

Faggots write Fiction

The Frank Sargeson story

Norris Frank Davey (23 March 1903–1 March 1982) worked for the Public Trust in Wellington, took night classes and qualified as a solicitor and then went to England (1927–28) where he chatted up policemen and guardsmen by asking them where the toilet was. Often they would go to the public toilet together then charge Frank two pounds to play with their penis. Frank caught on to this and when he returned to New Zealand he cruised the streets of Wellington trying to get money for the use of his arse. Norris Frank Davey was a homosexual prostitute.

Initially he was a hopelessly unsuccessful gay and the first man he hit on (1924) married his sister – becoming Frank and Phyllis Gadd. He then hit on a series of heterosexual men and finally came up with the idea of hitting on gay men. Not too quick was our Frank.

“It was for example very embarrassing to meet a high officer of the [Public Trust] Department in which I worked in a place to which he had been led by his hidden desires, but it was at the same time amusing”¹ – Doesn’t place too much trust in the Government Public Trust.

Detective Inspector John Hughes QSM: “Norris Frank Davey used to cruise through the streets of Wellington selling his arse in public toilets as a student. Homosexuality, or ‘chock-a-block’ as we all called it, was illegal at the time and the police needed to catch him red-handed – or arse up – so they hid in this house in Aro Valley and waited. Norris came home with another man, stripped off, got into bed, and the police pounced. Norris argued that he wasn’t into sex, but into life drawing. Being a former lawyer, and therefore a liar, the judge remembered that he was also a liar and accepted the lame excuse.”



Frank Sargeson, 1925.

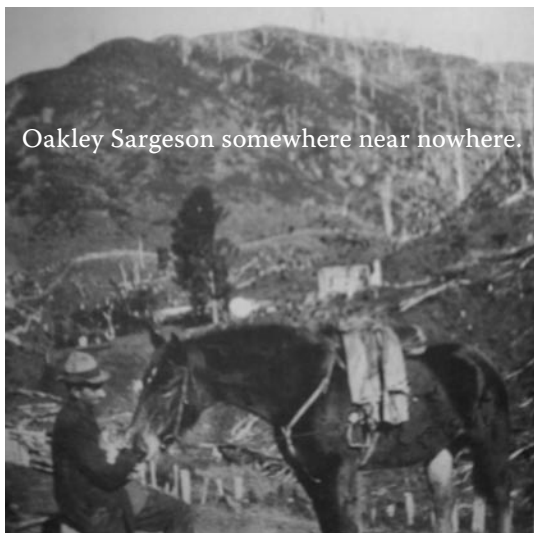
¹ Frank Sargeson, *Third Class Country*.

On another occasion they caught Norris Frank Davey masturbating Leonard Hollobon, the son of well-known landscape painter Jesse Hollobon (1860–1945). This was “committing indecent assault”. As a former solicitor (and now solicitor of another kind) Frank was once again given the opportunity to present himself as “the innocent party” and snitched once again. Frank lost his job at the Public Trust, could no longer practise as a solicitor, and got a suspended sentence – which was no sentence at all.

That was 1929. Leonard Hollobon got five years' hard labour in New Plymouth prison, narrowly escaping flogging. Hollobon was never told that Norris Frank Davey had snitched on him, nor that he had become the famous writer Frank Sargeson.

Norris Frank Davey organised a boy-rooting group with a Wellington businessman, a high-ranking church minister and three others. They were all caught and charged in 1929. Before the trial, Norris Frank Davey turned state evidence once again – and all five others were convicted.

After these incidents, of which there were many, all confused and rolled into one by the literary protectorate, Frank hid from the people trying to kill him and, in October 1929, he went to live with his much-loved homosexual uncle, Oakley Sargeson, at Okahukura, near Taumarunui, which isn't near anywhere.



Oakley Sargeson somewhere near nowhere.

Frank's uncle was also gay, although apparently reluctant to practise incest. They lived together for two years. Here Norris Frank Davey wrote *Conversation with my Uncle* and changed his name to Frank Sargeson.

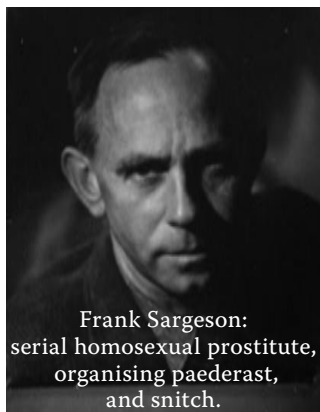
Norris Frank Davey/Frank Sargeson hid his conviction, and multiple charges, from the public for the rest of his life – something which gays and paedophiles admire. As the original paedophiles, the royals, often say – “There is no crime other than being caught”.²

² Prince Philip.

