



# The New Zealand Poetry Society

*Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa*

With the Assistance of Creative NZ  
Arts Council of New Zealand *Toi Aotearoa*

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## This Month's Meeting

### International Festival Poets

Thursday October 16  
8.00 p.m. Turnbull House

Preceded by an open reading

Scheduled to read at this month's meeting are:  
Stephanie de Montalk, Denis Welch, Julie Liebrich  
Mike Webber, Mike Eager and Michael O'Leary.

## From the Editor

This is the last issue I'll be editing so I'd like to thank all the people who have sent articles, reports and suggestions to me over the last couple of years. Our new editor is Jenny Argante. Please send all contributions to her. Jenny's address is: 168B Mansels Road, Greerton, Tauranga. Phone: (07) 578 1513. Email: [jenny.argante@xtra.co.nz](mailto:jenny.argante@xtra.co.nz).

## NZPS Meeting, September 18

Exceptionally stormy weather resulted in a small but appreciative audience at the Poetry Society's September meeting.

The open mike session commenced with Robin Fry's 'September Afternoon'. Among its lines: "A shining hour this and brimful of light." Karen Butterworth's poems included 'The Grown-up Siblings Gather', which elicited wry smiles of recognition and amusement. Richard Christie's scary sonnet about a tiger and short poem 'The One You Love', followed.

Next was Gillian Cameron's 'The Mill', which used stone milling terms and piratical references from R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* as metaphors for a massacre in Mapiripan, a Columbian Village: "let the turning damsel turn and tap her shoe/rap-a-tap-rap-a-tap-rap-a-tap-tap" and, "sixteen crosses on a dead man's chest".

Laurice Gilbert read 'Lost Touch', which included: "John who went and went", and ended, "Debbie, who went to everyone's relief and took her horrible children with her", followed by 'The Boatshed'.

The four guest poets had gone to a workshop taken by Gregory O'Brien and continued to meet and workshop their poems together for some years afterwards. The results were published as *Millionaire's Shortbread*, (UOP 2003), from which most of their readings were taken. Their finely tuned words reflect their painstaking workshopping.

Mary-Jane Duffy led off with 'Root Vegetables Go To Australia', winning a laugh with its concluding lines: "Rob Muldoon adored vegetables too/they were on his mind when he donated/McCahon's I YAM to the Australian government". My favourite of her offerings was, 'A Frida Kahlo kind of mood'. It starts, "My eyebrows are heavier/by the day" and goes on to say: "I want a revolution (of course)/I want new flowers for my poems/and to smash the jaw/of that fat oaf I call my editor...", and "...my unpublishable sorrows..."

Her other poems included, 'A hand above your head means help', which was "for Juliet Peter whose partner has Alzheimers", and 'How to draw horses (after Sam Savitt)' which ended, "At dinner he once lowered/his head into a bowl of soup//and slurped it up the way/a horse would".

'Outdoors', (not in the book), contained an image of sportspeople's "dreamy legs and buttery bodies".

Mary McPherson's poem 'Replica' speculated on the distancing from reality brought about by the computer age and concluded: "People will forget floating clouds/they will be born short and learn/to adjust their eyes". In her 'Central Otago (four views)' the second view evoked for me my Otago childhood:

“Naming the land – Hogburn Valley,/Mt Buster, Mt Ida, water race –.../pale hills and grasses, orange/soil and dry air become the names/we gave them....” ‘Sofa meditation (Kaiteriteri)’ used seaside images and associations, including: “a woman/floating through the air/on tiny cushions”. One poem not in the book explored the nature of reality as we perceive it: “The present lasts for up to six seconds.”

Mary Cresswell’s poems included word plays which were not all audible to me. For example I read ‘Aubade’ afterwards and only then realised that words in the refrain were “oh bod”, and were addressed to her body. These poems were still good to hear. The visual word plays can be considered an extra relish to be enjoyed by the book reader.

