



a fine line

May 2007

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEW ZEALAND POETRY
SOCIETY *Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa*

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MAY MEETING

Lynda Chanwai- Earl

preceded by a members-only mic.
Thursday 17th May 7.30 pm
at Turnbull House, Bowen St,

JUNE MEETING

AGM

followed by a guest poet to be confirmed
Tuesday 19th June, 7.30pm
at The Arts Centre, Abel Smith St..

Feature Article

Interview: Kerrin Davidson, Christchurch

Nola Borrell

A recent Christchurch visitor, Lochiel, aged 13, picked up *tiny gaps*, the 2006 anthology of the Poetry Society, from my coffee table and turned to Junior Haiku. She gave a whoop of surprise: "I know her," she cried, "and her ... and her!" So many Christchurch writers. So many girls.

Behind this success is a whirlwind of creative energy and passion called Kerrin Davidson. (Her writing name is Kerrin P. Sharpe.) "Writing and reading haiku is a way of life," she says, and adds with a laugh, "A religious fervour". In no time she departs from my prepared questions, and takes off in several directions. Clearly, a believer in organic growth.

Kerrin is a Creative Writing teacher of poetry and prose with nearly ten years' experience. She teaches at eight schools each week, both primary and secondary, and is Poet in Residence at St. Andrew's College. Kerrin also teaches at a retirement village where her class recently self-published its fifth book, *It doesn't have to rhyme*, and her oldest student is 94. In January and February Kerrin teaches for the Japan Airlines competition.

Haiku writing is Kerrin's special love. She is very interested in targeting young writers, as young as Year 1 or Year 2, and following them through school.

"Teaching haiku is good because of time constraints," she says. "Children get into the rhythm; they see the possibilities of language, and then want to write haiku. ... Most feel that no word belongs to anybody. A word can be used in different ways. How does that word work? What important moment should it express? What's the potential of that experience?"

"It's about confidence and sharing, getting into different layers. They see what others have written. They link into others' experience. The potential for sharing is enormous.

"Haiku bring meaning and structure to life. [Ah, not entirely free-wheeling! NB] Children want a safer place, they get that through structure. Haiku makes sense of what you're doing and where you are in class. It strikes a chord, it's liberating. Haiku is a way of looking with understanding."

moonlight
a dark polished table
a white rose petal

Kate Slaven, Paparoa St School, 4th, *the enormous picture*, 2004

In the classroom Kerrin always starts with a reading. "I will go in and say, What am I doing today? Then we're into brainstorming. I offer two ideas; for example, a word about the weather, and say, you can choose one or choose your own idea. We've got half an hour, let's get writing. Or: What can you see out that window? Or, look at this picture, such as a dead whale on snow. One word can get totally different poems; earthquake, for example."

earthquake
only the sky
is still

Dora Davidson, St. Andrew's College, 1st, *the enormous picture*, 2004

earthquake
my weetbix bowl shakes

Edward Davidson, St. Patrick's School, 1st, *learning a language*, 2005

(Yes, you've guessed correctly. Dora and Edward are Kerrin's children; so is William whose work has also appeared in NZPS anthologies. And no, Kerrin doesn't have her own children in her classes - except for Dora, her eldest, for a while.)

"Without a lot of reading, discussion and modelling," says Kerrin, "haiku don't happen. You have to learn to read haiku. It has to be expressed.

"I went to Bill Manhire's 1976 class in Original Composition - in a prefab. Bill had an expression, 'keeping the machinery oiled'. With haiku, when inspiration comes to your experience, your writing is better, it touches others. Look at Jeanette Stace's haiku. Things spark off each other."

thousands of pebbles
along the grey coast
whales are calling

Robert Poynter, Swannanoa School, Rangiora, Highly Commended, *the enormous picture*, 2004

Kerrin teaches the usual features of haiku: show not tell, not a sentence, two distinct parts - but not a pattern, no gerunds. (NB: Sense of humour too? How about: *School, / sometimes the teachers / learn things* - Ben Satterthwaite, Fendalton Open-Air School, *tiny gaps*, 2006)

"Some modern haiku I'm dealing with can pick up Japanese resonance," she says. "Finding a closer link. That's so Japanese. That's true haiku. Older people are more inclined to go with structured form (5 -7- 5). The important thing is to allow themselves to fall into it - that is, firsthand experience."

Kerrin gives high importance to preparing work for competitions, not only NZPS, but also the Japanese Airlines Competition which is held every two years, one haiku per entrant, in traditional 5 - 7 - 5 format. The prize is a trip to Japan to the birthplace of a famous haiku writer for a haiku camp. Her students also enter mainstream poetry in the Peter Smart Competition, the Wellington IIML NZ Post competition, and Foyle's International Competition in UK.

"We write down every haiku we do, read them several weeks later. Which are the ones that still hit us between the eyes? Then: Does this still sound ok? If the writer still likes it, and others like it, it may be sent to a competition. A nice test.

"The following haiku was written after reading and listening."

toddler sleeps
steaming train
trapped in toybox

Mitchell Roberts, Burnside Primary School, 3rd, *something to expiate*, 2003

"Writing the haiku was validated for Mitchell when he was placed in a competition. A double success: writing the haiku and getting third. Sometimes I submit haiku some judge has rejected. It makes the experience more unique if you trust in your haiku."

Kerrin has a marginal concern: "Because of modelling, and a lot of reading haiku, it's always possible that the writer will use the actual words of another writer without realising it. Writing from your own experience and personal inspiration are very important."

spinach in your teeth
when you smile
I laugh

Keyton Evans, Burnside Primary School, *something to expiate*, 2003

And the fact that about 75% of the top places have been won by girls? Kerrin laughs again. She wasn't aware of the bias. She says classes are more or less equal in numbers, unless she's teaching in a single sex school. She thinks there are even chances initially. "I'll look at this during the year."

Her eldest child, Dora, now 18, has had outstanding success. Haiku have taken her places. In 2006, Dora was Foyle's Young Poet of the Year, one of 15 world-wide. That took her to a workshop in Shropshire. When she was 15 she went to the World Children's Haiku Camp in Yuwa, Honshu, the birthplace of Rogetsu Ishi (1873 - 1928). Her haiku were translated into Japanese. The Master of Haiku, a woman in her 90s, touched Dora's haiku with her walking stick: "That's the one," she said.

a cloud unravels
dusts my jacket with its tears
I think of father

Dora Davidson, St. Andrew's College

Kerrin's poem, *Bella Silva*, describes in 5-7-5 (except for the final couplet) the writing of Dora's winning Japanese haiku, and those waiting for her return.

And Kerrin's own writing? "Not too much time for that," she says, "but I'm doing what's important right now".

Bella Silver

The theme is water.
She writes 'a cloud unravels'
and flies to Japan.

A man with silver
jewellery waits in a Mall.
he cannot see her

his silver mirror
seems tarnished, he closes his
large eyes remembers

the tall ice-cream girl.
But the kiosk is empty
the silver one gone.

Tears? We all cry
father, mother, three brothers.
Silver dusts our jackets, we

wait, rake leaves, prepare
for winter.