Commensurate with his hidden character as a snitch, his hidden past and his hidden location, Frank wrote short stories without setting, without explanation and in a semi-articulate naïve style. As a homosexual and paedophile recruiter, his stories depicted the New Zealand male as unsophisticated, and married life as a drudgery. He spent his life surrounded by homosexuals, lesbians and the mentally ill.³ As such, New Zealand's literary circle depict him as the founding New Zealand writer.



³ Janet Frame, mental patient turned writer, was incarcerated from 1947–55, then wrote *Owls Do Cry* at Frank's bach above (1955–56). "She was not very good at tubbing [bathing], stunk, and had white white legs all covered in red hair." Charles Brasch, E. H. McCormick and Bill Pearson were homosexual. Michael King, Frank Sargeson's biographer (1995) was a friend of the organised recruiting paedophile and government agent Bert Potter, who ran the feely-feely free sex commune, Centrepont, 20 km north of Sargeson's home.



Frank Sargeson:
serial homosexual prostitute,
organising paederast,
and snitch.

Not a great earner Frank, or Norris, and always the suspicious snitch, he spent the rest of his life at his parents' bach at 14 Esmonde Rd, near Takapuna Beach, from May 1931–1982.

As a snitch, Frank Sargeson/Norris Davey was continually surrounded by policemen's friends and the SIS. He was regularly required to give information on anyone from his group. In this way, only the homosexuals and paedophiles around him survived and the heterosexuals were denied his literary friendship.

The talented writer A. R. D. Fairburn blamed Sargeson's success on the "Green International Conspiracy" – meaning the 'Bohemian Homosexual Literary Collusion' (BHLC) that still exists today. The 6'3" chiselled Fairburn had his head screwed on and knew that fiction would be dominated by fags and fag hags. Had Fairburn been a kiddy-fucker, he would have been a more acknowledged writer in New Zealand. Sargeson thought Fairburn was homophobic, but Fairburn just didn't like snitches or narks and grew increasingly paranoid around Sargeson.

Here's why. As of 1929, Frank was a convicted criminal and had been registered unemployed since 1931. In 1946 his father wanted to give him the bach so Frank changed his name by deed poll to 'Frank Sargeson', having lived under a false name for 17 years. The next year Frank's unemployment/invalid benefit was converted to a literary pension (£4/week, 1947–68) by the Under-Secretary of Internal Affairs, Sir Joseph Heenan, in exchange for secrets given to the Labour Party. In 1947 Frank got the bach changed into his name. The following year George Haydn rebuilt it from scratch. George (29) and Molly Macalister (28) had an open marriage. While George was building Frank Sargeson's bach, his best friend Rex Fairburn was frolicking in the mangroves with Molly. It was December 1948.

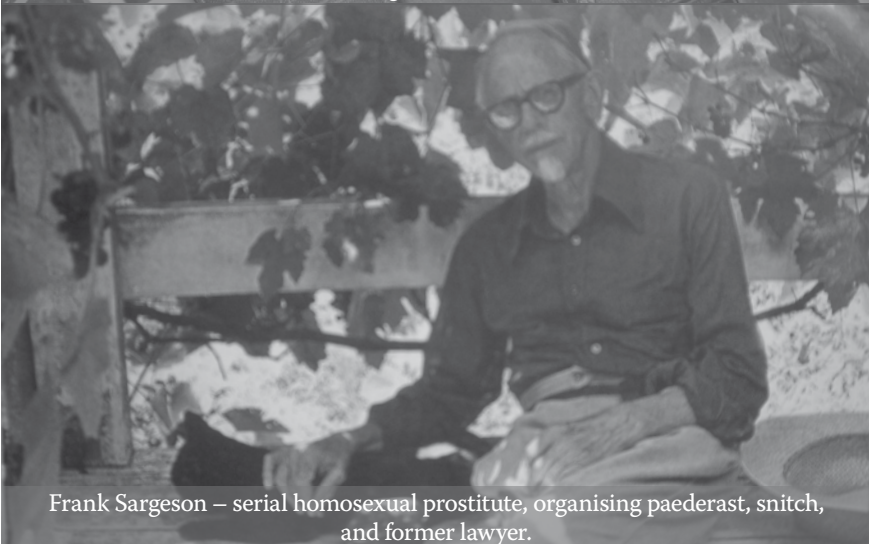
As well as a homosexual prostitute and paederast (and lawyer), Frank Sargeson was also a serial overlapper and when the young meat wasn't around, he was a compulsive gerontophile (sex with really old people). While he had a long-term relationship (1935–71) with ex-jockey Harry Doyle (b. 1893), he had affairs with the manual labourer Jimmy Shaw, the Kaukapakapa subsistence farmer McGilly, and any aspiring male writer who walked through his door . . . until he died of arse cancer – officially prostate cancer.



