may therefore 'positively enjoy' further scandal. Despite his prior hopes to the contrary, O'Leary announces in a defensive measure that his barn is no longer to be used as a location for drama rehearsals. But Mrs Bernstein then suggests Isobel continue to see O'Leary anyway, so that her daughter can be persuaded by him not to participate in

the new play. Scarcely able to believe his good fortune, O'Leary has an intuition that he is being 'rather openly bribed', but he does not pursue it. Since at this point the reader is not aware of Mrs Bernstein's knowledge of her daughter and O'Leary's relationship, Duggan risks giving the impression that his plot has become contrived. In fact Mrs Bernstein is being thoroughly manipulative. She is taking advantage of a liaison she already knows about in order to make it serve her own purposes. The section closes with a deceptive image of Mrs Bernstein's powerlessness. O'Leary feels that she is no more able to control the natural accumulation of frost on her car than she can the natural process of his and Isobel's relationship. Furthermore O'Leary incorrectly believes that he has deceived Mrs Bernstein over her visit the previous Sunday.

The next section describes another Sunday four-o'clock meeting between O'Leary and Isobel. In O'Leary's room Isobel discovers a bag with O'Leary's previous name, and thus she learns that he lives in a form of disguise. There is some irony in her finding that O'Leary is not 'an actor', since that is what he is now revealed to her to be. Fittingly, O'Leary is confronted with this discovery shortly after removing his protective clothing and while standing naked before entering the shower. He reveals a little of his former name and history as a pharmacist. Isobel addresses O'Leary by his nickname, Gambo, for a second time. It is a gesture of sympathy, but it is also accurate since O'Leary is in the process of being transformed through revelation back into something of O'Brien once again. With a sense of 'tedium' he realises that he will have to tell her more, although his first attempt is little better than reticent. After a gap in the narrative, which presumably disguises moments of intimacy, Isobel announces that she loves O'Leary. At the same time he is able to feel that his past actions have not disqualified him 'entirely from the world's affection', suggesting that he is coming to terms with his history. He compliments Isobel, without recourse to the disguise of pedantry, and tells her how his world has been made by revealing all of his past. However at this point the narrative retires into a discreet ellipsis. In order to keep his protagonist a sympathetic character, Duggan delays revealing the nature of O'Leary's crime to the reader for as long as possible.

O'Leary prepares himself for a second meeting with Mrs Bernstein, an evening dinner at her house. 'The drinking years', he claims, have upset his stomach, and indeed he seems to have little stomach to face Mrs Bernstein once more. As he looks in the mirror he addresses himself, an appropriate act for a personality divided between a former O'Brien and a current O'Leary. To himself he admits that Isobel has changed his life, since before her appearance he 'lived alone like a hermit in bosky places'. His soliloquy that follows, a device borrowed from drama, makes it clear that O'Leary has few of the conditions vital to his function listed at the

beginning of the section.²¹ Thus until recently choice of time and season have restricted him, he feels, to operations of 'a merely vegetable kind'. He does not know why he is going to Mrs Bernstein's house, to carry off a meeting likely to be both 'profitless and impossible'. He has no 'trustworthy friends', and he is no longer in seclusion. His 'determination not to be deceived by appearances' is misplaced, since he is in fact being manipulated. Furthermore he feels that he is adopting his appearance and personality 'like an old Burberry' in preparation for a coming battle. O'Leary arrives self-consciously at the Bernstein house and is kissed by Isobel at the doorway. He follows Isobel across white carpet into the opulent interior and meets Mrs Bernstein upon blue carpet. On O'Leary's personal list, derived first from observing Isobel's clothes and flesh, blue is a colour of greater concealment than white. He assumes that he will never be Gambo but only O'Leary to Mrs Bernstein, unaware that she already knows of his past.

With a drink and a feeling that '[t]he ball was in his court', O'Leary recommences the verbal sparring that marked his last encounter with Mrs Bernstein. Throughout the conversation that follows Duggan focuses the narrative so closely on O'Leary and his responses that he moves frequently into O'Leary's stream of consciousness. Phrases such as: 'Did she get it? Yes. Another subscriber to the Readers' Digest', continue the conversation in O'Leary's mind between utterances. While talking of becoming lost on public transport, O'Leary loses the initiative. In a moment of relaxation, as he imagines Mrs Bernstein ageing, he is floored by her comment that if the orchard is not too far for Isobel to go for one purpose, 'it's not too far for another'. This verbal thrust by Mrs Bernstein is the result of a complex series of deceptions. On the one hand it is an act of cruel gamesmanship. Her secret knowledge of O'Leary and Isobel's relationship means that she knows her words will throw O'Leary into confusion. It is also a form of playing cat-and-mouse, since her sense of humour enjoys 'to be severe'. But further it is a response to the provocation of Isobel's lipstick, unbeknown to O'Leary, remaining visible on O'Leary's face. If the novella has a weakness it is that none of these subtleties can be available on a first reading, since the extent of Mrs Bernstein's knowledge, the nature of her humour, and the persistence of Isobel's lipstick have not yet been revealed in the narrative. The first-time reader is left instead with word play, such as the logical impossibility of being 'too hypercritical', or with motifs such as references to colours and the seasons.

The nudity in 'Sister Maybelle' is discussed, and Isobel declares that she will not act in the play. In fact she is already playing a role in real life which involves even greater nudity. Nevertheless Mrs Bernstein's concern for public scandal is allayed and she rises, 'sheathed and serious', her verbal sword in its scabbard as she leaves for the kitchen. However O'Leary has begun to suspect that Mrs Bernstein

'knows more than she's saying' about his relationship with Isobel. This is confirmed by two events. These are Mrs Bernstein's lack of concern when she catches out O'Leary and Isobel on returning from the kitchen, and O'Leary's discovery of traces of lipstick when he retires to the bathroom. Just as Isobel once went through his cupboard in his barn, so now O'Leary snoops through the Bernsteins' bathroom cabinet. No secret lives are revealed. But O'Leary feels that the bathroom's makeup serves to cheat the natural process of ageing, a matter which has a special poignancy for him, and he is outraged. He forgets that he prepared for the visit, at the start of the section, by improving his own appearance. However O'Leary's outrage is fuelled by his growing realisation that Mrs Bernstein has been deceiving him. Mrs Bernstein does not care about Isobel's private life with O'Leary, but only that her daughter's public appearance should be free of scandal. Consequently O'Leary is amazed at the extent of the bathroom's materials of physical deception and the way they are applied. He emerges in panic. Encountering Isobel, he feels the need to check that she has not been similarly deceiving him when claiming to use contraceptives, since he realises now the extent of his own ignorance. Reassured only partly, O'Leary gives thanks to the contraceptive Dalkon Shield, a form of deception acting in his own interests.²² He and Isobel pass from the blue of concealment back to the gold of their intimacy. But O'Leary remains in some confusion.

Later in O'Leary's room Isobel presses to learn what he and Mrs Bernstein talked about, her question running like a refrain through the early part of the section. O'Leary delays, discovering from Isobel that her mother thinks there is someone in her life. He hopes 'the question doesn't arise' of whether Mrs Bernstein actually knows who it is and approves. O'Leary speaks a short 'paean' to Mrs Bernstein, and like his paean to Isobel at the opening of the work this is followed by a description of driving with O'Leary as passenger. Isobel's mother returned him to 'O'Leary's O'. O'Leary uses the phrase for the first time, to describe the orchard, though 'O' also plainly stands for zero, or nothing. His wistful feelings that he has nothing to compare with the 'four-square castle' of the Bernsteins', the epithet a pun on the name of a large grocery retail company, are gently mitigated by Isobel. But these feelings are also occasioned by the fact that Mrs Bernstein has arranged for her daughter soon to travel overseas. O'Leary has been hurt, as he was in his previous relationship, and he comments, 'you're bitter flesh, you young'. He wonders: 'Had fact and fantasy inextricably merged?'. O'Leary has a passionate attachment for Isobel Bernstein and this has allowed his troubled life to be transformed into something from fantasy. His problem is that it will not last, and so unconsciously he picks at his watch-strap.

The orchard, emerging slowly into a New Zealand spring, is the physical embodiment of a world transformed by Isobel's presence. In 'O'Leary's Orchard' the place itself, partly because of Duggan's ability to evoke the landscape without defining it, begins to take on a character and a sense of magic. Standing at the window and gazing upon 'the reach' of his acres, O'Leary recovers himself by thinking out loud: 'The password is Rhazes'. An alchemist, Rhazes believed he could transform base metals into gold, which O'Leary feels he has managed both in his life and in his orchard through Isobel's agency.²³ But with 'deep self-pity' in his contemplation he understands that though spring and summer are ahead autumn will come again. In the meantime the knowledge that all things must pass, particularly Isobel's departure into her life beyond the orchard, lies between the couple. It hinders communication. The very depth of O'Leary's feelings, which he does not want to face, gives him fears of sentimentality. A number of images follow of aloneness. Various spirits may inhabit the area but there is no God for them to pray to. O'Leary feels he is himself become the substance of a wonderful gold, but that this is not something which can be passed on to others. All substances are essentially themselves alone and each found 'most abundantly in its own place', so that it is natural that he cannot follow Isobel out of the orchard, nor she stay with him forever. He suddenly thinks of Isobel as 'Miss Bernstein', feeling a new sense of distance. Nevertheless as the section closes O'Leary feels that he has recovered his composure and many of the 'conditions vital [...] to function'. Simply because things will later end does not mean that he will force matters, nor hasten them unnaturally to a conclusion.

The next section changes the pace of the story through an unusually abrupt opening, halfway through a conversation between O'Leary and Robert Boyle. Jealous of Isobel's relationship with O'Leary, Boyle has reported all to Mrs Bernstein. Boyle hits O'Leary before leaving, and O'Leary finds himself 'succoured' by Mrs Bernstein herself on her immediate arrival, an odd situation since she is technically the wronged party. In the conversation which follows many secrets are revealed which have been withheld from the reader, and which explain aspects of both Mrs Bernstein's and Isobel's conduct. Mrs Bernstein begins by revealing that she has known about O'Leary's relationship with Isobel almost from the start. This conversation takes place over a description of 'trails of blood' in the hand-basin, the same image with which in fact O'Leary and Isobel's relationship commenced. At first Mrs Bernstein seems to retreat into circumspection. She reveals some of the means by which she might have learned of Isobel's visits to O'Leary, but little more. She enjoys a dry irony in O'Leary's statement that he has 'never known a more superb blossoming' which suggests a cool detachment in her view of her daughter. But once more alcohol seems to become a catalyst for human contact. Over a glass

of whisky she reveals to O'Leary that Isobel's time of departure is close, and she even asks if O'Leary is trying to prevent her daughter from leaving. So seamless is Duggan's narrative that there is little feeling of the passage of time through three seasons, and thus O'Leary's surprise at the proximity of Isobel's departure is mirrored in the reader.

Given more whisky, Mrs Bernstein begins to explain why she has condoned Isobel's relationship with O'Leary. The rush of revelations which follow, of an ever more personal nature, would be more characteristic of the sort of melodramatic 'TV serial' O'Leary has earlier denied being a part of, were Duggan not so skilful at keeping his characters convincing and their speech so quietly courteous. Nevertheless during the passage O'Leary is described as standing near a window with Mrs Bernstein turning to him. At length both characters change places, with Mrs Bernstein speaking while looking out of the window, then her turning again back into the room to make a 'theatrical' gesture. These are stock television camera angles. In this somewhat unrealistic atmosphere, in which O'Leary has ceased to feel any 'sense of intimidation', Mrs Bernstein asks whether he knows the reason for Isobel's sexual precociousness. O'Leary surprisingly reveals that he has been told something by Isobel 'that did not honour the dead', implying that she has been the subject of sexual abuse by her father. Despite the novella's careful focus on O'Leary, all mention of this has been absent from his recorded thoughts until this moment. Isobel's attraction to O'Leary has been as psychologically conditioned as his to her. She too has been working out something from her past. Aware of all this, Mrs Bernstein says that her 'objectivity might be considered monstrous, by some', offering the reader an opportunity to consider judgment at the precise point where her morality has become complicated into a debatable mixture of bad and good. For this reason Duggan delays until the end of the passage the remarkable revelation that Mrs Bernstein is also aware of O'Leary's past misconduct. She has calculated that O'Leary will not repeat his mistakes.

Convincingly small revelations, that Mrs Bernstein learned of Isobel's relationship with O'Leary by having her daughter watched and that she 'actively' resented the lipstick on O'Leary's face, are followed by a bombshell. Mrs Bernstein has also been the subject of childhood sexual abuse. Feeling her problems to have been 'intense', she reveals that these too were worked out through a relationship with an older man. Mrs Bernstein has been as much a prisoner of her past as are O'Leary and Isobel, so that all three characters throughout the work have been given to claims of playing roles. Each has repeated a painful past experience in a version over which they have a more positive control, exorcising the earlier bad experience so that it seems something more pleasant to recall. In other words, a psychological healing is completed through the agency of a passionate human relationship overlaid

on the past, whereby an earlier painful relationship becomes transformed into a fiction which can be psychically dealt with. For this reason above all the metamorphosis of fact and fiction is a pervasive theme in 'O'Leary's Orchard'.

What Mrs Bernstein claims she needed to learn from her relationship with an older man is 'unselfishness', and she implies that Isobel has the same need. With this is revealed the full import of O'Leary's intuition at the opening of the novella, that he is little more than 'a mere optional extra' in Isobel's rush towards an affair. But in the course of the relationship Isobel has also learned to be unselfish to O'Leary, and she has given him something which might be considered greater than simple psychological appeasement. Mrs Bernstein, too, feels that Isobel has changed. But Mrs Bernstein's attitude now begins to retreat to her sardonic earlier manner, and O'Leary moves likewise into a pained bitterness. Mrs Bernstein shocks O'Leary by suggesting that he has been enjoying himself. She further makes clear the paradox that she has controlled Isobel's behaviour by choosing to do nothing. When she asks O'Leary what he sees in her daughter he is only prepared to reply: 'Youth and beauty', but his thoughts reveal that he has also correctly noticed in Isobel an opportunity for passion.

Mrs Bernstein extracts from O'Leary an agreement to make 'as pleasant an ending as possible', and a promise that he will not try to contact Isobel after their final parting. O'Leary finds himself asking instead whether he might later contact Mrs Bernstein. He admits that he will miss Isobel more than she will him, but insists that he is 'not sentimental'. Nevertheless it is precisely because of Isobel's influence that he is capable now of deep feelings. When Mrs Bernstein departs O'Leary speaks his thoughts out loud in another soliloquy, once more repeating his image of his own powerlessness, that the flower 'rapes the bee'. He also feels that he is 'cheating someone', although precisely who is not made explicit. It could be the girl he earlier knew, whose memory he is now exorcising, or O'Brien, the memory of whom he is similarly tampering with by agreeing to give up Isobel. Or it might be O'Leary himself, whose new and self-created personality he has now put through the same pattern of infatuation and regret that he first tried to escape from. Despite nobly choosing to give Isobel up, O'Leary may not have the positive control over this version of his earlier relationship which he requires to become healed, since he is himself controlled in part by Mrs Bernstein. But he has retained his awareness of the inevitable and natural process of a relationship, despite a natural desire for it not to end. It was his attempt to control his earlier relationship through abduction which led to disaster.

The penultimate section returns to a highly poetic description of the orchard fruiting in summer. It opens onto an idyllic scene of O'Leary and Isobel sunbathing. Isobel is herself now completely golden, of O'Leary's substance, as if she has been

alchemically transformed into something similar to his gifted gold nugget. O'Leary has managed to pass something of himself on to her. When Isobel complains about his drinking O'Leary tells her that she should learn to enjoy life's pleasures for their own sake, as they do now. This becomes all the more poignant when she reveals that today is their last meeting. Even in summer O'Leary feels that time grinds forward like a glacier, in an echo of the wind 'from grinding ice floes' at the novella's start. Despite preferring autumn, the season he associates with social withdrawal toward 'pyres and palls', O'Leary finds that he embraces summer in the form of Isobel. The hours before their parting are an immense strain on him. O'Leary seems annoyed at the 'artificiality' in Isobel's displays of sadness, yet he does not want 'to be himself'. Back in bed in the barn, he talks of how '[o]ne more kiss' would transform him into a prince with a car and some money, in a fairy-tale allusion to his impulse to abduct Isobel as he once did someone else. But the past has now been reduced completely to a form of harmless fiction. Instead O'Leary's distress is so drawn out that at length he even becomes bored with it. When Isobel asks if he will miss her, he teases her with a promise 'never to give you another thought', a reply with an ironic seriousness since this is the substance of his agreement with Mrs Bernstein. Aware that as he fades from her life he will in fact miss Isobel more than she will him, O'Leary lets his unhappy thoughts become a jumble of the story's previous motifs. He realises that there will be no need to 'let her down gently'. Isobel's perceptiveness then surprises him when she remarks on his tendency to withdraw if she moves too close. She tells him to '[c]ome here', exercising authority for the first time in their relationship, and she insists that he say he loves her. O'Leary holds out and stays withdrawn, admitting nothing, and even telling himself merely that he is 'immensely fond of Isobel Bernstein'. This is only in part a failure of openness. To admit that he loves Isobel would prevent O'Leary from managing to give her up.

The scene is set for the sadness of Isobel's departure. These are sentimental moments which have undoubtedly been prepared for by the narrative, but which Duggan still undercuts by having O'Leary bang his head on the roof of the car. After Isobel has gone O'Leary feels bereft, as if '[h]is life had been a preparation for a sense of loss'. Growing older, it seems, is a matter of coming to terms with loss. Deliberately confusing Isobel with the girl from his earlier relationship, O'Leary feels that he 'had missed her often enough already, over the years'. His 'O of regret' is for a life mostly of doing without the love he had first tried to make permanent, and of having to live instead in a manner which would necessarily reduce his past loss to a fiction, a 'bright figment'. However the small final section offers some hope. O'Leary returns not to his hide-away but to his 'oasis'. He enjoys the smells of the barn and feels like the lover in Ezra Pound's 'Erat Hora':

Nay, whatever comes
 One hour was sunlit and the most high gods
 May not make boast of any better thing
 Than to have watched that hour as it passed.²⁴

Loving is 'pungent' and 'inexpungeable', and although the degree of O'Leary's future withdrawal is left open, the ending of the work is a victory of sorts. The opening of 'O'Leary's Orchard' began with the fire of passion breaking through the smoke of disguise, but O'Leary has successfully avoided danger.

When O'Leary says good-bye to Mrs Bernstein after their last meeting he observes that his watch has stopped. Similarly, with his husbandry of the orchard, an imposed routine has slipped into improvisation and finally into no concern with time at all. By staying in tune with the natural rhythms of his environment O'Leary has seen it become his oasis. Just as Mrs Bernstein has best controlled her daughter by doing nothing, O'Leary has successfully conducted himself by not seeking to impose controls on events. Furthermore, as a locus of verbal pleasure and fertility separate from the rest of the world, 'O'Leary's Orchard' also aims to be a form of oasis. It is a novella designed not so much to be read as re-read. The paralleling of O'Leary's relationship with a young woman to another earlier in his life makes re-reading the story, with prior knowledge of the nature of O'Leary's passion for Isobel, a still richer experience of deepening verbal resonances. Duggan thus achieves a work that has to some extent a cyclic movement, not entirely dissimilar to the 'commodius vicus of recirculation' of *Finnegans Wake*.²⁵ Sentences take on further ironies, such as: 'Without benefit of hindsight no event could be described as a beginning. Every gesture required a future, looked back on, for significance'. A re-reading of the novella with the knowledge that Isobel has been molested by her own father provides further illumination of her sudden petulance at the story's halfway point, when O'Leary says: 'I'm old enough to be your father'. With that sentence O'Leary is retreating momentarily into a concern over his past, but he touches off concerns by Isobel for her own history. Isobel is in fact acting with guile at the very moment when O'Leary feels she is not, and the pair seem briefly to drift apart. Far from being overly ornate, the work gradually reveals an extraordinary economy of phrase and imagery, and a language loaded with layers of meanings.

'An Appetite for Flowers' was written not long before completion of the final draft of 'O'Leary's Orchard' in 1966. The story is a further attempt by Duggan to explore the theme of how a character's present relationships might be conditioned by past circumstances. To reveal this Duggan borrows from the myth of Persephone, alluded to in the story by the florist-poet, Mr Rowbotham. In classical mythology Persephone was the daughter of Demeter, goddess of grain. One day while gathering flowers, Persephone pulled at a particularly beautiful bloom and found a

large hole open below it in the ground. From the hole Hades emerged on a four-horse chariot to carry her down into the underworld and be his wife. Demeter began to look for her daughter, and while she searched crops failed to grow and the world was threatened with famine. At length she learned of Persephone's location. With the world in danger of starvation, Hades agreed to return his abducted wife. But he first ensured that Persephone ate pomegranate seeds before her departure, which meant that she would never be able to leave the underworld permanently. Soon a compromise was arranged whereby Persephone would spend one third of the year with Hades below ground and two thirds with Demeter up on earth. The period when Persephone is below ground is commonly associated with winter, the season of barren fields.²⁶ However Duggan is not above altering this myth for artistic purposes, since he has Mr Rowbotham describe Persephone as eating poppy seeds rather than those of a pomegranate. It would seem that Duggan chose poppy seeds because of their narcotic qualities, so that they might have the claim on his protagonist, Hilda Preeble, of an addiction. This further fits well with the story's theme of 'mastery over a habit', whether it be alcoholism or the failure to escape the past.

Duggan was familiar with James Joyce's use of myth in *Ulysses*, and of T.S. Eliot's comment upon this as 'a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history'.²⁷ Biblical parallels had appealed to Duggan as a way of shaping a work as far back as the writing of 'Chapter' (see page 175). A poem, 'Look Who's Talking', published in August of the year in which 'An Appetite for Flowers' was written, suggests that Duggan had the use of myth as a framing device much in mind. As with 'Woman's Song', 'Look Who's Talking' once more makes use of the myth of Eden. In this case myth serves as a means of bringing irony to an otherwise everyday issue, a domestic argument.

Look, for the price of the rent
they're showing la dolce something
if you want to take it in
up the road.
So it's outside, so what?
Pay up and be damned I say.²⁸

In the same way, under Duggan's treatment the Persephone myth becomes first a shaping device which offers an ironic commentary on events in the story, and later, when the myth's meaning is known to Hilda, serves as an instrument of fate which controls and to some extent supports her. Because of the similarities of theme between 'O'Leary's Orchard' and 'An Appetite for Flowers', it is tempting to speculate that the latter story may have arisen from some experiment in the use of

myth rejected by Duggan for the former work. Duggan occasionally used a second story to rework the theme of an earlier piece, such as isolation in 'The Wits of Willie Graves' and 'Blues for Miss Laverty', or escape in 'Riley's Handbook' and 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. In both 'O'Leary's Orchard' and 'An Appetite for Flowers' an emotionally vulnerable person is drawn into a triangular relationship involving two members of the opposite sex. Like O'Leary, Hilda is someone who has been 'harmed' as well as hurt by her past. Like Mrs Bernstein, Hilda's ex-husband Ben Preeble seeks to manipulate events.

The story opens with Hilda, who works in a florist shop, returning home from a day at work. She has been divorced seven years previously, after a prolonged period in the underworld of mutual hatred which was her marriage to Ben. Now she is slipping back into an emotional deathliness and hostility which will be somewhat like returning for a season to the underworld once more. There is thus some irony in Hilda first appearing on a 'high and holy' street, which is recognisably Boulcott Street in Wellington, with St. Mary of The Angels near its corner. The area would have been familiar to Duggan from his visits to his friends the Coles throughout the 1950s. But the cathedral is just a building, and a 'meagre' Salvation Army group is inaudible in the Wellington wind. Hilda seeks to move north, in an echo of Jacob's Biblical journey to Paddan-aram. That journey resulted in the miraculous dream of a ladder up to heaven, blessing Jacob and his descendants.²⁹ References to this Biblical myth, where salvation seems possible, will close the story with images of Hilda successfully climbing, and appear in her son's desire to find north on their first night together. But at the story's start Hilda's ladder is only the steep steps of Wellington's Church Street up to The Terrace. Thus 'An Appetite for Flowers' uses differing myths for Hilda's way down, into the underworld, and her way up, toward some emotional salvation. This enriches the work, preventing it from falling into the rigid correspondences of allegory. However it can also unduly complicate interpretation. When Hilda reaches the stairwell to her flat, she feels:

Some nights the stairwell depressed her: tonight she could have sprinted to the highest doorway.

Are Hilda's spirits rising at the sight of the stairs and the thought of her flat, so that she feels, early in the story, capable of aspiring to emotional growth? Or is she nervous after having passed through the 'dense patch of shadow' by the house-door, which clearly represents the entrance to the underworld, so that she wishes to rush up the stairs quickly and avoid any sense of a climb? Largely because of the Persephone and Jacob myths, the passage remains ambiguous.

Everything else at the beginning of 'An Appetite for Flowers' suggests emotionally bleak times ahead. Hilda's torn bag of chrysanthemums and the lack of blossoms on a camellia branch indicate that the story opens in the first months of

winter. Duggan's description of the windy street is of an unwelcoming environment in which Hilda feels beleaguered. She believes that the men she passes by are considering her for sexual conquest. After reaching the house-door with its ominously cavernous entrance, Hilda encounters a cat for which, despite its poor condition, she can feel no sympathy. In fact the nameless cat is a domesticated equivalent of Cerberus, the three-headed dog which stands guard before the house of Hades. Cerberus fawns on those who enter the house and devours those who try to leave. The cat is attracted by the smell of meat, and as Hilda climbs yet more stairs to her nondescript flat she thinks of a recent attempt by the butcher to proposition her. This she has interpreted as more than harmless flirting. Hilda has avoided the butcher but felt vulnerable as she watched him cut open 'marbled flesh'. A letter from Ben, Hilda's ex-husband, appears. It remains unexamined throughout this section of the story and the next, like thoughts of Ben himself. Nevertheless the letter's presence is enough to act 'distastefully' through Hilda's one moment of relaxation, as she eats her meal. Hades means 'the Unseen One', and in his unseen presence, both through the letter and through his affect on her past, Ben has drained all pleasure and life out of Hilda's present thinking.³⁰

Divorce, and the attendant problems of custody, was only gradually becoming a common phenomenon in the mid 1960s, when 'An Appetite for Flowers' was written.³¹ Divorced women were commonly held to have slatternly reputations, so that Hilda's concern that she is being viewed as a sexual object has some considerable foundation. Even Mr Rowbotham, with whom she works, has made shy advances to her. Hilda sees his 'gentle lusting' as of little consequence, but reminds herself that 'he was a man like the others'. She recalls that immediately after the divorce:

For a while husbands came, just passing through, with a bottle of something for the gay divorcée alone in her convenient flat [...] But she couldn't accommodate so many impingements of another world; and was slow to respond, hinting at strong emotional attachments and hoping the message would go back. To Ben.

The desire for revenge on Ben is still Hilda's strongest emotional drive. Back in her flat after work her dreams of a relaxing 'pause' in her life where she would sit alone and drink something exotic, remarkable only in that they are so limited, are interrupted by a telephone call. Hilda is having an affair with a married man named Anthony Silversteen. Despite the 'brief time' of the affair, it has already degenerated into surreptitious telephone calls at routine moments from Anthony and into a quarrel prolonged by Hilda. Each is to some extent using the other. Hilda does not want Anthony to visit her, but he presumes and insinuates himself upon her. Instead of Anthony, what Hilda would really like for is 'someone to come, simply, with

roses and kind hands', a hope described as 'her rose simplicities'. Roses, as the slogan of the florist shop makes explicit, are the flowers of love. But although Hilda wants love in her life she shrinks from the complications of further emotional involvement. Her emotions are still bound up in her rejection of Ben. Hilda may climb stairs as if to salvation, but she hates to be followed on stairways by anyone who might accompany her. Instead, it is later made clear, Hilda has accepted Anthony's advances because she

simply enjoyed his company, in a limited way, and that was that. He couldn't excite her; there was nothing she could conceivably do for him; and nothing she could permit him to do for her.

Anthony is acceptable^{because he} has no 'runaway thoughts' of leaving his wife.

Hilda reads her horoscope. Horoscopes are harbingers of fate, and she finds advice to 'not place any reliance on impractical relationships that may hurt you'. But Hilda does not interpret this advice as applying to her relationship with Ben, nor even with Anthony. Instead she chooses to retain only the horoscope's encouragement to isolation by recalling this just after the coffee has boiled, as: 'Best number: one'. Hilda believes that she can control her own fate, but what happens next serves to prove that she is mistaken in such thinking. She has already decided to be out of the house when Anthony visits, but as she descends the stairwell she encounters a pervert in the stair's patch of shadow. He exposes himself to her from under his coat. On the one hand the man appears unreal. Hilda wonders if she imagines him, and he is described as 'a short wraith of a creature'. In this regard he is a harbinger of Anthony, preventing Hilda from escaping her fate until he is expelled by Anthony's physical presence.³² On the other hand the pervert is also alarmingly real. Although calm, Hilda considers telephoning the police, but she then decides on retreat.³³

Anthony's arrival displays several apt parallels with the presence of the pervert. He makes Hilda feel guilty at being 'caught on the stairs', since it is obvious that she has intended to go out. Like the pervert, Anthony's anonymity is important to him. His telephone call to the police fails when he does not give his name. Anthony asks Hilda if the pervert accosted her, but in fact it is Anthony who accosts her by insisting on staying for an hour. He is manipulative in refusing to 'leave a body lie about unused'. But Hilda resolves that '[t]his time it was final', and after Anthony's departure she takes a bath, as if to wash him away. She chooses isolation, even though she 'might regret it, after all', just as the horoscope helped her decide to do. At the same time, in feeling only 'indifference' to Anthony, Hilda feels that 'she'd won mastery over a habit like smoking or drinking or drugs'. But habit is a form of fate, and Hilda is as much in destiny's control as any figure in classical myth. In fact as Persephone she has reached the point where the narcotic poppy

seeds swallowed in the underworld once again take hold and bring her down into the world of Hades and of winter. In the bath Hilda appropriately yearns for sleep. She thinks back to her first encounter with Anthony at the florist's shop. Anthony claims they met once before at a Guy Fawkes party, perhaps the unhappy gathering Hilda recalls later in the story, in which case he would have known from the start that her marriage was likely to be over. Anthony is buying flowers for his wife on the birth of their fifth child. He ignores visiting his wife at her nursing home and callously uses the purchase of large quantities of blooms as an excuse to get to know Hilda. But the flowers were not roses brought to Hilda, and the season for roses is now long past.

Hilda lives in an underworld in the period which follows the break-up with Anthony, as Mr Rowbotham makes explicit. His talk of Persephone's departure leaves her feeling 'glad not to be a goddess--in cold earth', the belief of an *ingénue* since this is precisely her status. Along with Willie Graves, Hilda is perhaps the least educated of Duggan's protagonists, and unlike the artistic May Laverty she views violin music as merely 'something in the background'. On the other hand Mr Rowbotham is an amateur poet, and appropriately for his oracular role in the story, he partly resembles aspects of Duggan himself. He is even titled, as writers often were in reviews throughout the early and mid century, as 'Mr'. Mr Rowbotham is 'a sad-looking jowly man' with 'a deeply poetic nature'. He has something like a consumptive's cough and is a dipsomaniac. He writes his poetry with 'exquisite handwriting' in moments stolen from work. Mr Rowbotham's case is 'special' in that he understands something of Hilda's inner problem, but he does not share it. Despite his shy interest in Hilda, he lives happily with his wife. She in fact brings him the flowers of love that Hilda would like, in the form of her 'flower song'.

After some passage of time Hilda comes home one Friday evening to find her fourteen year-old son, Adam, whom she has not seen in three years, in her doorway. He carries with him a further letter from Ben, in her husband's hearty but self-centred tone, asking Hilda to take care of the boy while he is away on business. It would appear that Ben's 'urgent business' is in fact to go into gaol, although this is never made explicit in the story. Unlike the other men in Hilda's life, who have been importuning, Adam is withdrawn. He is wary and quiet, and seems no more willing to leave 'his mark' on the bathroom of the flat than he is to impress himself upon Hilda. If Hilda is to have the sort of relationship with him which she naturally desires, then she will have to be loving and open. Furthermore if she is to succeed Hilda feels she must overcome 'the intractable, an intransigence' in Adam. These traits she associates with Ben, although she will also have to overcome similar qualities in herself. 'We'll have to do better,' she says, after Adam has entered her flat and stood about waiting for her to make him welcome. Hilda begins by

successfully putting Anthony off when he telephones and then by helping Adam to prepare his room. Like Hilda, Adam has not yet recovered from the break-up of the Preeble marriage, so that he feels 'everywhere out of place'. Having his own room pleases him, and he smiles at Hilda for the first time. For the same reason Adam likes to know where north is, since he seeks to feel oriented both physically and emotionally.

But despite some small advances in getting to know Adam on the evening of his arrival, the next morning '[t]he constraint had gathered again'. At work Mr Rowbotham makes it clear that Persephone is still absent from the world, so that on such Monday mornings there is none of the zest for life normally evident in 'an appetite for flowers'. When Adam hears of Persephone his first reaction is to look about 'as for a junior assistant', an unconsciously apt gesture because the junior assistant is Hilda. She continues to get Adam settled in with bedroom furniture and school clothes, but he remains 'a stranger, and her son'. Hilda still does not want to face 'too painful an invasion of the past' that encompasses most of her life with Adam, and she still tries to 'shrug things off'. Yet at the same time she comes to an understanding, through Adam's shyness, of his independence, learning that she and Adam both have to be themselves. She cannot seek to change him when 'help was what he least wanted', and she must 'trust him to deal with his own life'. She must leave him to search for his own north, even though 'these were not things she was good at'. Previously it was Anthony Silversteen's attempt to change her with money that Hilda most objected to in their brief affair. In the next section Hilda likewise learns that Adam is not a 'simple amalgam' of herself and Ben, but is an individual in his own right. Rather than trying to live through him, she must accept that he 'already contained his own mystery'. In notes on the story among his papers, written after rereading all of Duggan's works when preparing for the essay 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*', Dan Davin noted of this passage,

Something odd about M's style. Too *written*, composed, worked over. But v[ery]. good for analysis.³⁴

In his attempt to present the lessons that Hilda is learning on how to deal with Adam, Duggan weakens the dramatisation of his protagonist, not least because Hilda's reported thoughts come sometime after the purchase of furniture and thus have no context within a series of events.

'An Appetite for Flowers' is as much from Hilda's point of view as 'O'Leary's Orchard' is from O'Leary's. Thus Adam is presented as emerging slowly from his withdrawn state, but only through Hilda's observations. She hopes that he will tell her things and 'open out', as if he were like the roses she had earlier hoped someone would bring her. Instead Adam begins by asking questions, something Hilda also hopes for but does not in fact notice, when he takes an interest in Hilda's flat and her

life since the divorce. His other move towards emergence is to get a Saturday morning job. At the same time Hilda begins to explore her memories, but she makes the mistake of trying to force these on Adam. It is a Guy Fawkes scene that she chooses to remember, perhaps unconsciously because of the 'rose smoke' which the event involves. But the moment sours with the recollection of Ben's adultery, something which prompted Hilda's own act of adulterous revenge. At that time Adam was left crying, and Hilda finds the memory is over after 'never having begun' to take on any pleasant significance. Hilda understands, in her third lesson, that this is 'not a way through to Adam'. For him the past has not been reduced to a battle with Ben. However at the story's halfway point mother and son come to a 'formal friendliness' that involves interest in each other and laughter. As the winter ends there are 'flowers for brightness' in Hilda's flat, and Persephone is up from the underworld. Hilda has discovered the meaning of the myth from Adam, after resolving to ask him about it when he 'unravelling the clue' in Mr Rowbotham's conversation. But she sees the myth only as an 'irrelevance' and concludes, 'Winter was winter, as if that weren't enough, without any need of dark kings'.³⁵ Nevertheless these are once again the thoughts of an *ingénue*, in that during the second half of the story Hilda frequently acts with an awareness of her Persephone-like destiny.

After Adam has stayed with Hilda for 'almost a year' winter approaches once more, and with it Ben appears suddenly, like Hades ready to call Persephone back to the underworld. Hilda has in fact been expecting him for a month. As with 'Hades of the black chariot', Ben has a blue Chevrolet parked outside the house. He is drunk but lucid, and his repeated wheedling at Hilda for a drink suggests the insatiable thirst of an alcoholic. Hilda remembers Adam's expression from the first evening 'as she'd poured herself a drink', which suggests that Ben's problem-drinking has been a feature of her son's life. But although Adam's expression at that time was sufficient to impress itself upon Hilda's memory, it has been hidden from the reader behind Hilda's speech to Adam about his not being in the way. Since it omits details of this type, which can be interpreted on re-reading, 'An Appetite for Flowers' is not as intricate a story as 'O'Leary's Orchard'.