‘The wind farm’ wove windmill images into a conversation in which “we talked in circles”. ‘Observations made in passing’, which won third prize in the Poetry Society’s year 2000 International Competition, set “the Perplexities” which “fall between the Lesser Indignities and the Leeward Ambiguities” in a marine landscape. ‘Squaring the egg’ wandered through images from Faberge eggs through the strange shape of guillemots’ eggs through making omelettes to a granny who “sucks eggstatically”. En route: “your mate Kevin” arrived with “a six-pack and a happy smile/so I said come on in, Kevin..... so Kevin did and that was the rest of/ Sunday...” Familiar?

Familiar also to me was ‘The group manager addresses her mirror’ which she dedicated to “all women who have survived the public service long enough to remember power dressing”. A poem entitled ‘Unpacking my grandmother’s trunk’, (not in the book) evoked the most laughter.

Time spent by Kerry Hines at the Straumur Arts Centre in Iceland featured in several of her poems. ‘Christmas, Reykjavik’ built Icelandic folkways into a word picture, and ‘A typology of lava’ covered, inter alia, “Prayer lava”, “Chocolate lava”, “Diary lava” and (my favourite) “Political lava” which “is cracked and has chambers large enough to hide in/ caused by collapsed gas...” ‘Straumur’ from Landfall 204, had: “A silence of swans,/an observation/of swans, a/caesura/of swans”, and “The fine needlework/of swans overlocking/the water”.

‘Modern times (after Atget)’ featured French 1920s scenes including “the self-possessed girl, who neither/smiles nor reaches out. In every group it seems/there is one.... who observes like an angel ready/to report to God”.

Millionaires’ Shortbread is illustrated by Brendan O’Brien with black, grey and white pictures of juxtaposed unrelated objects, executed after the manner of nineteenth century illustrations. He was in the audience, and afterwards answered questions

about his work. They suit the mood of the book, which, although made up of four distinct voices, is united by a kind of whimsical adroitness in the placement of ideas, scenes, events and word pictures. (Karen Butterworth)

## Coming Events

### Wellington

Wellington International Poetry Festival, October 16-19 2003.

For the first time ever in New Zealand, an international festival of poetry will take place in Wellington in October. The Festival, featuring 36 poets from 17 different countries, is the brainchild of Wellington-based New Zealand poet, Ron Riddell and his Colombian wife, Saray Torres, and will feature poets from Iraq, the horn of Africa, the mountains of Peru and the forests of Chile, as well as many top New Zealand poets.

The festival’s theme is peace and reconciliation. “The world is so full of conflict and war, and New Zealand is part of this,” says Festival Director, Ron Riddell.

“Even though we have relative peace here, we send peace keepers and troops off into war zones, and we are part of the international community. Poetry can inspire peace, and help people to see things differently,” he says.

“There will be poems for peace, poems of beauty and poems that will surprise and amaze the people who attend the Festival.”

Mr Riddell got the idea for the Festival after taking part in the International Poetry Festival in Medellin, Colombia.

“It is huge, and completely lights up the town, with hundreds of poets and the whole city transformed by poetry for several days. That inspired us to try to achieve the same thing in Wellington,” he says.

Some events, featuring a combination of poetry and music, will be linked to the VIII Wellington International Jazz Festival.

A number of poets are travelling from overseas to attend the Festival. They include the internationally acclaimed Turkish poet – musician Türkay Iliçak, the distinguished French novelist and poet, Charles Juliet and two exciting new voices from the Cook Islands, Jean Tekura Mason and Vaine Wichman. Poets will read in their native tongues with English translations read by local readers.

The Poet-patron of the Festival is Alistair Te Ariki Campbell. Other leading poets attending will include the celebrated Samoan poet Albert Wendt, J.C. Sturm, Riemke Ensing, (Netherlands – NZ) David Eggleton, David Howard (Dunedin), Emmad Jabbaar

(Iraq), Basim Furat (Iraq), Yilma Tasew (Ethiopia) Lewis Scott (U.S.A.) and Charles Juliet (France).