Frank specifically requested a kiddy's toilet. The one he settled on was the same size as a primary school toilet for 5–10-year-olds. You've got to wonder. A kiddy's toilet, a shower for two, and a little bit of typing equals a Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Medal 1953. These were given to the local MPs to dish out – all 2528 of them. He was a voyeur and spat the dummy when part of the shower was enclosed.



Sargeson collected innumerable books. Many of these were later discredited. One such book, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, was by the famous American Kinsey, an evil bastard who interviewed paedophiles at length about their experiences. Kinsey even gave them the task of timing the seduction and sex of children, as well as recording their murders.



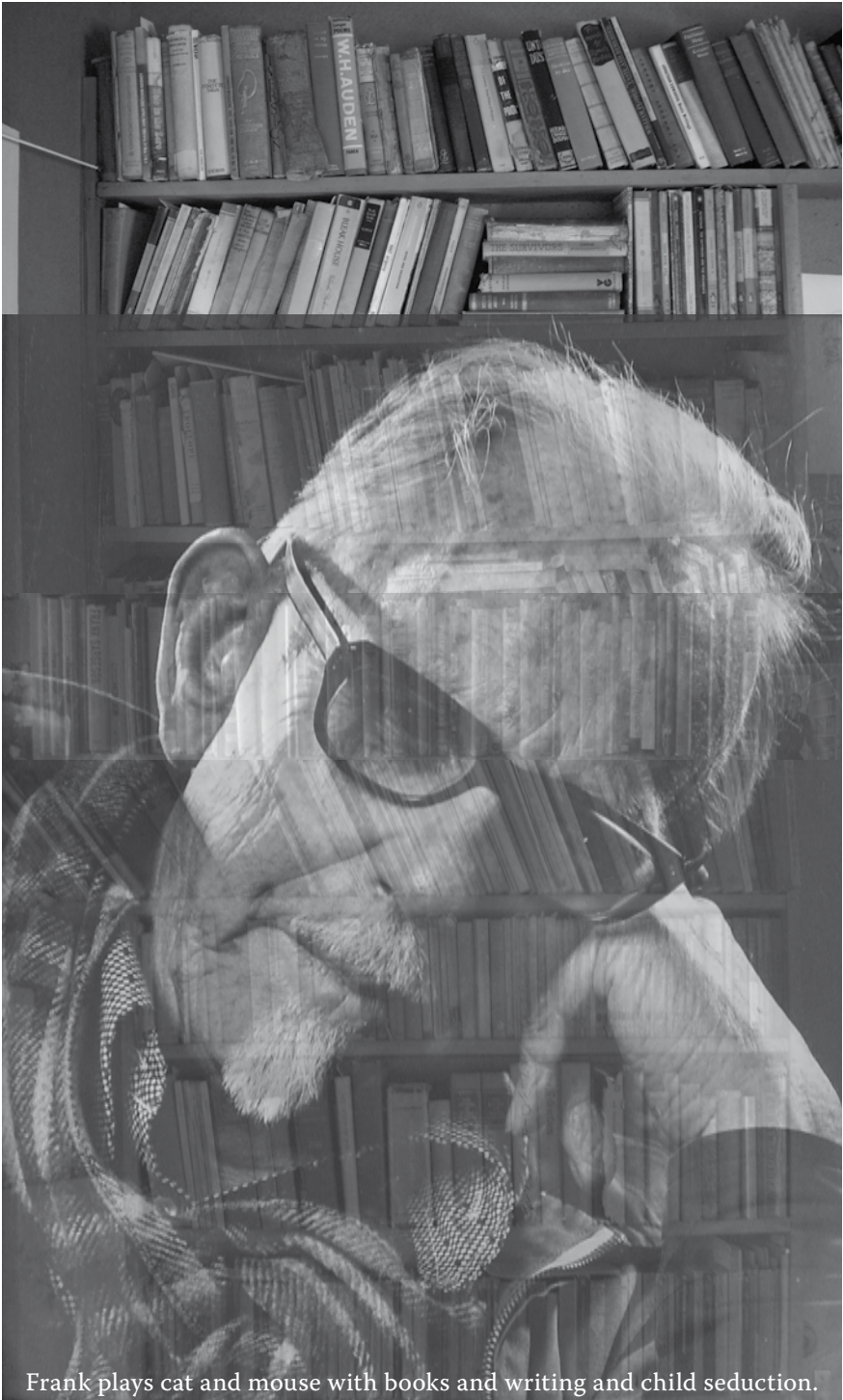
Frank Sargeson – serial homosexual prostitute, organising paederast, snitch, and former lawyer.