Just as part of Duggan has gone into Mr Rowbotham the poet, so his alcoholic self has gone into Ben. Ben is an aggressive, self-centred drinker of gin and tonic, who cannot be helped and whose only rules are 'the ones he feels like using sometimes' (see page 519). Mr Rowbotham has a happy marriage, while Ben the alcoholic has a miserably failed marriage. Ben is the kind of person who can argue in one breath that Adam has had to stay with Hilda because of the 'education caper', and then in another that the boy should stop school to leave with him, because Adam 'can't be doing too well if missing a day makes all that difference'. Dan Davin noted

that the appearance of Ben in the story highlighted Duggan's 'skill at showing a bastard by conversation'.³⁶ Having once been a car salesman, Ben now seems to deal in stolen cars. The Chevrolet at the house-door appears to have been '[b]orrowed' only in an ironic sense, and the car is of interest to the police. Receiving stolen goods may possibly have been the offence for which Ben was gaoled. He is selfishly materialistic, and he is determined to have all he wants for nothing, to 'scoop things up' rather than to be a 'hoarder of pebbles'. 'Caveat emptor' (let the buyer beware) is Ben's motto, though only as a personal justification for the sale of shoddy or illegal goods.

Ben has now come to take Adam back with him, and he begins by taking his son's chair for himself as he sits down. Duggan emphasises Adam's helplessness before his father, so that the boy's later statement that he would like to stay with Hilda seems to cost a considerable effort of will. If Duggan were strictly following the Persephone myth it should be Hilda and not Adam that Ben would want to remove. But by threatening physically to take Adam, Ben is in effect returning Hilda's spirit to the underworld of revengeful hostility in which she existed before Adam's arrival. Furthermore it is from this point in the story that mother and son at last gradually come together, united in wanting to be free of Ben's influence. Hilda has 'recently taken up knitting again', and somewhat like the Fates of antiquity she knits the pattern of her lot in life. But Ben's arrival makes her think of the past and knit as if without control, '[u]nmindful of the intricacies of her ambitious pattern', so that she feels she will have to pull down their knitted rows later. She feels caught in her Persephone-like destiny and 'brought into the line of fire'. Ben also clearly believes that the past can be eternally repeated, in much the same way that in the underworld Hades has Sisyphus, Tantalus, Ixion and the Danaids undergo tortures based on endless repetitions of action. Having finished with the 'business trip' of gaol 'earlier than expected', Ben claims to have set himself up with a new place to live and a new car. He presents himself as able to recommence his life exactly as before. Hilda married Ben because she was pregnant with Adam. However she now thinks there may have been 'other and less obvious reasons' for Ben marrying her, suggesting that Ben has a need for dominance of others. Once more Ben seeks to dominate Hilda on this visit. He even assumes that there may be a chance he can once again go to bed with her. At this suggestion Hilda successfully defends herself with a knitting needle, wielding it like a weapon, and thus with some irony using it to determine her fate.

Hilda's main predicament is that she is unsure whether Adam would like her to fight to keep him or not. Thus her selfless concern for her son's feelings is in fact her greatest weakness in dealing with Ben. She has sensed a 'flowering' in Adam over the last few months, albeit one so small as to be described only in negative

terms, but one which nevertheless fulfils her desire for a visitor with roses. When Hilda wonders '[h]ow hard would she fight', her concern is shared by the reader. Then Adam announces that he does not want to go with his father and Hilda feels 'a small triumph'. It may be no accident that Duggan uses the word 'rose' soon after to describe Hilda getting up for a glass of water. Ben's reaction to the announcement is to ask Hilda if she would appeal for custody of the child in court. But Hilda has decided that she will not enter into another court battle for Adam, even though she has left Ben 'winded' by telling him that she knows where he has been on business. She announces that she will not fight for Adam because the boy would suffer if they 'drag him over all this dead ground between us'. Ben insists that Hilda be 'reasonable' and see things from his point of view, even though Hilda accuses him of never having managed to do the same with her. Nevertheless a further reason for Hilda's not fighting for Adam in court is because 'her reasonableness wasn't up to it'. She is no more willing to consider Ben's side of a custody battle than he is hers. For all Hilda's sympathetic qualities, both she and Ben remain the same in their attitudes toward each other.

Hilda prefers to strike a bargain with Ben. It becomes clear that Ben has always been less interested in genuinely winning Adam back than in using him as leverage to gain money from his ex-wife. Ben even concedes that 'the boy was better off where he was, in the meantime'. Hilda has been 'dunned for sums of money exactly calculated to distress' by Ben before. This is how Ben usually attacks her. It comes as a surprise to the reader when Ben is suddenly portrayed, thoughtful over an empty glass, as a 'small man with a strained small face'. His behaviour has at first made him seem larger than this description suggests. The revelation of his stature keeps his character from moving into the cliché of an inhuman monster and helps prepare the reader for a view of Ben as also a victim of destiny in the exchanges that follow. His willingness in effect to sell his son to Hilda, and Hilda's willingness to pay, are acts 'degrading them both'. Duggan presents the financial agreement only in narrative, in part momentarily to speed up the otherwise unchanging pace of this long section, but also to allow for the placement of his own judgmental expressions.

Having struck a bargain, Hilda and Ben seem to act with a sense of conspiracy when they hear Adam on the stairs. There is a similar conspiracy in their agreement to 'invent some story' about the arrangement. In doing so Hilda 'wondered whose face she was trying to save--Ben's, her own, or Adam's?'. Ben is a naturally selfish person, so that he even suggests to Hilda that with her good looks she is 'sitting on a gold mine', if she should care to sell herself either in marriage or prostitution. Hilda is more selfless, but Duggan is explicit that the act of purchasing Adam has 'degraded Hilda more'. When Ben departs he takes a flower with him for his

buttonhole. By proving Hilda is so under his influence that she can act no differently from him, he has removed her spirit once more into the underworld. Duggan emphasises this with the words 'a seedy flirtation'. Earlier Ben has even spoiled Hilda's sense of climbing to salvation by suggesting the house stairs as a place for sexual encounters. Immediately after his departure Hilda tries to pull down her knitting, but the wool stays 'kinked'. She has once more been unable to escape her fate. For a moment Hilda indulges illusions of being a mother or of running off with the butcher or Mr Rowbotham, but she soon acknowledges that these are unrealistic and that she is 'some distance yet from bedrock'. She will continue to sink lower.

But after his departure Ben is in fact on the run. Caught in the grip of alcoholism and petty crime, since he has 'never really mastered his habits', Ben as Hades lives in the underworld permanently. A policeman from the patch of shadow by the door, the entrance to the underworld, has pursued him 'down the hill'. Hilda is a further 'sort of habit' for Ben. In the same way Ben is the 'Cancer partner', invading her, whom Hilda denied having when she first read her horoscope. Like Hades and Persephone, it seems fated that neither Ben nor Hilda can wholly possess each other, nor be wholly free. Such is the nature of their divorce. Hilda feels that she and Ben are bound to each other by their mutual hatred, even though she initially denies this to Adam. Hatred was the basis even of her early relationship with Ben, and it reached its 'full height' with the discovery of her pregnancy which led to marriage. Thus Hilda and Ben 'married and lived together and were divorced, all for the wrong reasons'. It is of course Adam who keeps Hilda bound to her ex-husband. Adam may have brought roses into Hilda's life, but she knows that '[a]ll the roses have thorns'. By not battling for Adam in court Hilda has ensured that '[b]etween Ben and herself the dialogue would never be concluded'.

Adam is thus the child not of a love relationship but of hatred, and he remains a means of fostering that hatred. Just as Hilda has her knitting, Adam plays with the instruments of geometry. Like a geometrician he wants answers which explain what has happened between his parents in the form of immutable rules. Not wanting to confess to Adam his role in her relationship with Ben, Hilda begins by saying that Ben is selfish even with rules. Ben has none of the reasonableness which can see others' points of view, since he believes: 'He has all the rights; it's not his fault'. She tells Adam that her relationship with Ben went wrong because she tried to change her husband and 'live through' him instead of recognising his individuality. Hilda allows herself to believe that this is 'the truth as she had seen it', but it is also to some extent an illusion. She is repeating the lessons she learned from building a relationship with Adam. Even to herself Hilda will admit only that her hatred for Ben led to 'passionless Anthony; and for what else she could not know'.

Appropriately she feels after her explanation that Adam has contempt for both Ben and herself, who have sunk to 'a new treachery'. Hilda has assisted Ben and been repaid with his hatred, but at the same time he has helped her with an 'undefined assistance', by driving mother and son close together at last. For this Hilda repays Ben with her own hatred. Her selfless act of falling into the 'trap of words' through her equivocal explanation to Adam places her under such strain that she consciously welcomes her descent into the emotional deathliness and hostility of the underworld. She removes flowers from vases, hears 'running feet' as she thinks of Ben, and admits to herself that she has and will spend her time listening for his returning 'steps on the stairs'. She has failed to heed her horoscope's 'tip from the stars' not to 'place any reliance on impractical relationships that may hurt you'.

Adam's announcement on returning from the shower, that the need to spend a quarter of one's life asleep is an illusion, makes Hilda jump. He is speaking her thoughts. It is confirmation of what Hilda knows at heart, that fate is not as determined as the slavish following of myth and that she is not really Persephone. Nevertheless she replies to Adam that she is 'just the right age for illusions'. The myth of Persephone has helped to give structure and significance to her relationship with Ben, and has helped to maintain for both herself and her son the illusion that Adam is not involved in creating or fostering her hatred for her ex-husband. Because of these wider implications, Hilda and Adam's conversation is 'not what they were saying: they both knew that'. Hilda feels her nerves go and actually wishes for the escape in 'spears and locks'. The next day will be Monday, which according to Mr Rowbotham 'seems not to promote an appetite for flowers'. Despite wanting to say more, all Hilda and Adam feel they can do is to bid each other goodnight.

Nevertheless during this exchange with Adam in which she seems to accept her fate, Hilda wishes that she could have the quarter of her life spent in the sleep of the underworld 'all in a lump, right now'. She may in fact have had her wish, since tonight there has been by her own reckoning 'an excess' in her hatred for Ben which may finally have exhausted her feelings of hostility. In the final section of the story a relaxed Hilda seems free of any sense of living out the Persephone myth. She wonders if there has ever been anyone in the patch of shade by the house-door. Winter has passed, and the year with it, into autumn again. But while standing at the bottom of the stairs to collect the milk Hilda does not feel that she will be making any further emotional descent. Her new world is an unknown one, and a voice from the shadow that calls throughout the section is simply not heard by her. The stars are only stars and the cat is simply a cat. The only goddess is a woman walking past 'with a transistor ear muff'. The word 'goddess' spurs Hilda to a brief anger at the past relationships which have nearly destroyed her vitality. It is at this moment only

that she almost hears the voice in the shadows. But Hilda knows where north is, towards Tinakori Hill. She can see the spire of the cathedral, and she hopes that Ben, like herself and Adam, is not running but has found himself a place. Along with such final thoughts of forgiveness for others the imagery that surrounds Hilda is once more, and unambiguously, of climbing to salvation. She returns to her own place, no longer frightened that Ben's unseen presence may be pursuing her.

After its completion Duggan seems to have professed some dissatisfaction with 'An Appetite for Flowers' (see page 498), and at times in the story he does not seem comfortable with his use of the mythical method. 'An Appetite for Flowers' is too long a work comfortably to explore mythic parallels, which inevitably constrain narrative development. With the notable exception of *Ulysses*, the mythical method has been most usefully exploited where it brings an added context to short works, such as lyric poems. Despite its high diction the language of 'O'Leary's Orchard' is always O'Leary's, whereas the language of 'An Appetite for Flowers' all too often seems to be Duggan's own. Duggan frequently has to signpost events by embedding symbols and motifs within his narrative. The complex result often seems like a contrivance. This is unlike 'O'Leary's Orchard', where the simple irony of events themselves in relation to the characters' pasts invests the language of the narrative with resonance. Symbols and motifs then merely create further resonances over and above ironies that already exist. Nevertheless 'An Appetite for Flowers' has always been the most popular of the three works in Duggan's *O'Leary's Orchard* collection.³⁷ It is a story which displays qualities perhaps typical of Duggan's work after he ceased to write of the Lenihan family. Patrick Evans summarises these qualities: 'What Duggan sees is not the simple world of good and bad, artists and accountants, better and worse, but a rich and complex pattern of rhythms and ironies in which victims also victimize and everyone is in some way an outcast'.³⁸

'Riley's Handbook', the last work in the collection, resists explication as effectively as its author no doubt hoped it would. Like 'O'Leary's Orchard' it is of novella length. Because of this and the work's complexity quotations from 'Riley's Handbook' will be accompanied by page numbers from *The Collected Stories of Maurice Duggan*, where it occupies pages 307-356. Duggan began the novella in 1960, partly in reaction to the failure of his highly structured novel, 'The Burning Miss Bratby'. Both the conception and style of 'Riley's Handbook' were far in advance of most New Zealand writing of the time. In November 1960 Duggan submitted a first version of the story to Charles Brasch at *Landfall*, in a typescript which was approximately half of the work's final length (see page 373). In a covering letter he suggested that the key sentence in 'Riley's Handbook' was: 'Am I in jail then or restrained in some other institution with only my fancy free?' [326].³⁹ This and other references by Riley, such as being 'locked in the annexe, along with

the rest; the annexe to the looney bin' [337] at the close of what was the original version, or: 'Where else should I look for freedom but in a cell' [310] near the opening, suggest that Duggan first conceived of the work as the wildly imaginative ravings of an incarcerated madman.⁴⁰ 'The Balance of Mind' was one of the story's earliest provisional titles (see page 372). The message of 'The Burning Miss Bratby', that 'there is only life', is a phrase Duggan may have borrowed from Pascal's *Pensées* (see page 403, note 53). Furthermore this phrase in the *Pensées* appears shortly before a passage on a man in a dungeon, alluded to in 'Riley's Handbook' as 'Pascal's dungeon' [314].⁴¹ Thus it appears that Duggan was familiar with the *Pensées* by 1960. Of the dungeon Pascal writes:

Suppose a man in a dungeon were ignorant whether sentence had been passed upon him, and though he had only an hour in which to find out, it was sufficient, once he had done so, in which to have the sentence revoked. Surely he would be acting contrary to nature if he spent that hour not in discovering whether sentence had been passed, but in playing piquet. So it is unnatural that man, etc[*sic*]. It is to make heavy the hand of God.⁴²

Facing death from tuberculosis and feeling very much a prisoner, Riley can do little more than meditate on the nature of human existence and on the life which has led him to become Riley. Duggan planned a work in which Riley would dress up his cell with the contents of his own mind. To some extent Pascal's fragmentary religious and discursive notes provided Duggan with a model for the novella he wished to write.

Thus 'Riley's Handbook' may be read as Riley's *Pensées*, with '[t]he flux, the flow; all things all faces, facts and facets, all motives merging and blending' [353]. But the novella is not a direct record of its author's thoughts, since Duggan conceived of Riley as a persona. The same note which Duggan left on 'O'Leary's Orchard', written in 1973 (see page 560), also considers Riley as a distinct character derived from an aspect of his creator's personality.

Looked at from the viewpoint of Victor Frankl [...] I am struck all these (13) years later that one could assess 'Riley's Handbook' thus:

'Man has to accept his finiteness in its three aspects. He has to face the fact (1) that he has failed; (2) that he is suffering; and (3) that he will die...Even facing an ineluctable fate, e.g., an incurable disease, there is still granted to man a chance to fulfil even the deepest possible meaning. What matters, then, is the stand he takes in his predicament.' Frankl.

*In a sense Riley is struggling with impossible equipment--his salad vocabulary and his resentments and his inability to love because he has not known love and therefore his life has been an impossible or fruitless journey. He is to be buried with his lead soldiers, to die in whatever posture approaching the dignified and even the brave that he can summon. Death itself doesn't worry him--but he might regret dying without his feet crossed--i.e. as some secular crusader who did not see his holy land or whatever. That's the regret that the old pot still contains so many dregs of his bilious humanity but he does not, could not, say this of course.*⁴³

Nevertheless there is no doubt that Riley was valuable to his creator as a mouthpiece. A 'Handbook', is defined as a 'small book or treatise, such as may be held in the hand', and also as a manual of concise information about life.⁴⁴ Riley seems mostly to comment upon things as they relate to himself, but his present and past are capable of remarkable manipulation. Of his own characters James Joyce once claimed to prefer writing about Leopold Bloom to Stephen Dedalus, because Stephen 'has a shape that can't be changed'.⁴⁵ To Duggan the potential for Riley to describe almost any situation was one of the character's strengths, and this is one reason why Riley remained so important to his creator during and even after the story's composition (see pages 373-374).

'Riley's Handbook' may be the words of a madman, but it is also the expression of a dream. Madness might fairly be characterised as an inability to distinguish between dream and reality. The dense and extremely poetic opening of the work suggests that Riley has come to life when a character named Fowler has gone to sleep. Riley is a dream-version of Fowler, an Irishman to Fowler's Englishman, and their relationship from the beginning of the story is presented as paradoxical.

How know the dreamer from the dream? Who dreams damp Riley in the green morning of his maypole dancing? And what does Riley dream? [307]

The first sentence contains an obvious and amusing allusion to W.B. Yeats's conclusion that human existence is both inseparable from, and yet more than, the sum of its parts: 'How can we know the dancer from the dance?'.⁴⁶ However Fowler the dreamer is impossible to apprehend clearly because it is Riley's point of view that is presented, leaving Riley inseparable from his source. 'Point of View' was Duggan's first provisional title for the story (see page 371). The reader has little alternative but to enter and accept Riley's world. Riley goes some way towards making this explicit when he tells the reader: 'Spare me your recollections. There will not be room for both on the one bed. As we were, we are. One dream at a time, let's not mix them' [329]. The image of the dance is carried over into the second

sentence of the opening, which suggests nevertheless that Riley's obscene existence must derive from somewhere. It may be from Fowler's wet dream, or from some Berkeleian God whose omnipresent perception gives everything existence. Neither of these opening questions is answered. The third sentence raises the question of Riley's autonomy as a character. Riley acknowledges at many points in the novella that he is someone named Fowler who has become Riley. But if Riley is simply the dream of another man, to what extent can Riley have dreams and a life of his own? Indeed Riley does dream late in the work, in a passage on his mother which proves crucial to explaining much of Fowler-Riley's character. Just as Joyce's Stephen Dedalus saw history as a nightmare from which he was trying to awake, so 'Riley's Handbook' is Fowler's life transformed into nightmare terms.⁴⁷ It is a dream-as-madness from which Fowler can escape only if Riley can be somehow exorcised.

Madness and dreaming both allow a portion of the subconscious to surface in the conscious mind, and to assume its own right to speak. 'There's something ambiguous about me, you know' [334], Riley jokes. Riley's problematic relationship with Fowler is presented mostly as a temporal transformation, a psychic taking over of Fowler by Riley, at some recent time prior to the beginning of the story and in response to a crisis. This is how Fowler sees his relationship to Riley, since in a rare appearance Fowler himself comments briefly that 'I have assumed him or he has subsumed me; it's the same difference [...] If the situation is desperate, and when is it not?, the remedies, what remedies?, must be bitter' [323]. Often Riley speaks of himself as a mask which, once put on, 'influences the wearer' [309]. Fowler is a painter with 'a limited publicity, photographs in the press, notices of exhibitions, prizes and the rest of that bullshit' [309]. He has been the recipient of government grants-in-aid 'to be spread at mucking-out time for the greater yield in the arts' [311]. The appearance of Riley has coincided with Fowler's escaping suddenly from a successful and cultured life in town, with its 'pattern of gracious living' [338], to take up residence as a live-in rouseabout at Tunny's Reach, a country pub beyond the town's edge. Nevertheless there is some suggestion towards the end of the novella that Riley has always been a part of Fowler. Riley himself believes that he 'developed early in the hypo of the amnios [...] The childish pout, the sulking sadness of adolescence [...] the sudden irrational anger and morose snarling of the young man' [350]. Riley feels he has always been waiting his chance to assume psychic control. There is even a suggestion that Riley has preceded Fowler, possibly as a genetic inheritance.

I was delivering mum to the ossuary when [silence] came over me and I fell foaming to the grass to lie there several centuries a choice victim of some inexplicable paralysis. Fowler came by, pale pathetic boy, and was there and then initiated into the common mystery,

possessed in devilish sense by Riley as the flukeworm finds its host and away went the pair of us, two in one on the saddle of his crimson racing bicycle. [355]

Many attempts have been made in Modernist literature to portray directly something of the subconscious mind. A famous early example is the 'Circe' chapter in *Ulysses*, using what Joyce called the technique of 'Hallucination' to present the subconscious in terms of a symbolic closet drama.⁴⁸ But the most successful portrayals of the subconscious have appeared in the novels and plays of Samuel Beckett, with which Duggan was familiar (see page 350). It was from Beckett's trilogy of novels, *Molloy*, *Malone Dies* and *The Unnamable*, each the long discursive monologue of a shabby and bitter Irish protagonist, that Duggan appears to have borrowed most heavily for 'Riley's Handbook'. Lawrence Jones is typical of most commentators who have remarked on this, when he writes of the 'Beckett-like ravings' of the work.⁴⁹ But the differences between 'Riley's Handbook' and Beckett's trilogy are also worth observing. Beckett's *Molloy* begins:

I am in my mother's room. It's I who live there now. I don't know how I got there. Perhaps in an ambulance. Certainly a vehicle of some kind. I was helped. I'd never have got there alone. There's this man who comes every week. Perhaps I got here thanks to him. He says not.⁵⁰

Unlike Beckett's novels, which use short sentences or sentences broken into staccato phrases, and where the language is comparatively simple, the reader of 'Riley's Handbook' is presented with a barrier of poetic language often acting as a deliberate obfuscation.

Explaining his origins, Duggan's protagonist begins with more complex sentences and vocabulary than Beckett, and with a more self-conscious use of language.

Disguise and sudden departure have not been enough. Better to have left the country, undisguised, with perhaps some grave wise tedious valediction delivered from the dock. I mean of course the ship's rail; elevation and security and how fruitful a moment for a little plain speaking, for burning one's boats, for making a few smouldering enemies. If there were anywhere but nowhere to go. I am committed, in silence, to silence and contempt. My own decision, you'd think. [307]

In *Molloy* the protagonist's situation directs the follow of his thoughts. In 'Riley's Handbook' it is more the protagonist's own language, such as the pun on 'dock' and the extension of the idea of 'nowhere to go' into 'silence and contempt', with its further play on being in the dock, which is the driving force behind the majority of

Riley's almost endless elaborations. Together these 'brilliant analogies and morbid proliferations' [345] comprise much of the story. Unusual words like 'gamogenesis' [322] are planted to send the reader to the dictionary.⁵¹ Word play and allusions, as in: 'Rouseabouts rise early and lie down last and lie lightest to rise again the next day and the next; let alone the third' [321], also contribute to the difficulty of reading the prose. Riley's language may appear at times almost impenetrable, but Riley's situation, into which the reader is pitched from the first without assistance, soon becomes comparatively clear. Riley presents the circumstances of his having run away and his environment at Tunny's Reach with very little ambiguity. He seems remarkably sure of the world he describes for the reader. In contrast, Beckett's characters express no such confidence. Their tentative descriptions of their states are entirely ambiguous. Beckett's novels proceed by exploring a protagonist's situation which is deliberately obfuscated and almost endlessly speculated upon. Duggan has thus adapted Beckett's techniques in order to examine a psychological state, rather than using situations in order to explore the philosophy of the ineffable (see page 371).

Fowler is married to a woman referred to as Leah, and he has children. But Riley claims that he has left this family and found refuge at Tunny's Reach, a ramshackle three-storey pub 'on the roadledge one step as it were from the crown of the hill' [327]. Over the hill 'loggingtrucks and gastankers pass double changing' [318], and down the slope in the distance is 'a township by river and rail' [327]. At the pub Riley seeks anonymity and conducts his life as a cleaner of the toilets with a bitter, scatological pleasure. He relishes the view of himself as cleaning up after a humanity which is 'soiled and to be soiled again before doom relieves us' [317]. Riley's health is bad because of a recent and apparently unsuccessful operation for tuberculosis, but he has begun a perfunctory sexual relationship with a kitchen-maid he calls Myra. However escape does not mean liberation, as Riley feels guilty over the abandonment of his comfortable middle-class past as Fowler. This he feels he has, as it were, 'fouled' by leaving, which may be the source of Fowler's name. At the same time he resents his past life and those in it for driving him to such an extreme state of mind as to have become Riley. 'To dress out the untamed, the raging and prophetic beast, as husband, father, citizen, responsible adult (ha) and peck it away to the office' [338], is how he views such unacceptable domesticity. This and other wide-ranging resentments Riley clings to with a remarkable ferocity, as if they were an inherent part of himself.⁵² Much of this thinking could be characterised as a madman's psychic compensation for a reality of incarceration, loneliness, and despair.

Riley is the character of Fowler transformed, but the difference between the two is perhaps not as great as Riley insists. Fowler is an artist, and Riley writes at

length. Fowler is always neat and tidy, and in spite of himself Riley confesses: 'I continue the meticulous neatness, the fastidious cleanliness, the habits of a full fine guilt' [310]. Just as Fowler has lived with Riley inside him, so Riley has something of Fowler within him, leaving Riley to observe: 'If my memory could be avulsed I'd be sharper off. I'd not be suffering under this occasional resonance, oh exquisite too, the reverberation of darker moments in sweeter gardens' [309]. In a brief passage towards the end of the novella Riley seems to receive 'the wrong signals', and as Fowler he sees himself, 'At the mercy of myself and cruelly abandoned' [347]. Most of Riley's attempts at disguise, considered in detail at the opening of the work, are superficial changes of clothes and appearance. He announces: 'I shaved off my artist's beard and ceased to conceal my baldness' [307]. Riley's disguises in fact consist not of physical concealments but of revelations, and of returning to a simpler concept of oneself, which he calls '[d]isguise through ecdysis' [337]. Thus he feels that in getting rid of his 'good clothes' he has 'pared away an abominable encrustation' [307]. Nevertheless he jokes of having someone alter his face in a fight and of 'playing the part of a paralytic in a wheelchair' [309].⁵³

Riley has adopted his mother's name 'for the disgrace I hope to bring on it before I die' [308], but in his transforming dream or madness all the other characters' names also seem to have been changed. Fowler's dead mother appears for an instant as 'that Margaret', but as Riley's mother she becomes 'dead Pegeen' [308] through a variant of Margaret as Peg. Other characters have names discernible from their rôles within the story. Leah, the wife Riley has abandoned, is named after the Biblical daughter of Laban who was married by Joseph in a loveless union, since Joseph preferred Rachel.⁵⁴ Myra, who has replaced Leah as the object of Riley's interest, derives her name from Myrrha, the daughter of Cinyras. Myrrha had an uncontrollable passion for her father and slept with him by means of a deceit, causing him to kill himself when he discovered the truth.⁵⁵ In 'Riley's Handbook' Myra has been sexually abused as a child by her father, 'on bathnights taking dextrous liberties' [318], until 'a welfare woman came with a constable on her arm and plucked Myra from the den' [324]. Tunny, the owner of the pub, is named from the word 'tun', a large cask or barrel used for storing wine or beer, so that Riley even refers to him as 'old barrelguts' [319]. Considering Fowler's possible incarceration, the name's sound is also close to the word 'turnkey'. Nan or maNan, his gigantic wife with her 'cascade of powdered flesh' [318], derives her name partly in irony from the diminutive of Ann, which in Hebrew means grace. Anna is also the name of her nubile grand-daughter. As a mother and grandmother Nan is a 'ma' and, because of her massive size, like a man. Her appetites are also suggested in the name's similarity to Mammon, and Riley even refers to her as 'mammonNan' [333] at one point. All these associations are reflected in Riley's ambivalent attitude

towards her. Martha, Nan's worldly daughter and Anna's mother, may be named from the Biblical woman who was too busy with daily tasks to join her sister Mary and listen to Christ.⁵⁶

The transformation from Fowler to Riley is thus mostly a matter of names, a change of job and a shift of physical location. 'I still keep my own bad company' [307], Riley notes of the process of disguise and escape. Since Riley has only recently assumed ascendancy, most of his life story, described as a 'pathetic strut' [310], is Fowler's history somewhat distorted and exaggerated. Furthermore, if one were to try and reconstruct Fowler's 'real' life from Riley's monologue the result would be recognisably like Duggan's life in 1960, when he was in Dunedin for the Burns Fellowship. Duggan is at as small a distance from Fowler as Fowler is from Riley. Riley speaks of 'my preference for being at a remove' [321], and as a persona safely at two removes he allows Duggan the freedom to explore and express certain elements of his authorial state of mind at the time of the work's composition. The novella can be read as Duggan's disguised and exaggerated history of how he came to be himself in the early 1960s, told by giving free reign to a negative attitude in his own psychology.⁵⁷ Duggan's tendency toward self-pity and anger is liberated in Riley's bitter passion, and events in Duggan's life such as depressive episodes ('If you could see me sitting in the dark [...] [334]), his mother's depressive withdrawal ('Back through the millennia [...] [348]), and her early death ('Hardly possible to ask of my melancholy mum [...] [312]) are treated with a frankness not found in any other of Duggan's works. Despite the autobiographical nature of much in Duggan's published stories, it is only in 'Riley's Handbook' and 'The Deposition' that he writes of his mother. Finding the appropriate means of distancing himself to write about her was not easy. Riley even comments upon the problem by saying: 'Bah, I'd never have found the wit before this to greet you in your skeleton suit' [335]. In both works she appears only as an absence and as a corpse. The autobiographical purpose of 'Riley's Handbook', together with the flexibility of Riley as a mouthpiece, is the reason why Duggan found it congenial to continue writing the novella on his return to Auckland in 1961. The work was extended rather than revised. Indeed, parts of 'Riley's Handbook' make sense only as autobiographical material. Riley's sense of guilt over '[s]ome public money [...] misspent on me' [307] in aid of his painting, and his feeling of 'the insupportable debt, with interest if not with wit' [313] which must be paid to others with an art he can no longer produce, reflect Duggan's feelings at failing to complete 'The Burning Miss Bratby'. Riley's discussion of his 'toxicology', beginning 'Let me be honest, I'll enjoy the luxury [...] [311], is incomprehensible except as a reference to Duggan's suicide attempt in 1953 (see page 209). The long angry attack on Leah and her 'passion for understanding' [337-9], which begins the expansion of the typescript Duggan

showed to Brasch in 1960, reflects Duggan's dissatisfaction with his home life after his return to Auckland from the Burns Fellowship (see page 376).

Since it deals with the subconscious, 'Riley's Handbook' has no discernible structure other than the flow of thoughts of its protagonist. Riley warns: 'The plan, let me be plain there is no plan, might be said to follow the analogy of the continuous movieshow [...] You enter at the middle and sit through the end and come in your own good time to the crisis of the beginning' [325]. Nevertheless certain identifiable obsessions recur in Riley's thoughts, treated sometimes fleetingly and sometimes at length, though seldom with any sense of development. The novella contains only the barest minimum of plot. Duggan wrote a careful plan, or 'esquisse', for the work before beginning (see page 372), but this may have consisted mostly of key matters without concatenation to be meditated on by Riley.⁵⁸ Duggan may even have broken up his manuscript and reordered it later in a more random form. The fact that he was able to expand the work to double its length further attests to a lack of authorial interest in any but the most perfunctory of controlling structures. Instead Duggan's technique is closer to theme and variation.

Riley's most ubiquitous obsession in the novella is the nature of Riley himself. Frequently he refers to himself in the third person, as if observing himself as others might, from the outside. Sometimes these references include ironic tags, such as 'Riley the explicator' [326] or 'Riley the recidivist' [351]. He is self-conscious to the point of narcissism, and without his endless interest in '[w]ho would be then the who who is inescapably Riley' [315] the telling of the work would be impossible. His other most important obsession is his relationship to his mother, Pegeen. In part Pegeen is of interest to Riley for self-serving reasons, as the person who gave birth to Fowler-Riley. She is first presented as a bad person because she conspired with Riley's father in the act of conceiving her worthless son.

Dark Pegeen, the whore, and dad, cunctator, labouring to contribute
his dirty water, to make in his own image^{delectable} the amusing procrastinator.
[309]

Such an argument is entirely perverse, and there are other reasons for Riley's resentment of his mother. In an important section late in the story it becomes clear that as a child Fowler-Riley felt deprived of his mother's love because of her depressive withdrawals into her bedroom:

the dark head bent in darkness at the door, the shut door and locked,
of a Pegeen raging in silent inconsolable melancholy. Did I imbibe
my present at that past breast in the thirty seconds before she thrust
me from her in repulsion? [348]

This section on Pegeen and her tears, which is extensive, clearly describes a trauma formative of much of Fowler-Riley's psychology. Furthermore it is a memory which

appears to come about when Riley dreams during post-coital sleep alongside Myra, 'to rest now the darling day advancing towards chorebeginnings my head naked on her naked her bared praecordia' [347]. This is as if in answer to the third question of the novella's opening section, on what it is Riley might dream. Indeed the issue of Riley's dream-like existence is referred to several times before his falling asleep, such as when he asks of his surroundings and the other characters, 'Do I, a dream, then dream them too? That's the simple expression' [347].

C.K. Stead correctly identifies 'the quality and force of repressed love' in the story as crucial to its power.⁵⁹ Riley's happier emotions are repressed, but they remain extraordinarily strong beneath the surface of his bitterness. He quotes from Catullus, 'Odi et amo' [I hate and I love], but he seems only to manage such a direct statement in '[s]o rich an unknown tongue' [341].⁶⁰ Fowler-Riley's frustrated childhood love for his mother has been turned into an equally passionate hatred, and this has occurred when her absence becomes permanent through her early death. Riley recalls Pegeen's burial with an anger strangely suffused with melancholy.

Better leave her in peace, clay to clay and the matter not worth the
coffining [...] But she has transpired through the leaves, the needles
of the reeking pines on Cemetery Hill, nourishing something for the
first time in her life, and the last, her death. [312]

Throughout the story Riley seems fascinated by Pegeen's *post-mortem* existence in a coffin, and by the gradual decay of her body. Punning on her mental illness, he imagines her as '[a] depression on the surface of the earth, a trough filled with weeds' [312]. He imagines himself fathered 'under the pines at dusk of an outing' [316], because his mother is buried beneath pine trees. At one stage he even imagines that by writing the story his words are like 'falling piss to the gone Pegeen's unmarked grave' [316]. Riley also sees the coffin as a 'clay cradle, cunabulum' [312], further reflecting perhaps his own sense of being trapped in a cell. The bar of Tunny's Reach is referred to as 'the woodfloored, woodwalled vast coffin' [319]. Such fascination and resentment suggests an inability by Riley to accept his mother's death. Morbidly aware that with his poor health he too may die soon, his thoughts return to his mother not least because he may soon be in her position.

Riley's obsession with Pegeen is so overwhelming that his father remains unnamed. At one point Riley complains, '[m]y father is beyond my range, which rather piques me' [316], referring both to literary ability and the urinary force of his words. Nevertheless Riley feels that, like his mother, his father has also betrayed him, by beginning an unsuitable relationship with another woman shortly after Pegeen's death. This is autobiographical material familiar to readers of the Lenihan stories in *Immanuel's Land*, 'The Deposition' and 'The Departure', but in 'Riley's Handbook' these events are presented in their most virulent form. Riley's father and

Pegeen's younger sister Millie are surprised by Fowler-Riley six weeks after Pegeen's death, 'moving in the fundamental measure and antique mode of the fuxstrut' [312]. The child even informs a detective of this as the police suspiciously examine Pegeen's death certificate, but they do not believe him. Still later Riley wonders whether his father is 'for all I know or care the hand that helped [Pegeen] into the dark' [348]. But resentment over these events is little dwelt upon compared to Riley's ceaseless hatred for his dead mother, who is often addressed directly and reproved, as in: 'you deserved your nudging down the greasy slope' [334].

Hatred for his mother is Riley's strongest emotion, and it may be this which has repressed all other emotions except a general bitterness. 'Hardly possible to ask of my melancholy mum [...]', he complains, 'why it is I have so small a capacity for love where love implies giving' [312]. Riley repeatedly declares himself unable to offer a wholehearted love either to Leah or Myra, and still further unable to accept it. He compares his emotional landscape to dry country, in which a well-spring can be mentioned only in a casual pun.

Love and Riley: there's the queer pairing for you. Riley's bitter love, a passport, you'd hold it, to the harsh and barren country, a burning landscape. And who in their right mind would travel where is no tamarisk, no shaded spring, no respite? Well you might ask. I'm fucked if I've the answer. [348]

Riley's parting 'dedication', placed perversely at the close rather than the beginning of the story, is: 'In hate to a dead woman in love to one of two' [356]. Yet whether Riley claims to love either Leah or Myra is left unexplained, as if he were not sure himself, so that the phrase's ambiguity seems above all malicious. Riley's interest in Myra is mostly sexual. He claims, 'I like her for what I do to her. Is that love?' [324]. He delights in describing their sexual activities as encounters entirely without passion, consisting of 'five minutes or two more like it with her pants in her hand and her leg on the chair [...] A beautiful economy of emotion and involvement' [310]. Sex in this fashion in Riley's room is a routine part of his day. He is saddened when his health no longer leaves him capable of 'vertical poling' [343] and the act must be performed in bed. Love, Riley thus announces with bravura, is a 'fucking commodity' [326].