The Wellington International Poetry Festival is sponsored by the Wellington City Council and Massey University, with support from The New Zealand Poetry Society, The Alliance Française, The Embassy of The Netherlands and The Embassy of Turkey.

A special festival anthology will be issued in association with HeadworX Publishers. It will include work by all the participants in the festival. Copies will be sold at the Festival bookstall along with copies of some of the contributing poets' books. Wellington's Mayor Kerry Prendergast describes it as "...a brilliant concept... Wellington's first International Poetry Festival will stimulate, entertain, challenge and delight."

For further information about the Wellington International Poetry Festival, contact Ron Riddell or Saray Torres on poetfest@paradise.net.nz or visit the website [www.shift.co.nz/poetryfest](http://www.shift.co.nz/poetryfest) or call (04)577 17 47.

Poetry and Fashion, on Friday November 7 at 7.00 p.m. St Cuthbert's church hall, Luxford St, Berhampore. Entry by gold coin.

Berhampore Poetry Group invites creative people to try merging poetry and fashion in new ways. It's running a special night where poets and designers can indulge in some fresh experiments with the verbal and visual imagery worn on the body beautiful. One of the organisers, Martin Doyle, says that even creative pursuits like writing can sometimes get a bit predictable. "We're moving the goal posts a little, changing the recipe. When we've had nights like this before, they've always brought out lots of surprise, lots of inspiration, and tons of laughter. Creative people enjoy challenges." He says the group is particularly keen to see original works where the writer has somehow fused poetry with fashion, or else "takes the two art forms out of their straitjackets and gets them to work together in harmony ... like dancers". If you need more information or would like an online copy of the A4 poster about the night, ring Martin on 972 9965 or email: martinomd@yahoo.com.au.

For anyone else, just come along and enjoy! There'll also be an 'open mike' (not involving fashion) where you can read your own poetry to a friendly crowd.

## NZPS Competition Results and Reports

New Zealand Poetry Society Inc 2003 International Poetry Competition (In conjunction with ASIA 2000)

It has been a pleasure co-ordinating this year's competition. A special thank you to the judges, Kerri Hulme, John O'Connor and James Brown. It has been a pleasure working with you. The Society gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance from Asia 2000, without which the Junior competition could not have taken place, and for promoting the event. Also thanks to Margaret Vos for the Elizabeth Kakalec Memorial Prize in the Junior Section.

And finally congratulations to all the award winners, commended entries, and to everyone who has taken part. Selected entrants will be contacted by the anthology editor, within the next week.

Our new website is found at [www.poetrysociety.org.nz](http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz) and I hope to meet a few of you at the anthology launch in November.

Finally a sincere thanks to everyone who helped, in any way, in this year's competition. Wishing you all the best in your writing and hope to see your entries again next year.

Best Wishes,

Giovanna Lee, Competition Secretary.

**Open Division:** 1<sup>st</sup>, Jessica Le Bas – 'And I have something to Expiate'; 2<sup>nd</sup>, Janet Hughes – 'The Bubble Man'; 3<sup>rd</sup>, Jane Tremewan – 'The Small Warrior'.

*(Report by judge, Kerri Hulme)*

639 voices ... how to choose between them?

Some exclude themselves immediately, their vocabularies so private as to prevent interpretation. Some are slight, pleasant enough natters but you don't want to listen intently. There are many that have a shining phrase, an ingenious turn of word, but the rest of the work doesn't rise above the background white noise.

I read through the entries twice, and eventually sort out 109 – these poems have echoes. They resonate. The standard of technique, the abilities with language (and, indeed, the presentation) vary wildly. Re-reading enables me to sift out 57, leaving 52 I mull over.

Do I remember something about each after sleeping on them? No: some voices are intriguing as I read but fade away quickly. Memorability is one of my tests of a good poem.

So, over the weeks, I'm down to 35. All of these are – in my opinion – anthologizeable (although quite a few need some adjustments.)