Frank's back and two of his bohemian visitors, Bob and Irene Lowry.



Frank's publisher Bob Lowry got drunk again, added sleeping pills, wrote a suicide note to his estranged wife, tied it around his neck, sat on the back porch and waited for some attention. Barry Crump turned up, got distracted by some Maori sheilas to a party up north, came back two days later and Bob was dead where he left him.



Frank plays cat and mouse with books and writing and child seduction.

Many of Frank's homosexual lovers would leave him to become heterosexual and then marry, so obviously Frank wasn't much of a lover. This was something he had in common with Chairman Mao. Some would say Frank Sargeson's advocating closer ties with Maoist China was based on shared poverty, but they had more in common – they were both paedophiles. As paedophiles they had a desire to change language to make crap look good, and they both used naïve language to obfuscate their snitching past.

Sargeson didn't like the word 'gay' and used to call himself a 'yag'. Mao Zedong was the richest man in China before he became Chairman Mao and he used to say "Poverty is good".

Chairman Mao was half-Jewish and had inherited US\$500,000 in 1936 from his Jewish biological father via Russia and France. Not many people know that, but hey, this is writing and when it's not fiction, it's supposed to be about the truth.

So it would be fair to say in New Zealand that the literary movement is a 'Homosexual Bohemian Paederast and Prostitution Movement' (HBPaPM) with a few prime ministers thrown in, making the equation similar to Sargeson's writing style – HBPaPMwPMs – better summarised as 'Faggots write Fiction'.

Prime Minister Helen Clark had the government commit large



Chairman Mao Zedong –
incredibly rich half-Jewish paederast, with cultured baldness.



sums of money to writers' trusts – the Frank Sargeson Trust, and to the Michael King Writers' Centre, with writers-in-residence paid \$10,000 in four-month stints to live there.

It's just a shame that more of the public don't know that Michael King was murdered on the October 2003 orders of Prime Minister Helen Clark (KGB). No one picked up the job, so it was given to the Chief Justice Sian Elias (Sayanim-Mossad). Others on the list were Sir Peter Elworthy (killed 13 January 2004 by digitalis in his midnight cake snack), the TV chef Alison Holst, and Sharon Crosby who held the 'Morning Programme On Popular Culture, Advertising and Propaganda' and became the chief executive of Radio New Zealand.



The women survived, the men didn’t.



Michael King presents his book *Frank Sargeson: A Life* in 1995 at the Frank Sargeson Trust – Sargeson’s old bach.

“Michael King and his second wife Maria Jungowska were killed when their car crashed into a tree and caught fire near Maramarua, on SH2 in the north Waikato [on Monday 29 March 2004, not Tuesday 30 March 2004]. The cause of the crash was reported by the police at the time to be a **complete mystery** as speed was not a factor and **investigators have little idea** why the car would veer off a straight road. A coroner’s inquest into the deaths determined that the accident was most likely caused by driver inattention”⁴ . . .

Epicac and an impact-activated explosive.

There was no investigation into the burnt-out car or the Mossad couple travelling behind them. Michael and Maria were both burnt to a cinder and had to be identified from dental records. As appeasement, Michael’s daughter is now an award-winning writer.

To qualify for the MK Writers’ Centre, all you have to do is write one poem and root two children. The second child has to be with Helen Clark’s husband, Peter Davis, or similar.

Frank Sargeson was a snitch,
a homosexual prostitute and a recruiting paedophile,
suspected of incest with his homosexual uncle.

Prime Minister Helen Clark will go down in history as one of New Zealand’s greatest ever paedophile minders – of **Frank Sargeson, Brian Edwards, Jonathan Hunt, Sir Ron Brierly, Sir Roger Douglas, Hugh Fletcher, Bert Potter**, and of course, her husband, the child sex abuser, **Peter Davis**, whom she continually places under house arrest.

Brian Edwards is Helen Clark’s biographer and the media consultant to the Labour Party. He was caught in bed with a 12-year-old girl at Messines Road in Karori, Wellington in 1971, and with another

⁴ Wikipedia – emphasis and date corrections added.

12-year-old girl at 21 Salamanca Road in Kelburn, Wellington in 1981. She was from the Anglican Samuel Marsden Collegiate.