Kerrin P. Sharpe

Nola Borrell is a Lower Hutt poet and haijin

From the National Coordinator

Laurice Gilbert

I hope the Easter Bunny was as kind to you as she was to me. I was a hunting widow over the long weekend, and the only one of my children still living at home was house-sitting for one of the others, so I had four days of solitary confinement. Bliss. I decided to use the time productively to enter competitions. After submitting to three UK comps (the high \$NZ helps) I felt warmed up enough to tackle a big one: the Templar Poetry Pamphlet and Collection Competition. They sent me examples of their pamphlets, and they are what we would call chap books. For the grand sum of \$45 I entered a collection of 22 poems – at roughly \$2 a poem I thought that was good value. They didn't need to be unpublished, so I was able to use some of my successful ones, as well as some that haven't yet seen the light of day. And here's the real value of the exercise: if I don't win one of the three £500 grand prizes, I now have a collection ready for self-publishing (see *How it is*, p.18).

That competition will be closed by the time you read this. There is a lot of up-to-date information on our website that doesn't make it into the magazine because it doesn't reach me in time for the publishing deadline. Now that the same person is receiving incoming emails and other correspondence, updating the website and publishing the magazine, the Society has a fantastic information resource. I hope you benefit from it, and tell your friends. In the meantime, wish me luck in the UK. Next goal: use Queen's Birthday weekend to have a bash at the USA.

Letters to the Editor

Critical Review?

It was with some concern that I read the review of Helen Jacobs' *Lyric Road* (*a fine line*, March 2007). My understanding of a review is that it should provide potential readers with an overall evaluation of the work, including: an understanding of where the book 'sits', both in terms of the poet's writing history, and as part of the canon; the type of reading experience it offers; and the reviewer's overall assessment of the book's strengths and weaknesses as a collection.

My concern was that the *Lyric Road* review read more as a detailed critique of individual poems, rather than an assessment of the collection as a whole. This impression was reinforced by one of the concluding comments: "However, these are things for the author to pick up on, for working the next manuscript." With respect, I consider that providing such advice is not the role of the reviewer, but of an editor. As a potential reader, I am not particularly interested in how the reviewer would have written the poems, if only she had done so, or in the advice she wants to give the poet for their next manuscript -- I want to gain a sense of what this work is about and whether it is a collection I would enjoy reading / buying.

In terms of evaluation, I was left with only one sentence, at the very end, that was "for the reader" -- and that one sentence... did not achieve the objective tone I expect of a professional review. For me, the tone was condescending, an impression compounded by the sentence immediately following: "To anyone published by Steele Roberts and receiving a grant from Creative New Zealand in these hard times, I say, Well done!" One is left wondering, given the preceding critique, by what sleight of hand the poet managed to pull this double achievement off -- and whether this negative implication is in fact the reviewer's intention.

Overall, I thought that the approach adopted was unfortunate... [It] falls short of my expectation of reviews in terms of achieving objectivity and professionalism. I question, therefore, whether it could be timely for the NZ Poetry Society to revise or clarify its guidelines for reviewers, to avoid this happening again.

Andrew Neill (by email, abridged)

Positive feedback.

[T]he new NZPS mag is just brilliant. What a good look, layout, content, everything...kudos all round I'd say!!!!

Anne Faulkner (Wellington)

A Warm Welcome to:

Steve Cordery, Te Puke
Susan Howard, Wellington
Shae MacMillan, Dunedin
Daphne Mayes, Silverdale
Joanna Preston, Christchurch
Bruce Rankin, Auckland
Nima Tavassoli, Wellington
Alys Titchener, Wellington
School for Young Writers, Christchurch
Eva Vemich, Auckland

Congratulations

- to **Pat Rosier**, for first place in the Scribbligum Gumnuts Competition
- to **Helen Lowe**, Highly Commended in the same competition
- to **Mona Randell**, Highly Commended in the Page and Blackmore short story competition, judged by Owen Marshall
- to **Helen Lowe** (again) for Highly Commended in the 2007 Thames Short Story Competition, judged by Bronwyn Elsmore.
- to **Sue Wootton** for sending just two poems to the Inverawe Poetry Competition (Tasmania) and winning with one and being commended for the other.

Noticeboard

For a complete rundown of regional events, and to find the poetry meeting in your town, please go to our website: www.poetrysociety.org.nz . Please email updates, additions & changes: info@poetrysociety.org.nz

SEAWEEK POETRY COMPETITION

Kudos to the Hawke's Bay Live Poets Society, for a successful new event: the SeaWeek Poetry Competition, which drew over 100 entries. Most were local, but they covered a range from Helensville to Christchurch. Winners were announced at a special HB Live Poets night at the National Aquarium of New Zealand, Napier, in March. Winners were: Primary: 1. Sophie Foss, 9; 2. Josie Mason, 9. Intermediate: 1. Abby Waru-Atkinson, 11; 2. Talmage Park, 11 . Secondary: 1. Daniel Pack, 14; 2. Kirsty Plowman, 15; 3. Connor Macqueen, 13. Te Reo: Manahi Young Gray, 11. Adults: 1. Jenny Dobson, Hastings; 2. Barry Marshall, Taradale; 3. Phyllis Gudgeon, Napier. Read some of the winning poems at <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutseaweeek>

CANCELLED PROJECT

Regrettably, the Wellington City Council's arts programme manager, who requested submissions of poems for a project to distribute a chap book of poems to newborns, has resigned and left the country! Thank you to those who have submitted poems. Until I know if his replacement is likely to take the project on, there's not much I can do about it.

NEW PROJECT

From the beginning of June, I will feature selected members' poems in the Members-only section of the NZPS website. Subject and length are open, as there is plenty of space. Please send your poems to: NZPS Poems, PO Box 5283. Wgtn 6145, or email them to info@poetrysociety.org specifying "website submission" in the subject field. The poem I like the best each month will earn a \$20 book voucher. (Entirely subjective.)

THE AUCKLAND READERS' & WRITERS FESTIVAL 2007,
Thursday 24 to Saturday 27 May <http://www.writersfestival.co.nz>

Events to look out for:

An Hour with C.K. Stead Thursday 24 May, 4.30pm, ASB theatre, Aotea Centre.

Are Angels OK? Thursday 24 May, 4:30pm, NZI Lower Room, Level 1, Aotea Centre. Featuring: Glenn Colquhoun and Tony Signal

An Hour with Bill Manhire Friday 25 May, 12.30pm, NZI Lower Room, Aotea Centre

Poetry Idol Friday 25 May, 8:00pm, London Bar, cnr Queen & Wellesley Sts, Auckland City. Poetry Slam mc'd by Penny Ashton

Open Mike Saturday 26 May, 10:00am, Blues Bar, Level 2, Aotea Centre. Featuring invited poets every half hour, including: Anna Jackson, Harry Ricketts, Glenn Colquhoun, Karlo Mila, Ian Wedde, Bill Manhire, Ketut Yuliarsa (Bali) and Kapka Kassabova.

An Hour with Shane Koyczan (Canadian Poetry Superstar) Saturday 26 May, 6.30pm, NZI Lower Room, Aotea Centre

Falling Words at Dusk, Saturday 26 May, 8:00pm, Lower NZI Room, Level 1, Aotea Centre. Featuring: Shane Koyczan (Canada), Ketut Yuliarsa (Bali), Anna Jackson, Karlo Mila, Glenn Colquhoun, Kapka Kassabova, Ian Wedde, CK Stead and Bill Manhire.

NZSO CONCERT, WELLINGTON

Friday 25 May 6.30pm, at the Wellington Town Hall.

Every year the NZSO presents a concert entitled "Made in New Zealand", featuring works by New Zealand composers. In 2007 the NZSO joins with the Royal New Zealand Plunket Society in celebrating their hundredth anniversary.