Judgement now swings on:

\*consistency of mood

\*continuing impact of subject matter

\*sheer power of language (poetry, for me, is always about the power of words, whether musical or harsh, supple or barbed.)

It was difficult to sort out a final list of 23. I regretted leaving out those that had a single brilliant image or vivid turn of phrase (which failed however to lift the rest of the work.)

What did the voices sing or say or chant (or burble)? There were many laments (death & dying, lost loves and ageing) and a surprising – to me – number of poems about being a poet or writing a poem. The occasional laconic ballad; a villanelle, a sestina or three. A bit of humour including truly punful pieces. Poems that extolled the land and birds and plants. Hymns to the domestic, gardens or washing. And the language was as various as the subjects (a few even used rotund Victorian polysyllables).

The works I have chosen reflect what I like: they have a certain intensity. They are frequently playful or explorative with language. They are observant works, and may be fantastical. A different judge would inevitably choose other winners. (I suspect our ideas of what was competent would be similar however.)

Judging poems is, in a way, iniquitous: every writer cares about their work, and so many in this kind of competition necessarily are passed over. It has been a privilege to read such a wide range of poetry. While –in my opinion – there was no single work entered that will last as long as we read poetry in English (or even last generations), there **were** memorable voices.

**Open Haiku:** 1<sup>st</sup>, Barbara Strang, Christchurch; 2<sup>nd</sup>, Ernest Berry, Picton; 3<sup>rd</sup>, John Bird, Australia; 4<sup>th</sup>, Sue Mill, Australia; 5<sup>th</sup>, Ernest Berry, Picton.

(Report by judge, John O'Connor)

When I first judged the NZPS haiku competition in 1994 I had little difficulty selecting the winner, Yvonne Hardenbrook's 'end of summer/someone across the lake/slams a screen door'. Perhaps it was because so many of the entries fell within the dominant mode of haiku in English at the time, the so-called Zen moment.

It was one of a reducing number of great haiku in that tradition. The approach had been wearing thin for some time. I wasn't alone in tiring of the constant recycling of images that Hardenbrook avoided but many others fell into. It was time for alternatives.

Nine years later the changes have certainly been rung. Yet the Zen moment gives a start in judging haiku, one way of giving a qualified "Yes" or "No" that is neither arbitrary nor a reflection of over-riding personal taste. For example, a haiku like 'submerged log –/where the turtle dived/ripples' is fine (and highly commended) but too much a reflection of the tradition represented by Virgil Hutton's 'Dusk over

the lake;/a turtle's head emerges/then silently sinks' to go beyond that. However well crafted etc, for this type of haiku to gain a higher place it must, in my view, lean more toward revelation than recognition mediated by earlier work.

Yet the obvious difficulty with more contemporary and relationship orientated haiku and senryu is that they don't as readily access the spiritual depth of the better Zen moments. They need, then, to take their significance from other, arguably more diverse/localised (and therefore *at base* universal) cultural norms. If they do not, haiku can too easily reduce to mere invention or the acceptable but limited level of humour virtually for its own sake. For instance, 'cold morning/out duck shooting/i miss her' (commended) is snappy and attractive but isn't going to edge out a haiku or senryu that does more with its language. Along with the usual matters of haiku understanding and craft, these considerations give us another relatively objective way of giving a qualified "Yes" or "No" to particular pieces; do they access deeper levels of contemporary cultural/normative content? (Giving perhaps a more consciously communal spin to the "moment of perception" of various haiku definitions.)

The fifth place I gave to 'pretty widow/i introduce myself/to her dog'. It's a knowing piece which recognises our need for company, love, sex. It's nicely turned. It also acknowledges the speaker's awareness and acceptance of two personal weaknesses actual or imagined. Considerable insight then, and some humour to soften the attitude, but the attitude itself stops the haiku going as far as others might.