Jonathan Hunt was a Labour MP from 1964, then Parliamentary Speaker, then New Zealand's High Commissioner to Britain. Hunt has been running paedophile rings with Sir Ron Brierly for over four decades, and when the British-European-American paedophile group was exposed and then shut down by the media in June 2007 it led straight to New Zealand House in the Haymarket, London (Jonathan Hunt) and to New Zealand, to Sir Ron Brierly, who was initially financed by Tavistock.

Sir Roger Douglas was the Minister of Broadcasting (1972–75) during the feminist takeover of the media (feminists remove fathers and expose children to paedophiles) and Minister of Finance (1984–87). Roger Douglas was continually supplied with children and recorded by ASIO at Leichardt's Hotel at 95 Norton Road, in Leichhardt, Sydney, Australia.⁵ Knighthoods are given to paedophiles for complicity in destroying their country. Roger Douglas was knighted in 1990.

Hugh Fletcher is married to the Chief Justice Sian Elias and runs a sex club for members of the media, government and judiciary, and the partners thereof. Fletcher's sex group specialises in homosexual parties with Polynesian boys 14–18 years old, with members negotiating for sex on an individual basis – no age limits. One of its members, David McNee, was killed, with complicity of another of its members – Peter Shaw, who is married to Judge Coral Shaw. She sits in Wellington while Peter lives in Auckland. For the last 20 years he has been the art curator of the Fletcher art collection.

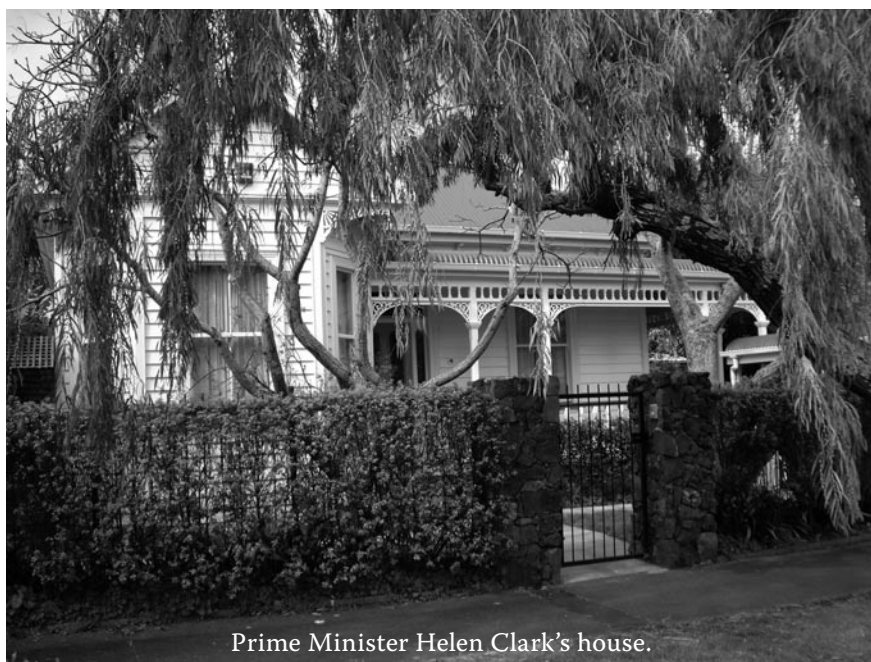
Bert Potter was an ex-Air Force officer who ran a satellite Tavistock at the Centrepoint commune in Albany just north of Auckland (1978–92). Tavistock tests and exports their psychological programmes and one of Centrepoint's programmes became the TV series 'Temptation Island'. Centrepoint's loose sex has since infiltrated all aspects of New Zealand society and entire suburbs are now known for their swinging – Auckland's Panmure etc, etc, etc.

⁵ Spymaster: "In 1999 the Mayor of Wollongong got rooted and murdered in a house in Wollongong. He got kitsetted, chopped up and left in different rooms. His killer got dressed in his clothes. NSW Police came and interviewed me. They got shitty when I told them that the Takapuna CIB was my alibi. The CIB said, 'Why did you give us as your alibi you little cunt?'. I said, 'Well I didn't have a choice. It was the truth. You called me over for an interview', and the CIB repoded, 'Only because we didn't know somebody else was going to fit you up'."



Frank Sargeson Trust – home of paedophiles and the literary protectorate.

So I guess we should talk a bit about the hot teaspoon baby conceived in Helen Clark’s home at 4 Cromwell Street in Mt Eden, Auckland in 1991 ...



Prime Minister Helen Clark’s house.