But such bravura hides Riley's genuine concern over the nature of his relationship with Myra and with his wife. He describes his first meeting with Myra, when she brought him tea in his room one morning, as 'the miracle of Myra' [322], but he seems uncomfortable with such an admission and soon devotes his attention to the miracle of electricity which heated the water. Nevertheless he is jealous of Myra's sexually promiscuous past. This has included her sleeping with Tunny, and Riley sneers at her 'prejudice, an irrational conceit--one man at a time' [317]. He is

even jealous of her sexual relations with her father, having learned of them, and he comments with sadness, 'you can know too much at times for the good of the god, goatfoot patently, of your loves and kisses. I'm serious' [325]. When Myra appears dressed up to go into town with Tunny and Nan, to lead a life outside Riley's sphere of influence, his immediate reaction is a 'sharp jealousy' [329].

Riley's confused feelings for Myra complicate similarly confused feelings for Leah, so that both women are '[t]wo triangles or the square bisected on the diagonal' [325]. Riley claims not to love Leah, having 'found myself in harness with a woman for whom, the long and lively honeymoon over, I not only had no desire but also no patience' [344]. Even as Fowler, the painter, he has earlier philandered with young admirers in his 'elegant even effeminate studio with its couches, lights and locked doors' [311], removing 'a membrane here and there, a private matter and the loss unmourned' [307]. Yet the very extent of his anger at Leah, beginning: 'Ah, I know her too well not to know the signs [...]' [337] and running for several pages, makes clear the depth of his guilt over treating her badly. This section is a remarkable display of the perverse internal logic that can govern self-destructive and anarchic impulses. Typical of it is Riley's complaint of Leah's 'unnatural resolve to forget and forgive' [338], suggesting a desire to see in her a revulsion for him which would match his own rage. It would seem that part of Riley's resentment of Leah is that she has not dealt with crisis in her life by becoming like himself.

Passion, madness, a violence of love, disgust, despair, contempt, a rage of frustrated hope and untamed desire--all these are beyond her understanding [...] To damp out the fire, to domesticate the beast, to wash away the rank odours and stifle the bestial tortured cries, that is her plan. And it would be Myra's plan, too, if the hope were let burgeon there. [338]

Riley likes to feel that Myra is more like himself, with '[b]oth disguised, unowned by any incriminating document other than this [story]' [331-332]. Nevertheless he acknowledges that she too would like to move down the literal and metaphorical slope towards the stifling domesticity of town life. Her bedroom window has 'the lighted hamlet' within view and the sight 'of men and women at the familiar roguery' [331]. With a perversity similar to his views on Leah, Riley criticises Myra's lack of cleanliness, saying: 'Saturday bathnight it will have to be before you can spend five minutes in my bed' [310]. But when Myra takes 'to washing more; a clean breast of the whole works' [336] in order to extend their relationship, Riley is irritated and maintains his distance. Relationships with others can exist only on his own terms.

It is part of his essential nature that Riley, whose chief relationships are all with women, is a misogynist. Thus misogyny has developed in Fowler-Riley early and is even present at his first sexual experience in Buchanan's barn, with 'the child

father to both [Fowler and Riley] plunging into early womanhood and a somewhat inept ecstasy' [350].⁶¹ In this section Riley wonders if he views all women with sexual interest, and whether through this interest he hopes to escape back to his mother and away from death.

Does he simply confuse them all, Valerie or Photis, Leah and Myra and Martha, to lay them down, all, in the haybarn of his memory [...] to mother his desire and fold him in^{to} the total warmth and care that reminds not of the cold stark landscape of Riley's oblivion? [351]

Riley lusts after what he calls 'the fructicunt Anna' [346], who is the young daughter of Martha. Martha is Nan's daughter, and despite her forbidding manner Riley also admires her 'sheathed calf and the silken sinew of the thigh' [345]. Even Nan Riley lusts after fleetingly, noticing 'breasts she bears like circustents on dilapidation or dismantling day. ^{is a} only a fool used to calendars couldn't admire her for that. I'm sick of having it stuffed down the front of my trousers, that prescription of the admirable' [323]. In reaction to the difficulties of his emotional relations with women as an adult, Riley wants his sexual relationships to consist of 'the pure act without history or consequence' [351], as it was with his first encounter in Buchanan's barn. Thus it is noticeably aggression, rather than an interest in romantic love or tenderness, which distinguishes Riley's sexual impulses.

Riley hates Leah's monthly visits, which he sees as attempts to bring him back to 'the conservative, female, suburban and domestic compromise' [338]. He even refers to this as a 'tugofwar with Leah' [336] and to her love for him as 'the predator, the merciless savage' [340]. Her visits are greeted not with rage but the cold anger of staying 'silent, almost without a qualm' [341]. Riley describes all visitors who come to him as 'importunate and too late' [319], although he appears to have brought cartons of documents and letters with him on his escape in order to effect '[a]n invasion one by one of the lovers and the friends' [313]. Riley notes of Leah's visits that '[h]er persistence is a matter for wonder' [336], but he dislikes her presence because he feels that this puts pressure on him to choose between her and Myra. At one point he claims to feel like 'Buridan's ass' [319], the creature which when placed equidistant between two bundles of hay might starve to death from its inability to choose one.⁶² Despite saying 'I had to abandon Leah to find Riley' [352], he does not seem willing to break with her. He even feels that if Leah were to leave him he would not go solely over to 'that voiceless, that silent attraction, that single pull, Myra' [336]. Nor does Riley want to be emotionally self-sufficient, at least not of the type where 'you've got nothing to give and nothing you would dream of receiving' [310], dismissing this idea to 'the gashbucket or the jakes' [312]. Riley exists so much in reaction to his own past that he is unable to let any of it go. After considering the desire of others that he change his ways, he sneers at '[t]he wildness

of their assumption that any change would be for the better' [314]. He concludes that attempts at change would leave him struggling in '[t]he same old hell: the will' [315]. Thereafter begins an extended consideration of whether Fowler-Riley should ever be liberated from his cell.

But suppose we give him his freedom, as they conceive of it, what will he do? Commit his obsessional crimes in other countries, upon other neighbours, other friends, other wives, sons, pubescent daughters. [315]

In fact Riley does not wish to change any aspect of his current life or world and he works against all change, which is one reason why the story develops so little. Indeed being Riley is a survival mechanism Fowler has adopted, and this involves maintaining the narrow equipoise of Riley's life exactly as it is. When dealing with Leah he imagines, 'one blow or one caress, [...] one move and I am done, undone, the case of Riley closed' [339].

A further reason why Riley dislikes Leah's presence is that he feels bad about his treatment of his children. Just as he hates his father, so Riley hates himself for having also become 'cunctipotent dad, father and castigator' [311]. He believes that it is because of children that 'the hunter is induced to hang up the blazon shield' [338] for domesticity, so that 'the child is executioner of the man' [338]. Rumours have come to him that '[t]he children, they say, you neglect' [328]. When visiting Leah tells Riley that his children have not forgotten him and that '[s]he explains my long absence by speaking of a long voyage, a necessary journey' [339]. But guilt over family responsibilities only provokes Riley into a repudiation of the viability of all parenthood.

What home, so to dub it, is not broken and what parent not suspect number one in the sullen case, for all their cries of not guilty, when the violence blooms and the razors open? Two and a half minutes of thoughtless pleasure and a lifetime of boredom come home to roost. [339]

Riley eloquently manages to 'blame mumdaddo' [325] for his own troubles. Thus he assumes that his children will perpetuate the cycle, with 'the shock going down the line. And again. And again. I'm not the mechanic can repair the bloody works; nor would if I could' [339]. Believing that life is inherently miserable, with religious salvation only a fiction, Riley sees all human existence as something absurd. Conveniently, the necessity of facing up to the human condition allows Riley to excuse himself from dealing with his children further, because '[t]oo much happiness makes them dull, makes them stupid and intensifies the shock when the blinkers finally come off' [344]. But such a bitter conclusion does not seem to provide any escape from Riley's unacknowledged conscience.

'Riley's Handbook' contains many illustrations of Riley's existentialist belief in life's absurdity, with thus 'ninety-nine percent of all human activity [...] the most insane waste of time' [338]. Perhaps his most eloquent description of a frail humanity that merely exists without reason is the extended account of 'bone upon bone in an impossible tower', which moves forward 'jangling and ill-designed and ill-conceived [...] a space in time' [314]. Under such conditions one lives only as if on 'Riley's ejector seat designed to get you in one movement from the womb to the grave without putting you to the trouble of standing up' [325]. Existentialist writers such as Sartre and Camus had wide intellectual currency at the time 'Riley's Handbook' was written, and they clearly have their influence on Duggan's conception of the work. In the seminal novel *Nausea* Sartre had written: 'A gesture, an event in the little coloured world of men is never absurd except relatively speaking: in relation to the accompanying circumstances. A madman's ravings, for example, are absurd in relation to the situation in which he finds himself, but not in relation to his madness'.⁶³ The minor characters of 'Riley's Handbook', when viewed by Riley, appear to exist in relation to him merely in order to highlight the absurdity inherent in all types of life. Riley is as unsure of these characters' substantiality as he is of his own.

People, do you call them people?, voiceless figures then like Myra, like Leah, like maNan might flit through it from time to time, my dolose recording, phantoms of the frenzy, figments of the enraged metabolism or wraiths, mere evaporated mists, like Pegeen. Don't expect me to describe; I didn't invent and can't control them or their gropings, their goings and becomings. Let alone myself. [335]

Tunny styles himself as a 'gentleman farmer' [330]. He is interested in horses and 'his onehundredfiftyacre dream of riches' [318]. His attitude to life is summed up in his selfish commercial motto: 'Some have it and some don't' [327]. Nan, 'the monumental wife and mother' [318], is a creature of grotesque appetites, but she also possesses 'a vibrant mirth, whirring and hissing and steaming and shaking like an antique steamroller' [318]. Riley is more positive about her than about most others, because he sees her in part as a mother-figure for himself. 'There's a Pegeen for you,' he observes of her, 'mountains of care and comfort maybe' [318]. When ill he is glad of Nan's presence, 'with her huge white consoling hand' [351], and he even feels that he might tell her something of himself. Martha, her daughter, has a 'harpy's face' [340], and she sometimes visits the hotel with her own daughter Anna. Riley feels that Martha is threatening to him and that '[s]he'd make trouble if she could' [342]. She also visits Riley when he is ill and begins a calculated probing of his identity. But to her statements such as, 'I somehow connect you with painting' [346], Riley reacts only with the silence he shows Leah. Martha also warns Anna 'to

steer clear of Riley's hideout' [340]. Anna is a schoolgirl 'sunbathing on the rungs of the first floor fire escape' [340], innocent and yet seemingly aware that she is enticing. She causes Riley to describe himself as one of 'that against which the children must be warned. Old men living alone' [340]. Jockey Breen, the hotel's lazy barman, exists merely to dispel notions of the pub as a place of communicative fellowship. He and Riley 'lob across the intervening desert a few words, the familiar signals, unanswered, of distress' [328]. Royeen, or Ronayne, is a writer who wastes his time sitting in the bar and waiting for the company of '[s]ome crony or some promising soul' [333]. Duggan at one time thought of publishing 'Riley's Handbook' with Ronayne's name as a pseudonym (see page 373).

The hotel itself seems to act almost as another character in the novella. Although Riley is glad of his escape to Tunny's Reach, it has become a place where he is confined, and he is capable of calling it 'this soursmelling dump' [316]. His room is at the back of the hotel, with '[a] bed, a chair, a table, no mirror, a washhandbasin [...] A view of the entrance to the urinal' [310], much as one might describe a prison cell. Riley even refers to his room in this way when he notes, 'I need these walls, the neat confinement of this sour and strewn yard, the unlimited and unbounded freedom of the cell' [317]. Riley's regular 'morning stroll' [327], toward the nearby garage to look down on the town, is 'out of the bar to my viewpoint, from the viewpoint to my hut, back to the bar' [335]. It is restricted in the same fashion as a prisoner's exercise, with 'never a foot further than this coign of vantage' [328], and Riley describes it as part of 'my little pathetically human ritual like the rest in this cage' [327]. Approximately one third of the way into the story Riley begins a series of sections describing his typical day, beginning: 'The fire going you'll find me in one urinal or another [...]' [327]. It is only from this point that the minor characters in the story appear in any detail. But soon Tunny and Nan take Myra into town, and with the hotel empty, apart from the bar, a long section is devoted to an intricate description of what Riley finds during 'a bit of snooping' [329] into the hotel's many rooms.

Riley's exploration of Tunny's Reach seems to play on notions of a spiritual progress, involving hell, purgatory and heaven. Duggan had been reading Dante's *The Divine Comedy* in the year he wrote 'Riley's Handbook' (see pages 360-361). Riley claims that he explores the hotel because 'I'd like you to know I like to know what's going up and on' [329]. The first floor he gives religious significance when he jokingly calls it the '[f]irst station' [330]. This area contains the guest lounge, the guest-rooms, and the bedrooms of Nan and Tunny, equivalent to purgatory after the hell of the ground floor. Climbing from the ground floor up to the hotel's first level is difficult because of Riley's poor health, causing him a physical strain reminiscent of Dante's climb up Mount Purgatory. Dante saw purgatory as a peak on an island in

the antipodes. The guest lounge is a gloomy place which discourages human contact, and only two guest-rooms have beds made up. Tunny and Nan sleep in separate bedrooms and appear to have no sexual contact. Nan's marriage-bed has an oppressive motto at its head: 'He is watching' [330]. On the other hand one of the guest-rooms contains a picture of a 'racehorse unsaddled and the hand holding the rein not in the picture' [331], an image of apartness and an absent Providence. God can be either oppressive or missing. Myra's bedroom, on the same storey toward the back of the building, seems to involve a shift to another level of purgatory. It is preceded by the image of a nameless bridge over 'a river also unnamed' [331]. Its window opens down onto a fire-escape and Riley notes that climbing up it would be 'a calvary' [331]. Myra's room contains photographs depicting relationships she has had in the past, pictures of a child and a man, possibly her father. Riley is unsure of the exact rôle of these people in her life. Above her bed, unlike Nan's motto, is a calendar print of Venice. Riley interprets this as possibly 'a yearning' [331], and then he himself thinks of his relationship with Leah when a tourist in that city. Myra's room also shows indications of sexual relationships. A photo of her when young and attractive has 'plenty of promise in it' [331], and she has a tube of contraceptive cream and a diaphragm in her chest-of-drawers. Riley's reaction is to become jealous once more, asking 'who held her in the dark years close or on the pictured sulking mouth burned to plant kisses' [332]. He momentarily imagines that undeveloped photographs in her camera might be of him. Climbing to the next and highest storey of the hotel, equivalent to heaven, involves more physical suffering. It is a journey '[t]o nothing. Empty rooms' [332]. Nevertheless in the area's midst is a 'threequarter-sized bed dressed with sheets and blankets, rumped, the sheets stained familiarly' [332]. Although empty, the third storey is a place where people meet and there is sexual contact. Riley wonders who uses the bed, and he is to some extent haunted by his vision of it. He thinks: 'Never in my frequent peeings and peerings have I seen a light there' [335], and he even asks Myra if she goes up there 'with two men, or six' [345]. But the mystery of the bed is never solved.

Such burlesquing of religious matters appears frequently in 'Riley's Handbook', because religion is one of Riley's obsessions. He is known even in Tunny's Reach for his 'hatred of the holychrists' [313]. Nor does Riley believe any longer in art as a substitute religion, with painting as '[m]y salvation' [313]. Yet once again the very vehemence of Riley's repetitive denunciations, together with his elaborate images of life's absurdity, suggests a religious preoccupation. Beckett summed up such a view of God as: 'The bastard! He doesn't exist!'.⁶⁴ Riley's account of life as 'the voyage of the Riley' [337] displays a similar mixture of anger over an absurd existence and yearning for an unacceptable religious alternative.

I am not, I cannot be, the first man to get into a leaky dinghy with the intention of learning to row--graceful powerful exercise ill-suited to one in my condition--nor am I the first to find the difficulty mastered, the art acquired, only at cost of having left the coastline somewhere over the horizon and no provisions in the locker. [...] If it were anyone but myself on whom I had erected this uncertain metaphor I would say leave the poor bastard where he is; leave him plumb in the centre of infinity [...] Think of him, knocking about for eternity on that featureless sea. [317]⁶⁵

It is this preoccupation of Riley's which gives the novella its most obviously Beckettian tone. In fact Riley directly pillories God very little, although he does accuse him of being 'the omnipresent voyeur, with an eye on every bed and bedroom' [330]. He also calls Christ a 'deluded carpenter' [352]. Nevertheless most of Riley's anger is directed against the clergy. He is happy to watch Jockey Breen see off some 'moroni(c) mormen' [323], although it is Father Royle who attracts most of Riley's attention.⁶⁶ Father Royle first appears almost halfway into the story, after Riley's exploration of the upper floors of Tunny's Reach. He is described as the 'reverend crow' by Riley and shown as corrupt when buying 'his twiceweekly bottle less tenpercent tithing' [333]. Father Royle listens in to the local doctor's telephone calls so that he can be 'in at the kill' [349], and he and Riley have a special dislike for each other. When he appears at Riley's deathbed, Riley asks him whether nuns as brides of Christ are not in fact 'secret necrophiles' [354]. Riley then follows this up by urinating in the bed and telling the priest to 'fuck off' [354]. Even Riley admits that all this is more scornful than witty. The weakness of his joke betrays his anxiety over his own death, and his reference to necrophilia reflects once more his obsession with his dead mother. It is partly because Father Royle reminds him of death that Riley hates the priest so much, as a 'holy purveyor of toy concepts and sugarcoated reassurances for ingrown adults afraid of their dark and their humanity' [333].

Riley notes, 'it must be trying to have one eye on faith and one on doom' [323]. Yet despite his professed unbelief, he appears willing to consider in the most minimal way the possible existence of the human soul. First he imagines both himself and his soul, albeit in terms of their meaninglessness, as passing through the emptiness of existence: 'Anyway something hollow and empty, the soul?, traversed haphazard by rills of air, entering and gone, vibrating, could it be?, to pain if not to pleasure. Me.' [321]. Later Riley imagines Nan's soul as 'no bigger than a pin head encased in all that magnificence of flesh; what a fucking joke' [330]. In the final section of the novella, written for the work's publication in *O'Leary's Orchard* (see page 513), Riley has what may be a religious experience at the moment of his

demise. He is left 'looking up at last', as an unseen voice asks: 'Am I too late?' [356]. Nevertheless Riley insists that there is '[n]o metempsychosis' [337], even though the emergence of Riley from Fowler is a secular example of just such a transmigration of the soul. Riley believes that he has always been part of Fowler, but by allowing Riley's ascendancy Fowler-Riley is by implication demonstrating to himself the possibility that the soul may exist to continue in some form after death, even though he will not allow himself openly to subscribe to such beliefs.

Riley has good reason to fear 'verging on silence and extinction' [329], and death is another of his obsessions. He is ill with tuberculosis, and this forms the psychological 'crisis of the beginning' [325] of 'the continuous movieshow' which the reader can only appreciate at the end of the work. Near the beginning of the novella Riley recalls a frightening medical operation as Fowler, where the doctor removes a lung and where Fowler-Riley is 'a long time failing to recover' [309]. Later Riley complains of not being able to sleep 'for the pain in my chest. Half of what's aching can't exist' [326]. The removal of the lung has obvious similarities with the amputation of Duggan's leg for osteomyelitis. After the operation Riley notes that

finally I got out into the freezing air one night and found my clothes
and walked away. No one to say I'm not dying on my feet. [309]

This operation, which has failed to lead to a satisfactory recovery and has resulted in Fowler's discharging himself from hospital, is the crisis which has precipitated Riley into madness or his dream. Duggan noted on the blurb of *O'Leary's Orchard* that Riley is 'whistling in the dark and it is, consciously, a bravura performance. He is dying [...]: he is also devising a way to accept death, on his own terms'.⁶⁷ Knowing that he will succumb to tuberculosis soon, Riley jokes that '[o]ne day I shall set my death in order' [319], and he imagines himself, like Pegeen, '[t]ranspired entirely' [320]. An awareness of death colours much of his thinking. Even birth he sees as 'the push towards the grave' [313]. Repeatedly he exhibits an unconvincing bravura over death as a welcome release from the absurdity of life, with himself '[w]eak and dizzy with joy at the thought' [342]. But much of Riley's rant is a response to fear.

While the first half of the novella dwells mostly on Riley's recollections of the past as Fowler, the second half contains more events in his life as Riley and gives a greater sense of the passing of time. At one point even the weather changes and 'drives down the long ramp in grey columns to river and settlement' [345]. The passage of time allows for a depiction of the slow deterioration of Riley's health. His first collapse is preceded by Myra's refusal to continue having sexual relations with him without 'a few frills, a word every now and again of tenderness, the confession of a need' [342]. She finds him 'tumbled against a buttend convinced my death had come to flower' [342], and after his brief recovery and further relapse she

puts him to bed. The other characters visit him, and Riley feels the 'bland and mothering comfort' [343] of Nan's palm on his forehead. The collapse prefigures Riley's eventual death and indicates his possible response to it. He exhibits a desire to live, complaining about being in bed and that he 'seems never to be warm or clean' [344]. Riley recalls Pegeen, and in the night he is 'brought almost to screaming with the restlessness, the feeling of solitary despair' [344]. When he is out of bed and partially recovered Nan has a sudden illness in the bath, seized by what appears to be a small stroke. Once more this prepares the reader for the events that will surround Riley's death without resorting overtly to repetition. The doctor is telephoned and Father Royle appears, unbidden, with 'his bottles of extreme unction and his juju cross' [349]. But unlike Riley's collapse, Nan's illness is presented as comedy, with Tunny and Riley struggling to free her bulk from the bath.

No sooner has Nan recovered than Riley's health begins to fail once more, this time in steady decline towards death. He notes: 'Each day I lie longer in bed, not sleeping' [352], and that 'Tunny is looking about for someone to replace me' [352]. His 'days of hot conjunction' [353] with Myra are no longer possible and instead she nurses him, speaking of 'modernmedicine, distasteful matter in a long bottle maybe' [352].⁶⁸ Riley's bed is placed under a verandah and he imagines the spots of suntan he gathers on 'hands, feet and trimaculate breast' [353] are like stigmata. Unable to shave, the beard he grows makes him take on 'the familiar mask' [353] of Fowler once more, and Leah arrives to oust Myra as nurse. Nevertheless Riley manages to dismiss Father Royle, when the priest appears, with a 'final spurt of rage' [354]. Nan and Anna gather about him, and Riley fantasises about the magical rescue of princesses in fairy tales through the 'languid rousing of the prince's french kiss' [354]. He feels 'something straining for release' [355], but he decides that this is a memory and that he is no longer capable of writing out such thoughts. However the story continues to be written by Riley up until the moment of his death. He imagines himself dead and buried, with children 'sprinting over Riley's green nightgown towards their own greenland' [355]. After this he has several 'abortive departures' [355] in which he nearly dies, as the last moments come to hand. Riley imagines his father, in a possible sublimation of God the father, slipping on a black cap and readying 'the ratchet screwdriver' [356] for the coffin lid. Even at this moment Riley wants to ask if this father killed his mother. The fear of death is indicated not least in the vividness of the imagery of Riley's final impressions, in sentences like: 'Eyes weighted as if with pennies. All entrances sealed against the exit of the ranting spirit. Feet not crossed for where the holy land?' [356].

Tolstoy's 'The Death of Ivan Ilyich' similarly shows the demise of its protagonist imagined in remarkable detail, its hero feeling 'his agony was due both to his being thrust into that black hole and, still more, to his not being able to get

right into it'.⁶⁹ But Tolstoy's is a story of the acceptance of death and is told in the third person. At the end of the story the point of view even begins to shift from the protagonist to that of the spectators, with sentences like: 'To [Ivan Ilyich] all this happened in a single instant, and the meaning of that instant suffered no change thereafter. For those present his agony lasted another two hours'. At the last Ivan Ilyich hears the words, 'It is all over', and 'repeated them in his soul'.⁷⁰ Something similar happens in 'Riley's Handbook', where the characters gather round Riley and he hears their voices, but the point of view remains fixed as the first person narration of the expiring protagonist. The last two sentences of the story, 'A gentle quiet man?' and 'Too soon' [356], may be spoken by spectators, with neither sentence receiving confirmation from others present. On the other hand they may be Riley's own reflections. Because 'Riley's Handbook' is told in the first person its ending is highly ambiguous. It is impossible for someone to continue writing up until the moment of death, but Riley himself has always been a highly artificial creation. Beckett's *Murphy*, which Duggan much admired, has a protagonist who ties himself into a chair, another impossible act, before being burned to death in a gas explosion.⁷¹ Furthermore the close of 'Riley's Handbook' may not in fact indicate Fowler-Riley's death, but rather the exorcism of Riley which leads to Fowler's waking up or his release from madness. Riley notes that he is 'always scrubbing at something' [344], as if trying to erase some part of himself. In this light the words 'Too soon' are poignant, suggesting that Fowler is waking up too early and that he still has something of Riley left embedded within him. Upon his assassination the final words of Camus's existential hero, Caligula, are: 'I'm still alive!'.⁷² Riley himself speculates on this outcome when he asks: 'What if the dream returned with us and we woke to the smell of what we are?' [340].

The weakness of 'Riley's Handbook' is that despite Riley's final demise, and despite a gradual shifting of interest in the story by Riley from disguise to his mother's death, to Myra and Leah and then to his own end, the novella exhibits very little progress or development. Riley's attitude to his obsessions does not differ from the beginning of the work to its close. Suspense is generated solely by the feeling (as in the works of Beckett) that the situation is such that something may happen, even if in fact it does not. This is the deliberate lack of form of the antinovel. Duggan even has Riley tease his readers with statements such as, 'Be patient. We'll come to the beginning soon enough' [325]. However much of the writing in the story, such as the section beginning, 'Soon and late says Riley licking his inspiration [...]' [324], is little more than repetition of what has come before.⁷³ In 1960-61 Duggan felt his life to be in crisis, and 'Riley's Handbook' was to some extent written as aiding a self-diagnosis. Interestingly, it is Fowler rather than Riley who is the successful artist, and there is no suggestion in the novella that Riley's escape is

somehow linked to a greater artistic freedom, merely to freedom from responsibility. Nevertheless managing a directness in personal relationships, so that one can both offer and receive love, is a concern in Duggan's writing from 'Guardian', with Brother Ignatius's complaint that '[o]ur sort of discipline won't work because it hasn't enough love in it', through to 'The Magsman Miscellany'.⁷⁴ Riley's life can be seen as the extreme and tragic result of cutting oneself off from normal human relations. Riley himself rejects the idea of being a tragic figure early in the work, disclaiming the grandeur of the Byronic hero when he speculates: 'An honourable failure? Not likely and no thanks. Dishonourable rage and raging rejection; despair; the world too large to move in the lap too vast the womb too wide' [317]. But 'Riley's Handbook' suggests something of tragedy through the suffering of its protagonist and the effect that Riley's rich and exuberant language has on both the reader and himself. W.B. Yeats wrote of this view of tragedy when he noted that Shakespearean actors

do not break up their lines to weep.
They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay;
Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.⁷⁵

After working with prolonged care on the aborted 'The Burning Miss Bratby', Duggan wrote 'Riley's Handbook' at great speed, almost as automatic writing. 'I'd rather have the ploughing of the swamp, every whichway over the page' [322], Riley comments, hoping to write 'as I would paint, have painted, spontaneously, without formal preconceptions and prejudices' [322]. With the failure of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' Duggan still wanted to produce something substantial which might stand as an attempt at the great New Zealand novel. But nothing could read less like the popular conception of the great New Zealand novel than 'Riley's Handbook', or for that matter Duggan's other large work, 'O'Leary's Orchard'. Duggan's conception of a successful work was of something so concentrated, its detail so carefully thought out and its language so highly poetic, that it was unlikely he would ever succeed in writing a full-length novel. However each of the three works in *O'Leary's Orchard* is in its own way as substantial as many attempts being made at the time to write novels, and each exhibits on its own terms a form brought to near perfection with writing of the highest order.

Notes

1. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 322.

2. 'Beginnings.' *Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 338.
3. The gate's origin may lie in Duggan's careful reading of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, since Christian goes through a wicket gate before coming to the House of the Interpreter and the House Beautiful. [John Bunyan. *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Ed. James Blanton Wharey. London: Oxford University Press, 1960: 24].
4. 'Woman's Song.' *Mate* 10, (Dec. 1962): 20.
5. Blurb of *O'Leary's Orchard and Other Stories* on dust-cover, front fold. Christchurch, Caxton: 1970. For a discussion of Duggan's writing of the blurb, see pages 517, 551-552 note 288.
6. Note by Duggan, dated 25 Sept. 1973, comparing 'Riley's Handbook' and 'O'Leary's Orchard' after reading Victor Frankl's *Psychotherapy and Existentialism*. London: Souvenir Press, 1967. [Maurice Duggan. Personal papers].
7. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 65. Patrick Evans. 'Maurice Duggan and the Provincial Dilemma.' *Landfall* vol. 36 no. 2 (1982): 229.
8. On 'O'Leary's Orchard' C.K. Stead has noted: 'one may wonder why he retreated from what he had achieved in "Riley's Handbook"'. [C.K. Stead. Introduction. *Collected Stories*: 17].
9. *King Lear* act 1 scene 4: 305-306. Arden edition. Ed. Kenneth Muir. London: Methuen, 1952.
10. The name O'Leary might also be said to derive from 'leery', in the sense of 'wary'.
11. *King Lear* act 4 scene 7: 45-70. Arden edition. Ed. Kenneth Muir. London: Methuen, 1952. Not all of the lines are quoted.
12. 'O'Leary's Orchard' has many references to alchemy, as might be expected in a work which focuses so closely on O'Leary's mind, but in general they do little to advance the story. There are references to alchemists, such as Abu Musa Jabir ibn Hayyan (also known as Geber), Agricola, and Rhazes; to alchemical equipment, such as the alembic [the upper part of a still], and the cupel [a shallow cup]; to legendary properties, such as the alkahest [the universal solvent]; and to alchemical and early chemistry texts, such as the *Tabula Smaragdina*, and the *Mappae Clavicula*. Further disguised references appear to be present. One such is O'Leary's choice between 'water steam and earthly smoke' [*Collected Stories*: 257], which alludes to Aristotle's alchemical belief 'that earth and water gave rise, respectively, to smoky and vaporous exhalations; the earthy smoke consisted of earth in process of change into fire, and the watery vapour was water undergoing conversion into air'. John Read. *Prelude to Chemistry: An Outline of Alchemy, Its Literature and Relations*. London: G.Bell and Sons, 1939: 17-18. E.J. Holmyard. *Chemistry to the Time of Dalton*. London: Oxford University Press, 1925: 18.

13. 'The First Letter of Peter.' 1: 24.

14. Given that Fanny Hohepa in 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' is 'sixteen, turning' [*Collected Stories*: 200], it is tempting to see some connection between the protagonist of that story, Buster O'Leary, and the Gerald O'Leary of 'O'Leary's Orchard'. However this is no more than a matter of the themes and composition of one story influencing another, since O'Leary's original name is O'Brien (see page 415, note 299).

15. This is no accident. In an author's copy of *O'Leary's Orchard and Other Stories* Duggan made some small amendments to 'O'Leary's Orchard' even after the story's publication in book form. The date of the amendments is unknown. Beside the passage 'O'Leary was spraying the orchard [...] exploration of the contents.' Duggan wrote: 'Represent. This is out of Gambo's ken. Simply delete and rewrite *her* opening lines. "I was early..."?'. [*O'Leary's Orchard*: 47; *Collected Stories*: 266]. For the other amendments, see page 554, note 315.

16. While conceding that the story deals effectively with 'subtleties of feeling' Stead claims that 'the Jamesian circumlocutions of the prose are not always and everywhere matched by a Jamesian complexity of situation, relationship, and feeling.' C.K. Stead. [Introduction]. *Collected Stories*: 17.

17. This is further emphasised when O'Leary wonders what is going on in his mind and calls his thoughts 'a tabula smaragdina'. The *Tabula Smaragdina* was an ancient alchemical text first thought to be a European forgery and later proved to be genuine. E.J. Holmyard. *Chemistry to the Time of Dalton*. London: Oxford University Press, 1925: 44.

18. In its sophistication the passage where O'Leary ironically warns Isobel, 'Many a young woman has been undone down that road' is far removed from the pretension of the early 'That Long, Long Road', where a woman thinks: 'It's not the drink really, but his bloody road; it makes me feels like a slut every time I drive over it'. [*Collected Stories*: 49]. This derives both from a surer technique and also a deeper understanding of the foibles of human relationships.

19. E.J. Holmyard. *Chemistry to the Time of Dalton*. London: Oxford University Press, 1925: 38.

20. The description of 'Sister Maybelle' at the bottom of page 264 of the *Collected Stories* contains an obvious typographical error as the last two lines are repeated at the top of page 265.

21. These conditions, beginning: 'A full understanding of the instructions [...]' [*Collected Stories*: 267] are from Geber's rules for the practice of chemistry. E.J. Holmyard. *Chemistry to the Time of Dalton*. London: Oxford University Press, 1925: 17.

22. This would appear to be the meaning behind the phrase: 'he said a prayer for Dalton and all his band' [*Collected Stories*: 272]. It may be that the word 'Dalton' is a mistake by Duggan, although it was never corrected by him in his copies of *Landfall* and *O'Leary's Orchard* when the story was printed. Instead it may be that 'Dalton' is a deliberately placed error in O'Leary's mind, confusing the contraceptive brand-name with the famous chemist John Dalton, who formulated the first coherent atomic theory and fathered modern chemistry. In a further irony O'Leary is in fact deceived in his belief that Isobel uses the Dalkon Shield, since she later reveals that the contraceptive pills in the bathroom were hers.
23. E.J. Holmyard. *Chemistry to the Time of Dalton*. London: Oxford University Press, 1925: 22.
24. Ezra Pound. 'Erat Hora.' *Selected Poems 1908-1959*. London: Faber and Faber, 1975: 26.
25. James Joyce. *Finnegans Wake*. London: Faber and Faber, 1975: 3.
26. G.M. Kirkwood. *A Short Guide to Classical Mythology*. New York: Holt, Rinehard and Winston, 1959: 44-45.
27. T.S. Eliot. 'Ulysses, Order and Myth.' *Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot*. Ed. Frank Kermode. London: Faber and Faber, 1975: 177.
28. 'Look Who's Talking.' *Mate* 14 (Aug. 1966): 70-71. This is only an extract from a longer poem.
29. 'Genesis. 28: 12.' Duggan originally thought of titling the story 'North' or 'Up Jacob's Ladder' (see page 498).
30. G.M. Kirkwood. *A Short Guide to Classical Mythology*. New York: Holt, Rinehard and Winston, 1959: 44-45.
31. The number of petitions filed for divorce in 1966 was 2,351, compared with 1,891 in 1956. The rate of increase was small until the 1970s. *New Zealand Yearbook 1967*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1967: 125. *New Zealand Yearbook 1970*. Wellington: Government Printer, 1970: 129.
32. The *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* defines 'wraith' as: 'An immaterial or spectral appearance of a living being, freq. regarded as portending that person's death'. [*The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*. Ed. C.T. Onions. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964: 2,455.] Since Anthony will soon be discarded by Hilda, the pervert fits all nuances of the word.
33. A further mythological parallel is once more with Cerberus, who attacks those trying to leave the underworld.
34. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.
35. In notes on the story among his papers, written when preparing for the essay 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*', Dan Davin noted of the sentence: 'Winter was winter, as if that weren't enough, without any need of dark kings', that it

is 'v[ery]. NZ'. [Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington]. It is certainly possible to interpret this as a comment on the New Zealand character. But since the unconscious revelation of the *ingénue* is very much a feature of New Zealand writing, especially in Mansfield and Sargeson, Davin may have recognised this passage as typical of much New Zealand fiction, and as typical of its contrivance.

36. In notes on the story among Davin's papers, written when preparing for the essay 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*'. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

37. 'An Appetite for Flowers' has been anthologised twice and translated into Japanese. 'O'Leary's Orchard' has been anthologised only once, and 'Riley's Handbook' not at all. (See bibliography, appendix one).

38. Patrick Evans. 'Maurice Duggan and the Provincial Dilemma.' *Landfall* vol. 36 no. 2 (1982): 228.

39. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 6 Nov. 1960.

40. One passage from the *Landfall* version of 'Riley's Handbook' which Duggan removed, perhaps because it made this point too strongly, was: 'Riley the onotologician; an idea of mine you see. Riley, let's face the back of it, omphalopsychite, if you'll only look into it deep enough'. *Landfall* vol. 15. no. 4 (1961): 364.

41. The phrase used by Duggan in 'Riley's Handbook' when published in *Landfall* is 'Pascal's cave' [*Landfall* vol. 15 no. 4 (1961): 327]. In his own copy Duggan corrected the word 'cave' to 'dungeon' [copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan], even though it had been written as 'cave' in the typescript Duggan sent to Charles Brasch [*Landfall* papers. Hocken Library, Dunedin]. In *O'Leary's Orchard* the phrase appears corrected to 'Pascal's dungeon'. [*O'Leary's Orchard and Other Stories*. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1970: 123.]

42. Blaise Pascal. *Pensées*. Note 339. Ed. Louis Lafuma. Trans. John Warrington. London: J.M. Dent, 1960: 92. The passage appears shortly before Pascal's exposition of his famous 'wager' [note 343]. Riley seems to burlesque the wager when he claims: 'Save what you haven't to spend on what couldn't exist. God'. *Collected Stories*: 334.