Fourth is 'suburban creek/yesterday's news/floats past', a fine haiku which I value for its depth and implicit comment on the print media, pollution, etc, yet it's held from a higher place by falling too clearly within the older tradition, as represented by Jack Cain's 'someone's newspaper/drifts with the snow/at 4 a.m.'. I feel I've read it before; which isn't quite accurate, yet the feeling persists.

Third is 'lifting mist/a school of mullet/dimples the creek', which has depth, and the excellent parallel of lifting mist/rising fish; it's also closely observed. It brings the detail of Robert Spiess' haiku to mind: 'Muttering thunder .../the bottom of the river/scattered with clams'. Whilst not derivative of Spiess the images tend nonetheless to overlap, discouraging a higher place despite its clear quality.

Second is 'daguerrotype –/my famous ancestor/in diapers'. Just can't stop smiling. Yet it's not essentially humour for its own sake. No doubt the ancestor is famous (rather than infamous) for something notably heroic, cultural or whatever. The contrast, and 'respectful diminution', between that

implication and the diapers is exceptionally fresh and inventive. Technically sharp then; yet it goes no further – a snippet of family history, a smile, a slice of wisdom.

First place goes to:

visiting my ex –  
the dog  
licks my face

The kiss – the love – was once the couple’s. Perhaps the dog is delighted to see its old owner again, perhaps it senses his/her sorrow at the failed marriage (however disguised by the snappy, vernacular “ex”), or both. It’s a poem which deals with one of the major issues of our day, which also contrasts the timelessness, the universality, of faithfulness and faithlessness. Its humour is contextualising. Classical in its stoicism and objectivity, this is a haiku of cultural/normative depth which is nonetheless thoroughly contemporary and light. So light, in fact, I almost put it aside at first. But where some others on consideration lost impact, this one worked its way to the top. Excellent haiku come back to you.

**Junior Haiku:** 1<sup>st</sup>, Dora Davidson, St Andrew’s College, Christchurch; 2<sup>nd</sup>, Sarah Standring, Cobham Intermediate, Christchurch; 3<sup>rd</sup>, Mitchell Roberts, Burnside Primary School, Christchurch; 4<sup>th</sup>, Annie Yau, Redcliffs Primary School, Christchurch; 5<sup>th</sup>, Sophia Lim, Burnside Primary School, Christchurch.  
(Report by judge, John O’Connor)

One of our junior haiku poets writes: “When I write haiku/I always seem to have, one/Syllable left O-Ver”. Unfortunately it’s true. Looking through the 485 entries this year, the great majority are 17 syllables in three lines of 5-7-5; which is to say that the better entries are much more likely to come from the students of the tiny minority of teachers who encourage non-syllabic haiku.

As an ex-teacher I know that school texts often push the 5-7-5 concept. That’s understandable as information takes time to work its way out from specialist circles. For haiku the process started after World War II when North American poets began studying Japanese haiku and writing them in English. Over time, and despite some success with syllabics, it became clear that differences between the two languages meant that haiku in English were far more likely to be effective in fewer than 17 syllables. That has been accepted in the haiku world for decades now, that is among poets whose haiku are regularly published in international magazines and anthologies beside those of haijin from other countries, including Japan. (See William J. Higginson’s *The Haiku Handbook*, Chapter 8, for details.)

For haiku in English, the essential thing isn’t syllables but the MOMENT. “What is haiku?” “What is happening *now*.” The standard question and reply. It should also be noted that a haiku in any language is often a conjunction of two images, that those images are typically sensory (appealing to one or more of the five senses), that nouns (especially) and verbs work well, that adjectives and adverbs are best avoided, that figurative usage also takes us away from the “thing itself” and is therefore also best avoided.

That’s not difficult to remember, but it is difficult to achieve. It’s important to remind students that “less is more”, that good haiku are simple and natural rather than intellectual (thinking) or showy (poetic), they don’t have opinions, morals, conclusions or frills. A good haiku is often simply sensory data within two images.

