

doesn't seem so extravagant to me. Perhaps I am naive. Perhaps I am, once again, romantic. When I was young I dreamed dreams, and now – though possibly it is just that something has gone wrong with my eyes, through too much use of microfilms – perhaps I see visions. I even see a vision of Henry Moore outside our new National Library.

That elementary bit of play with numbers brings me back to thinking about the Turnbull, in its relations with other libraries. A great collector of books can either specialize, or he can just amass books; or he can do something in between, he can drive his tastes in double harness. Alexander Turnbull belonged to this third class: he was interested in English literature – first editions and so forth; he was interested in New Zealand and the Pacific; and just before he died, I gather, he had added a third horse to his team, in the form of the history of the stage and drama. His great contemporaries or near-contemporaries stuck much more closely to one theme: Hocken in New Zealand, David Scott Mitchell and Sir William Dixson in Sydney. Hocken worked on New Zealand, Mitchell and Dixson on the whole Pacific, and Mitchell picked up things that certainly ought to be in New Zealand. With everybody no doubt there is a marginal area. But the Turnbull, in the sphere of Oceania, could never be a rival to the Mitchell; and now that the Dixson collection has gone under the same roof in Sydney as the Mitchell, I doubt if there is anything else, outside the British Museum, that will ever be. On the other hand, you will look in vain, in the Mitchell, for the folio sermons of John Donne, the Gibbon quartos, the first editions of *Paradise Lost* or *Hyperion* or *Lord Jim*. And those are things we desperately need, if we are to see truly the development of the English, and hence the New Zealand, mind. I almost, at this point, bring out a theory of my own on the influence of book sizes on the development of English prose, but that might be too violently parenthetical. I assure you, all the same, that Donne's sermons are just as important for us as the journals of Captain Cook. Now, Turnbull could have extended this side of his collection enormously, to our advantage, if he did not run too far into the sands of Swinburne and that sort of thing – and he may have had every intention of doing so: though I feel a little bit dubious when I remember the large unopened packing cases which, I was told, contained his first orders on the history of the stage. I do not condemn the history of the stage: I simply speculate about the ultimate value, comparatively, in the life of the community and of scholarship, of the specialized library, the 'learned library', and of the more general library. Which is going to bring us closer to the heart of the Cosmos and do we want to get there? Should we give our collectors orders on what to collect, or should we let them have their fun? Should we encourage them to collect manuscripts as well as books, and prints, and maps? You see these collections, when