43. Note by Duggan, dated 25 Sept. 1973, comparing 'Riley's Handbook' and 'O'Leary's Orchard' after reading Victor Frankl's *Psychotherapy and Existentialism*. London: Souvenir Press, 1967. The italics are Duggan's own. [Maurice Duggan. Personal papers].

After the words 'fruitless journey' Duggan has added in the margin: 'In order that one be loved one must make oneself loveable?', and in a later hand, 'Impossible'.

Of the whole passage on 'Riley's Handbook', Duggan has noted marginally: 'Tr[an]s.[fer] to flyleaf of my copy. Of course R. Handbook has nothing to say in that sense'.

44. *The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*. Ed. C.T. Onions. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964: 861.

45. Frank Budgen. *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1960: 105.

46. W.B. Yeats. 'Among School Children.' *W.B. Yeats: Selected Poetry*. Ed. A. Norman Jeffares. London: Macmillan, 1962: 130.

47. James Joyce. *Ulysses*. Harmondsworth, Penguin: 1960, 40. London: The Bodley Head, 1937: 49.

48. C.H. Peake. *James Joyce: The Citizen and the Artist*. London: Edward Arnold, 1977: 263.

49. Lawrence Jones. *Barbed Wire & Mirrors: Essays on New Zealand Prose*. Dunedin: University of Otago Press, 1987: 103.

50. Samuel Beckett. *The Beckett Trilogy: Molloy, Malone Dies, The Unnameable*. London: Picador, 1979: 9.

51. Duggan comments on this in a marginal note, later crossed out, written in his copy of *Landfall* where 'Riley's Handbook' was first published. [*Landfall* vol. 15 no. 4 (1961): 318]. At the top of the page is:

Gibe[?word unclear]: 'Hard luck on the lazy reader. I want readers of a different sort.'

At the foot of the page is:

Sez Riley: 'Don't send them to their dictionaries, but to their hearts: the one they will not possess &, if possessing, will mis-use; the other they know not how to acknowledge.' (And at April 62, somewhat tired of the dictionary, but not of the word, I agree with Riley.
MD[sic])

[Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.]

52. Terry Sturm develops this point when he notes that 'with Riley the evasion of commitment itself takes on the force of a desperate, passionate commitment to negation [...] It leaves him deeply suspicious of any appeal to values or beliefs held in common, to the point where he sees them as ultimately destructive and illusory'. Terry Sturm. 'The Short Stories of Maurice Duggan.' *Landfall* vol. 25 no. 1 (1971): 68-69.

53. Riley also speaks of wearing an eyepatch [321], but this appears to have been ever-present rather than a disguise adopted on the demise of Fowler. Riley is, of course, one-eyed in his attitude to life. C.K. Stead suggests that Riley's being one

eyed is an equivalence to Duggan's being one-legged. C.K. Stead. [Introduction]. *Collected Stories*: 18.

54. 'Genesis.' 29: 15-28.

55. G.M. Kirkwood. *A Short Guide to Classical Mythology*. New York: Holt, Rinehard and Winston, 1959: 30. Ovid. 'Book 10.' *Metamorphoses*. Trans. Mary M. Innes. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1961: 233-238.

56. 'Luke' 10: 38-42.

57. Duggan certainly believed that he was writing at a remove, and crafting a work of fiction. It is important not overmuch to confuse Riley's emotions with Duggan's own, since most critics have noticed the anguish evident behind the work. C.K. Stead writes of 'the extravagance of genius on the brink of the abyss'. C.K. Stead. [Introduction]. *Collected Stories*: 18. Patrick Evans observes that 'Riley's darkness is a part of Duggan himself'. Patrick Evans. 'Maurice Duggan and the Provincial Dilemma.' *Landfall* vol. 36 no. 2 (1982): 229. Dan Davin also noted that the novella's 'style is almost hysterical, manic'. In notes on the story among Davin's papers, written when preparing for the essay 'Maurice Duggan's *Summer in the Gravel Pit*'. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

58. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 18 Oct. 1960.

59. C.K. Stead. [Introduction]. *Collected Stories*: 18.

60. Catullus. LXXXV. *Catullus, Tibullus and Pervigilium Veneris*. Ed. T.E. Page, et al. Trans. F.W. Cornish. London: Heinemann, 1966: 162-163.

61. There does not appear to be any biographical correlative for the incident in Buchanan's barn, nor for the barns in 'Riley's Handbook' and 'O'Leary's Orchard'.

62. William S. Walsh. *Handy-book of Literary Curiosities*. Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott, 1892: 134-135. The same type of image appears in Dante's *The Divine Comedy*. Paradise, canto 4, lines 1-6.

63. Jean-Paul Sartre. *Nausea*. Trans. Robert Baldick. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1965: 185.

64. Samuel Beckett. *Endgame*. London: Faber and Faber, 1958: 38. There are interesting parallels between 'Riley's Handbook' and *Endgame*. Hamm and Clov speak of 'Mother Pegg' who has been 'extinguished' and perhaps buried [page 31], and Hamm announces:

I once knew a madman who thought the end of the world had come. He was a painter--and engraver. I had a great fondness for him. I used to go and see him, in the asylum. I'd take him by the hand and drag him to the window. Look! There! All that rising corn! And there! Look! The sails of the herring fleet! All that loveliness! (*Pause.*) He'd snatch away his hand and go back into his corner. Appalled. All he had seen was ashes. (*Pause.*) He alone had been

spared. (*Pause.*) Forgotten. (*Pause.*) It appears the case is...was not so...so unusual. [page 32.]

65. Riley describes the voyage as, 'The cruise of the ego' [*Collected Stories*: 337]. Duggan enjoyed reading Melville and was familiar with W.H. Auden's *The Enchafèd Flood*, which he recommended to Jack Lasenby in 1961. [Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.] Auden, writing on Melville, discusses the 'copulative relation between a subject ego and a predicate self'. He concludes that the ego desires to know 'the self and the world, as they exist now' and to know 'the true God'. However the ego may 'refuse to look honestly at its given self and prefer a vague or a fantastic conception to the truth. The temptation to do so arises from the fear that if it should know the truth about the self, it would find that it had a self of which it did not approve'. Similarly, the ego 'may prefer a false god to the true God' in order to avoid further disapproval. [W.H. Auden. *The Enchafèd Flood*. London: Faber and Faber, 1951: 102-103.] Clearly such discussions influenced Duggan's views in the writing of 'Riley's Handbook'.

66. The typescript Duggan sent to Brasch at *Landfall* marginally notes that 'morini(c)mormen' is one word. [*Landfall* papers. Hocken Library. Dunedin.] The word moronic is spelt with an 'i' instead of an 'o' in the marginal note but is not corrected in the body of the text. It is nowhere else corrected by Duggan.

67. Blurb of *O'Leary's Orchard and Other Stories* on dust-cover, front fold. Christchurch, Caxton: 1970. For a discussion of Duggan's writing of the blurb, see pages 517, 551-552 note 288.

68. Duggan uses a similar phrase, 'moderntechology', when referring to treatment for his own final illness (see page 639).

69. Leo Tolstoy. 'The Death of Ivan Ilyich'. *The Cossacks*. Trans. Rosemary Edmonds. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1967: 159.

70. Leo Tolstoy. 'The Death of Ivan Ilyich'. *The Cossacks*. Trans. Rosemary Edmonds. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1967: 161.

71. Samuel Beckett. *Murphy*. London: Picador, 1973: 141.

72. Albert Camus. 'Caligula.' *Caligula and Cross Purpose*. Trans. Stuart Gilbert. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1965: 98.

73. This section as printed in the *Collected Stories* contains an error. The word 'sideally' should read 'sidealley', as it does in the *Landfall* printing. The same is also true of the word 'anwer' [*Collected Stories*: 347], which should read 'answer', as in *Landfall*. [*Landfall* vol. 15 no. 4 (1961): 338, 365.] A gap as between sections should appear between '[...] beguiling of the times.' and 'Riley. An honourable failure? [...]' [*Collected Stories*: 317]. Such a gap appears in the *Landfall* printing [*Landfall* vol. 15 no. 4 (1961): 330] and is hidden by a page break in *O'Leary's*

Orchard. [*O'Leary's Orchard and Other Stories*. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1970: 126-127].

74. 'Guardian.' *Collected Stories*: 70.

75. W.B. Yeats. 'Lapis Lazuli.' *W.B. Yeats: Selected Poetry*. Ed. A. Norman Jeffares. London: Macmillan, 1962: 181.

Chapter 8--Why Doesn't Somebody Wave? [aet. 50-52]

'The door opened.

A white girl in white smock and cap

and bearing a duster or a tray

said: How would you be?

I realised I had reached

another country and another mode:

How would I be, indeed.' (Draft of poem)¹

In Oakley Hospital Duggan attended meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous and sat about chain-smoking, the main pastime of the wards. Patients were even supplied with a tobacco subsidy by the government. At the end of May he had a weekend's leave, and he worried what his reception at Forrest Hill would be. Over the two days at home he did not drink, although he kept very much to himself. A note left for Nick by his girlfriend Robyn Cornwall, 'Should your papa turn up (figuratively speaking) don't worry about dinner', caused Duggan dismay. He was all too aware that in the recent past he had been anaesthetising himself through troubles which Barbara and Nick had had to endure sober.² At the beginning of June he was allowed a short trial period out of the hospital. Duggan wanted very much to prove himself to his family. He continued to refrain from drinking, and his reception was better.³

Charles Brasch died from the debilitating effects of Hodgkin's disease on 19 May, aged sixty four. A major source of encouragement and patronage for the arts in New Zealand died with him. He had been ill ever since his return from the third Poetry International in Rotterdam the year before, and much of the first half of 1973 had been spent in Wakari Hospital. Brasch had told Dudding that he wanted to set up funding for *Islands*, but he had died at home before having a chance to sign the necessary papers.⁴ *Islands* had quickly established itself as the successor to Brasch's *Landfall*, even if it did not have *Landfall's* by now famous title. Editing *Islands* was to become a gradually more desperate matter of finding time and finance, though some sustaining funds did come from the Brasch estate, from the Literary Fund, and even *in extremis* from selling archival material to the Alexander Turnbull Library.⁵ In June Dudding asked if Duggan wanted to contribute something on Brasch for the next number. Duggan replied that he had been moved by news of the death but thought he could not usefully write anything as a memorial.

[W]e were literary acquaintances and I respected him as an editor and a dedicated man but were of too different a structure to be close or ever to be friends in any but a marginal way. I knew nothing about him, in fact, except that he was both intelligent and obviously

sensitive: his poems only rarely touched me--but that's me, not the poems.⁶

Duggan felt he was re-establishing some sense of progress in his life by fits and starts. He wrote to the New Zealand Literary Fund, canvassing for possible grants to put a book of stories together.⁷ Sacred Heart College, now in West Tamaki Road, wrote asking how it might buy copies of *Summer in the Gravel Pit* and *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* for the school library. The latter book was out of print, but in a spirit of generosity Duggan sent inscribed copies of *Summer in the Gravel Pit* and *O'Leary's Orchard*.⁸ He attempted to contribute to the public outcry over an unflattering view of New Zealand presented in the British television travel programme 'Whicker's South Seas'. To *Thursday* magazine he wrote a letter with what was now one of his favourite descriptions of the country, from Aldous Huxley's *Ape and Essence*.

Such nice people! And the civilisation they represent--that's nice too. Nothing very exciting or spectacular, of course. No Parthenons or Sistine Chapels, no Newtons or Mozarts or Shakespeares; but no Ezzelinos, no Napoleons or Hitlers or Jay Goulds, no Inquisitions or NKVD's, no purges, pogroms or lynchings. No heights or abysses, but plenty of milk for the kids, and a reasonably high average IQ, and everything, in a quiet provincial way, thoroughly cosy and sensible and humane.⁹

The letter was signed with the pseudonym 'Mr Takapuna'. It was not published.

Longman Paul had been thinking for some time of republishing *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* with Longman Young in England. A Director from the British parent company, Patrick Hardy, spoke with Duggan by telephone during a brief visit to New Zealand. They discussed illustrators, and Hardy took away with him Duggan's remaining stories from the *School Journal*, for a possible further book to be titled *The Fabulous McFanes*.¹⁰ But such progress left Duggan feeling only intermittently peaceful. On 25 June he wrote Barbara a typically eloquent and defensive note on his dissatisfaction with bland suburban life and his right to be unhappy:

[I]t can not be thought of as a defection to refuse to carry this knapsack filled with trivia--eider-downs and ear-muffs and hot-water bottles and pots of spiritual balm--down the totally boring road that goes so neatly to nowhere at all. We can't expect the dulcet ambience, the chime of leisure hours, to match the mood of the malcontent--for that's what it's all about--as he sits unstitching seams.¹¹

The next day Duggan reported to Dr Johns at Oakley Hospital for one of his regular, mandatory consultations and grumbled to him in similar fashion, but he was still not

drinking. He spoke of getting a job with less urgency than he had once done, and wanted to wait for something connected with writing.¹² A day later a letter from Phoebe Meikle arrived at Forrest Hill, asking whether Duggan would like some work editing a manuscript. Longman Paul had agreed to publish a collection of nine short stories, provisionally entitled *Pepesa's Testament*, by Albert Wendt. He was a thirty four year-old Samoan author who was working as Principal of Samoa College. Wendt's novel, *Sons For the Return Home*, was due out from Longman Paul later in the year and would be the first ever by a Samoan to appear in print. Meikle kindly suggested that Duggan should ring her at home, as the firm had just moved into new premises at 182 Wairau Road and was not properly established.¹³

Duggan accepted the job with gratitude. He was soon happily immersed in detailed research into Longman Paul's house style and a careful perusal of the manuscript. He called the book 'an outstanding collection of stories' and he proved an excellent editor, tightening sentences, hunting contradictions and making suggestions without altering the integrity of the work's style or characterisation.¹⁴ When he was finished on the last day of July he returned the typescript and received his \$100 fee. Meikle hoped to be able to offer more work later in the year. Duggan thought the stories richer in titles than *Pepesa's Testament* and suggested *Fox in a Freedom Tree*. Wendt, who was delighted that someone of Duggan's prestige was editing the work, took up the title which at length became *Flying-Fox in a Freedom Tree*. Later Duggan was to observe of his own involvement:

The main task in the editing was *not* to edit, and that is the best sort of book to work on where the vigour of the writing really says 'hands off you mandarin bastard'--in the nicest way [...] I allow myself the vanity of thinking *Fox in a Freedom Tree* suggests that the author has a sly, wise reservation about certain sorts of freedom of the political or ideological kind; but that is probably a note for the clairaudent only.¹⁵

Wendt and Duggan were not to meet until the launching of *Sons For the Return Home* in Auckland that November. They remained in contact after Wendt moved the following year to a lectureship at the University of the South Pacific and finished work on his magnum opus, 'Funerals and Heirs'. It was a novel which took nine years to write. Cut by Wendt from 800 to 500 pages, and then typed out by his wife Jenny, the book examined events in a fictional West Samoan district for which its author had laboriously created a complete history and mythology. After the appearance of Shadbolt's *Strangers and Journeys* late in 1972 Wendt felt that he must change his own book's title, and it was eventually published as *Leaves of the Banyan Tree*. An expanded version of the stories in *Flying-Fox in a Freedom Tree*

made up the novel's second section.¹⁶ Such a melding of short stories into a novel was something Duggan himself had always wanted to accomplish.

Editing Wendt's stories, together with social security payments of \$17 per week, provided Duggan with a sense of bringing in some small income. The establishment of the New Zealand Authors Fund meant that he could look forward to compensation for the use of his books in public libraries. By August he was officially on parole from Oakley and seeing Dr Johns only once a month as an outpatient. Duggan wrote briefly to Laurie Enting, mending fences, and passing on congratulations to Brian Couldrey who had become Director-in-charge of the Auckland office. He also wrote to the Reverend Bob Walsh to thank him for his group therapy sessions at Oakley, with 'everything that puzzled and the bits that helped'.¹⁷ To Walsh, Duggan observed:

Basically I have for a long time seen most of human life and endeavour as absurd. And I couldn't deny the ferment of the psyche in the dead-beat or the drunk; because I have sometimes thought that it is being too wakeful for too long that leads a man to put himself to sleep--or out of one misery into another [...] Being what's known as sober in these terms isn't comfortable--but who said it was to be? The uneasy realisation for the alcoholic when he has dried out is that he is waking to the ruin he has made and that there isn't going to be any prize, any reward, just for keeping off the sauce, just for ceasing to pursue that unsustainable because unearned euphoria.

Duggan was attending Alcoholics Anonymous meetings regularly, sometimes as often as twice a week, and following its programme with care. This involved making a thorough moral inventory of his life and character, submitting himself to some higher power, asking that higher power to help remove his shortcomings, and carrying the message to other alcoholics. He continued to have difficulty subscribing completely to AA's spiritual values, but he was in no doubt that he wanted 'to give a meaning to life greater than my individual meaning'. To the local branch Duggan made a speech, describing succinctly a descent which had parted him from all love, affection and trust. He felt that at the core of the AA programme lay fellowship and a demand for honesty, and that for many years he had not made sufficiently honest effort to give love as well as to receive it. This was a common AA theme. The speech finished with a quotation from the lyrics of isolation in Simon and Garfunkel's 'I Am a Rock'. Duggan had borrowed the record from Nick.¹⁸ The branch was delighted to have a member who could speak so well on the nature of their collective tragedy, and never before had Duggan had people so directly dependent on him for their welfare.

In September Duggan applied to the Department of Internal Affairs for the 1974 Scholarship in Letters. His proposal mentioned work that had reached a tentative stage, but he did not enclose any because in fact he had written nothing.¹⁹ The final decision on the Scholarship would be made in December. Meantime word arrived that the twenty seven year-old poet, Ian Wedde, who had been Burns Fellow in 1972, had already been awarded a \$4,000 bursary for the next year. Always inclined to agonise over grants, Duggan wondered, 'I guess that was the gravy train just went through the station'.²⁰ Nevertheless as his depression steadily lifted he found himself stimulated by sights, sounds and the activities of others as he had not been in years. He watched spring envelope the garden at Forrest Hill and a townhouse going up on the rear section. With great pleasure he observed Nick putting the bumpers back on a now restored and vivid yellow MG, and discussed what speeds it might reach on the motorway. '[S]cares *me* shitless', was his happy conclusion.²¹

C.K. Stead suggested writing a Riley play, but Duggan replied that Riley was better off without himself as a medium, 'that impossible vocabulary and all that resentment: hell'.²² He was amused to hear that after travelling through Europe Barry Crump was now in India and had joined the Bahai faith. He heard that Fleur Adcock had been having a productive year, having written ten poems in six months and readied a new collection, *The Scenic Route*, for publication.²³ Duggan visited Esmonde Road. With equanimity he listened as Sargeson discussed the reception of *Once is Enough* and his regrets at friends who could not be presented in revealing detail while they were still alive. The former mentor was planning to add more volumes. For exercise Duggan walked Takapuna beach, watching the ships shifting gradually out to sea. In a letter to Adcock, now that he wrote more letters to more friends, he noted:

Boundaries are only tickets--do you believe that? I think I'll call my next collection: Why Doesn't Somebody Wave? Except the tone's a bit self-sad--though not intentional?²⁴

On one occasion Duggan took a walk past the silted remains of the tidal Milford Swimming Pool, which he and Bill Kirker had often enjoyed as boys. The sight caused stirrings of memory and imagination.²⁵ With emotional energy to spare once more, Duggan felt he was rediscovering the world.

PEN was forming an Auckland branch, and at an initial meeting of eleven members Maurice Shadbolt was elected President and C.K. Stead as Secretary. Duggan was circularised as a member but wrote in firm reminder that he had earlier resigned.²⁶ Despite his hopes of writing again, he was still hesitant at being counted part of a profession he had so long ignored. However he had begun to work at something, not a story but a poem entitled 'Welcome to Outer Mongolia'. Duggan

prepared for it with great care, collecting a stock of A3-size advertising layout pads in his study and some felt-tip pens, which he meticulously labelled with stickers: 'For MND use only'. On the pads he worked out long lists of free associative phrases, watching the words come and enjoying, as he always had, the physical sensation of writing on paper. The poem went through numerous drafts. When finished he thought it well written but something for the bottom drawer. After several changes of title it had become 'Behave yourself, darling'. Duggan took as an image the alloying of copper with the 'grit' of bronze to stop the copper atoms sliding, but wrote on the triumphant persistence of imaginative thought.

Yet what we think we know establishes,
after this brief turn in the garden,
that petals and we have seasons
accepting the poor light and the rain
on simple planes and brief rough edges
to slide between the crystal and the crystal
our wedge of stubborn particles.

Duggan found himself relearning how to communicate with Barbara after what he felt had been an extended period of dishonesty. At first he was reluctant to share much with her that was not perfunctory or positive. He was distrusting of his own ability to express his problems truly and frightened that, as he put it to her, he might 'swamp your canoe. With stale old water to boot'.²⁷ He often continued to communicate matters of emotional importance by writing and leaving letters. 'Imagine it,' Duggan scribbled to Barbara, struck by what would be one of the features of 'The Magsman Miscellany', 'sitting at a desk writing notes to one's wife who is in the same house! Communication is saying, saying isn't communication, and that's no secret'.²⁸ But openness paid off, and gradually the letters became less necessary.

At the end of September Longman Paul wrote that Patrick Hardy had decided not to publish *The Fabulous McFanes* but would go ahead with *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*.²⁹ At the same time, feeling guilty about being a continual recipient of social security, Duggan intentionally failed to supply a form for the review of his benefit and so brought his assistance to an end. He had been looking through the manuscript of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' once again, wondering if an alteration to the character of Mr Ashford, even making him an alcoholic, might spark the novel into life. But rereading it became a chore and he at last regarded the work as beyond the pale. Soon, however, he began writing a new story with the tentative title 'Visiting Aunt Beth'.³⁰

'Visiting Aunt Beth' began as notes on a layout pad, thoughts on the value of coming to terms with one's parents as adults in a view separate from one's childish

perspective. Duggan started working at the first section, a visit by a young man named Harry to his aunt at her boarding house flat, and a conversation between Harry and his father over draughts at a returned servicemen's home. The original notes were worked into Aunt Beth's opinionated chatter, and Duggan began to weave in other interests--guns for target shooting, the care of Camellia bushes, conversation as a form of group therapy, the lack of mental stimulation in nursing homes, how the generation gap might be more apparent than real, and something of his own recent reading of Victor Frankl's *Psychotherapy and Existentialism*. He wrote a seven-page draft by hand and on 5 October typed it out as nine. That same day he posted the typescript to the Literary Fund Advisory Committee in support of his application for the Scholarship in Letters, being careful to imply that this was an extract from a longer work-in-progress.³¹ 'Visiting Aunt Beth' was to involve the interaction of several families based in Auckland, Wellington and Paeroa. The visits to an elderly and immobile woman by family members would touch off conversations and reveal histories. In its broad outline and style the story seemed somewhat like 'The Burning Miss Bratby'.

Harry had nibbled his biscuit away. His sherry sat muddy in its glass on the window sill beside him. On the other side of the window pane a camellia tree showed rusty flowers; it was not a flourishing tree and had never made much of a showing. He hoped that tea or coffee might be suggested, soon, but knew it wasn't likely. Aunt Beth was sipping her sherry.

'Not, you understand, absolutely,' she said. 'I didn't say that.'

'Pardon?'

'When is anything absolute? I mean, you tell me. But I am convinced that by and large psychological patterns do tend to repeat themselves. From generation to generation. Upside down if you like, or inside out. But repeated.'

'I see,' Harry said.

What he saw was Uncle Otto walking head down into a railway locomotive, at night on a single track, never once looking up as the headlamp bore down. Did she mean a repetition of that? One generation and then another letting themselves out of their houses into the dark, twenty minutes before the train was due in the cutting, pulling the door to behind them, not flourishing?

He turned from the window into the room. Behind Aunt Beth sat a small television set; it had the picture of a poet fixed with sticking plaster to the screen. He had been a very famous poet, a profound influence on poets and readers for almost half a century.

The news media had ignored his death, so Aunt Beth had said, in favour of a report on sewage ponds and programmes on obesity: the picture was part of her protest. There would be others.³²

A few days after the typescript had gone Bronwyn Haresnape at Longman Paul attempted to telephone Duggan about sample illustrations for *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*. Unable to get through, she wrote asking whether she could drop by with the illustrations or have Duggan come to the office.³³ But on the day after posting 'Visiting Aunt Beth' to the Literary Fund Advisory Committee, Duggan had coped with a sudden bout of depression by starting to drink again.

The previous year Keith Sinclair had left his wife for Raewyn Dalziel, a lecturer in the Auckland University History Department, and they were now living together. The couple were holidaying at the bach in Wyuna Bay. They were driving into Coromandel when a car from the other direction raced past at what seemed a crazy speed for the winding stretch of road. Dalziel thought it was Duggan. She and Sinclair returned to the bach. They found Duggan already there, drunk and difficult. Although after committal he could not legally be served drinks in a tavern Duggan had successfully visited a Coromandel hotel where he was not known. At length Sinclair contacted Deidre Airey, the daughter of one of his former History Department colleagues and a doctor at Coromandel. When she appeared Duggan attempted to fluster and hector her, but Airey would not be bullied and to his own surprise he was soon put in his place. Privately Airey told Sinclair that she thought Duggan was a very sick man and should be returned to Auckland. By now Duggan was calm and also felt that Sinclair and Dalziel should drive him back.³⁴ On their arrival at Forrest Hill Barbara said that she had revoked Duggan's leave from Oakley Hospital. This time he showed no anger at all and agreed that it should be done.³⁵

Wally Aldridge had been called to Forrest Hill. He sat at the breakfast bar while Duggan collapsed in the bedroom before the police arrived. Barbara confessed to Aldridge that she could not stand Duggan's relapses into alcoholism any longer and would not have him back. The emotional resilience it would require was gone. To her surprise Aldridge upbraided her, saying that Duggan was suffering agonies beyond her or anyone else's understanding. Finally he convinced Barbara that she must give Duggan one last chance to try and overcome his addiction. It was a crucial decision, since without her support Duggan had little hope of prevailing. Barbara herself later thought of the moment as a kind of personal conversion.³⁶

Duggan was only in Oakley Hospital for three weeks, during which time he was contrite and cooperative, and determined to get his life back in order. Barbara visited him regularly and he was grateful to see her. To Dr Johns he explained that, although he had been enjoying work on his new story, he had been overwhelmed by

compelling feelings of helplessness and suicide, until he could think of little else. He was placed on the antidepressant drug Parnate, an MAO inhibitor, and began to take it in pill form each evening. The drug left him befuddled but he continued with it, having the dosage regulated. He joked that 'so many kilos of straight maurice daily and nightly is seen to be excessive'.³⁷ After his release from Oakley, and newly confident that any further slips could be dealt with, Duggan did not take a drink again for the remainder of his life. Later he wrote a long letter to George Haydn giving his own verdict on the experience of disaster and recovery. It was never posted as he considered it might somehow be material for fiction, for a story to be entitled 'Letter to a Friend'.

I was lucky because my psyche was wiser than 'the MND executive', a part of the whole but not the whole, and said: 'No, baby; you'll have to drug me and bind me and lock me in the boot of your GT cash-nexus buggy, before I'll go one inch. Before you *make* me, against what we both know to be my better judgment'.

So I did. I shoved it in the boot. I fed it expensive booze in unabsorbable, mind-bending quantities--day by day, week by week, year by year for those five years or so when I was down to the nitty-gritty and *knew* what I was doing wasn't called advertising or business or PR or the system or making a buck. It was me, murdering my soul, the simple small imperfect but honourable light I could live by [...] I worked like hell. Lunatic effort, simply.

But I was lucky: I finally couldn't stand the screaming from the boot: I opened the lid wide up--oh wider than Hanmer Springs & Oakley or that sort of gape, though that was a part of it, of the intolerable task of seeing what I'd done to myself, of seeing and trying to keep on seeing. Myself and all the others of whom I was a part [...]

I still think I'm lucky. To have got the boot open and tried mouth-to-mouth, heart massage, and a shot of simple honesty while there was just enough breath left to do it with--the breath of the rescued and the rescuer [...]

Over the last eighteen months I've travelled a road I never expected to take. I knew it was there. I just didn't expect to live to take it, or tried not to. But I'd taken all the detours there were, and it still had to be got over--the MND turnpike. I'm glad I got to it, finally: I'd been there before, of course: I knew quite a lot of the people but lots had left, too, like me and hadn't got back. Barbara and

Nick were there--I think maybe they agreed to let me think I'd just taken a wrong turning back before the bridge, there.

Now it's Nescafé at ten minutes to six--I had to write it, but it now sounds a very small esprit to bring down such a draughty stair. Talking to myself--but you know the shorthand.³⁸

Back at Forrest Hill Duggan quickly recommenced work on 'Visiting Aunt Beth', though now his conception of the story was going through radical change. The characters were not to be relatives, but instead Harry would appear to collect the rent from them for his landlord father. Duggan elaborately worked out the locations of six flats in a Grafton boarding house, the tenants and their circumstances of occupancy. In the attic of the building was to live a man who played music, or perhaps had 'a sort of pseudo-JKB[axter] spiritual/theological agonising', with a role in the house somewhat equivalent to the brain's in a body.³⁹ The story Duggan was accumulating was becoming less realistic and more fragmentary, as he tried to push the limits of what could be done with it. At the same time the likelihood of its successful completion was diminished. This had always been the dilemma of his art. Robin Dudding wrote, asking if he could publish parts of the story in *Islands*. Dudding was hurrying to get the sixth number of the journal, an issue devoted to poetry, into the post by Christmas. He hoped the seventh number would feature only short stories to restore the balance. He also believed such an issue would be simple to assemble while he and his family sold their Christchurch property and moved back to their house in Torbay early in the New Year. In fact the issue was to prove a struggle, although along with *Islands* 21 it was to be its editor's favourite.⁴⁰ Duggan replied: 'I regret Aunt Beth isn't nearly dressed for company'.⁴¹

In October the news media announced that Patrick White in Australia had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. The Peace prize was to go to Le Duc Tho and Henry Kissinger for their efforts towards establishing a ceasefire in Vietnam, though at the same time the Yom Kippur war in the Middle East was at its height. Duggan was prompted to look up his review of *The Tree of Man* in *Landfall*. He was dismayed at how long ago it had been written, and felt that his own comments read as if framed 'by a very elderly aesthete who was also author of the Bible'.⁴² Nevertheless his own view of White was not as reverent as it once was.⁴³ Dudding, meanwhile, was considering how he might further a notion begun by Brasch of advancing the reinstatement of Sargeson to the Civil List through the Parliamentary Committee on Culture. Since Heenan's time Sargeson's pension had continued precariously, until vanishing five years earlier. He had been offered an OBE the previous year but turned it down in protest at the then lack of a public lending right. Now his only income was from the New Zealand Authors Fund, which would make its first payment at the end of the financial year, and whatever social security he was

entitled to in his old age. With his own case also in mind, Duggan commented to Dudding that social security on such a basis was:

A covert recognition of letters as a disease, malfunction, hypertrophy, undue tumescence of the 12 billion brain cells leading to domestic infamy, psychological and physical dependence, weak wrists and emotional retardation with peripheral flatulence and perturbation in the old ivory tower. Frank to a t you'll say.⁴⁴

The approach to the Parliamentary Select Committee was unsuccessful, and in the interim Sargeson applied for the Scholarship in Letters. Duggan's response was to say he would buy a lottery ticket.⁴⁵ Barbara was working and providing an income as always. But without some feeling of outside support for his writing Duggan began to be unsure what he would do the next year. It was all terribly familiar.

Nevertheless summer seemed to have arrived early, and Duggan took simple pleasure in the cool southerly breezes and clear sunny skies. He watched Nick come and go at speed in the MG, 'shirt off and hair on end'.⁴⁶ Nick had arranged a truck-driving job over the holidays to save money for a trip to Australia the next year. Duggan spurned some offers from advertising companies and stayed relaxed, spending time at his desk and at handyman chores around the house. The experiences of the past few years seemed to put everything else into perspective, especially the last twelve months which he described as: 'a year of abrasion and the approach of a humility I'd never conceded possible--nor looked for, ever'.⁴⁷ To Ian Cross, who had been editor of the *Listener* since July the year before, Duggan sent 'Behave yourself, darling' and a second poem, 'Pisces Entering'. This was soon followed by a third, 'Here is the News'.⁴⁸ Cross published the first of these, for the *Listener's* standard payment of \$10, but he cried off the others as the magazine had a large backlog of poetry. What he wanted was a story.⁴⁹

Cross had become editor of the *Listener* following the sacking of Alexander MacLeod in mid 1972, the resulting Commission of Inquiry, and the temporary reinstatement of M.H. Holcroft. Duggan admired Cross's 'gentle and firm renovation' of the periodical and wrote him a friendly, encouraging letter.⁵⁰ He was working at fragments of several stories, but he had begun feeling intermittently lethargic and was having some difficulty passing urine. Duggan wondered if it could be kidney trouble. On 20 November, just a few days before his fifty first birthday, he gave a speech at North Shore Teachers' College on writing for children, preparing meticulously so that Nick would not be ashamed of watching his father perform. The talk went well. 'For me fantasy and magic proceed from reality,' Duggan announced to a rapt audience, 'and reality still operates as a discipline that's understood in the world of fantasy'.⁵¹ Over the course of the month he had twice visited Dr Ray Freeman in Milford for a urine analysis. When no infection was

found he was referred to Mr Ransford de Castro, a urologist and surgeon at Byron Chambers in Takapuna, who performed a cystoscopy and took biopsy samples. The doctors' suspicions were confirmed in early December. Duggan had cancer of the bladder.

Duggan returned to Forrest Hill from the doctor and could hear the children in the school next door practising Christmas carols.⁵² He was not in any particular pain. He had been a heavy smoker all his life, and more so than ever while at Oakley. Irritation in the bladder, caused by the urination of nicotine, had established a malignant tumour. His right kidney was not functioning properly and his right ureter was blocked. The tumour he imagined as a lump of invasive and troublesome seaweed. Exploratory surgery for a cystectomy, what Duggan called 'the piece of plumbing large or small', was planned for mid January.⁵³ When he told Barbara the diagnosis she could not believe the unfairness of it, but he remained genuinely confident. His carcinoma of the bladder was not a sarcoma, he had been told, which meant that it was dependent on the host organ 'and not free-ranging death-dealing wandervogel'.⁵⁴ He had already been through hell and saw a cancer operation, frightening as it might sound, only as some sort of purgatory. To Adcock in a London that was besieged by coal, rail and ambulance-driver strikes, petrol queues and IRA bombings, he broke the news with: 'privately I'm sure I can outwit a mere bladder'.⁵⁵ Sinclair was also in England with Dalziel, researching his planned biography of Walter Nash, visiting Dan Davin who had just completed *Closing Times*, and enjoying the theatres of the West End. To his friend Duggan reported:

My psyche obviously thinks of itself as a lexicographer, a compiler of medical and psychological experiences starting at the A's but surely not progressing to Zoopsia? In fact I'm not at all flippant about it but, not knowing just what tone would be the right one to take, I flip predictably.⁵⁶

His mind had seldom felt so sharp. But with the illness it seemed that 'Visiting Aunt Beth' would have to wait, as well as the tentative beginnings of a piece which excited him called 'A Good Road All the Way to Nicosia'.⁵⁷

Christmas passed quietly with Barbara and Nick. Duggan was pleased that the three of them had become so comfortable together. On the first day of 1974 he wrote to the Department of Social Welfare, hoping to speed up the introduction of sickness benefit 20/14727. He knew his illness would last for some time. In the event it took six months for the Department to decide that all its forms had been completely filled in.⁵⁸ He waited out the days before the operation. Fortunately some medical insurance, taken out during his advertising years, meant that he could enter a private hospital. 'I'm being confident because I have to be,' Duggan confided by letter to Adcock, but also to Lasenby in Wellington he wrote: 'Do I dream these

things up or did someone forget to invite a fairy godmother to my wetting?'⁵⁹ The operation was performed in Lister Hospital in Takapuna on 15 January. The Hospital was next to St. George's Presbyterian Church, and when Duggan came out of the anaesthetic he lay for ten days in a private recovery room, reminded of the period of convalescence after the amputation of his leg thirty four years before. Even the operation could not dull the new acuteness of his senses.

At fifty one I woke to find myself in a single airy room that looked onto the coloured mirrors and the bright roof (hyperbolic paraboloid) of a 'modern' church. I was wired and tubed into a cosmos of little meaning except dozing pain. (The moment was just ahead when the dark diver would surface with some clawed thing in his gloved paw.) One clear plastic tube ran clear liquid in: another tube carried away a slowly flowing detritus--dead tissue and filaments of old blood in liquid waste. The urine dripped into a clear plastic container hung from the bed rail and marked in millilitres.