We can see this in the winning haiku:

before a storm  
the guard’s whistle  
blackbird

Clearly, it’s open to interpretation. The first line is background or multi-sensory context. There’s no need to say more, these three words leave us room to imagine the black clouds, the stillness and falling temperature that often precede sudden wind and rain. Then breaking that stillness a sharp sound, the “guard’s whistle”, adding further content as the haiku zooms in, in this reading, to the (unstated) platform and station; we see or imagine the bustle of passengers etc, the train waiting (again unstated), we sense the immanence of movement – doors, carriages, lights – as the earlier immanence of storm. Then the single compound, “blackbird”, an echo of the second (auditory) image, the bird imitating the sound of the guard’s whistle. In doing so it ties nature to human nature, to the mechanised world; a contrast of simple joy to the imperatives of time and timetables.

Sensory, noun-filled, just ten syllables. This avoidance or editing out of superfluous material helps it suggest much more than it actually says. That’s important in haiku, it opens the poem to reader involvement – the creative opposite of padding out to 17 syllables, which is in effect saying less by saying more, and often beyond the haiku moment. To move to an international, historic scale; it’s no accident that the best loved of Basho’s haiku are the most open to participation/interpretation. They’re also the most concrete and simple.

To another point. It was good to see so much New Zealand content this year. For a haiku to work well it needs to come from real experience, directly or indirectly. “Write what you know” is the oldest and best advice. Ask students what matters to them, what

is around them. Look at the sensory breakdown of those things and activities.

Congratulations to all place getters, commendeds and to all who participated. There are some lovely haiku here.

**Junior Verse:** 1<sup>st</sup>, Lucy Revill, Queen Margaret College, Thorndon; 2<sup>nd</sup>, Siena S. Jackson, Otago Girls High School, Dunedin; 3<sup>rd</sup>, Cameron Ward, Cobham Intermediate, Christchurch.  
(Report by judge, James Brown)

'Recipe for Cruelty...' was the second to last poem I read and stood out immediately for its clever, imaginative use of everyday language. Poetry loves the way words and phrases can have more than one set of meanings, and 'Recipe for Cruelty...' mixes clichés, puns and everyday expressions into something rich and sharp – cleverly tilting common phrases so that they become fresh and startling. All the lines work hard: consider, for example, the multi-layeredness of "Spread the mixture over the pound of flesh and let jealousy eat into it ..."

Yet because the language also manages to stay true to the recipe form, the poem never seems strained, unconvincing or to be trying too hard. In fact it's precisely because of its playfulness that the poem is able to deal with such an unsavoury and difficult subject. At the same time as it is hugely entertaining, its raw ingredients are pain, torment and misery – "Begin by breaking the hearts". This is black humour cooked to perfection.

'On Becoming a Vegetarian' is also clever and original. Here the subject is a parent-child relationship, which – as was the case with many entries about parent-child relationships – isn't going so well. Again, the over-riding emotion, in this case anger, is an extremely difficult one to render successfully in poetry, but the poem manages it through a wonderfully imaginative 'string' running from the speaker's jaw to their foot. Whenever the speaker stiffens, or perhaps stamps, their jaw falls open, and whenever they clam up or bite back their anger the action is reversed. This neat imaginative ploy allows the poem to demonstrate how anger, especially bottled-up anger, is ultimately self-destructive. Again, the poem deserves full marks for its imaginative rendering of painful experience in language that isn't falling over itself to be poetry. 'Our School – The Zoo' carries through its simple, extended metaphor with great assurance. The poem is gleeful in its use of puns and double entendres, but all the lines earn their place. Beneath the good fun there are many astute observations about school life – "there's always the occasional cheetah", "the caretaker cleans up the mess", "Survival of the

fittest". The metaphor also has the capacity to go beyond the confines of the school into a more serious future – "The angry ones go to different cages./The bad ones go to other zoos". On one level a light-hearted poem that revels in its puns, it contains more wisdom and truth than first meets the eye.