Plunket commissioned Bill Manhire to write the poem *These Arms to Hold You* and NZ composer Eve de Castro-Robinson to compose the music for orchestra and children's voices.

This new work will be sung by the children's choir Lyrica from Kelburn Normal School, and the NZSO offers members and friends of the NZPS a 15% discount off single ticket prices. Book at Ticketek 04 384 3840 and ask for the NZSO Friends Discount. Tickets from only \$12.75 (Service fee may apply.) I can supply a written certificate for the discount if you want it; send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the usual address or email me at:

info@poetrysociety.org.nz

WINTER WARMERS, AUCKLAND

Wednesday 13 June, 6.30pm at The Dorothy Winstone Centre, Auckland Girls' Grammar School, 16 Howe Street, Newton, Auckland.

A panel of publishers, writers, and readers including writers Kevin Ireland and Roger Hall, poet Paula Green, songwriter Don McGlashan, and writer / publisher Chris Cole Catley, will join chair Bob Ross to discuss which books they plan to curl up with over winter, what their favourite childhood reads were, and the books that have changed their lives. Free to NZ Book Council members, otherwise \$16.

NZPS AGM – Thursday 21st June, 7.30pm.

Here it is again, the event you've all been waiting for:

Agenda

Apologies

Minutes of 2006 AGM

Matters Arising

President's Report

Audited Accounts
Proposed Budget for 2007-2008
Election of Officers
General Business

The meeting will be followed by a guest poet I haven't yet been able to confirm at the time of publication.

As always, we are on the lookout for new blood on the committee. There are not the demands on your time that there used to be, now that your dedicated, competent and friendly National Coordinator takes care of the major jobs in running the Society. What we want is support for said NC (so I don't have the responsibility of running the organization entirely on my own), a contribution to the strategies and future directions of the organization, and help with specific projects like Montana Poetry Day or organising a bar for the monthly Wellington meetings. We meet four times a year, aided by a supplied lunch and appropriate beverages. Much of the routine business (mainly financial) is carried out by email.

In particular, James Norcliffe is ready to step aside and allow a new perspective on the Presidency, after several years of first-class service in the position. Please think about what you can offer the Society in the way of moral and actual support, and let me know if you are prepared to become part of management.

The minutes of last year's meeting are on the members' page of the website.

Surfing the Web

<http://www.golakes.co.uk/wordsworthrap/>. An update of Wordsworth's *I wandered lonely as a cloud*, to celebrate the poem's 200th birthday, and to entice young people to the Lake District. Check it out, and write to me at editor@poetrysociety.org.nz or PO Box 5283, Wellington 6145, to tell me what you think.

<http://poetrysuperhighway.com/> a website recommended by Poetry Kit (UK). I enjoyed the poems at: <http://poetrysuperhighway.com/OtherRick.html>

<http://www.exposweb.net/> a consumer driven website with no fees (and no payment) where you can submit your poetry for on-line publication. Don't use the submission icon at the bottom of the homepage, as it goes nowhere. Use the top bar menu.

www.users.mullum.com.au/jbird/Wksp/W-home.html

This one's the site of Quendryth Young, John Bird, and Nathalie Buckland, all frequent entrants/finalists and, in Quendryth's case, a winner of the NZPS Haiku Competition. As well as great haiku, the site has some stunning photos of the Australian landscape.

<http://literaryfriendships.publicradio.org/> Here's the website of the programme aired on National Radio at 9.05pm on Tuesdays, featuring the mellifluous Garrison Keillor interviewing, well, literary friends; includes several poets.

<http://australian-poetry.blogspot.com/> a blog by Australian poet Phillip A. Ellis, with all kinds of Oz poetry news.

<http://www.brucemaude.com/manifesto.html> Not a poetry site, but an excellent reminder of why we are all artists (in the broadest sense), and how we can do better.

<http://myspace.com/alanking81>

<http://myspace.com/bustransfer> <http://myspace.com/themusicweare>

These all contain examples of the writing of Alan King, an American poet who has sent me some chap books of his work for our library. Please contact me if you are interested in seeing his printed work.

<http://members.optushome.com.au/kazoom/poetry/>

This Australian site has a comprehensive summary of poetic forms, with contemporary examples. It's not always great poetry, and Suzie is out of date on haiku and senryu, but worth a look if you like rules.

<http://www.papertigermedia.com/> is a genuine world-wide publisher of poetry and art on-line. Their on-line publication *hutt* currently includes a poem by **Mark Pirie**. Based in Australia.

And at the risk of labouring a point, www.poetrysociety.org.nz is constantly developing. Every poetry-related item or event I come across in the course of my daily work is put straight on the website, so you get it almost as soon as I do. I particularly recommend the Congratulations page. The site is also now much more user-friendly, thanks to the welcome assistance of **Alys Titchener**, who has kindly advised me in her capacity as a web navigability professional.

"The site is looking pretty damn good - congratulations - you've done heaps." *Unsolicited fan mail.*

Publications

New arrivals on the NZPS book shelf since the last issue:

into the vanishing point by **Helen Bascand** (Steele Roberts, RRP \$20) This is, surprisingly, only the second collection by this talented and versatile writer. "Surprisingly", because I seem to have read her so many times in so many places, that it seems as though she should have put more collections together. This collection has a wide variety of both her verse and her haiku.

Airports by Kevin Ireland (Hazard Press, RRP \$24.99) Ireland is up to collection number sixteen, with no loss of his customary wry and polished observations.

The Gift of You by **Peb Simmons** (The Marist Messenger, 88 Hobson St, Wgtn) \$10. This is the reflective response to the death of an adult son. Peb has a versatile publishing history in several genres, including children's books. This collection leads the reader through her son's childhood and beyond the accident that took him.

cold snack by Janet Charman (AUP, Price not given) The sixth collection by this widely published poet, who currently works as a secondary school teacher, after a mid-life switch from nursing.

Workshops

God, Sex, Politics

Saturday 26 May 2007

Cost: \$40 Tutor: Dora Malech, visiting convenor of the IIML MA Creative Writing Program at Victoria University. A workshop that jumpstarts your creativity by biting into the big stuff! 10:30-2:30 at the Institute of Modern Letters, 16 Wai-te-ata Road. For more information, e-mail dora.malech@vuw.ac.nz.

CREW 253 – Poetry Workshop, IIML

Applications close: 1 June

Cost: \$650 Tutor: Chris Price

This course involves the writing and study of poetry. Weekly workshops are held for the discussion of set readings and student work in progress.

Workshops start in the week beginning 9 July - further information and application forms are available at the IIML, 16 Wai-te-ata Road, Kelburn, or [online at www.vuw.ac.nz/modernletters](http://www.vuw.ac.nz/modernletters).

All undergraduate workshops are limited to 12 students. The quality of the writing sample which accompanies applications is critical in deciding admissions.

VUW Centre for Continuing Education

James Brown will teach a programme focused on both the reading and writing of poetry. The skills of reading and responding to poetry will be considered as an important part of the writing process.

The course dates have not yet been scheduled, but you can register an interest at

[http://ceed.vuw.ac.nz/\(tuufdb45zilk12m132bnm4am\)/interest.aspx?cid=187](http://ceed.vuw.ac.nz/(tuufdb45zilk12m132bnm4am)/interest.aspx?cid=187)

Regional Reports

Readers are invited to submit reports on local events as they occur. Post to: NZPS, PO Box 5283, Wellington 6145, or e-mail to: editor@poetrysociety.org.nz

No reports were submitted for this issue of a *fine line*

Residencies & Awards

The Creative New Zealand Sanskriti Residency – India.