It was summer. The roof gables split the cataracts of light. An organ mourned into life: the congregation droned of joy eternal. Wounds wept, but healed. An air of cut grass and gasoline blew through the slow unstitching days. The room assumed an ordinary air made rakish with a yellow hibiscus blossom stuck at a corner of the mirror. The days quickened with observed events--the wires and tubes removed. Now you are flying solo, the matron said and I lay in a sort of freedom, patient and pleased if stinging in a towelling bathrobe of light and dark blue stripes.⁶⁰

After the operation news soon came through from the doctors. The tumour was too well developed and invasive to be operable. Duggan and Barbara took a slow walk together round the hospital, discussing what they might do. At length Duggan was referred to Dr Eric Stephens who arranged for cobalt radiation treatment. 'Have to believe outcome will be OK,' he wrote to Adcock, 'even if as gambler one wouldn't favour the odds.'⁶¹

Adcock had been travelling in Northern Ireland, carrying Duggan's last letter with her like a talisman. Violent exchanges between the IRA, Protestant Unionists and the British army had been occurring with gathering frequency since 1968. Duggan noted that the Irish were 'a terrible race for harbouring resentments and lobbing them at people'.⁶² Adcock felt the blast as a bomb exploded in a letterbox outside her Belfast Hotel. Her new book of poetry struggled against a paper shortage and a three-day working week, and was expected out in the English autumn.⁶³ In the January *New Statesman* she published 'Acris Hiems', in which Duggan's illness became emblematic of a decrepit British Isles:

A letter from the pale city
 I escaped from ten years ago
 and no good news.
 I carry it with me
 devising comfortable answers
 (the sickness, shall I say?
 is not particularly yours,)⁶⁴

It was a decade since her departure for England, and she was still working in the library of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office and still living in the same street. With stability had come contentment and success. Sinclair was attempting to start his biography of Nash before leaving England and to breathe life into Chapter One.⁶⁵ With Dalziel he was invited to Adcock's fortieth birthday party, and there passed on news that Smithyman had visited Duggan recently to find him well and in good heart.⁶⁶ Back in Auckland word of Duggan's illness filtered through the literary community, and several friends wrote or came to Forrest Hill.

But like everyone in New Zealand, Duggan paused in the heat of late January to watch media coverage of the tenth Commonwealth Games in Christchurch. Surprisingly, he had become a fan of televised athletics--'Dozing along,' as he put it, 'with the sub four minute milers'.⁶⁷ A few days later he watched a televised two and a half hour extravaganza celebrating Waitangi Day, now renamed New Zealand Day. Duggan was horrified by its vulgarity. He felt the endless performances by Maori in costume seemed an offensive trivialisation of contemporary Maori life, since no one expected to see 'the Royal Party all in woad and speaking early Anglo-Saxon'.⁶⁸ The smugness of the display irritated him so much that he began drafting an essay on his discontents. He was in no doubt that Maori were a dispossessed people, with the Treaty of Waitangi 'a colonist's sop to their conscience' and therefore 'an historical piece of hypocrisy'.⁶⁹ He was angry at the recent Act of Entitlement, put without opposition through parliament by Norman Kirk, which made the Queen the monarch of New Zealand regardless of her position in Britain. Kirk, he suspected, was angling for a knighthood. These were radical views, more in tune with the near future than the present, which were never to make it into Duggan's fiction. He was running out of time.

Once more Duggan was reading in quantity--Jorge Luis Borges's *A Personal Anthology*, Robert Lowell's *For the Union Dead*, Iris Murdoch, Isaac Babel, and John Updike's *Of the Farm*. Phoebe Meikle wrote asking whether he would read manuscripts of Barry Mitcalfe's novel *Moana* and Heretaunga Pat Baker's *Behind the Tattooed Face* for Longman Paul, which was considering their publication.⁷⁰ Duggan was interested but declined, feeling that he needed to reserve time for writing. Writing had become his main focus once again, he reported to Meikle, with

illness 'a distraction really although a bloody nuisance too'.⁷¹ It was not that he was refusing to face his medical condition but that he was bursting with ideas, though finding it hard to concentrate. Over Christmas he had been working on a story he entitled 'Summer in the Gravel Pit', about a group of young political radicals who conduct a theatrical mock-execution in an empty quarry. When the realism of the drama causes one of their number to suffer a *grand mal* they take him to a hospital and then deny any responsibility for his state. The group's leader even suggests that the seizure has induced hallucinations and is the result of a simple fall from a motorcycle.⁷² The story had proceeded all the way to typescript, but wanted more development. Duggan put it aside to continue opening out 'A Good Road All the Way to Nicosia'. This latter was the earliest form of what was to become 'The Magsman Miscellany'.

The draft of 'A Good Road All the Way to Nicosia' begins with Ben McGoldrick, a sales representative for a pharmaceutical company, writing a letter one evening after work. The letter is for this wife, Rosie, who is doing the ironing. It is full of a purely imagined vitriol, and pretends that Ben has plans to leave wife and home forever. Eventually this section would become the fourth and final part of 'The Magsman Miscellany', but Duggan continued the draft for a further fourteen pages.⁷³ In the story Rosie explains that 'Ben found it necessary to devise counterweights to keep his balance. One such counterweight was fantasy'.⁷⁴ The plot follows Ben and Rosie through situations in which Ben often transforms reality into a more satisfying fantasy and then calmly allows such fantasies to influence his response to the real world before him. Rosie, who is central to his life, finds herself continually invited to participate in her husband's ever-changing imaginative constructs. At the story's close it is revealed that Ben may leave his job, although whether this is true or another of his fictions is unclear. Ben casually counsels Rosie to 'put away your tarot cards and your crystal ball and your Tibetan prayer-wheel' and not to sacrifice the present to the future or the past.⁷⁵ In fact this is the same lesson as was learned by the protagonist in 'The Burning Miss Bratby'. For some time Duggan had thought of extending his story into a novella. But next he wrote some further early sections, in which Rosie remembers an old well and an account of her bursting a carbuncle on Ben's back. These were to become the published story's second and third parts. Duggan began to work at a new opening section on the nature of art as a transformation of reality. This gave him great trouble and was for some time, as a sub-section, entitled 'The Magsman Miscellany'. As the new opening progressed Duggan became ever more interested in the relation of Ben's fantasy life to the 'real' world he was creating for him. Having moved away from the realism of his initial conception, Duggan eventually discarded two thirds of his first 'A Good Road All the Way to Nicosia' draft altogether.

In 1971 Christine Cole had divorced her husband. When Cole had gone into Queen Mary Hospital at Hanmer Springs for a brief period she realised that she had worn herself out under the pressures of looking after a demanding invalid. She did not feel able to cope further. Later in Wellington she married Douglas Catley, a retired engineer, changing her name to Christine Cole Catley. By 1974 the couple had moved from Wellington to live on eight acres (3.2 hectares) of land at Whatamongo Bay in Queen Charlotte Sound, where they planned to build a house and make a new life for themselves. At first they stayed on a forty-foot (12 metre) motor-yacht, the 'Pelagian', designed and built by Catley in the 1950s, which they kept at anchor offshore, or in a caravan on the house's site. From this base Christine managed to begin a small publishing firm, Cape Catley Ltd.⁷⁶ At a low ebb Cole had met Delys Reed at a Wellington art exhibition in late 1972. Although not long back from ten years in England, where she had been an air hostess, Reed was then working as a nurse at Calvary Hospital (now Wakefield Hospital). Eileen Duggan was one of her patients. Reed gradually became close to Cole, and from early 1975 she was to begin living with him in the Napier Street house, where she found herself taking care of an erratic, contrary and lonely man who was largely shunned by his former literary contacts. It was a task which she followed with remarkable dedication.⁷⁷

In March 1974 Christine wrote to Duggan under her new Cape Catley Ltd letterhead, asking if she could use *The Fabulous McFanes* as her second publication. She was full of energy and ideas, and had just been appointed to the Broadcasting Council of New Zealand. Celia Manson's *The Story of a New Zealand Family* would be launched by Cape Catley in August, and Christine hoped to have *The Fabulous McFanes* out in September.⁷⁸ Duggan's first response was 'Whoa!', but he was soon convinced that the project was viable if it could ride on the coat-tails of a reissued *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*.⁷⁹ He wrote to Jack Lasenby at School Publications, hoping to add the never published 'Paul Monday's Christmas' to the collection, but the manuscript could not be found. As he posted off *School Journal* copies of 'The Fabulous McFanes', 'The Sailor on the Hill', and 'On the Wild Harbour' to Christine, he explained that he had used the word 'Fabulous' in the careful sense of a tale.⁸⁰ But to Lasenby he privately wondered whether the stories were any good.⁸¹

When Lasenby heard that his old friend had cancer he wrote with a reminder of how Duggan had once beaten tuberculosis by viewing it as a disease of the will. Duggan's response was merely jaunty:

I hope I didn't say that on those grounds I had [TB] beaten. Never challenge a bacillus is, in fact, the family motto of many generations standing lying and falling.⁸²

It was several weeks after surgery before he was able to embark on a course of radiation treatment, which was administered by Dr Tan at the Auckland Hospital Supervoltage Unit. Duggan joined the patients who sat about in towelling robes, each waiting for their turn.⁸³ The treatment left him feeling burned and uncertain whether he was ill or simply less than well, although he felt that he was improving slowly. His level of energy varied daily, and each morning he was never quite sure how much concentration he would have to devote to writing.

Nick was now in his final year of Teachers' College. He was busily earning further money for his Australia trip by wheeling produce in a vegetable market twice a week from five to eight in the morning, and for double time on Sunday evenings. Duggan and Barbara took a restful Sunday drive to Ti Point at Leigh, their first visit into the countryside for some time. It was an idyllic afternoon. Barbara picked field mushrooms, which they ate with steak on their return to Forrest Hill.⁸⁴ Sinclair had married Raewyn Dalziel and was moving with her into a new house at 13 Mariposa Crescent in Birkenhead, overlooking Chelsea Bay and its sugar refinery. Duggan arranged for Nick and one of his friends to help in the shift with a VW Kombi van. To Sinclair he wrote, as if for the record:

In such proportions as we are unlovable so we demand an increased proportion of love: love unconditional. We should have married our mothers, when we were young, and never grown into the world of give and take. We are simple: we are lovely: we wish only to sin in Eden, and sin again, and again [...] By those extra proportions that we demand of others so by that much are we ourselves lacking in emotional stature.

The 'we' is a literary device. Rather like the invention of the synchronised machine gun--before we used to shoot off our propellers. I did. May god bless dear old St. Fokker and preserve us all from the first person. Singular.⁸⁵

It was a measure of just how far his thinking had been changed by the experiences of the previous year. At night Duggan used Mogadon to get to sleep, and had such wild dreams of drinking and remorse that he was grateful to wake to the sound of rain drumming on the roof. He keenly anticipated the end of the radiation treatment in April, when he would face a further examination 'to find out what's next on the pogrom'.⁸⁶

Smithyman, whose much-loved cat liked to be taken for walks, was a frequent visitor. One day he brought with him a copy of his new book of poetry, *The Seal in the Dolphin Pool*. Duggan enjoyed the title and the collection, particularly 'Community Studies' in which the trees were 'more visited by buffetings/ than blessings'.⁸⁷ Stephen Sinclair, now eighteen years old and wanting to be a writer,

brought Duggan some of his poems, along with a gift of some lemons, and left them all on the doorstep. Years ago Duggan had himself shyly approached a well known writer, but unlike Sargeson he had reserves neither of energy nor confidence with which to assume the role of mentor. He wrote a reply that was frugal with kindness but offered advice which he had always genuinely believed.

If you are going to take this gritty avenue, along with any other roads you may choose in time to travel, neither words of encouragement or dissuasion from me or any other will have a bearing: that's as it should be [...] But in the early days of the journey it is critical that one be cautious from whom one borrows the first few bricks, the scaffolding, that allows one the extra initial elevation to see over the first wall--to the next.⁸⁸

Predictably, it was Sargeson who received the \$4,000 Scholarship in Letters. However the Advisory Committee decided to offer Duggan a \$1,000 grant in aid, which proved a valuable fillip. Duggan was pleased for Sargeson, who was working on *Sunset Village* and had his second volume of memoirs, *More Than Enough*, ready with the publishers. An expanded collection of stories had appeared the year before. *Memoirs of a Peon* was going into a second edition, and *I Saw in My Dream* was soon to be reissued in the Auckland University Press's 'New Zealand Fiction Series'. At seventy one Sargeson had outlived the time when authors could only dream of having a public literary presence, struggled to complete one or two works, and relied on Bohemian friends to print them. With his lack of output Duggan seemed more, as Gambo O'Leary once described himself, 'fearfully antique, a sort of relic of the splendid, stupid, conventional days'.⁸⁹ Nevertheless he offered Sargeson some tax advice on the Scholarship and suggested helping with the purchase of a tape-recorder, which Sargeson was thinking of buying to relieve strain on his eyes. He invited the former mentor to Forrest Hill for a meal. It was the first time Sargeson had visited the house in several years.⁹⁰ The two men became friendly once more, but could not become close when so much now lay between them.

A free-lance reporter interviewed Duggan for the *Sunday Herald* and asked what he thought of receiving only a small grant. 'No. 2 has to try harder,' Duggan answered, but his reply went unreported.⁹¹ The interviewer asked him if cancer had changed his outlook on life. Duggan quietly fumed. Eventually the article appeared under the headline, 'Author Maurice Duggan still far from spent force'. Duggan rued it as 'an embarrassing mélange of misquotes and misconceptions', and noted: 'I'm probably not only spent but have one tyre, on the offside, in the waiting room of the crematorium'.⁹² To a question asking if his life was exciting he had replied: 'a writer's life is rarely very different, as dull as any other maybe, or as exciting in a quite personal, small way'. In its printed form this was reduced to: 'I'm pretty dull

really'. He was quoted as saying that his leg had been amputated in Spain. In response Duggan wrote out his own interview, questioning himself mostly about his involvement in advertising, and deciding: 'even the wrong directions through dangerous absurdities and absurd dangers--are perhaps quite necessary journeys'.⁹³ At length he appears to have asked himself, 'To what do you attribute your longevity?':

You expect me to say a clean life and early to bed, no booze, no fornication, no tobacco?

Well...?

Bullshit, young man. I've one lung, one kidney, one leg, fewer functioning brain cells than a baby chimpanzee and still the goddamned organism persists. Blind sea anemone in a pool of ink. Open. Shut. Open. Shut. For fucking what?!! I may ask. The heart flutters. The stupid spark endures.⁹⁴

Wit changed to private anger and then bitterness. His illness had him under stress.

In late April, with his treatment over, he visited Dr de Castro again. In a letter written to Christine Cole Catley mostly discussing her progress with *The Fabulous McFanes*, Duggan described the consultations as: 'round two with bloodsamples, urinalysis (not my word) and intravenous pyelograms. Piece of cake really--pricking the sponge with a straw drawn from the broom to test is the centre done, plus modern technology'[sic].⁹⁵ In fact being a cancer patient, with its referrals, its tests and its lack of a proper cure, seemed an entirely new kind of hell. Duggan was feeling discomfort in his bladder and the small of his back, and a further examination by Dr Freeman revealed some swelling in his lower abdomen. For the first time he heard the doctor mention 'differentiated elements of the neoplasm'. Duggan's medical knowledge was sufficient to understand that this meant the cancer was not localised. It had spread into his lymphatic system. Even the bladder tumour was continuing to grow. Over several visits with doctors, lasting several weeks, Duggan discussed chemotherapy. Of concern to his doctors was whether he would choose public or private treatment, but since his medical insurance covered only surgical procedures Duggan decided on entering Auckland Hospital.⁹⁶

John Reece Cole appeared briefly at the house for coffee. He had grown a greying beard and arrived in his new Fiat. Duggan was amused when Nick cast an expert eye over the car and wanted to discuss its maintenance. Cole was about to fly out of Auckland for London to visit his son Martin and daughter Jane. He had also begun work on a biography of Merton Hodge, the New Zealand playwright who had found success in England before the Second World War.⁹⁷ A few days after Cole's departure Nick and Robyn Cornwall flew to Australia together for three weeks over the May school holidays. They had trouble with their British Airways bookings on

the day of departure. This prompted Duggan, as he watched the final episode with Barbara of a television documentary on 'The British Empire', to comment: 'well they damned well *deserved* to lose their Empire'.⁹⁸ In his son's absence he wrote Nick several loving letters, displaying the same sophisticated wit that he would use with any other adult. The letters revealed a remarkably peaceful engagement in domestic trivia--gazing at the stars while getting the milk, a blown fuse in the freezer, losing a twenty-cent bet to George Haydn over the FA Cup final. He reported on how he was starting the MG once a week, according to Nick's careful instructions. It was almost a year since four American presidential aides had resigned in disgrace over the Watergate break-in, and streaking was enjoying a brief vogue. For news Duggan sent what he called: 'Radio Pandora's "Top Forty Disasters", courtesy of Edgcity genes'.

The Rose of Tralee district representative has just been chosen for the national lucky heifer contest. New Zealand's donation of milk biscuits arrived in Biafra. It is rumoured that Mr Nixon may finally step aside: the release of the transcripts (with obscenities deleted) has not helped his shifty case. Top brass needs constant polishing--a war or a pseudo-détente of whatever kind--to retain its blinding glitter.⁹⁹

Lasenby visited during the holidays. Duggan played him a twenty-minute tape of himself reading the first 'Magsman Miscellany' part of his new story. After listening to the involved and riddling marginalia, Lasenby observed its 'T.S Eliot echoes' and felt it might be too long an opening. Duggan wondered if he should insert sections of it through the rest of the text.¹⁰⁰ He decided to drop the initial reference to McGoldrick the magsman as confusing the opening's point of view. He also wrote a letter to the *Listener*, under the pseudonym Francie Wilde, on Sargeson's Scholarship in Letters.

He's 71. What's he going to study? In Australia he'd have a lump sum. Couldn't we give him back his Civil List pension or reoffer the OBE now there's no reason for him not to accept? [...] Maybe Sir Frank?

Or historic places could recognise him as a monument--he's very Victorian and old-fashioned and everything. [I] suppose [they] will wait till he's dead and name a street after him.¹⁰¹

After completing the note he had second thoughts and did not post it. Instead, hearing that Sargeson wanted Christine Cole Catley to be the eventual literary administrator of the books and papers at Esmonde Road, Duggan wrote a brief item nominating Barbara and Nick as his own literary executors. His letters, he felt, might be usefully collected, and he hoped that eventually Nick would inherit his library. For the rest, after the bonfire of 1970, there seemed little or nothing to

administer.¹⁰² He had few other assets to consider. Although Barbara continued quietly to work, as she had always done, Duggan again felt bad that she needed to provide for 'the MD ball at the other end of the chain'. His social security brought in only \$28.50 per week.¹⁰³

Duggan had arranged for Nick to bring back a new duty-free cassette-recorder, and with it he taped a reading of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'. Great attention was paid to recording time and sound quality, although the far-off squeals of children playing at Forrest Hill School crept in, if anything enhancing the tape. Duggan found recording a bore but it was something he could do in short bursts, as he felt his attention span was weakening. He also made a tape of the *Four Quartets*, which he had been rereading in conjunction with Helen Gardner's *The Art of T.S. Eliot*. He copied numerous scholarly comments from Gardner's analysis and diligently studied the poems, though it was their religious subject matter as much as their quality of verse which appealed. Eliot, Duggan even concluded, 'lacks both the passion and diversity and the profound surprise Yeats offers'.¹⁰⁴ Yet he recorded the poems so that he might steep himself in their comforting references to questions that had long lain dormant. These now came to the fore of his active mind.

I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you
Which shall be the darkness of God.¹⁰⁵

Professor Lloyd Geering wrote a regular Saturday column, 'Religion Today', in the *Auckland Star*. He was a former Principal of Knox Theological Hall, who had been sensationally tried and acquitted of heresy by the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1967. Duggan often read the column, and he wrote Geering a letter attempting to express his own religious outlook, approached through art as a metaphor for the divine in humanity.

I draw some comfort from now believing a mere humanist is not disgraced by seeing different questions, and different answers, as possible and valid for the larger view. I have come to a point where I can conceive of man as an armature upon which concepts of a divinity or spiritual kind may be wound and the binding inseparable from the core, or the core from its 'burden' that gives it significant bulk [...] Of course I move from one obscurely lit room to another, no less being expected of the heterodox opinion than of any other way of questioning. For the *Magi* the destination brought them to a point where were no guarantees of the rightness of their journey and only the authority of a child in a crib requiring a gesture of faith I only begin to comprehend the significance of. I move only to prove there may be a dimension beyond the fixed abode, the dogma that distressed.¹⁰⁶

Nevertheless the letter was uncharacteristically hesitant, its language often obscure and its display of learning laborious. When he had finished Duggan did not post it, keeping his thoughts to himself.

On 10 June Duggan telephoned Dr Stephens and hurriedly arranged a consultation for the next day, as his chemotherapy was due to begin soon. He trusted Stephens and wanted to know exactly where he stood. The doctor explained that cobalt irradiation had failed and that the only option now available was anti-cancer drug treatment. Duggan was to receive a new drug that had not been tried by Stephens before, although the latest claims overseas were that it had a fifty percent recovery rate. Recovery meant not a cure but a remission of anything from a few weeks to several years. The drug would be administered to Duggan in hospital over six five-day treatments. Side effects were impossible to predict. Duggan later wrote the conversation out in an imagined and more nonchalant form:

'Not bad odds, really: fifty-fifty.'

'One doesn't have to bet to be a gambler. Considering, that is, how little we know about the factors involved.'

'A plastic life-support system, no less. Pretty.'

'Hard to remember how we ever managed without pvc.'¹⁰⁷

The tumour in the bladder had not greatly increased, and the left kidney and ureter were operating. But damage to the lymph nodes meant that Duggan's leg and pelvic area would gradually swell, and the doctor advised him to lie down or sit back whenever possible to relieve this. He would have to get about on crutches. While waiting to begin Duggan was to have chest x-rays taken, and blood and urine samples tested.¹⁰⁸ Duggan's treatment was somewhat complicated by the politics behind an official inquiry which was in progress into Milan Brych's activities at Auckland Hospital. A Czech refugee, Brych had for the past few years been conducting his own brand of immunotherapy under conditions of secrecy and rumour. His personal following and his increasingly wild claims were provoking considerable media attention. Duggan remained sceptical of both Brych and the ability of television objectively to report on the case.¹⁰⁹ Brych was struck off the New Zealand Medical Register for a time and later left the country under a cloud.¹¹⁰

A week after meeting Stephens, Duggan went out of the house and came back with a bottle of Four Roses bourbon. He put it down and wrestled with what he personified as his 'proposition of self-murder':

'you may as well have a drink: you'll never have a more acceptable excuse. Etc' [...] when most forgotten he is most dangerous. 'Eternal vigilance' indeed. 'Him' and 'me'--as thought the personality were actually so divided, the antagonism so acute.¹¹¹

The bottle remained unopened. To distract himself he wrote Fleur Adcock a letter. She had been in Northern Ireland once more as part of a poetry reading tour, and to Rotterdam for the Poetry International. John Reece Cole met her for lunch in London and told her that Duggan was lucky to be still alive. Adcock used this and Duggan's letter as the basis for a poem, writing out her unhappiness at the news. She soon enclosed 'Letter from Highgate Wood' in a reply.¹¹²

I have come here to think, not for comfort;
to confront these matters, to imagine
the proliferating ungentle cells.

But the place won't let me be fearful;
the green things work their usual trick--
'Choose life'.¹¹³

Duggan bought a copy of Graham Billing's new novel, *The Slipway*, and read it over a weekend. He found its descriptions of Geoffrey Targett's alcoholic struggles entirely convincing and deeply moving, and he soon wrote to Billing in warm congratulations.¹¹⁴ So effective an evocation was it of his own experience that Duggan wished he had written the book himself. In the back of his copy he wrote a quotation from Keats's letters: '[w]e read fine things, but never feel them to the full until we have gone the same steps as the author'.¹¹⁵ Billing was in Bathurst in Australia, after Louis Johnson had suggested he apply for a job teaching creative writing at Mitchell College of Advanced Education, where Johnson was lecturer. Billing had had to fight for time to complete a commissioned text for *The New Zealanders*, a portrait of the country with photographs by Robin Smith. He was also working hard at a novel called *Calyx Closed*, which had occupied him for eight years.¹¹⁶ Billing was feeling beleaguered, drinking heavily, and was much cheered to hear from Duggan. In his reply he asked Duggan to support him in complaining to the *Listener* about a lukewarm review of *The Slipway*.¹¹⁷ Duggan complied, writing a careful letter to the editor that did not criticise the review so much as praise the book. Eventually Cross wrote in polite response that lack of space meant reactions to book reviews were never published, and a precedent would cause endless future trouble. 'Ah "precedent"', Duggan noted on the letter, 'a Wellington word'.¹¹⁸

On the morning of 24 June Duggan entered Auckland Hospital to begin the first of his treatments with chemotherapy. He was placed in Ward eleven, where he was given sixty milligrams a day of the cytotoxic drug VM26 through intravenous drip.¹¹⁹ Stephens had earlier explained that the therapeutic process involved a balance between destroying cancerous cells and the gradual removal of dead matter, so that Duggan thought of it as, 'a sort of race in slow motion'.¹²⁰ He lay

wondering how the drug would affect his appearance, and resolved to wear a knitted headpiece when his hair fell out. After five days he was discharged, without having exhibited any side effects, and he was in fact to retain his hair through the chemotherapy. For pain relief the Hospital arranged a District Nurse to visit in the evenings and administer an injection of Omnopon, a derivative of morphine. Back at Forrest Hill a few days later, at four thirty in the morning, Duggan wrote Barbara a brief letter. He wanted her to sell his car so that she could cease work and they would have more time with each other:

Ah baby I may v[ery] well be an impossible 90 year-old when the walls finally tumble, but right now I have a sharp, clear sense of the immediacy and the importance of now and that now can only be made of our being together.¹²¹

The plan for the car was impractical. But ever since Duggan had returned from Oakley, to be accepted back into the family, he and Barbara had found themselves rediscovering each other in their fifties, and falling in love for a second time. In the midst of the pain of Duggan's cancer treatment both were remarkably happy. During the day, while Barbara was out at work, Duggan lay back on the living room couch and wrote when his concentration would allow it. He produced letters, portions of stories, occasional diary notes and snatches of ideas. He smoked a daily ration of cigarettes, sometimes slept, and apart from his irritation that it was difficult to move cups of coffee about while on crutches, he enjoyed an unaccustomed equanimity of mind.

Two of the story fragments Duggan began, 'Opononi P.O.' and 'Pa was a perfectionist', attempted to examine alcoholism and his experiences in Oakley Hospital. Another very short piece, almost a prose poem, dealt with his illness. At one time Duggan considered it finished but was too tired to put the story into typescript. It was titled 'Ricci in Richmond Road'.

He was perfectly well aware of it.

He went about his business as if in ignorance of it. He chose to do so.

His eyes drew no benefit from a level of light above this downstairs grey nor his right hand much improvement in this damp must of days since its last involuntary clutch.

He was aware. Oh yes: aware.

He suffered the attentions of the Cosmological Demolition Company ('No cosmogony too small'), along with those of the universe's duns and bailiffs still trying to draw blood from the parsnip. The pheumy hammers were forever breaking open the

portals of both temples, tripping spasms and tensions through venerable foundations and overhead wires.

Yet the chimney held.

Among the last of the tenants, he went in stubborn triviality about his lavings and dozings (milkskimming his Douai only very occasionally, the few others having Gideon or none) ignoring the pictures titled on the walls, the falling plaster and, in the small airless common sitting room, the imperfect contrast, indifferent brightness and persistent ghosting of the image.

Apparently trivial concerns, he knew that. He was watched: he was observed. It wasn't vanity. His days were begrudged him in the impedance they offered to certain renovations and escalations The Lady had in mind. Meanwhile, he was aware: he pushed towards that, insisted. Oh yes.

He chose to take orange pekoe and make a draught. Oh Lord, it could take an hour if you allowed for the wafer of Tip Top bread, and the Three Castles tobacco rolled with a tampax tip, and the failing flint in the gas ignition failing again and damn again. Two hours sometimes--on days you could acknowledge as having come unobstructed up from southern ice and straight through your flyscreen. But make it he did, under however many eyes or triphammers. However trivial.

To sit down, in lazzarone gabardine only a ghost of its former fashionable self also, and enjoy the interstices. To sit and contemplate the reaches of inner space not covered by security, its social or cosmic or even district ordinances. To be aware. Even Birdie O'Leary, touching forward for a contribution towards grape lees laced with methyl alcohol, did not constitute poor soul an interruption. To chose to sit and be aware while worlds internal held steady for him.

To smoke. To sip.

Very little sugar: tea without body: condensed milk.

Temple portals to receive offerings of flowers? Bribes for blessings richer harvest, again.

If you could do me the favour, Mr Ricci, this once. Blood from a parsnip. As they were observed to touch like ants in passing on a trail or a wall or skirting board, no doubt.

He was aware the picture would lack brightness. It was to be expected. As he bent to his tea, inhaled tobacco, heard Birdie trigger the gate-latch up above on Richmond road.

His was the choice. To be aware. To give no sign. To proceed as if in ignorance of the attentions--the demolitions of the trivial, the plans of the Lady, the hammering to come and the contrast to remain imperfect.

The second cup would be pure tannin. Ugh! But welcome as why not? As air squeaked and bubbled. As he sucked his butt. As he suffered if not endured the attentions. As he put by another fifteen, for Birdie's next call, on the cover of his Douai where not a sparrow et cetera but was on the books of the above Company, within orbit and compass. As he was aware. As he was perfectly aware. Oh yes.¹²²

'I've not been so fecund for years,' he noted, 'the panic blossoms of the tree, in a final severe season'.¹²³ At the end of July Duggan entered hospital for a second five-day course of drugs. His oedema was pronounced and large doses of opiates were required to control pain. Privately the doctors thought that Duggan was holding ground but that his left kidney was performing poorly. They anticipated renal failure.¹²⁴

Just a few days before Richard Nixon resigned from office unable to halt further accusations of political corruption, Duggan sent a letter to the New Zealand Literary Fund. In it he apologised that his health was not allowing him to write at a level which his grant for the year required, and hinted that he was considering the necessity of the grant's return. Fortunately the Advisory Committee was untroubled and wished him a quick recovery.¹²⁵ Christine Cole Catley had made arrangements to print 2,000 copies of *The Fabulous McFanes*. She wrote with news that in Melbourne her daughter Sarah had just given birth to a girl. Duggan decided to dedicate the book to the baby and to his own descendants: 'To Anna Siobhan Charlotte...and my grandchildren, should they be'. He thought of similarly altering the dedication of *Falter Tom and the Water Boy*, but the publishers informed him that the book was already being printed in England and it was now too late.¹²⁶ Soon Duggan was correcting the proofs of *The Fabulous McFanes* with his customary care, and he joked of holding a launching party 'with x-ray of the author'.¹²⁷ He had begun to think often of his own childhood, and wrote some further poems, 'Take a Peck at Papa Pupa' and 'Ponsonby Circa 1930', based on his memories. Bill Manhire was in contact from Victoria University of Wellington, asking whether Duggan would like to contribute to the November number of the YC radio programme, *Poetry*. Duggan declined with genuine regret.¹²⁸ Instead he read

Günter Grass's *Local Anaesthetic*. He also watched Nick celebrating the holidays with his new pride and joy, a hybrid 'Gastin' made up of an MGA chassis and an Austin engine, which he took racing in the firebreaks at the back of the Muriwai dunes.

Duggan gained such vicarious pleasure from the ease of effort of the dune buggy that he wrote Nick a short spoof on the car.

Take a plastic soap dish. Sit it on four wheels with Parnelli Jones grips. Drop in a pushy 1600 Volksie muscle-plant. Plant a fourteen foot whip with a sea-rescue orange flag up from the tail. Slip into the bucket seat just forward of the roll bar. Strap up safety-harness and safety-helmet chinstraps. Plant a boot and barrel off down the firebreaks, spinning out sods and grits, flag like the banner of a jousting knight at a 21st century tournament. Wheel-spin and engine blatter. Roller-coaster bronco through sand and mud and fresh carbon monoxide. That's the off-road buggy. Man! And boy!¹²⁹

The natural impulses of paternal love aside, Duggan found he liked the adult his son had become. One night he even went so far as to let Nick know by writing him a short letter. The style was mock-testimonial, with a shy desire to pass on some sort of fatherly advice, but its object and tone was of approval. Increasingly Duggan was confined to bed or to the living room couch. Barbara still had to work, and Marie Shaw would occasionally appear during the day to attend to his needs. Nick was busy with Teachers' College, and was enjoying the period of greatest freedom in his life. He hated to watch his father suffer, and at times almost wished that he could buy a bottle of gin to kill Duggan's pain. In fact Duggan still found himself wanting to drink on occasions, but resisted from fear of the damage it would do to his relationship with Barbara. When suffering most strongly from such cravings, sometimes hour by hour, he would sit up and write involved, repetitive intellectual analyses on the problem of alcoholism.¹³⁰

On 19 August an ambulance arrived at 9 am to take Duggan for another round of what he claimed the neighbours referred to as his 'chemico therapy'.¹³¹ After it was complete Dr Stephens observed that Duggan's condition had remained unchanged for several weeks. A drug remission seemed to be occurring.¹³² Back at Forrest Hill Duggan began to receive a series of visitors. C.K. Stead appeared, having already sent on in advance a copy of his essay, 'A Poet's View', which he had delivered as a Winter Lecture at Auckland University. In it he had discussed 'Along Rideout Road that Summer' as if it were already a classic of New Zealand fiction.¹³³ Maurice Shadbolt came to visit, and the two men sat about at genuine ease with each other at last. After a pleasant conversation Shadbolt left Duggan something to read. Texidor's sister, Kate Kurzke, came for lunch. She had moved

from London to live for some time with her daughter in Devonport, and she brought news that 40 Steele's Road had been demolished to build a block of flats.¹³⁴ As spring arrived Duggan looked out of his windows and observed: [p]lum blossom in the garden, cobwebs in my brain, afternoon slabs of sunlight on the lawn'.¹³⁵

He continued to write when he could. In the *New Zealand Herald* he read that 'Acapulco Gold' was the most valuable type of marijuana, and thought of naming it as Rosie's 'cannabis indica' in 'The Magsman Miscellany'.¹³⁶ The fragments he worked on Duggan saw as a way of 'keeping one's hand in', and he hoped that he might later be able to draw them together and put them to use.¹³⁷ The fact that in the past he had always had to force himself to write was not lost on him:

Now there's an increase in the layers, smothering eiderdowns of omnopon (tiny doses really), eruptions of nausea if I move too quickly, physical barriers on which I tend to prop myself sighing for the leprechaun leaping days where every pratfall sprained something. Then I do something, write one small letter, and I'm down to bedrock like a poleaxed beast, exhausted beyond power of movement.¹³⁸

However it may have been during this time, when he was still feeling relatively strong, that Duggan gave a reading of part of 'The Magsman Miscellany' to an assembled group. E.H. McCormick, Una Platts and Kendrick Smithyman were among those present. McCormick thought the work very Joycean, more so than Duggan's earlier writing.¹³⁹ Duggan's last recorded reference to the story was in a letter of 18 August to Jack Lasenby, where he reported only that he was not doing very much work on it. He might well have continued to make minor emendations to the typescript, the endless polishing of which he was so fond, but there seems little doubt that 'The Magsman Miscellany' was substantially complete by this time, or soon afterwards.¹⁴⁰ Duggan began a new story, 'Birdie O'Leary', hoping to use it to expand somehow on the material in 'Ricci in Richmond Road'. Inspired perhaps by the style of Grass's novel, he wrote a witty opening. It was a spoof on the marriage vows, merging with Birdie O'Leary watching bridal cars and a funeral procession pass each other in the street. But true to his temperament, Duggan preferred to revise the opening prose in several drafts instead of pressing on, each time running out of energy after little more than a page.¹⁴¹

On 1 September Norman Kirk died suddenly of a heart attack.¹⁴² He had been on a six-week break from official duties, which included entering hospital for a rest period. Kirk was one year younger than Duggan, for whom the death exerted a sudden fascination. Amid the public mourning he privately thought of Kirk as

the ordinary man writ large. He saw opportunities for a limited statesmanship through the expression of his humane concern for less fortunate peoples; but the power for the large expression of this, the

large influence, lay outside the scope of NZ's purse or power [...] He was *not* an extraordinary man scaled down to a limiting circumstance. The opportunities for the NZ politician to write a novel and independent specification for the NZ economy, way of life, and international role are simply not there.¹⁴³

From his advertising days Duggan was acutely aware of the importance of television image in the choosing of Kirk's replacement, although he felt that the country was not yet ready for politicians who were professionally sincere on screen. He also observed the ascendancy of Robert Muldoon, whose *The Rise and Fall of a Young Turk* had recently been published. Muldoon, Duggan felt, 'plays peek-a-boo with ambition--but then he forgets the see-saw has two ends and he spends all his time in one role--no counterbalance'.¹⁴⁴ The New Zealand in which Duggan had grown up and written his stories was disappearing forever under a tide of rising oil prices, bad economic news, adversarial politics and a diminishing interest in public welfare. To C.K. Stead he had observed that the country's population was now so urbanised that the next generation of writers would be the first to grow up with no rural experience.¹⁴⁵ The previous December he had written to Robin Dudding of New Zealand as 'a rich country that is going to learn to suffer on its home ground one day, surely'.¹⁴⁶ The country's terms of trade index would almost halve in two financial years. Within a decade registered unemployment would be over 80,000, and the false boom of the mid 1980s would bring New Zealand close to ruin. Its most important new authors would be women and Maori, critical of the country not from a 'highbrow' stance but from the perspective of their own special needs. Perhaps more than any other Pakeha male New Zealand writer Duggan was equipped to understand the changes his nation would go through, and he regretted that there seemed no likelihood of an effective 'novel of business' coming from a major local author.¹⁴⁷ But he was also aware that he would probably not live long enough to experience the future he was glimpsing.

In mid September Duggan reported to Christine Cole Catley: 'I'm back into Hosp. for another cytotoxiblast next Monday. Barbara's well but weary from being busy: Nick is having a "sickie" at the snows of Ruapehu'.¹⁴⁸ During four days of treatment, receiving VM26, Omnopon for pain relief and Mogadon to help him sleep, Duggan managed to remain bright.¹⁴⁹ The atmosphere of the hospital is captured in some notes he made for a further story.

The ward breathes brokenly. Grady won't die here: this is not a ward to die in. 'Shall I do your back, Mr Grady?' 'Soon, love; in a minute.' 'Now, Mr Grady.' 'If you must.' Methyl alcohol, baby powder. 'No nonsense, Grady,' someone calls. Grady laughs and coughs. Sister Osborne enters far left with medication--a calm needle for Grady,

behind the arras. 'Comfy, Mr Grady?' 'Near enough, love.' Laugh. Cough. The theme of a TV serial drums through the dividing wall from the women's ward.¹⁵⁰

Omnopon gave him strange dreams. In one he was ordered to recite all forty two verses of a ballad he did not know, beginning 'Alice/ in ballast/ in Dallas'.¹⁵¹ Duggan had gone, or as he preferred to think of it, 'stolen through' four of his treatments, and he felt confident that he would complete the remaining two. But if there had been a remission it did not seem to have lasted, and Barbara wrote privately to Christine that only a miracle would give him some sort of life beyond three months.¹⁵²

Back at Forrest Hill Duggan rejected a suggestion from Christine that he be interviewed by the *Listener* to promote *The Fabulous McFanes*. He responded:

I'd like to keep right out of it. Barbara should be all steely and say: As Chairlady of the Society for the Protection of Childishly-simple Authors and Unlovable Layabouts Ink I say NO. But she says: What you think, honey.

The awful thing is one day the child wakes up and the world is rolling down the garden path, the world with the tinsel peeled right off, and there's been no preparation for such a moment. People are good, aren't they? And kind? Aren't they? And there's justice, isn't there, always, isn't there and not being treated as guilty. There's that, isn't there? Isn't there. And children's stories.¹⁵³

But these were largely private outbursts. Believing there should be one last chance for Duggan to make a public statement, Christine arranged for the *Listener* to send him a list of questions requiring interview answers. Duggan went along with this, but he was soon too ill to entertain the notion further. Instead he wrote a carefully considered review in praise of Graham Billing's *The Slipway*. The book transformed suffering into art, and so had remained important to him. Duggan sent the review to Dudding, who was happy to have it for *Islands*. It was soon followed up with five poems. Dudding promised to include all in the late spring number.¹⁵⁴

Back from England, John Reece Cole telephoned and came for coffee. It was to be the two old friends' last meeting. Dan Davin wrote from Oxford, uncertain of how ill Duggan might really be, since in a March letter Duggan had done no more than state his illness and claim that he would need a rest. Davin was correcting the proofs of *Closing Times* and a book of short stories, *Breathing Spaces*, and hoped to start a novel in the New Year. His note was to be their last communication.¹⁵⁵ Shortly before Duggan entered hospital for his fifth chemotherapy treatment, a copy of Fleur Adcock's *The Scenic Route* arrived from London in the post. The book contained 'Acris Hiems' and had been launched with a party at New Zealand House.

A letter from Adcock counselled him to hope for the best possible and be patient. 'Who will write if you don't?' she concluded.¹⁵⁶ On 14 October Duggan arrived at the hospital at 9.30 in the morning, but after an examination the doctors decided that there had been no improvement in his condition over the past month. There seemed little point in going on with the treatment. Further tests during the day recorded Duggan's blood urea level as so high that the function of his remaining kidney was in distinct jeopardy. He was returned to Forrest Hill at two that afternoon, with an appointment to appear again in a week for reassessment.¹⁵⁷ Lying on the couch at home, and sipping the cold juice for which he had recently developed a taste, Duggan reported on the experience by letter to Lasenby.

There's no language common to doctor and patient that quite covers the case. Melodrama looms. Dates and definitions--too, yes, too, uncertain. There are shells of lesser calibre we might try--what's failed in one circumstance need not in another...So I'm cast. And suddenly aware that I am, indeed, very ill indeed--I mean I feel it--and not one thing to be done about it. The tongue comes back to the hollow in the tooth...¹⁵⁸

He had been dangerously ill so many times before that much of his life can be described as a process of going to bed at noon. For Duggan the fact that this time he would not escape was cause above all for surprise.

The meeting with Dr Stephens on 21 October, where he was accompanied by Barbara, went much as Duggan expected. He accepted the futility of continuing with VM26 and listened as Stephens described other drugs which might be tried. Duggan and Barbara asked what the chances were, and options were discussed. With some detached amusement Duggan noted Stephens's difficulty, that the doctor could not outline a full picture of the case until he knew just how much his patient wished to be made aware of. From the questions and answers Duggan ascertained that in the doctor's opinion he had two to five months of life remaining, before his left kidney closed down. At length Duggan concluded, as coolly as he could, that he would not attend the hospital for further treatment. Dr Stephens did not feel he could disagree.¹⁵⁹ That night at Forrest Hill Duggan sat up, into the next morning, scribbling on a pad. The scraps of paper recorded a conversation with himself. He hoped in his time left to keep busy with writing. The idea of a daybook, recording his decline, briefly appealed. His art had never been so important to him. It was linked to what he called 'a "spiritual imperative", a dimension of the mind/soul from which derived the values that gave man his entitlement, his stature over and above the mechanistic and material, his responsibility.' With grim irony he headed up a page as his own obituary, but then wrote: 'He did not believe in God as a being, a supra-personal divinity, or as anything other than a name given to a territory of

human aspiration: he believed in the aspiration'.¹⁶⁰ Duggan was glad that the failing struggle with medication was over. On one of the scraps of paper he finished up:

The beautiful indifference of spring visits the young crab-apple by the verandah: the elms gently cascade their first leaves--massive trees, delicate, early foliage: the time that is shared by the surgeons and myself is only seemingly the same time: this agile butterfly dances for me, and for no one [...] I have now: I will always have now, to move in: all the battle is to make that enough. Why shouldn't it be? It has to be. Now. No more than that and no less. I wish I could learn that, rehearsing my new lines?¹⁶¹

The Fabulous McFanes appeared in print. Christine Cole Catley posted up six author's copies and diligently arranged for reviews, with distribution through Whitcoulls. The construction the house at Whatamongo Bay was proceeding slowly, and she and Catley were busy putting in the gardens. Duggan sent a telegram expressing his pleasure with the finished volume.¹⁶² In early November *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* was released in London, although Duggan was disappointed to learn that stocks would not reach New Zealand shops until the next February. Phoebe Meikle visited Forrest Hill with airmailed advance copies. Duggan was in bed. Cancer had not left him as emaciated as she feared, but his leg and stump looked painfully swollen. Duggan was gallant and they talked for some time. He played her part of his recording of *Four Quartets*. It would be something to leave for Nick, he said, which might appeal as his son grew older.¹⁶³ New Zealand sales for *The Fabulous McFanes* proceeded well, although Christine noted that she was receiving maddening orders for a single copy from places like the Paihia Stationery Shop. A large cruise ship was due to dock at Picton in mid November, and she made plans for the book to feature at a kiosk promoting local industry.¹⁶⁴

'Rage and kick and fight on', Christine had finished one of her letters, and Duggan had wondered how.¹⁶⁵ But by refusing to let his mind go slack, or to sleep through each day although sleep was his easiest escape, he had found a way to rage against the dying of the light. His condition was deteriorating rapidly. Morphine left him feeling dozey and he tried to do without it where he could. A ripple mattress took care of sores, as he spent steadily more of his time in bed. Whenever possible he wrote. There were further poems and letters, typed while he could manage, and later penned in a still impeccable hand. He sent a last letter to Adcock, explaining that he was at the mercy of invasion. 'I must hope there is a one way or another resolution soon,' he wrote, 'as simply to be folded like a claw around the centre of myself, holding myself together, isn't offering much right now [...] but I

wanted to say thank you for the book and the letter--and for many other things. I'd simply have to reverse direction by a good many miles to find the point at which I could accept "arrest" or "remission": to stop at this point would be a burden. And so...?'.¹⁶⁶ Through a meteorological instrument company he arranged and paid for a final gift for Barbara, a Stacker & Olms barometer to be placed on the living room wall. He remembered her describing how her father had liked to come into the dining room each morning and tap the Platts family barometer, to check on the weather for the day.¹⁶⁷

Spring now flourished in the garden outside, and daylight saving was introduced for the first time. Lasenby visited Forrest Hill on his way to a fortnight's holiday in Northland. He had just applied for a job at Wellington Teachers' College for the next year and was hoping it would come through. He found his old friend very ill, but they were able to talk. Lasenby stayed for dinner with Barbara while Duggan lay in the bedroom. Suddenly through the delicate atmosphere of the house they heard Duggan call, 'for God's sake, give Jack something to drink!' A moment afterwards, amid the more relaxed clinking of bottles and glasses, the same voice added, 'you bastard!' Lasenby roared with laughter.¹⁶⁸ However he later asked Barbara quietly whether Duggan had expressed any desire to commit suicide. He felt he owed it to his friend to assist if this was wanted. Barbara replied that she and Duggan had discussed the matter together, and he had decided to live for every moment he could take.¹⁶⁹ His decision, made on the floor of the M3 cell at Oakley Hospital, had been binding. But in mid November he wrote for himself in private anguish:

By whatever the metric equivalent is of inch by inch, I am dying day by day. Each day a little more of my physical strength departs and there are fewer things I am capable of. I manage still, with stools and chairs, to have my daily shower; it is a task of exhausting proportions. More than this I cannot do, but 'sleep' and 'rest'. Reading requires more concentration than I can command. The nights and days are intolerably long--nausea racks me heavily. A slow business: a tedious business: a blind going senselessly prolonged.¹⁷⁰

Nick took a copy of *Falter Tom and the Water Boy* with him on his final teaching section and read it to the class. The children cheered when Falter Tom chose to stay in the sea. The class wrote Duggan letters on the story and drew him a crayon mural. He read the childish and enthusiastic language of their responses with delight.¹⁷¹

A few days before his fifty second birthday Duggan visited hospital once more for a blood transfusion. The undignified journey down and in return by ambulance

he described as 'screaming through the landscape backwards on the back of my neck'.¹⁷² Awake later at three in the morning, he wrote a poem, 'Letter from Gaul', and then at four a second, entitled 'Stocktaking'. The latter he eventually discarded, but he continued working on others.¹⁷³ Friends continued to visit, conscious that time was running out, and were greeted by a Duggan who despite his condition was calm and even considerate. C.K. Stead, now Chairman of the Literary Fund Advisory Committee, was glad to find himself put completely at his ease as he sat and they chatted. Duggan wondered why Sargeson had not been in contact, and seemed hurt by it, but imagined that his former mentor might fear having the full burden of the situation laid upon him.¹⁷⁴ A few days before, dressed in a borrowed dinner suit, Sargeson had accepted an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Auckland University. When he heard of the occasion Duggan lay recalling his first encounter with Sargeson on a hot summer's day, after limping shyly through the gate past the hedge at 14 Esmonde Road. It had changed his life. He began composing a poem on the subject. He would have liked his year's publications to contain something new and substantial for adults, but observed to friends, 'the point may well be to write as *little* as one can--a thought I came across somewhere, recently'.¹⁷⁵ Robin Dudding visited with a dummy of the *Islands* number that included Duggan's five poems and his review of *The Slipway*. On this, or one of Dudding's several visits at this time, Duggan offered him more poetry and 'The Magsman Miscellany'. Duggan felt he could do no more with the story.¹⁷⁶ These works eventually appeared in 1975.

A birthday card arrived from Fleur Adcock, with a picture of Piero della Francesca's 'Nativity', which Duggan had always liked. In it Adcock said she would write more later.¹⁷⁷ At three in the morning on 29 November Duggan penned Jack Lasenby a brief note. It was the last letter he was to write. Lasenby had been asked by the *Listener* to review *The Fabulous McFanes*, and Duggan suggested including, 'every patriotic NZer with any pretension to literacy and the combat of the pessimistic wave now invading, etc, must buy this book'. He concluded: 'I'm visitable still, but increasingly breathless--hollow booming inside the oxygen mask'.¹⁷⁸ When Lasenby received the letter he was impressed at the continued perceptiveness in Duggan's observations of the physical, which he felt to be the mark of a great writer.¹⁷⁹ Sister Dannett, who had been coming to help nurse Duggan for some time, had arranged for him to be supplied with cylinders of oxygen. He was having respiratory difficulty and had earlier scribbled:

One may not wish for the next breath but how blindly one fights for it when the next breath threatens not to follow, how greedily one seizes the oxygen mask; but that is not to prolong things, that is only to relieve the total panic of fighting for breath. It's that I would fear, not

death but dying; it's that, I suppose, I do fear in a sort of more or less constant apprehension: how will it be, is this it?¹⁸⁰

Molly Macalister had been visiting almost weekly for some time to sit with Duggan and make tea. She found it difficult to gauge his mood and energy level in advance, so that it was best simply to drop by unannounced. By now Duggan had become cruelly thin from the waist up, although below the waist his oedema was still pronounced. Macalister thought he had mastered the art of living without hope or fear. At one stage he apologised to her for taking so long to die.¹⁸¹ On one of her visits from Bayswater Marie Shaw anxiously asked whether Duggan would like her to send for a priest, but he sternly refused any contact.¹⁸² In early December a letter arrived from the Department of Internal Affairs, showing that Duggan's payment for 1974-75 from the New Zealand Authors' Fund would be \$825.86.¹⁸³ Duggan was too sick to attend to it. Though his handwriting was going he managed to scrawl what appears to be one last poem, which he first titled 'Obituary' and then crossed out, deciding on 'Open Questions'.

Burst
that felt to be the feeling
but the veins contained?
Burden
along threads thought to be
too delicate
but the skein sustained?
Fire
among too many tunnels
of the tunnelled frame
(too many mortal mornings)
did the flame restrain?
All open questions--
Naturally.¹⁸⁴

It had been Barbara's intention to nurse Duggan at home for as long as she could, but by 10 December he was beginning to suffer from severe fits and it was clear he needed hospital care. An ambulance took him down to Lister Hospital early that evening. Nick rode with him and held his hand. Duggan seemed exhausted but calm, and still completely lucid. Barbara drove down behind the ambulance in the family car. At the hospital she found Duggan on a stretcher in the corridor, outside the room which was being prepared for him. Suddenly he made a great effort, and through his withered face he managed a smile. Barbara and Nick stayed and watched while the nursing staff put Duggan into bed, and when he was properly established they returned home. Despite the months of waiting no one realised the

end was so close. The next morning, Wednesday 11 December, Dr Freeman telephoned Forrest Hill to say that Duggan had died in the early hours. He took Barbara and Nick down to the hospital in his car.¹⁸⁵

On 11 December Janet Frame was riding into Auckland by bus on a warm, dry, partly cloudy day. The mood was of Christmas, mill strikes at Kawerau, and the approaching summer. She had not seen Duggan since her return from England, although she heard news of him sometimes through Sargeson, and she was thinking about him. As the bus passed what she thought of as a particularly barren corner she was stricken with a sudden feeling of unease, a panicky sense that nothing was connected to anything anymore. The bus rolled on, and it was only later that she learned Duggan had died.¹⁸⁶ Having remarried, Marilyn Duckworth turned on the television of her honeymoon motel-room in Wanganui and was startled to see Duggan's face.¹⁸⁷ At the same time in Nile Road Bill Kirker was learning from the evening news that his childhood companion was dead. In Oxford Dan Davin received a telegram from Kendrick Smithyman.¹⁸⁸ Later, on Christmas Day in London, Fleur Adcock's son Andrew watched his mother open an envelope and burst into tears at the contents.¹⁸⁹ The New Zealand newspapers announced: 'Loss of Fine Writer in Mr Duggan' and 'Leading NZ author dies'.¹⁹⁰

The funeral service was held at the Maclaurin Chapel at Auckland University on 13 December. At fifty two Duggan was one of the first important authors of his generation to die, and the service was widely attended. But as always Frank Sargeson was not present. John Reece Cole was not up to the strain of such an event and Christine was unable to travel north. However their daughter, Sarah, who had flown to Auckland with her baby on the way to visiting Wellington for Christmas, stayed on to take part. The eulogy was given by Keith Sinclair, and was later published in the *Listener*.¹⁹¹ Sinclair had already started writing verses about his friend which included the lines, 'Pain was his mistress, /but he mastered her'. When asked by Barbara to speak he turned his thoughts into prose and the poem was never finished.¹⁹² The pallbearers, carrying the coffin not at shoulder height but by handles, eased the long casket without pomp out of the chapel to the waiting car. The weather was warm and cloudy, but dry. The coffin was driven to the crematorium unaccompanied, and Duggan made his final exit. Later as the mourners began to gather at Forrest Hill the assembling crowd grew more relaxed. They enjoyed the food and drink provided, and talked over their happiest memories of Duggan, until the gathering seemed to take on the cheerful air of a successful Irish wake. With many writers in attendance the party had a literary flavour, but its celebrants reflected the breadth of Duggan's friendships. A number of his contacts from Alcoholics Anonymous were present, and said that no one had ever been better at articulating their fears and feelings. Friends from advertising days appeared. The

nurses who had attended to him were invited. Marie Shaw met Werner Droescher in the kitchen and was amazed to hear him say, 'Sometimes Maurice could be a bastard, but what a charming man'. She found that she could only agree.¹⁹³

Jack Lasenby's review of *The Fabulous McFanes* appeared in the *Listener* in the week before Christmas. Davin submitted an obituary notice to William Rees-Mogg at *The Times* and it appeared on 13 January. Duggan was described as 'one of the most gifted writers of his generation [...] [a] loss more grievous in that it so soon followed the deaths of James Baxter and Charles Brasch'.¹⁹⁴ At first Robin Dudding thought of printing several memoirs of Duggan in *Islands*, but he was so impressed by a small piece sent to him by Molly Macalister that he felt it could not be improved on.¹⁹⁵ It appeared in the journal along with a reprint of Duggan's 'Beginnings'. Duggan's five last poems were published in the first issue of *Islands* for 1975, and 'The Magsman Miscellany' appeared in the second to a stir of admiration. It was to be reprinted in Lydia Wevers's selection, *New Zealand Short Stories: Fourth Series*, of the best stories written between 1972 and 1982.¹⁹⁶ A television version of 'Blues For Miss Laverty', co-directed by Roger Donaldson and Ian Mune, was broadcast on 19 April 1976 as part of a series entitled *Winners and Losers*.¹⁹⁷ In June 1981 Duggan's *Collected Stories*, edited by C.K. Stead, appeared in the 'New Zealand Fiction Series' in what was a major publishing event. While gathering information for his introduction, Stead was flabbergasted to learn that Duggan had lost his leg from osteomyelitis. He had heard, and he assumed it was from Duggan, that the amputation had been the result of a motorcycle accident.¹⁹⁸ So much of Duggan's complex inner world continued to be arcane to those who knew him, and to the reading public.

Sargeson died in 1982, just a few days before his seventy ninth birthday. Entering North Shore Hospital with the realisation that his writing life was over, he had determinedly turned his face to the wall. Cole lived on until 1984. Towards the end of his life he was to suffer periods of irrationality, attempting to destroy what remained of his work, which forced Delys Reed to rescue papers from rubbish bins and unfinished manuscripts from a bag destined for the incinerator.¹⁹⁹ Dan Davin, increasingly beset by depression, was to survive until 1990. They had been part of a generation of romantics, who saw themselves as extravagantly doomed. For Barbara it was incredible to think that Duggan's enormous presence was no longer part of her everyday life. After the funeral his urn was buried near the house on the property at Forrest Hill. Barbara had had the gift of staying calm in unusual circumstances, and she continued with her physiotherapy practice. In 1982 Nick married Sally Faulkner, and they had two children, Kate and Ben. Family histories continue to grow forever, as the potential of future generations comes to its time and slips by into genealogy. All that remains of Duggan's life are the fond reminiscences of his

friends and family, recorded here. But his works are of such quality that they will be read, puzzled over, studied and enjoyed by generations to come, as if, like progeny, they had taken on lives themselves. The generous spirit embodied in such achievements always lasts, and in the end it becomes a form of resurrection.

Notes

1. Maurice Duggan. First draft of poem, 'Novice', written in hospital on 26 Jan. 1974. Personal papers.
2. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 25 May 1973. Letter in the possession of Barbara Duggan.
3. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
4. Robin Dudding. Conversation. 5 Dec. 1994.
5. Robin Dudding. Conversations. 6 May 1993, 5 Dec. 1994.
6. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 8 Jun. 1973.
7. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 8 Jun. 1973.
8. Brother Edward. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 5 Jun. 1973. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Brother Edward. 6 Jun. 1973.
9. Maurice Duggan. Letter to the Editor of *Thursday*. 8 Jun. 1973. Personal papers. Aldous Huxley. *Ape and Essence*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1960: 34. The episode of 'Whicker's South Seas' was broadcast on Northern television on 28 May, 1973, and discussed in detail in 'The Clobbering of Alan Whicker'. *N.Z. Listener* 11 June 1973: 6-7.
10. Maurice Duggan. Note written 20 Jun. 1973. Personal papers. Maurice Duggan. Marginal note on letter from Phoebe Meikle. 26 Jun. 1973.
11. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 25 Jun. 1973.
12. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.
13. Phoebe Meikle. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 26 Jun. 1973.
14. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Phoebe Meikle. 31 Jul. 1973. Phoebe Meikle. Interview. 7 May 1993.
15. Maurice Duggan. Draft of letter to Albert Wendt. 4 Apr. 1974. Duggan notes that the letter was not sent in this form.
16. Albert Wendt. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 4 Mar. 1974. Albert Wendt. Conversation. 12 Jan 1994. Meikle thought it too soon after the publication of *Sons For the Return Home* to publish as big a work as *Leaves of the Banyan Tree* and suggested Wendt write something shorter as an intermediate publication. Wendt

produced *Pouliuli*, which was published by Longman Paul in 1977. *Leaves of the Banyan Tree* appeared in 1979. Phoebe Meikle. Interview. 7 May 1993.

17. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Bob Walsh. 8 Jul. 1973.

18. Maurice Duggan. Draft of speech to Alcoholics Anonymous. Personal papers. 'I am a Rock' appeared in the album *Sounds of Silence*. Columbia Records, 1966.

19. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Secretary for Internal Affairs. 10 Sept. 1973.

20. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 11 Sept 1973.

21. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 11 Sept 1973.

22. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 29 Sept. 1973.

23. Fleur Adcock. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 21 Jun. 1973, 20 Oct. 1973.

24. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 17 Sept. 1973.

25. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 22 Dec. 1973.

26. Keith Sinclair. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 12 Sept. 1973. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 15 Sept 1973.

27. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 26 Sept. 1973. Letter in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

28. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 26 Sept. 1973. Letter in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

29. Bronwyn Haresnape. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Sept. 73.

30. Maurice Duggan. Notes on the manuscript of 'The Burning Miss Bratby' and 'Visiting Aunt Beth'.

31. Maurice Duggan. Letter to the New Zealand Literary Fund Advisory Committee. 5 Oct. 1973.

32. Maurice Duggan. Opening of 'Visiting Aunt Beth'. Personal papers.

33. Bronwyn Haresnape. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 10 Oct. 1973.

34. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 31 Aug. 1992. Stephen Sinclair. Interview. 27 May 1993.

35. Psychiatric records, Oakley Hospital.

36. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 25 Aug. 1991.

37. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 6 Nov. 1973.

38. Maurice Duggan. Letter to George Haydn. 6 Jul. 1974.

39. Maurice Duggan. Notes on 'Visiting Aunt Beth', dated 14 Nov. 1973. Personal papers.

40. Robin Dudding. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 5 Nov. 1973, 20 Dec. 1973. Robin Dudding. Conversation. 5 Dec. 1994.

41. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 6 Nov. 1973.

42. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 10 Nov. 1973.

43. In a private, undated note among his papers, probably written as a result of White's award, Duggan observed:

One sometimes has with Patrick White as with Somerset Maugham in a different degree, the feeling that inside the corporate thing, at the very kernel of the taste and wisdom and beautiful aptness and striving to get the picture so perfectly hung and lighted and complete, there's a small round secret cabinet containing the crouched and curious figure of a man on a bicycle, a machine which, peddled desperately and unceasingly, gives off this energy and this diverse and brilliant display: not a living/enduring muscle but a desperate clockwork thing. Why? The secret animation being not the same thing as the outward accomplishment--or, like a frog, so much of the 'saying' remains in the throat--the visible energy to expel--oh more than a croak but something *strained*.

44. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 6 Nov. 1973.
45. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 5 Nov. 1973. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 10 Nov. 1973.
46. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 10 Nov. 1973.
47. Maurice Duggan. Note among personal papers.
48. This was later published in *Islands* vol. 3 no. 3 (1974) as 'Belly Dancer'.
49. Ian Cross. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 15 Jan. 1974. The publication of 'Behave Yourself, Darling' provoked a response. In an argument in the letters to the editor columns over whether poetry should have rhymes and scan George P. Davies wrote: '[...] As an example I give you "Behave Yourself, Darling" by Maurice Duggan. I have read this effort three times, but am quite unable to understand why "Darling" should behave herself. Perhaps I just don't have the mental ability of the person who accepted it on your behalf [...]'.
50. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Ian Cross. 4 Feb. 1974.
51. Maurice Duggan. Draft of speech. Personal papers.
52. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Dec. 1973.
53. Maurice Duggan. Notes on cancer treatment dated 10 Jun. 1974. Personal papers. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 11 Jan. 1974.
54. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 11 Jan. 1974.
55. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 19 Dec. 1973.
56. Keith Sinclair. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 29 Dec. 1973. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 8 Jan. 1974.
57. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 22 Dec. 1974.
58. Maurice Duggan. Letter to the Department of Social Welfare. 1 Jan. 1974. Marginal notes by Duggan on the same letter. Personal papers.
59. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 11 Jan. 1974. Maurice Duggan. Draft of letter to Jack Lasenby. 8 Jan. 1974.

60. Maurice Duggan. Memoir dated 26 Jan. 1974. Personal papers.
61. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 28 Jan. 1974.
62. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 8 Apr. 1974.
63. Fleur Adcock. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 26 Jan. 1974, 15 Feb 1974.
64. Fleur Adcock. 'Acris Hiems.' *New Statesman* 4 Jan. 1974: 22. Reprinted in *The Scenic Route*. London: Oxford University Press, 1974: 23.
65. Keith Sinclair. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 18 Jan. 1974.
66. Fleur Adcock. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 15 Feb 1974.
67. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 8 Jan. 1974.
68. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 7 Feb. 1974.
69. Maurice Duggan. Notes on Waitangi Day, dated 10 Apr. 1974. Personal papers.
70. Eventually both novels were published, but not by Longman Paul. Barry Mitcalfe. *Moana*. Wellington: Seven Seas Publishing, 1975. Heretaunga Pat Baker. *Behind the Tattooed Face*. Whatamongo Bay: Cape Catley, 1975.
71. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Phoebe Meikle. 13 Mar. 1974.
72. The story's title deserves explanation. On the typescript Duggan wrote: 'This is the beginning of the development of the note I made, long ago, for the title story-- *Summer in the Gravel Pit*, or so we'll pretend.' [Personal papers]. In fact Duggan also considered the story worth developing for the *N.Z. Listener*, with the title *Firing Squad*. [Note by Duggan written on a letter from Ian Cross. 15 Jan. 1974]. Furthermore the story appears to criticise the mores of youth in the late 1960s. All this suggests that 'Summer in the Gravel Pit' did not exist in embryo when Duggan completed his second collection of short stories.
73. An outline plot summary is as follows: at the point where the fourth part published in 'The Magsman Miscellany' breaks off, Ben has left for work. In the remaining pages he sells a line of antidepressant drugs, accompanied by an explanatory pamphlet with a picture of Beethoven, noted as a depressive person, on the cover. He does not much like his job. Ben has lunch at the Famagusta coffee-shop, where he goes over aspects of his letter to Rosie once more in his mind. It is Friday, and at home that evening he talks to Rosie about Strindberg and then suggests Famagusta in Cyprus as a possible holiday destination. He describes the history of the town and how it has a good road all the way to Nicosia. On the Saturday Ben and Rosie visit the seaside and sit on a cliff above the beach in the early evening. Ben discusses the possible sale of his land at Peter's Point. On Sunday Ernie Frogett and his second wife, Lex, come to lunch, having first been delayed to their great irritation by young people holding an anti-nuclear protest. In private Ernie tells Rosie that Ben is an effective salesman but a loner, and that Ben has said he is considering resigning from the firm to sell flowers. That night before

sleep Ben and Rosie discuss the breakup of Frogett's first marriage, and the critical percentage of mutual adjustment that is necessary to make a marriage work. Finally Ben suggests Rosie forget trying to second-guess the future and live only in the present--and to get some sleep.

It is worthy of note that in this draft form the story contains no references to characters in Duggan's previous works.

74. Maurice Duggan. Draft of 'A Good Road All the Way to Nicosia', page 7. Personal papers.

75. Maurice Duggan. Draft of 'A Good Road All the Way to Nicosia', page 21. Personal papers.

76. Christine Cole Catley. Interview. 15 Oct. 1993. Naida Ingram. 'Christine Cole Catley: A People-and-Words Person.' *Thursday* 25 Apr. 1974: 52-53.

77. Delys Reed. Interviews. 31 Mar. 1992, 17 Oct. 1994.

78. Christine Cole Catley. Letters to Maurice Duggan. 13 Mar. 1974, 28 Jul. 1974.

79. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 18 Mar. 1974.

80. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 8 Apr. 1974.

81. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 8 Apr. 1974.

82. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 8 Apr. 1974.

83. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Frank Sargeson. 18 Apr. 1974.

84. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Jack Lasenby. 19 Mar. 1974, 8 Apr. 1974.

85. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Keith Sinclair. 18 Apr. 1974.

86. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 19 Apr. 1974.

87. Kendrick Smithyman. 'Community Studies.' *The Seal in the Dolphin Pool*. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1974: 61. Duggan felt that Smithyman worked by placing observation upon observation and that this poem was 'one example of the many difficult poems which when read on the poet's terms, thought over, puzzled over, wrestled with, unfolds a communication where literal meaning is only one of the multifoliate laminations. One responds as much with one's hackles, prickles with the apprehension of the poem, and knows that with each or most poems the vista will be greater the harder and higher one climbs, the response greater the more one works to bring something to the poem. Which gives extraordinary bulk to a seemingly small book.' Notes by Duggan on the end-paper of *The Seal in the Dolphin Pool*, dated 16 Jul. 1974 [misdated 1973], in preparation for a letter to Smithyman. Copy in the possession of Barbara Duggan.

88. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Stephen Sinclair. 1 Apr. 1974.

89. 'O'Leary's Orchard.' *Collected Stories*: 264.

90. Maurice Duggan. Letters to Frank Sargeson. 18 Apr. 1974, 29 Apr. 1974.

91. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 30 Apr. 1974.

92. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Nick Duggan. 6 May 1974 [misdated Apr.]. Letter in the possession of Nick Duggan.
93. 'Author Maurice Duggan still far from spent force.' *Sunday Herald* 5 May 1974: 7. Notes by Duggan with his own copy. Personal papers.
94. Maurice Duggan. 'To what do you attribute your longevity?' Personal papers.
95. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 30 Apr. 1974.
96. Maurice Duggan. Notes on cancer treatment dated 10 Jun. 1974. Personal papers.
97. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 30 Apr. 1974. Delys Reed. Interview. 17 Oct. 1994. The work on Hodge was brought close to completion, but never finished.
98. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Nick Duggan. 6 May 1974 [misdated Apr.]. Letter in the possession of Nick Duggan.
99. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Nick Duggan. 12 May 1974. Letter in the possession of Nick Duggan.
100. Maurice Duggan. Note among the 'The Magsman Miscellany' manuscript. Personal papers.
101. Maurice Duggan. Notes on correspondence. Dated 21 May 1974. This is not the text of the letter itself, which has been lost, but Duggan's notes on the letter. These appear to reproduce much of its contents.
102. Maurice Duggan. 'On the subject of a literary executor for the works and literary remnants of Maurice Duggan.' 21 May 1974.
103. Maurice Duggan. Note written on letter from Robin Dudding. 11 Jun. 1974.
104. Maurice Duggan. Tape-recording of notes on *Four Quartets*. After speaking at some length, mostly quoting passages from Helen Gardner, Duggan concludes with a coda:

The background noise on this tape is the sound of rain on a cold tin roof in June. The temperature is twelve degrees Celsius, or less. The level of Lake Taupo is falling, further. T.S. Eliot O.M. is dead these couple of years. Every moment is a new moment and every end a beginning. Effort becomes something nearer to adventure, and every action we have ever taken, or will ever take, is a moment of now. Riley in 'Riley's Handbook' deplored that aspect of his existence which he saw as an exercise of the present ferrying the past into the future--poor sod. And O'Leary's with his apples, and golden girls and lads all must like chimney sweepers come to dust. Tra la. Tra la la la.

[Tape in the possession of Barbara Duggan.]

105. T.S. Eliot. 'East Coker.' *Collected Poems 1909-1962*. London: Faber and Faber: 200.

106. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Lloyd Geering. 12 July 1974 [not posted].

107. Maurice Duggan. Page labelled 'note/doodle/only'. Personal papers.

108. Maurice Duggan. Notes on consultation with Dr Eric Stephens dated 11 Jun. 1974. Personal papers.

109. Maurice Duggan. 'Diary Note.' Undated but probably Jul. 1974. Personal papers. Among meditations on the inability of television to report as subtly as the written word on Brych's case and on others like it, Duggan observes

I have only TV on which to form an opinion of Dr Brych or Dr Moody, short of attending the enquiry. No 'image' confuses my reading of, say, Victor Frankl: I remain in objective mood. Except that I should feel uneasy about Victor Frankl if he bred doberman pinschers [as Brych and his wife did] --very uneasy and uncertain.

This may in fact be the origin of Ben McGoldrick's suggestion to Rosie in 'The Magsman Miscellany' that she 'consider breeding doberman pinschers, for which Ben foresaw an increasing demand by departments of justice and education'. *Collected Stories*: 372.

110. Michael Guy. *Cancer & Milan Brych: Cure or Con?* Martinborough: Alister Taylor Publishing, 1978: 7, 103-112.

111. Maurice Duggan. Note on alcoholism. Personal papers.

112. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 18 Jun. 1974. Fleur Adcock. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 11 July 1974.

113. Fleur Adcock. 'Letter from Highgate Wood.' *New Statesman* 31 Jan. 1975: 150. Reprinted in *The Inner Harbour*. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1979: 23.

114. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Graham Billing. 17 Jun. 1974.

115. John Keats. Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds. 3 May 1818. *The Complete Works of John Keats* vol. 4. Ed. H. Buston Forman. New York: AMS Press, 1970: 107.

116. This was later published as *The Chambered Nautilus*. Christchurch: Canterbury University Press, 1993.

117. David Hill. 'A Man Awash.' *N.Z. Listener* 13 Jul. 1974: 28-29. Graham Billing. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 17 Jul. 1974.

118. Maurice Duggan. Letter to the editor. 30 Jul. 1974. Personal papers. Ian Cross. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 5 Sept. 1974.

119. Medical records. Auckland Hospital.

120. Maurice Duggan. Diary note leading to General Note on 'The Cancer Technique'. Personal papers.

121. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Barbara Duggan. 3 Jul. 1974.
122. Maurice Duggan. 'Ricci in Richmond Road' manuscript. Personal papers. The story may also have been partly inspired by Fred Francis, an ex-Oakley Hospital alcoholic who contacted Duggan and borrowed \$40 from him in May. Francis was resident in a Richmond Road boarding house with a landlady known as 'The Old Lady'. Diary note dated 17 May 1974. Personal papers.
123. Maurice Duggan. Draft of letter to Fleur Adcock. Undated, but probably Jul./Aug. 1974.
124. Medical records. Auckland Hospital.
125. Maurice Duggan. Letter to M. Jarman. Secretary, New Zealand Literary Fund. 31 Jul. 1974. M. Jarman. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 6 Aug. 74.
126. Christopher Hampton. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 21 Aug. 1974.
127. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 1 Aug. 1974.
128. Bill Manhire. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 5 Aug. 1974. Duggan's marginal notes on the same letter.
129. Maurice Duggan. 'Some random notes for "The Buggy Gasta".' In the possession of Nick Duggan. Duggan himself notes his own error, that the engine is from a 1,600cc 1960 Austin.
130. Maurice Duggan. Undated diary notes. Personal papers.
131. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 18 Aug. 1974.
132. Dr Eric Stephens. Letter to Dr Ray Freeman. 27 Aug. 1974. Medical records. Auckland Hospital
133. C.K. Stead. 'A Poet's View.' *In the Glass Case: Essays in New Zealand Literature*. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1981: 259-271.
134. Kate Kurzke. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 24 Aug. 1974.
135. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 5 Sept. 1974.
136. Maurice Duggan. Note among personal papers.
137. Maurice Duggan. Note dated 8 Aug. 1974. Personal papers.
138. Maurice Duggan. Undated diary note. Personal papers.
139. E.H. McCormick. Interview. 2 Sept. 1992.
140. When first publishing 'The Magsman Miscellany' in *Islands* Robin Dudding noted that Duggan 'intended to continue working on it, and it is probable that it would have been part of a longer work'. [*Islands* vol. 4 no. 2 (1975): 133] However the pattern of beginning a long work only to discard large portions and finish up with a smaller, densely written short story is common in Duggan's lifelong approach to writing. This process appears to have occurred in the case of 'The Magsman Miscellany'.
141. Maurice Duggan. Personal papers. Some pages are dated 9 Aug. and 10 Aug. 1974.