Applications close on **1st June**. The residency will be for three months between October 2006 and June 2007 and applications are sought from established artists across all forms of arts practice eg writers, visual and craft/object artists, choreographers, composers, curators, playwrights. See website:

[http://www.creativenz.govt.nz/files/resources/forms-guidelines/2006-7%20Sanskriti%20Guidelines%20\(India\).pdf](http://www.creativenz.govt.nz/files/resources/forms-guidelines/2006-7%20Sanskriti%20Guidelines%20(India).pdf)

La Napoule Art Foundation. The Foundation welcomes qualified artists in all fields to its residency program at the Château de La Napoule on the Côte d'Azur, where exhibitions, readings, concerts, performances, seminars and conferences are held throughout the year. The next residency will run from 6 February - 19 March 2008, and applications close on **July 1st**. This residency has places for both emerging and well-established writers. Website:

<http://www.chateau-lanapoule.com/residencies/index.html>

Katherine Mansfield Fellowship: applications close on **13 July**. 6 months in Menton, France, to write. Details are somewhere on the Creative New Zealand website: <http://www.creativenz.govt.nz/index.html> Good luck in finding them.

Todd Writers' Bursary: applications close on **27 July**. \$20,000. For a promising new writer to work full-time (for six months) on an approved project. Published writers at an early stage of their career applying to the July deadline for a writing grant under the Arts Board's New Work funding programme are automatically considered for this bursary. See Creative New Zealand, above.

Red Gate Residency Program, Beijing.

Red Gate Residency Programs provide artists, curators, writers and academics with an opportunity to live and work in China. Red Gate has a number of fully self-contained apartments and studio/lofts available which are ready to use. The objective is to provide facilities for you to easily start your project and offer a community in which you can participate as much as you like.

For more detailed information, including application forms, see the Red Gate Gallery website:

<http://www.redgategallery.com/residency.php> Applicants are expected to apply for funding through local agencies (that means CNZ again). The next funding round closes 27th July.

Competitions

For a full list of competitions and submissions please go to the NZPS website at: www.poetrysociety.org.nz

New Zealand Poetry Society International Competition

Closing Date: 30 May

This year's judges: Open – James Norcliffe; Open Junior – Bernard Gadd; Haiku – Ernest J. Berry; Open Junior – Patricia Prime.

Entry forms were issued with the March issue of a *fine line*. If you've lost them, or want more for your friends, you can get them by emailing the Competition Secretary at competition@poetrysociety.org.nz or by sending a SSAE to the NZPS, PO Box 5283, Wgtn 6145. Keep those poems and haiku rolling in, folks.

Australasian Poetry Awards (Australia)

Closing date: 31 May.

Entry Fee: \$Aus5 each entry (or \$20 for 5 entries) Non-Australian entries can be paid for by money order or by enclosing 4 IRCs per poem. Section A: Poem (up to 100 lines) open theme. 1st. \$200; 2nd \$100; 3rd \$50. Section B: Best Feline Poem (up to 60 lines) \$100. Highly Commended and Commended Certificates will be awarded. For Entry Form and guidelines please send self-addressed envelope and IRC to the organiser: Pat Kelsall - APA, PO Box 1563, Mail Centre, Ballarat, Vic.3354, or send a ssae to the NZPS National Coordinator, PO Box 5283, Wellington 6145, clearly marking it "APA details".

Split the Lark Poetry Competition (UK)

Closing Date: 30-May-07

For poems of up to 40 lines, each to be typed on a single side of A4 paper. A separate sheet of A4 should contain the titles of poems, name, address and phone number of entrant. No entry form required. First Prize £250, Second Prize £150, Third £75. At least four runner-up prizes. Adjudicator: John Whitworth. **Entry Fee:** £3 one poem, £5 for two, £10 for five. Cheques payable to "Split the Lark Poets". Poems and entry fees should be sent to: Liz Turner, 1 King Edward Road, Deal, Kent, CT14 6QL UK. Website: www.splitthelarkpoets.co.uk

City of Derby Writing Competition (UK)

Closing Date: 31st May.

Prizes: £350, £250 and £150. Poems should be no more than 40 lines long. The poem must be original work and should not have been published. This includes publication on the internet. **Entry fee:** £3 per poem. For overseas entrants who are unable to pay by UK cheque or online it is acceptable to send cash by post with your entry, but only in US dollars (\$5 per entry) or Euros (€5 per entry) - no coins. You can enter by post: The City of Derby Short Story and Poetry Competition, Box 7065, Derby DE1 OAD, United Kingdom or on-line with payment via PayPal. <http://www.cityofderbywritingcompetition.org.uk/Poetry%20Competition.htm>

The Bridport Prize international writing competition 2007 (UK)

Closing date: 30 June

The Bridport Prize is for Short Story and Poetry. The Poetry judge is Don Paterson. 1st prize £5,000, 2nd prize £1,000, 3rd prize £500 + 10 runner up prizes of £50 each. Maximum of 42 lines, and usual rules about originality and not-previously-published apply. You can send as many entries as you like, the entry fee is £6 per poem, payable with a credit card at the time the entry is sent. All winning entries will be published in an anthology. [Entry forms and full details are available from the website](http://www.bridportprize.org.uk/) <http://www.bridportprize.org.uk/> There you can also see the "long list" of finalists for the 2006 Bridport Prize, which included NZPS member **David Gregory**.

Scribbli Gum Literary Works Competition (Australia)

Closing date: 30 June

Judge for 2007, Ruth Strachan. First prize: \$100, 2nd prize: \$50; publication on the website. Gum Blossoms - Poems free or rhymed, including prose poems, any theme from 10 to 50 lines. Entry fee: \$Aus5 each item or \$15 for five; payment by PayPal.

Margaret Reid Poetry Contest for Traditional Verse (USA)

Closing Date: 30 June

\$4,500 in prizes, including a top prize of \$1,000. Submit poems in traditional verse forms such as sonnets and haiku. Both published and unpublished poems welcome. Enter online or by mail. "Many of you still like to write rhymed poetry, but there are other 'traditional forms' that don't need to be rhymed, or that add an extra dimension to rhymed poetry and could ensure you are on to a winner. Great prizes here in a competition that has now been running for four years." [Guidelines on the website: http://www.winningwriters.com/margaret](http://www.winningwriters.com/margaret)

Poetry Writers' Yearbook 2007 (UK)

Closing Date 30th June

Free entry, with prizes of £300 or £500 worth of A&C Black books. All you have to do is write a poem (one entry only) of no more than 30 lines, on the theme of **Winter**, register with them on their website:

<http://www.acblack.com/poetrycompetition/>

and email the poem to poetrycompetition@acblack.com with the subject heading: PYB07 COMPETITION.

Slipstream Poets Open Poetry Competition Spring / Summer 2007 (UK)

Closing Date: 30 June

For surreal poems up to 50 lines. Judge: Paul Ward. First prize: £100, second prize £50, third prize £25. **Entry Fee:** £3 per poem, 4 poems for £10 **Contact:** Slipstream Poets (Poetry Competition), c/o Homestead Studios, The Drive, Ifold, Loxwood, W. Sussex RH14 0TE No website for this one, but as it is the only competition that supports some of the more peculiar poems that some of us write, I thought it was worth including.

Quotation of the Month

Prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry; on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose.