142. C.K. Stead refers to this and to Duggan in his poem '1st September, 1974', in *Quesada Poems: 1972-74*. Auckland: The Shed, 1975: 26.
143. Maurice Duggan. Note dated 2 Sept. 1974. Personal papers.
144. Maurice Duggan. Undated note, 'Politicians/etc'. Personal papers.
145. Maurice Duggan. Notes written on typescript of C.K. Stead's 'A Poet's View.' Personal papers.
146. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 22 Dec. 1973.
147. Maurice Duggan. Note on 'The Novel of Business', dated Oct. 1974. Personal papers.
148. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 11 Sept. 1974.
149. Medical records. Auckland Hospital.
150. Maurice Duggan. 'Tesserae.' Undated notes. Personal papers.
151. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 22 Sept. 1974.
152. Christine Cole Catley. Letter to Ian Cross and Tony Reid. Undated, but probably late Sept. 1974. Letter in the possession of Christine Cole Catley.
153. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Christine Cole Catley. 22 Sept. 1974.
154. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 8 Oct. 1974.
155. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 17 Mar. 1974. Dan Davin. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 6 Oct. 1974.
156. Fleur Adcock. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 12 Oct. 1974.
157. Medical records. Auckland Hospital.
158. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 17 Oct. 1974.
159. Medical records. Auckland Hospital. Maurice Duggan. Note dated 22 Oct. 1974 2.45 am. Personal papers.
160. Maurice Duggan. Note headed 'MD. obiit Oct 74.' Personal papers.
161. Maurice Duggan. Note dated 22 Oct. 1974. Personal papers.
162. Christine Cole Catley. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 26 Oct. 1974.
163. Phoebe Meikle. Interview. 7 May 1993.
164. Christine Cole Catley. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 8 Nov. 1974.
165. Christine Cole Catley. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 26 Oct. 1974. Also Duggan's comments written on the same letter.
166. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Fleur Adcock. 4 Nov. 1974.
167. Barbara Duggan. Interview. 30 Aug. 1992.
168. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 18 Apr. 1994.
169. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.
170. Maurice Duggan. Note dated 15 Nov. 1974. Personal papers.
171. Maurice Duggan. Noted on a letter to Maurice Duggan from Jack Lasenby. 19 Nov. 1974.
172. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 26 Nov. 1974.

173. Maurice Duggan. Draft of 'Letter from Gaul'. Personal papers. Among other poems worked on at this time was 'In Residence: Auckland 1974', a draft of which is dated 4 Nov. 1974. The poems' original title was 'Labour Weekend '74'. In draft form the poem was dedicated: 'For Sister Dannett with thanks for many months of nursing' and contained a further, final stanza.

Cattle grazed the schoolground,
the black jersey bull
stood where the hoop receives
the playtime ball:
they milked the head
in primer two classroom,
the barn stood yawning
where the swimming pool lies.

A draft of 'In the Territory' is dated Nov. 1974 and was originally dedicated: 'For Jack Lasenby'.

174. C.K. Stead. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 26 Nov. 1974.

175. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 26 Nov. 1974.

176. Robin Dudding. Conversation. 5 Dec. 1994.

177. Fleur Adcock. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 18 Nov. 1974.

178. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Jack Lasenby. 29 Nov. 1974.

179. Jack Lasenby. Interview. 9 Apr. 1992.

180. Maurice Duggan. Undated note. Personal papers.

181. Molly Macalister. 'Maurice Duggan 1922-74.' *Islands* vol. 3 no. 4 (1974):

342. Mary Sinclair. Interview. 5 May 1993.

182. Marie Shaw. Interview. 3 Sept. 1992.

183. Secretary for Internal Affairs. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 3 Dec. 1974.

184. Maurice Duggan. Undated poem. Personal papers. It is the uncharacteristically wracked handwriting which supports my belief that this is a final work.

185. Barbara and Nick Duggan. Interview. 28 Jul. 1994.

186. Janet Frame. Conversation. 18 Nov. 1991.

187. Marilyn Duckworth. Interview. 10 Apr. 1992.

188. Kendrick Smithyman. Telegram to Dan Davin. 11 Dec. 1974. Davin collection. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

189. Andrew Campbell. Conversation. 29 Jul. 1994.

190. Unsigned [David Ballantyne]. 'Leading NZ author dies.' *Auckland Star* 12 Dec. 1974: 3. 'Loss of Fine Writer in Mr Duggan.' *New Zealand Herald* 13 Dec. 1974: section 1: 12.

191. Keith Sinclair. 'Maurice Duggan 1922-1974.' *N.Z. Listener* 25 Jan. 1975: 22.

192. Keith Sinclair. Interview. 26 Aug. 1991.
193. Marie Shaw. Conversation. 25 Jul. 1994.
194. D.M.D. [Dan Davin]. 'Mr Maurice Duggan.' *The Times* 13 Jan. 1975: 16.
195. George Haydn. Interview. 1 Jun. 1991.
196. 'The Magsman Miscellany.' *New Zealand Short Stories: Fourth Series*. Ed. Lydia Wevers. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1984: 51-66.
197. *N.Z. Listener* 17 Apr. 1976: 64.
198. C.K. Stead. 3 Oct. 1991.
199. Delys Reed. Interview. 17 Oct. 1994.

The Magsman Miscellany

'And without Ben I might not have counted riddles, or puzzled over his conundrums, or understood even a hint of the nonsense that he weaves out of himself.' (*The Magsman Miscellany*).¹

With its puzzling references to earlier works by Duggan himself and its considerations of the relationship between art and reality, 'The Magsman Miscellany' is plainly Duggan's conscious farewell to his craft. The story is constructed out of numerous paradoxes and contradictions, and it continues his interest in the process of transformations. Duggan originally thought of subtitling the work 'The Fantasisist', but he then decided that the word 'magsman', or confidence trickster, sufficiently implied his intended focus upon the artistic impulse within the human mind.² This impulse Duggan had come to see as containing a mystic aspect. He felt that creativity arose constantly and even necessarily as part of humanity's spiritual aspiration, and it was thus representative of what was divine within all people (see page 641). 'The Magsman Miscellany' begins with an extended meditation on the power of imaginative literature to present humanity to itself in a way, as Wallace Stevens suggested, 'more truly and more strange'.³ This takes the form of notes written by Ben McGoldrick, the sales representative of a pharmaceutical company and, through his *cacoethes scribendi*, a 'compulsory fantasist'.⁴ Despite his manifest facility with language there is no suggestion that Ben is in any way a famous or under-rated author. However, the mystical ability of literature to transform and yet reveal both the world and oneself is very much the source of Ben's entirely amateur interest in writing. His written thoughts are divided by a repeated pentacle, an ancient symbol to ward off evil spirits, as opposed to the more conventional typographical symbol of the asterisk. In part three of the story Ben's wife, Rosie, observes this as Ben's method of arranging notes when he is 'doodling'.⁵ Duggan packs the language of Ben's notes with a remarkable poetic resonance.

The initial conception, presented in the first of these notes, is that it may be better to remain silent than to bother others with one's written observations if they are not executed as entertainments. Ben plays cleverly on the double meaning of the word 'presumption' as both an opening supposition and as conduct exceeding propriety. Yet just as Rosie abhors silence in her everyday life, so too Ben will compulsively write marginalia. Thus the act of communication over silence provides the material for the opening of 'The Magsman Miscellany' which, as Duggan implies through Ben, will look in at art from the margins and never 'embark upon a central text'. Ben's notes may ultimately be of no more than personal importance, or they may reflect the possible origins of all literature, as annotations appear to do in the margins of Holy Writ.

In his second note Ben McGoldrick considers the potential audience for any writer. He concludes that, even though there are readers, they remain unknowable for the writer at the time of a work's creation. He claims not to write specifically for Rosie, his 'nearest and dearest'. Even though the couple are so attuned to each other that Rosie can detect his use of her name across a room, Ben states that she can possess no special insight as a reader into what he creates. (This is another of the many contradictions in 'The Magsman Miscellany', since such an insight is precisely what Rosie displays when reading Ben's letter at the story's close.) Writing fiction directly from life is forbidden, because it ceases to be fiction. Ben's notes are best recorded, as they would be if they were memoranda of the company at which he is employed, in some sort of conformity to the rules. Any relationship with readers remains unfathomable, their individual likes and dislikes impossible to allow for, which makes the very conception of a reader in the writer's mind no more or less than a problematic invention. Ben decides that this invention must in fact be an extension of the writer's self, and so he labels his own audience 'D.N.A. McGoldrick'. A truly perfect communication with real readers is in any event not to be desired, since in that case written words themselves would become redundant.

The third note argues that writing does, nevertheless, produce in readers moments of response. It may be the desire for those moments which motivates both readers and writers to enter into the maze of communication. In such a view communication is only the means to an end which is human contact. Ben draws an analogy with the comfort he feels from Rosie's communicative gestures as she goes about household tasks, even if the popular song she hums is on the subject of isolation. But while such moments may increase human consciousness or provide illumination, as Ben argues in the fourth note, these changes are so fleeting as to remain immeasurable and undetected by others. People, like mobiles in a gallery, are so multifaceted that such small effects on the human mind are lost in a continuity of change. The fifth note suggests that any minute change induced by an act of successful communication is only one of many similarly induced changes. Thus these all together constitute '[f]its and starts'. 'Fits and starts' in turn implies progress of a sort, just as 'The Magsman Miscellany' itself makes hesitant progress. This may be no more than progress backwards down the sliding slope, or the opposite of backwards which is forwards, just as a windmill with snow on it moves its arms both up and down at once.⁶ There is, of course, something quixotic in such a view of advancement.

In the next note Ben begins to shift his interest from the effects produced on a reader by literary communication to the medium of communication itself. The earliest such medium was simply reflective water in a pool, which successfully beguiled Narcissus. Yet even that medium required heightening to a degree of

perfection in order to be so successful. However, according to the seventh note, literature does not merely reflect life but sends its readers as if '[t]hrough the looking glass'. They enter a world, like Lewis Carroll's, at once familiar and made new. With this a reader's preconceptions over the nature of the world are subtly removed, and thus the reader achieves insight by seeing things as both recognisable and transformed. Paradoxically, such new forms are often ineffable in the 'real' world and as such are describable only by speaking of them in their transformed, metaphoric terms. Ben observes this by quoting from, and extending the meaning of, Aristotle on metaphor.⁷ It is a concept going all the way back to the Greeks that through narrative and plot the reader engages with the consciousness of many fictional characters--'a way of putting people into our mouths'--and then expressively feels for these characters in a cleansing catharsis. But it is impossible, the eighth note argues, to view such a process of absorption in literature dispassionately, since any standard of judgment which is set up displays biases and can itself be further judged. There is no meta-position. In another paradox, this issue of judgment is precisely the concern of 'the 2M conundrum company', of which Ben's notes are later jokingly referred to as 'the house magazine'. 'The Magsman Miscellany' thus attempts, through its many distancing devices, to examine the causes and effects of literature with some notional degree of what is in fact an unattainable impartiality.

However, despite the impossibility of judgment, the ninth note claims that there are such things as effective or ineffective writing, and that it is not enough to communicate 'only with conviction'. Style is a necessity, and form beyond the merely random appears to be necessary also. It is the ability to proliferate in new forms which distinguishes thinking humanity from other creatures, even if it does not bring happiness. A malignant, random growth like cancer succeeds only by invading the pre-existing form of the human frame, and establishes nothing within that frame beyond its complete destruction. However language, like all tools, is a formative instrument which allows the raw material of life to be changed into something new, thus giving life itself form and, in the same action, significance. In their ability to invest life with significance, works of literature are metaphors for the religious impulse, or 'pseudonyms for the Gods'.⁸ Because such works are human creations they reveal the divine in humanity, and thus they deal with the question evaded by humanity in the same way that the issue of godhead is so often obscured. That question is: why am I here?, which Ben appropriately states by alluding to a seminal work of New Zealand literature, Sargeson's *I Saw in My Dream*. In that novel the question is articulated as a make-believe form of a Maori place name.⁹ To fail to acknowledge this question, and with it the divine aspect within humanity, is to lead a mundane and bitter life of petty distraction, and to look for an ersatz religion such as a cargo cult.

The tenth note draws an analogy between the contemplation of a subject for a work of literature and the examination of a stone in a riverbed. One observes the way the stone has been acted upon, and regards it in both its similarity to, and difference from, other stones. However the stone-subject is not an *objet trouvé*, in the way that Dan Davin might have defined one as the basis of a story (see page 177), but is in fact the writer. The subject of a work of literature, no matter how it is examined, is argued to be in the end always the unknowable self of its creator. Human beings are multifaceted, the eleventh note argues, partly because at any one moment they are able to chose from an infinite range of possibilities of what to do next. In this psychological sense human time is infinite. Human life progresses through the endless fits and starts of such decisive moments. 'Dear Albert' Einstein, who was himself conceived in a world where space and even time were finite, grew up to introduce similar ideas of infinity into modern physics.

Given that the object of literature is the communication, through a world made new and strange, of the divine in humanity, and given that all writers must necessarily choose themselves as subject, then: 'In the process of trying to see what we wish to see we are involved in selecting from that which we do not wish to see'. The writer actually gets in the way of apprehension of the ultimate answer to the question, 'waiamihea', in the same way that Rosie's repetitive nightmares block out her other dreams. The apprehension of truths beyond the self in literature is as problematic as the earlier conception of an ideal reader, and for much the same reason. The twelfth note argues that even what seems obvious is only so because the way of looking beyond it has been forgotten. Perception involves selection, but what is seen may in fact have been distorted by conscious or unconscious acts of dishonesty hidden in the selective process. Drawing together previously used images so that they might be re-examined, Ben argues that humanity has shaped the facts about Narcissus to fit the myth, that it is useless to speculate on the origin of the already vanished river which made the riverstone, and that the religious significance of the nativity is made discoverable only by the later crucifixion. It is a paradox that the discovery of the moment when something new was first conceived, including the 'marvellous year' postulated by Allen Curnow in which a true New Zealand poet would be born, can be achieved only by tracing backwards through the effects of that new thing, which in its time had in fact known an infinite range of possible, though not actual, developments.¹⁰ This sort of discovery process, which is as much creative as exploratory, approximates the use of memory in the imaginative conception of a work of literature.

With so much else unknowable, imagination is the key that makes possible the writer's and reader's leap of communication through the looking glass into the world of literature. It is the writer's magical imagination which allows him or her not just

to 'report upon the surface tensions', but to describe beyond the self. In fact it is precisely the distracting leaves and distorted light which Narcissus did not seek in his reflective pool, altering the view of the self, that most interest the magician-creator. Reality in literature, the fourteenth note begins by observing, is merely beguiling. Literature is hampered by the presentation of reality in the same way that the writer is hampered in creating something beyond the mere reflection of self. Perfectly realistic literature would offer only an artificial version of the choices of the real world, 'planted' since they would be worked out by the writer in advance. Such literature locates at a distance characters who look suspiciously like aspects of the self, 'magsman and villain', but it offers little help in the writer's or reader's search in literature for a new, ideal self beyond the everyday. That ideal self would be someone in whom such questions as 'why am I here?' would be satisfactorily answered. Although people may seldom achieve their ideal selves in life (to which Ben wittily excepts his wife as always good and kind), literature nevertheless offers glimpses of a better self beyond the one ordinarily seen. Ben assumes that 'such moments, reflected upon, may offer illuminations of possible directions' in life. These small rewards, while not as dramatic as 'the clamour of the brazen gong', may contain 'incidental' truths--both in the sense of small truths and revelations of how one incident follows another. Similarly, when writers or readers ask real-world questions about life's meaning in the imaginative medium through the looking glass, they may receive 'unusual replies' which are new and strange.

In the fifteenth note Ben expands on the notion of 'the truth of incidental things'. Just as Magus the magician earlier concentrated on 'the fracture and refractions of the image', so in 'Frost at Midnight' Coleridge managed to write a poem on the nature of his life, at the same time going beyond his own self, by carefully observing a burning coal. Writers take an often absurdly small starting point as the beginning of a conjecture which may lead, because of the choice of that particular image, to the ideal 'territories of promise within ourselves'. Ben McGoldrick has done something like this through the contemplative agency of his notes.

Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets.¹¹

Conjecture may lead anywhere. Thus, when most successful, it can take the reader somewhere beyond 'old sequences', past the 'deceitful gaze' at self, to the puzzling truths of life's meaning. Through that first well-chosen image, or 'password', may eventually be exposed 'the map of the way of our going and of our being'. Ben claims that his password is 'Rosa-mund', or 'Rose of the world'. Rosamund refers to Rosie but is not actually Ben's wife's name, although he sometimes calls her this. It

is also an oblique reference to the Virgin Mary, so often the 'password' chosen in dealing with the divinely ineffable. Art is thus indeed a metaphor for the operation of the religious impulse. With this the exploration of the act of literary communication is complete. Having traced through its maze to the revelation by writers and readers of 'the God in themselves', Ben makes clear in the sixteenth note that this may not necessarily be something miraculous. Writing and reading are everyday acts of imaginative faith. To expect the results to be manifestly supernatural is to belittle that simple faith.

Ben finishes off his meditation with a coda which appears to return to the real world around him, much as Coleridge does in 'Frost at Midnight'. He quotes Aristotle on the importance of style, since ultimately it is a well written work of literature that allows such communicative feats. But the idea for the quotation comes only from reading a calendar on the wall nearby.¹² On it Rosie has written hints of what she would like for her birthday. These hints Ben jocularly interprets as 'perfume and *cannibas indica*', the former something which encourages recognition and the latter a narcotic which makes for the new and strange. But this act of Ben's is not as simple as it appears. He is in fact, at this final moment, writing about reading Rosie's words interpreted as showing Rosie's nature, but which rather in their interpretation show something of Ben himself. Both to transform and to reveal is thus the function of riddles and of metaphor, and also of literature itself.

After Ben's extended meditation through his notes, the second part of 'The Magsman Miscellany' is Rosie's monologue. This provides Rosie's views, more down-to-earth than Ben's aesthetic concerns, and gives useful background to the history of their life together. She begins by remembering a seepage well in her childhood and comparing it to the mysterious operation of Ben's mind. Words go into such a well and reappear not as an echo but as 'muffled and weird'. Despite having lived with her husband for years, Rosie must face the fact that there will always be a part of him, his creative aspect, which will remain unknowable. For Rosie this side of Ben, as when he suddenly calls the riddle of the Sphinx into the well, is 'amusing, but really disturbing--underneath'. She finds that kneeling safe above the well's unknown depth still gives 'an empty feeling'. As with his notes, Ben's question spoken into the well is about his own nature. In Greek mythology the Sphinx, a winged monster with the body of a lion and the face of a woman, stopped all passers-by on the road to Thebes and asked them a riddle. Those who could not answer were killed. Oedipus vanquished the Sphinx by giving the correct answer--man. Ben's behaviour is not presented as sinister but rather as both learned and frivolous. This is further evidenced by his marriage proposal to Rosie, suggesting that she change her name. Ben has married Rosie in a registry office because he is sceptical of convention. This is unlike the motives of Rosie's father, Mr Finan, in

acquiescing to the idea. Mr Finan agrees to 'a registry office contract' because it will save money and because, it is implied, he is an alcoholic beginning to withdraw from interest in life.

Mr Finan's drinking of Captain Morgan's rum and the selling off of his property may be seen as his compromise with life's exigencies, but over time Ben has also been forced into compromises. In his carefree youth he drove only a grocery van and studied what he disparagingly calls 'the jewsharp, the pro-semitic model'. The Jew's-harp is a simple form of the lyre, often the symbol of lyric poetry. Thus Ben claims he was so engrossed in the study of poetry as a young man that he did not notice how much Mr Finan settled on his daughter when she married. However now Ben travels in pharmaceuticals and his writing is reduced to miscellaneous notes. He has made these changes in order to earn a living, and some repression of the artistic self has been necessary. But Rosie feels Ben is very much involved in exploring life, unlike her father, despite or perhaps because of what remains of his creative interests. Ben likes to take different routes home from parties in order to find out where they lead. Nevertheless his is an interest in life mostly as it relates to the activities of his own mind. Ben is uninterested in social games and seems little inclined to all but perfunctory communication with the rest of the world, beyond Rosie.

Thus Ben's relationship with the world is delicate. His activities, driven by a powerful imagination, are not always appreciated. This has been particularly so as a young grocery-van driver, when his van was 'forever in the god-damned way'. Even now Ben assumes the child whose house is built over the well, and who hears his voice echoing up from its depths, will have a mother who thinks the cause is a physical toothache rather than a mental receptiveness. (In fact, however, this instance of disapproval is entirely the product of Ben's imagination.) Ben's respectable employment as a sales representative and his involvement in the domestic round, camouflages that allow his magus-like sensibility to fit in with the outside world, are sources of some irritation to him. But at the same time they are necessary structures which give his personality support and fuel his imagination. Ben is aware of this, and his ability to balance such forces is one cause of his evident happiness. Thus it has been possible for Ben's fantasist nature to be a help rather than a hindrance in getting him through life, a situation which Duggan would very much have liked to think he himself could attain.

Ben sees the activity of his own mind as like that of a spider, surviving by weaving an unbroken thread on which it then lives. Typically he reveals this only to Rosie, who grasps its significance perhaps better than its meaning. Ben likes riddles, puzzles which take units of known information and transform them so as to offer an alternative way of seeing. They are '[o]ccupational therapy' for a restless

mind, sustaining him more satisfactorily, or at least more quietly, than 'the accordion or the jewsharp or quadrophonic low impedance infidelity'. Rosie enjoys seeing the world occasionally through her husband's eyes, but to her Ben is himself a riddle, which leaves her wondering near the end of her monologue essentially the same question with which it began: 'are we so flowed together as all our life, our lives, would seem to show?'.

The derivative and historical nuances of the name Benedict Thomas result in that name apparently meaning 'well-saying doubter', and appropriately Rosie feels that she never knows whether Ben is joking or not. To confuse the reader in the same way that Rosie is confused, so that the reader's relationship with Ben parallels his wife's, Duggan has added to the story riddling references to 'O'Leary's Orchard' and 'Riley's Handbook'. These were introduced comparatively late in the composition of 'The Magsman Miscellany'.¹³ The two stories alluded to are about withdrawal and escape, works which Duggan felt to some extent illustrated two sides of the same coin (see pages 560-561), but there is no suggestion in Ben's life that he is living out either O'Leary's emotional isolationism or Riley's bitter desperation. Rather he seems to have evaded this Scylla and Charybdis. Appropriately to the biographical circumstances of these works' composition, O'Leary is mentioned in the context of the alcoholic Mr Finan who withdraws to his verandah, and characters from 'Riley's Handbook', Nan and Tunny, appear in the context of Ben leaving his wife.

There are numerous oblique autobiographical touches in 'The Magsman Miscellany', noticeably with places, such as the well, the section bought on the edge of a town, Peter's Point, and the traffic past the house moving towards the city. 'The Magsman Miscellany' is clearly not a plotted narrative so much as a series of psychological tableaux. The story of Ben McGoldrick can be seen as a self-portrait by Duggan in 1974, painted in words, of how he is and how he would like to be. Portions of his own personality as husband, working man and writer are shown interacting, producing a verbal construct which is Maurice Duggan both transformed and revealed. As a self-portrait 'The Magsman Miscellany' is thus something of a counterbalance to 'Riley's Handbook' with its presentation of a narrow and embittered aspect of Duggan's personality. Many of the obsessions displayed in Riley's history are absent or treated as under control within Ben. As in 'Riley's Handbook', aspects of Duggan's life appear at a remove, such as an invalidity which is treated through the successful application of antiseptic and an accompanying discussion of penicillin. The alcoholic lurks as another character entirely within the narrative, providing funds, a figure who may or may not try to exert some control over Ben's life. There is the necessary job to be avoided whenever possible and most of all, appearing throughout the story, there is the wife, Rosie, and her concerns.

Ben's world turns about her, while at the same time an urge to escape all domestic ties arises and is successfully sublimated into art.

Part three, at the centre of the story, depicts two exchanges between Ben and Rosie written in the third person. Dialogue predominates and, as mentioned in earlier chapters, when the authorial voice is reduced to a mere tonal presence this can result in a form close to the apparent objectivity of drama (see pages 310-311). The exchanges exhibit domestic ease, with a witty understanding of what is artificial in propriety on display from the first sentences. Ben considers it more normal to scream at the treatment of a carbuncle, which convention would frown upon, than at a baptism, where society is more indulgent. Rosie is cleaning a burst cyst on Ben's neck with alcohol. Her supportive role is gently lampooned in the revelation of her second name, Veronica, a reference to St. Veronica who wiped the face of Christ on his way to Calvary. At the same time she has been literally puncturing 'the affected partner' and clears away his 'detritus'. Ben manages the pain by imagining his baptism, and this comes back to Rosie, from the well of his mind, as a *non-sequitur* on whether she cried at her christening.

The second exchange follows a short time later that same morning. Ben is writing, and is unruffled by Rosie's interruption. A brief description of pentacles suggests that his literary interests may have come from his father, a fan of popular novelists such as George Sava.¹⁴ It is Ben's birthday, and he decides that this, combined with his minor ailment, will be sufficient grounds for taking the day off work. In the first exchange, despite their banter on Sir Alexander Fleming, Rosie was partly excluded from knowledge of Ben's thought processes. In the second, even though Ben is writing, she is gradually involved as she listens to his explanation of pentacles, until she draws one in spilled sugar. Ben's inner life, as exemplified in his writing, appears to be in complete harmony with his outer, domestic life. However he would like to keep both protected from the wider world, as his description of the use of pentacles implies. The reader is shown these exchanges as somehow typical of the marriage. They provide a distanced view of Ben and Rosie to offset the couple's subjective views of each other in the rest of the story.

Part four continues the scene of domestic harmony. On a Sunday evening Rosie is ironing in the kitchen and Ben is writing at the other end of the same space in the living room (as would be possible in the Duggan house, see page 126). Both are within clear sight of each other, and both are absorbed in their own activities without need of privacy. There is only one small disruption to the reader's perception that all is just as it seems, which is the conundrum that the rain on the roof might be light or just 'lightly heard'. As a result Ben's long letter to his wife comes as something of a surprise. Its expressed discontents usefully draw the

threads of the narrative together and give the otherwise plotless story a minimal sense of development. Part four supplies a further monologue from Ben in the form of notes and then once again enters Rosie's thoughts. Just as Rosie's earlier monologue revealed small doubts and disturbances contained within the normal pattern of the McGoldrick marriage, so now Ben's letter will raise further concerns from his standpoint. The opening of the story offered Ben's opinions on aesthetics, and Rosie, in her own fashion, will ponder the same subject at the story's close. Thus the symmetry of 'The Magsman Miscellany' is unobtrusive but remarkable.

Ben begins his letter by comparing his wife to a well, but one which puts out no echo when he shouts into it. Rosie is, *au fond*, no more understandable to him than Ben is to her, because she is human. Ben is no more comfortable with the humility imposed by the limits to knowledge than Rosie, and perhaps even less so. He imagines Rosie as distracted by the unlikely combination of a play by Strindberg, who was a notorious misogynist, and an unnecessary ironing of drip-dry shirts. His letter, in a series of accusatory questions, reveals the inner unhappiness of the artistic temperament: 'Have you any idea of what harsh fibres my life, my everyday life is woven? The strands of it? Have you?'.¹⁵ Just how Rosie is to answer such a question satisfactorily is unclear, although Ben imagines it has been, and could be again, with a suggestion that he get drunk. Escape into drunkenness, it would seem, is the avenue of a mind put out of balance. But Ben does not leave the room to commence drinking. Instead he is once more revealed smoking a cigarette and watching his wife's ironing motion. Her very placidity seems to provoke him and he advises her to put more venom into her work.

Ben's tone changes to one of self-pity, which causes him unintentionally to go too far and mention a moment of infidelity with the second Mrs Frogett, the wife of his boss, at the Christmas office party. This is Riley territory, and some of Ben's letter is written in the hectoring style of 'Riley's Handbook', most noticeably the angry paragraph beginning: 'What is it you must answer [...]'. Just as in Duggan's own life, the McGoldrick marriage encompasses past infidelity, which, though still painful, is confined successfully within the history of their relationship. Rosie has somewhere come to terms with the fact, but Ben wonders guiltily about Frogett. A difficult matter, he imagines the Frogetts in terms of the solution to his crossword puzzle, as a seven-letter name which in this case means 'Doom, desperation, desuetude, adultery'. Nevertheless, although his note is ostensibly one in which Ben is proposing a separation, he guiltily feels that it 'might be better to re-word that last bit'. This, along with Ben's tacit rejection of the option of getting drunk, is another indication that the letter may be no more than a letting off of steam, a releasing of 'the pressures internal to Ben'. His thoughts return lightheartedly to the time when

his wife will lose interest in the radio, not so that she can answer his angry questions but so that she might make him a cup of tea.

There is a further irony in the infidelity with Frogett's wife having taken place at an office party. Throughout the story Ben feels, as a dedicated part-time writer might, that he is holding down two jobs at once, one as a sales representative in order to pay the bills and the other as a literary worker with 'the 2M conundrum company'. As such this parallels Duggan's own view of his writing life, with his marital infidelities thus 'office' related. Several witty analogies on this theme of employment are drawn throughout 'The Magsman Miscellany'. The company manual proscribes writing directly from life, its house magazine suggests the study of Freud, and Ben's taking the day off work to spend time with Rosie also involves ceasing his 'doodling'.

Ben proposes an amicable separation from Rosie. But his letter soon begins to hint at some bickering about the division of possessions on the grounds that he is too old to become a wandering Buddhist monk 'in saffron yellow', the type of person who would be concerned only with inner development. Then in a somewhat contradictory fashion he imagines that he will leave for Peter's Point, a piece of land on which he claims to have been making secret payments and where no more than a rude hut will be 'my crib in sweet pasture'. Without ties, a new and merely 'humble' job will do to pay the bills. Such attitudes show little real coherence because they serve to embody in physical terms the artistic impulse towards mental freedom. Furthermore, for Duggan personally, such plans for living in a car-case hut surrounded by penny-royal and working at a menial job refer to the curious mixture of escape and regression which characterised much of his own restlessness. Similar escapist attitudes in 'Riley's Handbook', which became so destructively out of control in Fowler's life, are here contained within the fabric of the everyday precisely because Ben can transform them satisfactorily into his art.

After a paragraph in which he expounds on his own generosity in providing for Rosie, should a civilised separation occur, Ben suddenly increases the tension of the letter with the announcement: 'Actually by the time you read this I will have shot through'. The letter of complaint is now advanced to a farewell note. In contrast to his earlier statements Ben now claims that he will simply run away in the morning while he appears to be leaving for work, as if 'in my saffron caftan'. Having reached such a momentous decision, however, he proceeds to complain of 'little resentments', such as receiving weak tea in a mug. The letter ends in a passage clotted with riddles and metaphors. Ben's 'monty' in life--the cards left on the table after taking his hand--will be nothing more than numerous troubles, represented as a bad back since there are 'more straws about than camels'. One day Ben will blow his 'stack', both losing his temper and running out of cards to play. Rosie on the other hand will

find success in life under the name Finan, perhaps a disguised reference to the fact that Barbara Duggan conducted her physiotherapy practice under her maiden name. In a final jokey sentence of mixed French and English (the pen-name of your aunt is on the writing-table), Ben refers teasingly to Nan and Tunny's hotel in 'Riley's Handbook'.¹⁶ Later at the end of 'The Magsman Miscellany' Rosie will wonder why Ben thought of Nan, a fictional character in one story who has now become 'real' in another. Furthermore Ben and Nan have never met, at least not within Rosie's conception of reality. With the letter finished Ben is revealed by the narrator sipping his tea, the receiving of which clearly was inspiration for the complaint about tea in his writing, and Rosie actually moves out of the kitchen to sit even closer by. But there are no indications, beyond the oblique real-life reference to the profession of Duggan's wife, as to why Ben has thought of Nan. Art and life have been intermingled in a deliberately confusing manner. Precisely why Ben thinks of Nan, along with the answer to the question which these allusions raise of the relation between artifice and reality, must seem to be, ultimately, unknowable.

In the morning Ben leaves for work in his jalopy of a car. The more the narration insists that the morning is 'in no way remarkable', the more suspense is built up for the reader that today may be a Rubicon of sorts and that Ben may be departing forever. Ben's struggles to master his car seem somehow emblematic of his writing life. He moves forward in fits and starts with 'an irregularity of progress', hampered because the vehicle's instruments are poor or lacking. An 'explosive backfire followed by an emission of bluish smoke' appears a good analogy to describe the outburst which was the writing of his letter. Ben is last seen as 'a slower-moving component, a pain in the rush-hour arse'. He is a little out of step with the rest of the world and occasionally troublesome for it, but is in fact moving in the same general direction as most of humanity.¹⁷

Rosie reads the letter with remarkable unconcern, as if it were her version of Ben's crossword puzzle. She has been receiving written compositions from Ben since soon after they were married, and she observes pragmatically that in general she prefers to receive poems, mainly because they are shorter. Many details of the letter in relation to the McGoldrick marriage, which the reader had accepted as true from the lack of any wider context, are revealed to be false, but these are revealed in a manner that calls the fixity of truth and falsehood into question. Ben's activity plays leapfrog with such concepts. Today is not a Rubicon and it is plain that Ben is not going to leave his wife. It is of course possible to argue that Rosie may be wrong or lying, and that therefore one cannot state with any certainty whether Ben has left her or not. Ben's eighth note at the opening of 'The Magsman Miscellany' propounds the view that there is no meta-position from which to make impartial judgments. Parts two, three and four of the story can be seen as to some extent an

illustration of the precepts of part one. Furthermore authorial intrusion is largely absent in the story, and concepts of truth and reality are reduced to relativism. However, to counter this argument there are the inconsistencies in Ben's letter, his proven tendency towards fabrication, his lack of any specific grievance, Rosie's evident calm, the implied authority of her thoughts at the story's close, her manifest insight into the working of her husband's mind, and her willingness precisely to judge 'the pressures internal to Ben by the external force, the escaping energy'.

Nevertheless the letter's communication will mean change in the relationship between its writer and reader. But it is now made clear, as Ben's fourth note among the meditations at the beginning of 'The Magsman Miscellany' implies, that this change is just one of many small movements in a continual process of mutual adjustment. Rosie imagines Ben that evening, and in her imagining she creates her own fantasy for a moment, that Ben might want to go see a movie. Similarly, the reading of 'The Magsman Miscellany' involves the reader in a continual adjustment of attitude, and the relationship between writers and readers in general is like a marriage. The readers, as part of the world, supply the raw material which a writer transforms, communicating it to the readers who are in turn changed by it. But in the end, since in other houses people lead other lives with different-coloured laundry to wash in public, what could be more curious or more unique than the operation of a happy marriage? In the same way every act of communication is unique and curious, and somewhat fanciful because of its lack of real substance. Only the accumulated effects of communications or a marriage can be seen, a suitable metaphor for the divine in humanity. The 'Magsman Miscellany' begins with an extended intellectual exploration into the nature of art, communication, and the self, but it closes with an appreciation of their mystery.

A critic like C.K. Stead, who sees 'The Magsman Miscellany' as a new and exciting development in Duggan's fiction, and as an indication of what direction his future writing might have taken, is thus clearly correct.¹⁸ But the story is also somewhat of a culmination. Its construction is in some senses like several of Duggan's earlier works, and its subject is to some extent Duggan himself. 'The Magsman Miscellany' looks as if in from the margins at a subject, presenting tableaux which elaborate on its aspects, rather than exploring a subject through conventional narrative development. However it is difficult to say what 'The Magsman Miscellany' is 'about' in the way that one can of Duggan's earlier fiction. This is largely because, along with Duggan's customary reduction of the device of plot, Ben McGoldrick as a character in the story has been reduced to something minimal. Like James Joyce, the writer who so inspired him, Duggan's *oeuvre* can be said to have a sense of shape and development, in this case a drive towards a more complete self-expression. Duggan defined this to Dan Davin in 1972 as 'forgetting

plot and treating your memory as an organism capable of at least an astonishing, a flowering revelation of what it was that mattered'.¹⁹

In her review of the *Collected Stories* for the *Times Literary Supplement*, Valerie Cunningham argues against Duggan's *oeuvre* having any sense of shape and development. She describes Duggan as 'an unfixed writer, engaged in an endless effort to arrange selves for himself--selves that, over and over, he straightaway undoes, dissolves and discards'.²⁰ Just how Duggan should avoid, in a short story collection, 'continually starting over again' with new characters is never explained by Cunningham. With the thesis that the stories are 'a galaxy of try-outs, an array of pastiches stuffed with too many acquired modes' she devotes much space to identifying passages by Duggan as 'pseudo-Hemingway', 'having a go at being Henry James', 'Hopkinsesque', 'Grahamgreenish' and 'a fine Beckett'. However there is nothing 'acquired' about the structure of Duggan's stories, and his language is acquired only in the sense that its origins lie in England. It is certainly possible to see influences in his writing, but these are never pervasive enough, nor is the use of language and style sufficiently lacking in authorial purpose, to fall into pastiche. This is not the only occasion when an overseas reviewer has expressed a preference for the homespun and the provincial in New Zealand fiction, and a disquiet at a cosmopolitanism and sophistication felt to be more the preserve of the northern hemisphere (see page 521). It is above all the early Sargeson, rather than the later Duggan, which exemplifies how such reviewers feel New Zealand literature ought to be.

Self-expression is perhaps the aim of all Romantic writers, but it is also a technical impossibility to get oneself down on paper as a person *in toto*, or even to describe an object completely, since any person or object contains an infinity of facets which cannot all be expressed. Early in his career Duggan wrote of himself by creating the Lenihan family, which approximated his own in childhood. He then manipulated characters and events in his works to reveal motive and provoke the reader's judgment. But the representation of Duggan himself, despite the obvious autobiographical impulse of these stories, remained peripheral. Later Duggan created characters which embodied parts of his complex personality, allowing these to express themselves as individuals, and to react in character to events which were arranged before them. With these stories Duggan moved towards statements on the nature of life which involved a representation of himself in fragments. Ben McGoldrick can be said to embody Duggan's creative part, but he is scarcely a well-realised, largely autonomous fictional construct in the way that Mary May Laverty, Gambo O'Leary, or even Riley can be said to be. Writing direct from life is expressly proscribed by 'the 2M conundrum company, the Magsman Miscellany', as laid out in Ben's second note at the beginning of the story. Nevertheless through

'The Magsman Miscellany', with its paradoxes, allusions, riddles and metaphors, Duggan comes as close as perhaps is conceivable to painting a complete self-portrait in words while still remaining within the recognisable boundaries of fiction. It is the final use, and arguably the most brilliantly unconventional, that he was able to discover for language and for style.

Notes

1. 'The Magsman Miscellany.' *Collected Stories*: 366.
2. Maurice Duggan. 'The Magsman Miscellany' manuscript. Personal papers. In the *Collected Stories*: 378, C.K. Stead supplies the deleted explanation by Duggan of the meaning of the word 'magsman' which appeared as the first of Ben McGoldrick's notes at the beginning of the story. Similarly deleted from a separate page at the beginning of the story is the following:

The work from which I am about to read is unpublished--work in progress.

Whether the work is poetry or prose or something else--lame centaur or galloping snake--is something the listener may like to decide. The absolute distinctions which presumably, used to prevail, either in or out of the arts, seem no longer to obtain. One may example 'war' and 'peace'. One may example *The Magsman Miscellany*: that is the title of the work from which this reading is taken.

Duggan has written above the passage: 'This prefatory note is for a "Reading" only'. Nevertheless the passage exists in several drafts, has been typed out, and is crossed out. Duggan has noted beside it: 'probably better to drop the embroidery'. It is possible that at one stage Duggan considered printing the whole story as if itself within the context of a reading in order to further emphasise its fragmentary nature.

3. Wallace Stevens. 'Tea at the Palaz of Hoon.' *Selected Poems*. London: Faber and Faber, 1953: 29.
4. O'Leary's former profession in 'O'Leary's Orchard', another story on the theme of transformation, was as pharmacist, so Ben McGoldrick's profession may be no coincidence. Pharmaceuticals effect bodily transformation. C.K. Stead notes a similar link with alchemy in the use of the word 'gold' in the name McGoldrick. C.K. Stead. [Notes on Texts and Publishing Matters]. *Collected Stories*: 378.

5. Duggan's later undated diary notes and scraps of paper covered with opinions and ideas were often labelled by him as 'doodles'. Personal papers.
6. In a note on alcoholism dated 28 Sept. 1974, Duggan observes '[Victor] Frankl's story illustrating paradoxical intention. The schoolboy excuses his lateness to his teacher by saying that the roads were so icy that for every step he took towards school he slid back two. And on being told he was lying, because he would never have got to school, he agreed he wouldn't have gone had he not turned and gone home.' [Maurice Duggan. Personal papers.] Almost the opposite occurs in the progress of Uncle Quin and his family in 'On the Wild Harbour', where everyone is too tired to pull the starter cord of the boat's motor and so the family rows home. ['On the Wild Harbour.' *The Fabulous McFanes*: 113.]
7. Aristotle. *Poetics*, xxi: 14. Ed. W. Hamilton Fyfe. London: Heinemann, 1932: 83.
8. For Duggan's views on art as religious metaphor, see page 641.
9. Frank Sargeson. *I Saw in My Dream*. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1974: 85.
10. Allen Curnow. 'The Skeleton of the Great Moa in the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch.' *Selected Poems 1940-1989*. London: Viking, 1990: 89. Duggan has already noted something similar in 'O'Leary's Orchard'. 'Without benefit of hindsight no event could be described as a beginning.' *Collected Stories*: 242.
11. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 'Frost at Midnight.' *The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Ed Ernest Hartley Coleridge. London: Oxford University Press, 1912: 240-242.
12. Aristotle. *Poetics*, XXLI: 1. Ed. W. Hamilton Fyfe. London: Heinemann, 1932: 85. On the manuscript Duggan has noted that Aristotle was born in 'Stagira (modern "Stavro"/town)'. He also deleted a possible reference to the calendar as coming from Ben's pharmaceutical employers, 'a gift calendar--a giveaway--to lie at the medical elbow--beware of gifts bearing Greek'. ['The Magsman Miscellany' manuscript. Personal papers].
13. An examination of the manuscript shows that in the early, longer and more realistic draft of the story, 'A Good Road All the Way to Nicosia', references to other works were not included. The references were added as part of the story's drift away from realism (see page 635).
14. Mr Finan also observes to Rosie in part two that Ben is like Rosie's mother. If this is read as a reference to Duggan feeling that he inherited something from his own mother then it is interesting, and revealing, that it should be set at such a distance from the protagonist. George Sava was a British doctor and author of novels, short stories, memoirs and works on history, medicine and politics. His first book was *The Hunting Knife* (1937). He was also author of *A Surgeon in New*

Zealand (1964). He seems never to have published a book entitled *The Wounded Surgeon*.

15. It is interesting to compare this image with the sentence in 'Beginnings': 'But looking now from the centre of the fabric (my father was a draper) there seems no point at which warp and weft do not continuously interrupt each other.' [*Landfall* vol. 20 no. 4 (1966): 338]. Such drapery images to describe the workings of the personality are common in Duggan's writing.

16. Tunny's hotel is directly referred to as 'Tunny's hospice'. 'Riley's Handbook.' *Collected Stories*: 322, 337.

17. Ian Wedde intuits this as a 'departing image' of Duggan, as he observes 'a farewelling voice' within the story as a whole. He also points out that 'The Magsman Miscellany' is 'the only fiction in which "he" has left before the end, and someone else ("Rosie McGoldrick") is left to ponder his departure'. Ian Wedde. 'From Blue to Gold.' *Islands* 34, vol. 1 no. 2 (1984): 130.

18. C.K. Stead. [Introduction]. *Collected Stories*: 19. Lydia Wevers also chose to include the story in her Oxford World Classics anthology of fiction, *New Zealand Short Stories, Fourth Series*. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1984: 51-66.

19. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 8 Oct. 1972.

20. Valerie Cunningham. 'Disguise and sudden departure.' *Times Literary Supplement* 9 Apr. 1982: 404.

Appendix One

Towards a Bibliography of Maurice Duggan

Key to Abbreviations

Books

- IL* *Immanuel's Land*. Auckland: Pilgrim Press, 1956.
- SGP* *Summer in the Gravel Pit*. Auckland: Blackwood and Janet Paul;
London: Victor Gollancz, 1965.
- OO* *O'Leary's Orchard*. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1970.
- CS* *Collected Stories: Maurice Duggan*. Ed. C.K. Stead. Auckland:
Auckland University Press and Oxford University Press,
1981.
- FMF* *The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories*. Queen
Charlotte Sound: Cape Catley, 1974.

Anthologies

- SSO* *Short Story One*. London: Hutchinson, 1961.
- SSNZ* *Short Stories by New Zealanders*. Ed. Phoebe Meikle. Auckland:
Longman Paul, 1970.
- SBS* *Six By Six*. Ed. Bill Manhire. Wellington: Victoria University Press,
1989.

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Gollancz, 1965. Reprinted, Auckland: Longman Paul, 1971.
- O'Leary's Orchard*. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1970. Reprinted, Auckland:
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The Fabulous McFanes and other Children's Stories. Queen Charlotte Sound: Cape Catley, 1974. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy.

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'Faith of our Fathers.' *Barjai* 19 (1945): 8-13. CS.

'Machinery Me.' *Anvil* 1 (September 1945): 9-13. *Irish Writing* 7 (February 1949): 29-33. CS.

'Notes On An Abstract Arachnid.' *Speaking For Ourselves.* Ed. Frank Sargeson. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1945: 107-112. CS.

'Short Story.' *Book* 7 (February 1946): 12. As 'Still Life.' *Kiwi* (1947): 60. As 'Still Life.' *Irish Writing* 5 (July 1948): 56. CS. As 'Still Life.' *Falling Off the Edge of the World: New Zealand Stories.* Ed. Gwen Gawith. Auckland: Penguin, 1991: 224.

'Old Man.' *Anvil* 2 (June 1946): 29-34. CS.

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Notes

1. In 1959 Duggan notes: 'Falter Tom (how oh how he bores me) is to make his American appearance Oct 16.' Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 4 Oct. 1959.
2. Copies of *Here & Now* do not appear with volume or issue numbers regularly displayed.
3. The article appears to have been written by the editor of *Kiwi*, 1948, which Duggan edited that year.

4. 'Apparently it *was* de Mauny who wrote it.' Maurice Duggan. Letter to Dan Davin. 1 Jan. 1957.

Appendix Two

Buster's and Fanny's Parting in 'Along Rideout Road that Summer'

Upon receiving the original typescript of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', Brasch expressed reservations about a passage towards the end of the story in which Fanny suddenly became very articulate. This, he felt, did not mesh with Duggan's earlier presentation of her character.¹ Indeed, throughout the story Fanny is seen entirely from Buster's point-of-view, and prior to her speech in this late passage she speaks directly only in the famously laconic 'crumpy conversation'.² Duggan rewrote the passage Brasch objected to, the scene where Buster and Fanny part company for the last time. In the published story this rewritten scene occupies the paragraphs: 'Later, long the riverbank...' to 'starlight pricked out the hour: one'.³

The carbon copy which Duggan used to alter the scene between Buster and Fanny, and from which the story was eventually typeset for *Landfall*, is among Duggan's correspondence with Brasch in the *Landfall* papers of the Hocken Library, Dunedin. The earlier version, crossed out, is clearly visible, and is recorded below, along with the sentences which precede and follow it.

* * *

...Hoping; it gets to be a habit, a bad habit that does you no good, stunts your growth, sends you insane and makes you, demonstrably, blind. Hope, for Fanny Hohepa.

[Space indicated on typescript]

Later, along the river bank, Fanny and I made our way separated by a distance not to be spanned by an arm's reach.

Here?

No, further on. I can see in the dark.

Here?

Yes.

Dark water, dark lush grass underfoot, dark girl, the drifting smell of loam in the night.

Buster, you're going away, aren't you?

Who said?

No one. I just know.

What else is there to do? Anyway the money's not enough and I'm fed up with the place, these bloody paddocks, myself, everything.

Me too, eh?⁴

I didn't say that. I'm not ready for all this, I suppose. I want to get where there's a bit of life, not a dump in the backblocks.

The place is all right, I think. Buster, why do you get so angry? You're always frowning and glaring as though you're making up something cruel in your mind.

Yair, maybe.⁵

There you are. What's wrong in it if I say I love my father and this place?

So what?⁶ I don't love my father and I haven't found a place yet. What the bloodyhell's that got to do with it, anyway? No one's trying to kidnap you, are they? You said am I going and I said yes. Now go ahead and giggle on that if you want to.

I only giggle because you frighten me.

That's lovely, eh? Let's go back before I strangle you, then, eh?

No. Buster, I don't want to quarrel. We don't have to fight. I don't want to go back just yet.

Who the hell's fighting, anyway?

We are. Don't let's. Can't you sit down for five minutes.

No. Look Fanny, let's go back.

Buster?

Yair?

All right then. Go back. You go back. I don't care.⁷

[Space indicated on typescript]

In the end I left old STC in the tractor tool box along with the spanner that wouldn't fit any nut I'd ever tried it on...

* * *

Brasch's initial observation of the whole work, that 'if the brio is not sufficient to itself, then the story collapses' is certainly applicable in this case.⁸ The tone of the passage is almost like something from a different story entirely. Without his prodigious command of language Buster does not appear at all the sympathetic character he seems in the rest of 'Along Rideout Road that Summer', and at no point does Duggan appear to have the comic control of Buster's and Fanny's voices that he exhibits in the 'crumpy conversation' which begins their relationship. Too much information is being put into the dialogue, and certainly the passage is far too explicit on a number of areas which the rest of the story has dealt with only indirectly--Buster's restlessness and unhappiness on escaping his parental home; Buster's attitude to Puti Hohepa's farm and his job there; Fanny's attitude to Buster; and Fanny's situation as part of the Hohepa farm. The quarrel, too, distracts

attention from Buster's guilt over the nature of his quarrel with his father, and confuses the reasons for Buster's eventual departure.

Duggan wrote to Brasch: 'the conversation , which I agree to be uncharacteristic, must be redone. In fact I think this must go altogether'.⁹ He recognised that the passage was a weak link in the story, and his revision was to make it one of the strongest. At the heart of the problem was the fact that Duggan had chosen to present the scene between Buster and Fanny as dialogue. Dialogue is the most objective form in prose and allows the reader to watch characters interact, largely uninfluenced by narrative point-of-view, as if on stage.¹⁰ From dialogue readers can judge for themselves relationships and attitudes. Duggan was acutely aware of this, and used the technique to good effect in *Immanuel's Land* with works such as 'A Small Story'.

In his rewritten narrative version of Buster's and Fanny's parting Duggan chose to return the incident to within the rich material of Buster's mind. This allows Buster's recollections to direct the reader's view of the scene. Events are obscured by the brio, so that the couple is only seen at some considerable distance, at the same time allowing Duggan to bring out the pathos of their relationship without fear that he might lapse into sentimentality. Buster and Fanny do not quarrel. The nature of the conversation between the pair is deliberately blurred. It is described in detail only in terms of what it is not, as: 'Unrecorded the words between us: there can't have been more than six, anyway, it was our fated number. None referred to my departure or to the future or to maculate conceptions. Yet her last touch spoke volumes'. Just beforehand Buster's tender holding of Fanny's head has had him 'tumbling down upon her the mute dilemma my mind then pretended to resolve'.¹¹ The silent, physical gestures emphasise the genuine compatibility in the relationship and what is being lost.

In the revised version Duggan has been able to leave a great deal understated, about both the relationship itself and the characters' views of the Rideout Road and Rose Street West communities. The actual moment of parting is scarcely described at all. After the gestures of physical tenderness Fanny and Buster become excited and make love for the last time, an act condensed to a mere classical allusion and a discreet ellipsis. In a sense, as in Buster's confrontation with his father towards the story's centre, the action of parting is repeated. At the last minute Buster and Fanny emerge from beneath the combination of verbiage and silence in the snatch of dialogue right at the end of the passage, a brief echo of the 'crumpy conversation' with which their relationship began. Like that first conversation, the rewritten dialogue gives little away to the reader beyond a certain comic nonchalance. It is as if the ramifications and nuances of their parting had somehow already been

explored, earlier in the scene. The wordier, revised passage is perhaps a triumph of reticence, but it is certainly a revealing triumph of technique.

Notes

1. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Oct. 1962.
2. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer.' *Collected Stories*: 198.
3. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer.' *Collected Stories*: 208-209.
4. What appears to be an earlier version: 'Of me too, Buster?', is also crossed out.
5. What appears to be an earlier version: 'Shit. Do you see that in the dark too?', is also crossed out.
6. What appears to be an earlier version: 'Don't ask me', is also crossed out.
7. What appears to be an earlier version: 'I'm going to stay here a while', is also crossed out.
8. Charles Brasch. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 9 Oct. 1962.
9. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Charles Brasch. 12 Oct. 1962. Misdated 12. ix. 62.
10. To some extent, as the story is a first-person narrative, this presupposes that Buster is attempting to recollect an actual event and not consciously making a work of fiction of his own. His early, ambiguous statement that 'unfortunately there have to be some facts, even fictional ones' [*Collected Stories*: 196.] calls this into momentary doubt, but to pursue such a line of inquiry is quickly to reach *reductio ad absurdum*.
11. 'Along Rideout Road that Summer.' *Collected Stories*: 208.

Appendix Three

Duggan's Notes Towards an Essay on James K. Baxter

In August 1973 Duggan wrote the following notes after reading a number of Baxter's later books of poetry. The notes consist essentially of two sections, written at different times (they are separated by an asterisk). The first was copied by Duggan from a letter of 22 August 1973 to 'Mark', and the second is a fuller memoir that appears to have been inspired by the first. Baxter was on Duggan's mind at this time, since he had read the posthumously published *Runes* and been asked by Robin Dudding to review the collection for *Islands*, which commission Duggan politely declined.¹ On 29 September 1973 he commented in a letter to C.K. Stead: 'I think [Baxter's] journeys were of a meaning a little more profound than is immediately discoverable in his hasty annotations--graffiti on the headstone'.²

Because of the fragmentary way these notes were composed there is some small overlap between them. Marginal additions were made later to the notes and where possible these have been worked into the text. Occasionally, where they represent an afterthought or an elaboration not contingent to the notes' main argument, these additions appear as footnotes. The question marks in brackets are Duggan's own, placed beside words or images he was uncertain of. Square brackets indicate my own interpolations.

Of course, James K. Baxter was part phoney-saint part stinking-guru but I don't think he ever doubted Flaubert's observation: humanity has but one objective: to suffer. James K. Baxter searched for suffering, which makes him curious enough, but he had to do it within a framework of myth and legend (Greek, Roman, Maori) or of metaphor and hagiolatriy (Christianity) or an uneasy blend of the lot. But then talent never made poetry, as Glover has perhaps forgotten³ and there is enough even in *Autumn Testament* alone, I think, to counter-balance the arrogant self-deception that took him on the necessary journeys pursuing the ignis fatuus. James K. Baxter was probably impossible, intolerable, etc. etc. but fortunately his final reputation won't have much to do with the recollections and remembrances of his contemporaries--the work is there: the devices he used to whip and flog that work out of himself won't matter. I hope we may say the same of Glover: I think we may to a lesser extent--the sad old spastic clown dancing and grimacing in the gin-fumes and the fearful shadows. (Baxter knew that too, one guesses.) Glover lifts his head and goes 'Mooh-blah' and subsides into the anaesthetic sea of booze, believing he's given expression to an epigram. (Me too, Denis).

I can't see, for the life of me, that the Jerusalem commune was any more phoney than the Takapuna Jaycees--or even quite as ridiculous a level at which to fit: the curious thing about the 'drug-culture' young as opposed to the 'booze-addict' middle aged is that *these* young have no guilt, no remorse and don't punish themselves with what might be or have been. In Oakley that was why conventional therapy couldn't reach them--they were cats who didn't aspire to or even believe in Dairy Co. cream--society, security, responsibility, suburban values, property, possessions, profit weren't relevant--but if 'society' wasn't community was. (They weren't expecting or even hoping to live that long anyway.) Curiously it wasn't a level James K. Baxter descended to or arrived at by anything like the same route as those he found there: their attitudes resembled his answers--but only seemingly. I have met junkies who knew his 'houses' and the commune on the river but not one that I met had ever read his poetry: they didn't speak the same idiom because the drug-culture isn't literary and has no sense of history.

All of which doesn't stop the spring rain falling on draughty Duggan or the wind from the pole whistling through the colander of my psyche or the questions proliferating. I shall have to take my copy of *Autumn Testament* and go stand on the street corner and proclaim: 'Oyez. Judgment is nigh. And suffering is to continue and to come.'

*[new section]

I can't remember when I first met James K. Baxter. It's not important. He was, I remember, represented in *Kiwi* for 1948--with a poem titled 'Virginia Lake'--and I was editor that year. He was four years younger than me.

We met, but infrequently, over the ten or so years until 1959 when I remember meeting him at John Reece Cole's house in Willis Street, in Wellington. I doubt that I saw him at all in the ten years before his death.

But this sort of recollection isn't my purpose here. I didn't know Baxter well: we were literary acquaintances, not friends. I admired his early verse, the early volumes, and I suppose I rather took his poetry for granted after that. I never warmed very much to his radio plays and I'm not familiar in any real way with his pieces for theatre: his particular Catholicism I found repugnant and his symbolic equations wearisome(?). His plays for radio and theatre are very ably and perceptively discussed by Mr Howard McNaughton in *Islands* 4.⁴ It is Mr McNaughton who suggested that it was possibly Baxter's dislike of the solitary craft, the remote and delayed response, that led him into the theatre.

It is not, in fact, his death that is occasion for what I am saying now. He comes to mind for other reasons. During the last six months I've been much in the company of alcoholics and drug addicts and James K. Baxter's name has cropped up in a very non-literary way quite often. There were those who knew of the Jerusalem

commune--either directly or indirectly--and of Auckland and Wellington pads with which Baxter had been associated. These were so-called junkies and, of course, mainly young. There were older men--older because the road to addiction is longer with the drug alcohol than with, say, the drug heroin--and these older men remembered Baxter's earlier association with Alcoholics Anonymous. Interestingly, many of these people had opinions of Baxter, attitudes to his way of life, etc. These men, and women, were possible counterparts of Baxter's Skully, Flanagan, Mulcahy, Hogan, Lindsay, etc.--and their view of Baxter was not necessarily a more humane and tolerant and wise: but then they weren't mouthpieces. Then again the drinking man may make a character, the drinking alcoholic is only a bark(?). A common query was: is he just along for the ride, or what? None, so far as I could discover, had heard any of Baxter's poetry though one or two had heard him 'recite'.

But I knew nothing at all about *Jerusalem Daybook* published in 1971 or *Autumn Testament* published in 1972. *Runes* of course published, posthumously, is only now available in book form. Curiosity, then, led me recently to read these works--and go back over some of his other work. I returned to but did not re-read *The Fire and the Anvil*, notes on modern poetry developed from his Macmillan Brown lectures at Victoria University in June 1954--almost 20 years ago. And even then Baxter was defining New Zealand symbols or the New Zealand use of symbols and speaking, as everyone has been speaking for so long, about the theme of 'Man Alone'--I'd almost said as everyone since Genesis has been speaking.

I do not intend to embark on a critique of the work of James K. Baxter: I did not know him well enough to embark on a biographical note--but *Jerusalem Daybook* has provoked in me a reflection, a general rumination, on an aspect of what one might call Baxter's Progress--in the John Bunyan sense--and it's this I want briefly to touch on. I claim no authority: I am only talking aloud.

Baxter's search for a true perspective, in which the relevant object and the relevant life situation were viewed against a background of quasi-philosophical and theological density, is not an unusual one.⁵ (Poets not infrequently incline towards a philosophical view and one hopes that philosophers sometimes incline towards poetry(?)). But nothing in life is stable enough to support any but the broadest view consistently: caught up in the same ceaseless and puzzling movement, both the viewer and the view, to call it that, are constantly in flux. This is a sort of paradigm of the human personality where change and development are mutually interactive.

James Baxter *chose* finally to go a dark road: having found that the muse will support despair but will not tolerate the abuse of alcohol. That's to say he read within himself, his meditations and his moral view, certain injunctions so to travel, to take, physically, the direction in which not only his poems but also the sombre

distress of his particular intellectual compass seemed to be pointing. Whether or no it is possible so to give animation to one's meditations I do not know; but, without any first-hand proof I believe the attempt to do so to be central to the life and actions of James K. Baxter. He sought, in my view, to impose an interior landscape on the countryside around him. And, being nobody's fool, he felt self-conscious in the lack of local precedent.

Why do I go barefoot? Why do I have long hair and a beard? Why do I wear old clothes till they become unwearable? Every time I meet people in the towns they ask me these things. It is not enough to say that appearances don't matter.

Poverty is the actual answer. All men are required by God to have a spirit of poverty. But God may touch a man here or there--no less a sinner than his fellows--and say to him--

'It is your business to be visibly poor--to do without everything you can do without--shoes, a barber, a house of your own, a fire to sit at, a desk to write at, some varieties of food and occasionally all food, the approval of your neighbours, your own certainty of being in the right--but, above all, the sense of comfort'.⁶

Appearances did matter and disproportionately so for James K. Baxter.

It would have been, perhaps, more natural for Baxter to seek out, say, the holy man in the desert if these exist outside what we may call the literature: that belonged at least and however tenuously with the intellectual history with whose myths he felt at least a familiarity. But to seek out a Maori prophet at Taumaranui was another thing entirely; and Baxter, predictably enough, could only understand the gnomic injunctions by viewing them through a Christian lens. His references to founding a tribe with the *nga mokai*, the fatherless ones, as he called the people of the Jerusalem commune, is perhaps a case in point: he seems to have been thinking of a chosen people.⁷ But however that was, he was turning, consciously, to an oral tradition and a primitive culture: he was trying to go back in time, in history, in thought.

'Kaore te taima, kaore te moni kaore nga pukapuka'--no time, no money, no books. It is an ideal, no doubt. Yet how can *nga mokai* learn the Maori oral traditions if their noses are continually stuck in pakeha books? The frame of reference is the problem.⁸

He is too far out of joint with that sort of historical time--his breeding and training belonged with an old civilization, another world--and he must have known how meaningless it was, finally, in his terms to try to construct a useful analogy out of Jerusalem, Wanganui. And to me, in reading *Jerusalem Daybook*, he seems very strained and unnatural in his anthropomorphic conjurings and his prayers among the

buried ancestors of another culture.⁹ He seems an intruder well meaning but, inevitably, somewhat brash.

I see him as standing on the fringe of a world that could not serve his spiritual 'mission'. He simply couldn't beat that particular world over the head with his own Christian Catholic concepts and his own feelings of guilt, remorse, sin and expiation. I think of him barefoot and scarecrow-ragged, bareheaded, bearded, walking backwards into a somewhat alien model of the Garden of Eden--and being determined to call that spiritual progress.¹⁰ For Jim Baxter suffering was real, and humility and tolerance and brotherly love--whether it's to be known as Arohanui or Agape--were peaks of striving for him. But his making of poverty, his determination to be poor in trappings if not in spirit, seems to me curiously to confuse the role he was more or less continuously defining for himself in the various phases of his way of life.¹¹

His was nothing less than a very painful and honest search for the illumination that suffering might bring--and yet to me he seemed always to be somehow out of key and therefore, profoundly and demonstrably genuine as he was, always open, however marginally, to being scorned as a man unmasked(?). Immolating himself to earn his relief from bondage he put himself into another sort of bondage by committing himself to the impossible task of giving flesh to a great human metaphor.

That he was brave almost to the point of being indomitable I do not doubt. He entered a dark world, the dark and sorrow filled places of the world, seeking light. He sought to do two things, two irreconcilable things--he sought at once to find truth and to create it. It was to begin a journey at one's destination. He was searching, too, to provide a physical dimension to suffering--to enable man to point and say: See. *They* suffer. (?)

But when one puts *Jerusalem Daybook* and *Runes* side by side, when one sees how eclectic the human spirit can be in what it uses quite arbitrarily to gain elevation, the sort of all-of-a-piece consistency Baxter believed in or subscribed to seems strangely notional. Catullus, a Roman poet of the time of Julius Caesar--obscene, slangy, worldly, intelligent, metropolitan, all too aware of the corruption of his age, pre-Christian (if that is a meaningful phrase)--Catullus provides a loosely interpreted model for some of the poems in *Runes*.

In the second section a more familiar Baxter.

Do not imagine I could not have lived
For wine, love or poetry,
Like the rich in their high houses
Walking on terraces above the sea.

But my heart was caught in a net
 Woven out of strands of iron
 By the bleak one, the thin one, the basket-ribbed
 Coolie and rickshaw boy

Who has not learnt the songs that ladies like,
 Whose drink is rusty water,
 Whose cheek must rest on a dirty stone,
 In whose hands lie the cities of the future.¹²

Linking *Runes* and *Jerusalem Daybook* but doing it without biographical intrusion.(?)

In his poetry he seems to stand, his own man, defining himself in a very sad, wise, uncompromising view of the world. Love's mysteries weren't always pleasant surprises and death at the last, or are these really early poems, seemed near.¹³ As a fact death isn't frightening; it's just what's likely to be the tiresome business of stripping down for it, before the fact.¹⁴

James K. Baxter's urge was the dangerous kind. He wanted to be an original (as original as corrugated iron(?)); he wanted a sort of native belonging he couldn't find in being a fourth generation European New Zealander--and he found himself without harmonies for his song or tools for his purpose and borrowed a shape from Catullus; he wanted to be 'father' to a tribe, to a fragment of history, to smuggle an event into the closed capsule of time--poems weren't progeny enough. He must have hated solitude and, even, silence--these seem uneasy to him. And yet I have the feeling that what he sought to give the many was only different in size from what he found it unsatisfactory or impossible to give on a smaller scale. It puzzled me frankly that he did not ^och^ose a closed order of friars, a contemplative religious brotherhood--not that I think such an order could have contained him.

Baxter belonged I think with those who find an inward anarchy or rebellion inconsistent with an outward conformity. His own inward search had to be mirrored in an outward pilgrimage. His concept of life was not separable from his conduct of life--and that perhaps is the only stance for a man who refuses to be, or to be thought to be, a hypocrite. It was a process that made him more visible as a man than some others may choose to be: it added responsibilities not of the poetic order. He was led by his aching convictions about humankind and its stupidities, its superficial selfishness, etc.

He sought suffering. He found it. But we have his poems, his books, to make of what we like.

Notes

1. Robin Dudding. Letter to Maurice Duggan. 19 Sept. 1973. Maurice Duggan. Letter to Robin Dudding. 22 Sept. 1973. *Runes* appeared in mid 1973.
2. Maurice Duggan. Letter to C.K. Stead. 29 Sept. 1973. Letter in the possession of C.K. Stead.
3. Duggan notes that this section is prefaced by Glover's remarks in *James K. Baxter 1926-1972: A Memorial Volume*. Wellington: Alister Taylor Publishing, 1972: 125.
4. Howard McNaughton. 'Baxter as Dramatist.' *Islands* 4 vol. 2 no. 2 (1973): 184-192.
5. Duggan adds: 'cf remark in note on Baxter's plays *Islands* 4' [vol. 2 no. 2 (1973): 184-192].
6. Duggan has quoted from, James K. Baxter. *Jerusalem Daybook*. Wellington: Price Milburn, 1971: 16.
7. Duggan adds: 'chosen for something other than race though not devoid of an ethic.'
8. Duggan has quoted from, James K. Baxter. *Jerusalem Daybook*. Wellington: Price Milburn, 1971: 44.
9. Duggan adds: 'One may, and should, respect another's dead: to seek to share their ambience (to invade their dwelling) and to offer devotion to their -- is gross(?)' [the blank space marked -- by Duggan indicates he had not yet found *le mot juste*].
10. Duggan has circled the word 'model' and qualified it as: 'Something he had determined to compare with the Garden of Eden'.
11. Duggan has added: 'student, graduate, editor, poet, postman, hard-drinking bohemian, evangelist, Catholic, outcast, Christ among the chandala[sic] (?)'.
12. Duggan has quoted from, 'The Communist Speaks.' James K. Baxter. *Runes*. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1973: 39.
13. Duggan has added: '"To be a sailor is to die of thirst" sums it up.' [The quotation is from 'The Sailor.' James K. Baxter. *Runes*. Wellington: Oxford University Press, 1973: 47.]
14. Duggan has added: 'D?' .

Appendix Four

Duggan's Notes Towards an Essay on the Later Works of Frank Sargeson

In 1974 Duggan wrote the notes below after having read several of Sargeson's later works for the first time over the previous eighteen months.¹ Additions were made later to the notes and where possible these have been worked into the text. Occasionally, where they represent an afterthought or an elaboration not contingent to the notes' main argument, additions appear as footnotes. The question marks in brackets are Duggan's own, placed beside words or images he was uncertain of. Square brackets indicate my own interpolations.

Reading some of the later Sargeson for the first time, *Man of England Now*, etc.,² it seems to me that Sargeson displays in his mature work an increasingly petty concern--by that I mean that the implications of the earlier stories have a large human reference, even when the stories are short, and the later, longer works are narrower and reflect less of the larger concerns. This may not be a bad thing but it tends, for me, to be an exclusive one: the precise location of the 'narrator' in relation to the story cast fewer shadows, obscured less, in the earlier work. The 'laconic' narrator suited Sargeson's overall view in a very special way: it left so much open and demanded, and got, a vigorous and thoughtful response. The character of the narrator came through very sharply--the intentional intuition of the inarticulate. The later garrulous narrator fusses over the reader, disclaims intentions, adds parentheses, nudges with 'academic' banter, is coy, and somewhat confuses the story with the shadows he casts. An example of the best sort of compromise between the two is probably *I For One*--at least that's what my memory suggests as I haven't read it since that first time, in London about 1950. The earlier point of narration is comfortable--Sargeson made it very much his own, very distinctive: the later is potentially an embarrassing one, and Sargeson retreats into the ornate--something very different from style. The early Sargeson is style: the later is not.

This applies to the novellas--not to the long novels, especially *I Saw in My Dream*, although distinctions could be made there, also--distinctions between *I Saw in My Dream* and *Memoirs of a Peon*, the latter being in my view a terminal point to that direction but in Sargeson's a starting point for *A Game of Hide and Seek*, etc. etc.. The direction which would have been a natural one to predicate, after the first novel, would have been towards a *The Tree of Man* direction; but Sargeson's 'experience' is that of the theoretician. It is the 'theoretician' in the narrator of the

novellas who discourages me--the pseudo-wise commentator on very narrow matters--matters of too light a weight in themselves to support the burden Sargeson would place on them--(?)

Frank Sargeson believes in his sense of and for form and in his ear for dialogue--I've gathered this very directly in conversation with him. I would not dispute it of many of the early things, more especially in the context of their time, place and climate: I would very much dispute it of his later work. His use of the laconic and the inarticulate is never less than wholly confident: he does not expect to falter and he works with such craftsmanship as to make every step exact and unquestionable: he is in the position of one who has mastered the instrument and thus need entertain no indecisions and uncertainties.

I do not believe this to be true of the novellas or of the conversational 'set-piece'--he is adrift here between the art of complete contrivance and the way in which people speak and he often fails in both authority and style. The uncertainty creeps forward to discomfort his narrator who wants, against the evidence of the story, to be taken for something he is not. Questions loom, sureties are less firm, the worry over trifles makes for unease, the narrator (and one has to keep him separate from the author, or to try to do so) is uncertain of his 'education' and, one almost says therefore, suspicious of the academic. In the last part he may be right, but the expression of this suspicion might more easily or convincingly lie in a broader questioning rather than a pedantic nigger. Something here very gravely disturbs the author's (and the narrator's) sense of secure possession of his talents--in another one might say there is a strong hint of inferiority in position or status (seriously viewed): perhaps it has something to do with the way in which a writer has his reputation as against the way in which he would like to have it--the 'displaced person' in Frank Sargeson's view in the contemporary culture seen as the writer who is a literary man and nothing less or different, the fully bookish man.

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That there is more to Frank Sargeson than this no one can doubt: the absolute devotion of a writer to his craft, without reward through all his best years and through the denial of all those things which in New Zealand we take completely for granted, may have been as great an influence for writers of my generation as anything he achieved. There was the writing, the dedication, and there was the man--a most extraordinary man.

Notes

1. Duggan read *The Hangover* in early 1973, probably at Oakley Hospital. On 26 September 1973 he wrote to Sargeson asking the meaning of OTNEI, the inscription in chalk above a wheel in chapter seven, which Duggan could not locate in the Oxford English Dictionary. Sargeson replied by telephone that it meant 'wheel nought T NE one' [we'll naughty anyone]. Duggan's private response was 'Christ!'. [Frank Sargeson. *The Hangover & Joy of the Worm*. Auckland: Penguin, 1984: 49. Maurice Duggan. Notes on correspondence. Personal papers].
2. Duggan adds: 'Or especially *A Game of Hide and Seek* where the lack of anything robust gives to the whole a sickly underground pallor, an absence of pleasure, a thin gruel of unease, etc. which, being the writer's intention perhaps, is not secure in its distance: the opening paragraphs of nervous disclaimer put the reader uneasily on guard--he's about to be tricked.'

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