Walter Savage Landor

Submissions

Aotearoa Anthology of Global Poetry

He karanga ki te hunga kaituhi / Call for Submissions

Deadline Saturday 30 June

To be edited by Hinemoana Baker and Maria McMillan and published by Dev-Zone. "The anthology will feature poems about events and situations in the world that challenge, anger or excite us, which we fear or long for. From privatisation to peace, from human rights to global warming, from trade to famine, there are important poems to be written. We want writing that raises awareness without resorting to rhetoric, touches on enormous subjects without being heavy-handed, poems that somehow move us and/or inform us without being didactic." For more information and submission guidelines, visit the Dev-Zone website at <http://www.dev-zone.org/poetry/>

From the Did You Know? File

In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree

The sacred river Alph, the caverns measureless to man, and the deep romantic cavern were not to be found in the empire of the Mongol leader, but in Coleridge's fondness for opium. However, Kublai Khan was a patron of the arts and (unlike his more famous empire-building grandfather, Genghis) a shrewd and just leader. After moving his political base to Beijing, he was responsible for the building of the Imperial City. (Source: *Literary Review*, April 2006)

Theatre Review

Wild Lines

February 9 and 16, Fringe Festival, Wellington

Adrienne Jansen

Just once in a while you go to a show that is so good you wish you'd told *all* your friends. You wish you could come back and see it again. But it's gone – it was the last night and anyway, it was sold out. That was 'Wild Lines', a performance by twelve disabled women, writing about life, disability, the washing, and reading their own work.

This is what writing really can be – taking on the tough stuff, but at the same time funny, quirky, heartbreaking, absolutely illuminating – and never sentimental or self-pitying.

The writers have all been part of Tigers and Tulips writing workshops, run by Jamie Bull and **Trish Harris** since 1999, for disabled women who liked to play with words. There have been over 40 workshops and 3 performances in the Wellington area. Their intention has been, in part, "to increase the disabled voice in the arts" and they have done that with flair. Everything in 'Wild Lines' was done with style. The stage had one simple prop – a washing line that jerked and swung a miscellaneous bunch of washing across the stage and acted as both whimsical prop and guide. The writing was strong and polished, ranging from very funny 'disability for sale' ads, to moments of personal revelation, to pieces with a sharp political edge. Ideas of 'visibility' and 'invisibility' took on a new shape through sequences of short interlinked pieces.

Writing of this kind forces a shift in the head of the listener, and creates an entirely different perspective on 'disability'. The women looked great and read with confidence and poise and preparedness that many far more experienced writers could learn from.

If this is a bit of a rave review, 'Wild Lines' deserved it. The standing ovation at the end was a tribute both to the talent and staunch spirit of the performers, and to the vision and skill of Jamie Bull and Trish Harris. Hopefully a lot more people will get a chance to meet both the writing, and the writers / performers of 'Wild Lines' at some time in the future.

Adrienne Jansen is a Porirua poet

Reviews

Secret Heart, Airini Beautrais. VUP, 75pp RRP \$24.95

Johanna Aitchison

Secret Heart is hot young thing Airini Beautrais's first book of poetry. She's taken the daring step of producing 75 pages of poetry in prose form. The idea of prose poems fascinates me; as soon as I hear those two words together I think of Emily Dickinson's 613, "They shut me up in Prose—/As when a little Girl/They put me in the Closet—/Because they liked me "still"". The question jangling in my mind as I entered the volume was 'Can she pull it off?'

Beautrais's poems ripple like the Zen verse of Ryokan, Issa, and Buson. There are ample nature images here. Beautrais is camping up Butterfly Creek with a vanload of boys. The images are sparse and unadorned—fish and chips in the park; kids hitting "cricket balls into picture windows of houses"—and, just as you begin to worry that you've entered into a New Zealand Gen Y version of kitsch paradise, she throws in some details that send you sideways,

It was almost dark in the picnic ground. I had a headlamp but the others didn't. They collected branches by feel.
(What I Remember About Butterfly Creek)

There is a sense of a something to which Beautrais hints but never fully proffers that keeps the reader intrigued. Perhaps the heart of the poems resides just below the surface of ordinary language?

Many of her poems are anchored in nature, but Beautrais's best poems have a city/country feel to them. They straddle the territory convincingly. *Beans* reads like an Aro street parable, with Ratboy's graffiti and the white cross marked with "Here Lies the Ghoul" serving as portents of the by-pass.

Beautrais doesn't just observe the city/country, she inhabits it. There's the sense of the speaker being so immersed in the poems that she is hardly visible—the Zen thing again. In the hitch-hiking poem, *Lost Town*, Beautrais tries to remember the town: "Somewhere in stone fruit country, somewhere on a back road where the grass verges never got mowed." Sometimes the objects she inhabits take on a life of their own—the books "which might go off on their own tangents, down the barefoot pavement to the beach", but more often the surrealism is in very light dabs, an image relayed in such an oblique manner that we have to dig for the strangeness ourselves.

Beautrais is obviously a cool chick: she plays with a folk/rock band called the Raskolnikovs—a real-life thing confirmed on the back cover. The band hits the road on page 45 and that's where the book, with its prose poem-only policy, really starts to hum. On the road beautiful and strange images happen: "The morning after ferry" to Picton at the start of the tour "is pink and raw". Her pearls "lose their luster" in Lyttelton. Ah yes, you think! So normal that you wonder why you haven't heard it before; so strange that it has to be accurate.

There are stories of knives being pulled in the bar in which they will be playing (Lyttelton again) and Russian sailors who only drink vodka. Joints are shared, pool is played, a chick flirts with Jelly; the alcoholic host in Port Chalmers talks about eating children

He has been up all night and his face is the colour of red wine. He pours himself another glass and reads the newspaper that is shaking in his hands.

But back to my question of whether she pulls off the prose thing. I'd have to say yes, nearly all the time. Occasionally I'd get the sensation of a poetry volume about to burst into novel, but usually, the prose poem form added to the normal-but-strange-story-but-poem feel to the book.

Johanna Aitchison lives and writes in Wellington. Her second volume of poems, a long girl ago, will be published by Victoria University Press later this year.

The cover of this collection delighted me, reuniting me with the art of Kathryn Madill, whose work I first saw and loved in the Christchurch home of writer, Anthony Holcroft. It not only works beautifully with the poems as a whole, but is an expression of the two weeks Madill and Hall spent in Antarctica in 2004, under the shared 'Artists in Antarctica' Award.

To the book now. Thirty-nine poems, many quite lengthy, and eighty-eight pages divided into three sections, is one substantial volume. I like the size of the book (210mmx160mm), too, which is easy to handle and good visually with Hall's use of long lines.

While the notes are interesting background, I preferred to read the poems first without them. After all, these are the creations that must stand or fall on their own.

Antarctica needed this poet. Telling it how it is, is what Hall does best, bringing us the raw, the dangerously beautiful. She captures the essence and bottles it:

Mukluk

What shall we tell them?

That the sea froze under our muklucs
like stretched plastic.

That tiny ice seeds skittered
on the blue pavement, ringing like Inca bells.

But how many ways can you write about ice or snow? Apparently, if you are Bernadette Hall, the ways are endless...

Sastrugi ii

the ice looks like leaf litter, like roughcast
on the walls of the kauri villa roughly worked

up, the dense blue shadow and white
of pressure ridges that meet like clenched fists

over a card table, clouds that replicate the ice
and vice versa, O constant mirror,
fantastical theatrics, an elegant display
of miniatures, human apparatus in a white cabinet.

In brief Section II comes the magnificently-wrought poem for Hall's niece, Shelley Mather, who died in the Underground Bombing of 2005:

How We All Died With Her in the London Bombing

Passengers are swimming in the exploded dark.
They're like fish gaping open-mouthed towards the camera.
They're trying to say something we cannot hear
and we shudder in case we see her. To see her would be far
more terrible than not to see her, more terrible even
than never to see her again.

Quoting Hall from *Wai-te-ata*, the next poem: "How it all needs to be marked down."

In Section III lies my favourite,

Somewhere Near Kaiapoi:

just a soft ground mist

rising like ghosts
of children running for safety into the swamp

the invaders
chasing them
take them for faerie folk,

the way they run like that,
on the top of the water.

Followed closely by *The History of Europe* and the fun poem *An Elegy for a Small Dog*.

Dear Chloe,
you've peed on more famous feet
than any other dog I've ever known,
and most of them literary.

My overall impression? Here is a poet at the top of her game. Get this book. It's a serious contender for the Montana.

Jan FitzGerald is a NZ poet and artist

The Black River, C K Stead, Auckland University Press, 80 pages, RRP \$24.99

Jessica Le Bas

In May 2005 eminent New Zealand writer and critic Karl Stead was admitted to hospital with a stroke. The event left him temporarily dyslexic, and with a fresh view on mortality. An essay by Stead dealing with the event appeared last year in *Sport*, a literary journal from Victoria University Press, and is a captivating read.

The Black River is a reference to the River Styx in Greek mythology, which formed the boundary between Earth and the Underworld, across which the dead were carried. In this, his 14th poetry collection, Stead has one provocative foot on each side of the river, as he celebrates the precariousness of life.

These poems, written during and after the stroke, are both reveries on death and a celebration of life. There are dreams and lives recounted. They are not confessional or dark pieces, but insightful, luminary and honest. Stead is at his best when he is close up and personal. Poems about family make public an intimate level of mortality.

I feed the hens
and stand among them hearing
the dying fall of
their disconsolate conversation.
It's as if they know
any time soon
my men will come for me.

(My Father (a fantasy))

Particularly fine are three poems on the art of poetry. These lie inside the first most recent section, two like bookends, and the other centred, at the heart of Stead's live(s).

'Where is your theory?'
he asks. 'What
is your aesthetic?'

I gave him the
pied stilt stepping
it out on the bay...

(The Art of Poetry (i))

The final section is a slim one, and relegated to the back, like a dream might be, or an unclear memory. Written during the time of Stead's 'complete dyslexia,' it harbours a selection of poetic notes written 'in the dark,' and titled S-T-R-O-K-E

Stead's work can turn cheekily lyrical. In a poem titled *CK*, he tells us there is more to him than the grumpy mythical persona who has pursued him publicly through the decades. Written for Metro journalist Margot White, Stead defends himself:

There's a Stead I
recognised only by
his picture...

I protest
'this is not the man
who eats my lunch...'

I like how Stead juxtaposes 'the sea out at the yellow buoy,' in the Waitemata Harbour that he swims in still, in his early 70's ...

...Swimming back/on my back/I become again/the connoisseur of clouds -/feathers and fleece...'
(The Art of Poetry (i))

...with those Greeks, with colleague Bill Pearson, the Devonport ferry, and the small purple violas growing in the cracks of his path. The intertextuality of his world (and ours) is the stuff of reality, that mosaic that deems life and good poetry interesting.

Should you sidestep the allusions, the references to history and mythology, and people known to the poet, you will still find at the heart of this collection a candid New Zealand voice, and a mighty poet.

Stead has long been a gatekeeper and a patriarch in the New Zealand writing scene. That Black River will never run dry, and it is hoped that Karl Stead takes to higher ground, for a while yet.

Jessica Le Bas is a reviewer for the Nelson Mail. Her first poetry collection, incognito (AUP) is due out in May.

Overnight Downpour Andrew Fagan, HeadworX, RRP \$19.99, ISBN 0-473-11302-3
Anne Tucker

The face that looks out from the cover of this fourth collection of poems from Andrew Fagan is intense, serious, even haggard. This is a different persona from the more congenial images on his previous volumes of poetry. I'm not sure whether this signals a change in his view of himself as a poet or person or whether it's something driven by a new publisher, but the poems seem to look back on life and show more awareness of patterning and form than his previous books.

The prevailing mood of the book is a somewhat rueful look at relationships, friendships, family and domesticity interspersed with light humorous pieces in a way that reminded me of Simon Armitage or James Brown. The overall effect for the reader is that of being in congenial, down-to-earth, and thoughtful company.

With Fagan's profile as a song writer and performer, it's inevitable to think about the difference between a song lyric and a poem. The poet Adrian Mitchell writes in his introduction to *Blackbird Singing: Poems and Lyrics 1965–1999*, Paul McCartney (Faber and Faber, 2001):

There's often a difference between a poem and a song lyric. Lyrics tend to be less concentrated, partly because a song has to work instantly, and partly because the words must allow room for the music to breathe, to allow time for the work of the music. In a good song the words and the music dance together, so they need dancing room.

Music creates a rhythm – imposes a rhythm sometimes – on words in a way that you wouldn't necessarily see on the page. A song has a texture of words and voice laid over and intertwined through instrumental rhythm and melody. But in a poem the texture of words on page must do all the work, and in general I would like to have seen the words on these pages work a bit harder.

The strongest poems use rhythm, repetition, refrains or have a soundscape that matches the content, such as in *Wind Went Away With the Day* where the rhythms 'just heaving the lethargic/ leftovers of a long lost/ Ocean swell' match the sea's movement. There is a tendency to use some nice word pairings such as 'swell and wither', 'wrong womb . . . wrong room', but many poems are weakened by an adjective or adverb that stalls the momentum of the

poem without really adding to the noun or verb they are paired with. For example *Overnight Downpour*, the title poem, has a soundscape of conflicting rhythms that reflect the sound of water on an iron roof, and it nicely conjures up the introspective or inward looking frame of mind that heavy rain can inspire; but the poem is weakened by the heavy use of adverbs in lines such as 'Fully justified and/ Overtly obvious/', the words not bearing the emphasis that such short lines gave them. It's worth mentioning that the same poem later has a nice adjective-noun combination of 'lethargic/leftovers'; this working because it is unexpected in a way that the others are not. The same way that the

'lethargic/leftovers' mentioned above works.

The weaker poems fall into generalisations where Armitage or Brown would use the interesting word, the surprising detail, and grab you by specifics. And there are too many poems with unspecified 'we's' and 'you's' that seem to be about a particular person or event but don't give the reader quite enough information, and thus keep them at a distance.

The poetic voice in this book is good company, you're with a sensitive observer of a particular life, a New Zealand Everyman of a particular generation. However, it would be good to see the poems notch up a level, with some of the edginess in the gaze on the book cover transferring to further technical rigour.

Anne Tucker is a Wellington poet.

Readers' Poll

The magazine became bimonthly last year because of increasing costs. We could restore it to monthly if I produce only 8 pages an issue and if more people subscribe to the new improved one-column email version, to keep postage costs down. As the postage is about to go up, this is a substantial part of the cost. Tell me what you think: editor@poetrysociety.org.nz

Haiku NewZ

CONGRATULATIONS

- to **Nola Borrell, Sophia Frentz, Patricia Prime, Sandra Simpson and André Surridge** for selection in the 2007 Vancouver Cherry Blossom Haiku Invitational. Ninety haiku were selected, from 1,130 submissions from 32 countries. Writers ranged in age from 6 to 92. The judges - Carole MacRury, Michael D. Welch and Edward Zuk - chose the 'top' four haiku for their original imagery, strong use of language and depth of perception.

scent of cherry blossom
the tree moves
ever so faintly

Patricia Prime, Sakura Award

memorial garden
your perfume
among the weeping cherries

Sandra Simpson, Sakura Award

50th reunion
we gather
under cherry blossom

Nola Borrell, Honourable Mention

castle garden
under the cherry
a moat of pink blossom

André Surridge, Honourable Mention

piñata
in the cherry tree
scattering pink lollipops

Sophia Frentz (14), Youth Honourable Mention

- to **Nola Borrell, Harry Frentz and Sandra Simpson** for selection in the Haiku Umbrella Project Contest, UK

heavy rain
inside
the smell of books
Harry Frentz, 10

sudden downpour
our argument
stops in mid-
Sandra Simpson (originally in *Kokako*).

Sandra's haiku is one of eight selected for inscribing on an umbrella!
- to **Veronica Haughey** for gaining a third prize in the Kusamakura competition.

dawn, quiet inlet -
a shag dives
for day's first fish

- to **Bernard Gadd** (3 highly commended), **Veronica Haughey** and **Suzanne Vaassen** (both highly commended), **Catherine Mair** (runner-up and commended) and **André Surridge** (commended) in the Kokako Tanka Competition (NZ), otherwise dominated by US writers.

forgetting
her children's birthdays
she watches cherry blossoms
open each day
from the rest home window
Catherine Mair

COMPETITIONS AND SUBMISSIONS

For a full list of competitions and submissions please go to the NZPS website at: www.poetrysociety.org.nz/haiku

May 30 NZPS International Haiku Competition. See details elsewhere in *a fine line*.

May 31 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest. 5-7-5 pattern. Each haiku must use one kigo (season word) from the contest list. Haiku with more than 1 listed kigo or that do not use a listed kigo will be disqualified. Cost: \$US7/page of 3 haiku. Send to 'Tokutomi Contest', Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 5135 Cribari Place, San Jose, CA 95135. For full details, including the kigo, see the website (via NZPS web site).

May 31 Raghunatha Iyer Memorial Award. For haiku/senryu, tanka, haiga and haibun. Winners and selected others published in an anthology. Cost: Free. No street address given. For more information see www.wonderhaikuworlds.com

June 30 20th Annual Penumbra Haiku Contest. Cash prizes and publication in contest chapbook. Winners notified by August 31. Cost: \$US3/haiku. Send to TWA Penumbra, P.O. Box 15995, Tallahassee, Florida 32317-5995. For full details see NZPS web site, haiku pages.

July 1 Haiku Calendar Ludbreg. Unlimited entries. Send 2 copies of each poem on separate cards with your details, including occupation, on the back of one. Cost: Free. Winners announced in December. Send to Zdenko Orec, Petra Zrinskoga 49,42230 Ludbreg, Croatia. Cash prizes plus souvenirs and books.

TALK HAIKU

Patricia Prime, co-editor of *Kokako*, is the subject of an interview on 'Simply Haiku' by Beverley George.

Sandra Simpson, Haiku NewZ web pages editor, is interviewed by Pat Prime for *Stylus*.

Ernest J. Berry was featured recently in the Marlborough Express. See NZPS web site, Poetry News page.

And **Nola Borrell** was Guest Haiku Poet at the March meeting at Poet's Pub, Lower Hutt. [She was great; Ed.]

Compiled by Nola Borrell

How it is

In Favour of Self Publishing

F W Nielsen Wright.

To self publish you need only to have a bit of a publisher in you, with some sense of the word processor, the printing shop and binding. Here's why:

Costs A 26 page pocketbook (A6) can be produced for 71c a copy, the price I pay for a one minute call to my son's cell phone. In other words, self-publishing is cheaper than using the phone to communicate.

Scale In 47 years I have self-published over 700 books and booklets, and another 100 for other authors, i.e. over 800 titles, every one with an entry in the NZ National Bibliography/Te Puna. I am constantly writing and preparing books to publish, so 60 or more publications a year is my norm, and I am not alone in working on such a scale.

Sales Over the years I have sold many \$1000s worth of my books, but in the last 18 months I have had only a handful of orders from individuals and virtually none from libraries. Partly this is because my books are not cheap, as I price them at 25c a page and 112 pages cost \$28.00 to buy. Partly it may be the budget policy of libraries. Partly it may be the recent upgrade in print technology which I have not taken up.

I don't mind getting few or no sales because it leaves me with more time and energy to write and publish more books.

Publishing in NZ To publish in New Zealand means to put in the public record. By law, two copies of every book published in NZ must go to the National Library at no cost to the Library. One copy ends up in the Turnbull Library, to be available there for reference only; the other remains in the National Library. The National Library is required to lend its copy free of charge to other libraries on request. Think about it: once your book is in the National Library anyone who wants to read it can get access to it freely.

In fact for most books and booklets published in NZ, the Turnbull and National Libraries are the only access anybody has to those books. Two of my great-grandfather's sermons were published a hundred years ago - who has got a copy of them other than the Turnbull Library?

Once you have deposited your two copies you are a published author in NZ on the same footing as everybody else considered a NZ author. Even the best of those authors counts for no more than you within the National Library. In fact, you are a published author even if somebody only donates a single copy of your book, such as a thesis.

In this context would you rather be C K Stead NZOM with his 87 books or F W Nielsen Wright with his 714 books? (But let's be honest. Whatever his sales are [and publishers decline to reveal such things now as commercially sensitive] C K Stead stands highest in the pecking order of NZ authors.)

Readership All of us have about 40 people in our circle of acquaintances who may be happy to look at a book of ours, at least to start with. Every book therefore has a value as such, and deserves to exist. It only needs two (or even one) copy in the National Library/Turnbull Library to exist, so initially you need produce only two copies.

Experienced publishers now restrict print runs to 60 copies, 20 copies, even 10 copies. The rest go out of business.

Conclusion Those who live in this publishing paradise of New Zealand can benefit from the reality of operating here as authors. Find out what is going on. I prepare everything on the word processor at 18 pt to print on A4, because that gives the widest and simplest range of options in the printing shop. You can choose the text to suit your layout.

F W N Wright is a Wellington writer and publisher.

Ed's note: there are a number of self-publishing sites on the internet which make the process accessible to even computer-illiterates like me. A New Zealand site that has recently appeared is www.publishme.co.nz The official launch is 18th May, and it's worth a look. I've joined.

Other sites you might like to look at are:

<http://www.lulu.com/author/create.php> This is the only one I've actually used, and that was to download a book (very cheaply). It's free to use to publish - you only pay a commission when you sell. The rest of these are courtesy of Google:

<http://money.howstuffworks.com/self-publishing.htm>

<http://www.validpress.co.nz/>

<http://www.go-publish-yourself.com/>

<http://www.writersservices.com/index.htm>

<http://www.selfpublishing.com/>

<http://www.bookmarkselfpublishing.com/>

Talk Poem

Bernard Gadd

Late Summer, Northland

Books 3 & 4 of the Iliad

By Tony Beyer (from 'Electric Yachts')

the fate of the sea
near an anchorage
is to receive
the waste of men

yacht effluent
and the ineffective
mermaid form
of a drowned girl

after the deck party's
exaggerated noise
scouring the calm
out of the bay

her hair is nearly all water
and grave curves
of her limbs
have softened to grease

she has accepted
the hard
caressing tide
as a kinder groom

One of the pleasures of a poem like this is that at once you know you are in hands of a master craftsman who won't have you stumbling around in faulty cadence or inept choice of word. An assertion often repeated, even as a definition of haiku, is that the modern poetic line is the equivalent of a breath. Beyer knows that is nonsense, that the easier line is something the eye can take in at a glance. And with a poet like this you can be pretty sure that you won't necessarily be able to guess the first word of the next line or what the line will say.

It's a formal looking poem with its four line stanzas. And it sounds quite traditional; with the two stresses in most lines and some sort of end-of-line alliteration in each stanza, from the obvious "seas" ... "receive" to the unobtrusive "curves ... limbs". There's the word play of the "hard" tide "caressing" the body. The language isn't colloquial, doesn't use chatty abbreviations, employs not-quite-poetic words like "caressing", "fate", "mermaid", "grave curves". The reference to Homer's Iliad might make you get ready for a grand, eloquent, or pretentious poem, but the reference isn't to be taken too seriously nor literally. Book 3 and 4 tells of the Trojans and Hellenes coming to an agreement about Helen and ending the fighting; but a rowdy meeting of the gods results in the two sides being tricked into warfare again: our best intentions can go amiss ... let's blame the gods?

At the core of this poem are sets of contrasting images for the reader do what she or he wants with them: the drowned girl and ships' disgusting effluent; the girl and the rowdy party (a wedding party?) above her; the party's din (maybe made all the louder for being on a yacht within a bay) and the usual quiet; and the suggestions which the title arouses compared with what is floating in the sea. And in the background are the Homeric references to conciliatory warriors and argumentative, strife-addicted gods willing to make use of humans but separated from them. And then there's the woman, Helen, merely an object to most of the warriors, a potential item of plunder to be restored to her former husband/owner. The girl in this poem too has become an object of unseen or even ignored flotsam or jetsam. Note that word "after" ... how does her death relate to the party?

There are words the reader's mind can work at: the words "fate" and "groom", the phrase "the waste of

men” just prior to introducing the girl’s body, and “mermaid form”.

The poem ends with gentle but telling depictions of the body: her hair “nearly all water”, the “grave curves”, limbs “softened to grease”, the body looking as if it has “accepted” being part of the tide.

It’s beautifully written poem, every aspect is carefully judged.

It’s not a poem you can read and say “Aha! So that’s what it means.” It doesn’t offer a meaning that can be summed up in a sentence. It is a series of images that evoke a variety of allusions and suggestions. It upsets the expectations aroused by the use of ‘iconic’ kiwiana: the anchorage, yacht, party, bay, Northland, summer, sea. It leaves us with thoughts, inklings, and responses to mull over, and to realize that different aspects of the poem and different responses to it will come to us at different times. In short, it’s a very modern poem that invites us to look into our minds rather than to stare out and see again what we’ve seen before in the way we’ve so often seen it.

Bernard Gadd is an Auckland writer.

Reminder

Membership renewal is now overdue. Thanks to those of you who have voted with your chequebooks to continue to support us. This is the last magazine you will receive if you haven’t yet got around to it.

KiwiHaiku

streetlightssweet’ artsstreetarts, pimps

John O’Connor, Christchurch

Please send your KiwiHaiku submissions to: Richard von Sturmer, 18 Crocus Place, Remuera, Auckland. Email address: rvonsturmer@yahoo.com

Tanka Moments

Tanka are usually 5 line lyrics with no more than 31 syllables and a strong final line. They can make effective use of one or two longer lines (e.g. 7 syllables) alongside shorter lines (e.g. 5 syllables). Tanka are not expanded haiku, though they also avoid metre and rhyme, but can be about emotions, use metaphors, and be on any topic from the mundane to fantasy. *Tanka Moments* encourages all members to have a go at this ancient form of poetry.

turn of the year –
yesterday sandals
today fleece lined boots –
then – you were with me
now you have gone

wildlife sanctuary
I teach my grandson
all I know about the birds
and he tells me how much
I don’t yet know

Karen Peterson Butterworth

Members are invited to submit unpublished tanka to bernard.gadd@xtra.co.nz for *Tanka Moments*.

The Good Old Days

John Julius Norwich, writer, editor, lecturer and honorary chairman of the World Monuments Fund, had this to say about being of social value: “I never received pocket money... Instead, were I to learn some poetry and recite it, word perfect, I would earn a shilling. This has stood me in good stead. Sometimes it bores people, but in the right company, after dinner...”

From: House and Garden, December 2006.

MEMBERS' POEMS PAGES

Joined In.

The liqueur over coffee, the congregational
swaying of the boats in the bay

and the way Mozart's notes glittered
into the sea, brought them to a consensus.

Life was agreeable they said.
I joined in, despite

Norman's spilling wine on the tablecloth
Veronica had especially laid out.

The next day, I watched
an old couple fold themselves

and their library books
into what I presumed to be

their final car, and I thought to myself
how lucky they were, being

independent and interested in life.
And for the time it took

for them to bob away
I believed that too.

Stu Bagby

Lot's Wife had it Easy

by turning back she turned her back
on a fire and brimstone god
on her obsequious and righteous husband
on religious intolerance and wanton destruction
on ignorance, invisibility and trivialisation
on patriarchal pain and namelessness
on the pitiless mundanity of a woman's place
and the privilege of being Lot's wife and Abraham's niece

by turning back she earned
a memorial in the Dead Sea of oblivion

Laurice Gilbert

halloween –
the carousel 
goes ↻

John O'Connor

Greenbacks

As I child I hated you
(one emotion for another poem).

Also, I hated venison
And Brussels sprouts
(a duo for another
poem).

Now, I consider your
Sturdy, leathery leaves;
And after traditional anointments,
Marry you to garlic and oil.
(a trio for another
poem).

I ponder the reduction of your volume.
Your strength, your might, your resistance
Are overcome by mere heat and mist
(perhaps topics for another poem, but wait,
isn't that the Odyssey?).

I must remain content merely to have
Your remnants
In my teeth.

Margaret Vos

Progression poem

Hiking with the Elderly

Although older by scores
None of them slipped and fell.
That day I learned the price of
Experience.

Hitchhiking with the Elderly

Nobody suspects a grey-haired grandmother
To be an axe-killer or rapist.
That day I learned the perils of
Stereotyping.

Hitching with the Elderly

Tying the nag to the post with soothing words and
Bringing out the gun.
That day I learned the pitfalls of
Love.

Margaret Vos

Inspiration Corner

"Apocryphilia" (adapted from: *In the Palm of Your Hand*, S. Kowitz)

Choose a character with whom you are familiar and whom it might be provocative, inspiring, useful, or fun writing about: Wonder Woman, Rambo, Attila the Hun, Betty Crocker, Bart Simpson, Goldilocks, Madonna, Al Capone, Pinocchio, Mickey Mouse, the Prodigal Son, Wal Footrot – any figure you might like to reinvent.

Think of an incongruous situation in which to place your character and an unexpected personality behind the figure we are all familiar with: Barbie as a radical feminist, the third little pig as a property developer, an anorexic Little Miss Muffet. Then discover what happens next – let the poem reveal itself as you write. Keep it logical and concise (under 25 lines) and surprising for the reader.

July DEADLINE is 9th June