## Around the Country

### Christchurch

Poetry in Performance evening (September 18) organised by the Canterbury Poets Collective, the third in the Spring series of seven. MC: Helen Jacobs  
Guest poets: Kay McKenzie Cooke and Claire Beynon. BYO poets: Helen Bascand, Jan Hutchison, Colin Patterson, Anne Edmunds, Sugu Pillay, Lynn Tara Austin, Alan Clarke, Jim Instone, Craig Metcalfe, Helen Yong, Sandy Bain, Barbara Strang, John O'Connor, Jonathan Fisher, Barbara McCartney, Rosemary Scott, Eric Mould, Tom Wells and Di Forbes.

Our guest readers, Kay McKenzie Cooke and Claire Beynon, both live in Dunedin. Kay's book *Feeding the dogs* won the Jessie Mackay Best First Book Award for Poetry at the Montana NZ Book Awards in July this year; and Claire's poem 'The Mystery Sonatas' won the Poetry Society competition in 2002. First though the evening got off to a good start with an hour of BYO poetry. We were pleased to hear from familiar poets, and some who are new to the Collective evenings.

A number of poems had nature and botanical themes – Jan Hutchison wrote of rural life; Colin Patterson spoke of conservation, recited a poem about the journey of a creek through the countryside, and gave us an animated version of a hawk hunting a hare; Craig Metcalfe explored aspects of the lone wolf; and Sandy Bain read 'The Scholar Tree' with its inspiration in the Botanic Gardens; followed by Barbara Strang's description of the moods of the estuary, and the weather. John O'Connor read of Governor's Bay, and its connection with Curnow; while Tom Wells used the sun warming a cold dark valley as a metaphor; and Di Forbes wrote of relationships and the seaside and tides.

Barbara McCartney read a villanelle about the sale of a piano, with a haunting repetition of music and loss; and Jonathon Fisher addressed the question so often asked when you have disclosed you write poetry, 'What sort of poetry do you write?'

Our first guest reader, Kay McKenzie Cooke, was born and raised in Southland, and is currently relieving as an early childhood teacher. She writes poetry, haiku and short stories. Her work reflects her

farming background and her awareness of landscape, town, family and everyday life.

We heard of her bus trip up to the Montana Awards, when the driver emphasised the delights of wallaby pies available in Waimate, and about the beauties of Riverton, its water and tides. A New Zealand rural childhood was brought to life in 'Two sugars', with its images of grasses and insects, and her father coming in for afternoon tea, stirring the two sugars of the title into his cup of black tea; and of childhood performances, with their audience of hills and cows, and the stage on the shed roof.

She read of Lawn Bowlers in Queenstown "They rustle like medics/in white shoes/up a green/that's spotless". 'Making tracks' returned us to the country "A cold wind off the sea/turns the rain bitter./An algae-daubed wall/handwoven/with loaf-shaped/stones this flinty wind/can't knife through".

'Reruns' touched on bringing up children in the 1980s, and Springbok Tour protests. Her story of going to the fitness centre, 'Life's a Treadmill', illustrated one of those moments we would all like to forget:

The day I tried to be cool  
and sip water while  
walking, No. 2 Treadmill threw me  
to land in a heap, spread-eagled  
like roadkill. The woman  
on Treadmill No. 3,  
said, 'If it's any consolation,  
it happened to me once too.'

And even though I didn't know her,  
I figured if someone  
that young, slender,  
composed and (going  
by what was written on the board)  
called Anita  
can get thrown too, then I  
would accept consolation prize.  
...

'Know what your body craves' was inspired by a get together with Claire and Martha Morseth, and involved, among other things, selenium and the analysis of toenails. Finally she read 'We may be middleclass, but we don't know our wines', which included information about being an 'average' New Zealander, but, as evidenced by her award, Kay's observations and words are not at all average.

Claire Beynon is South African born, with Printmaking qualifications from Natal, and the Chelsea School of Art in London. She has lived in Dunedin since 1994, and works as a full time artist, exhibiting widely. She is working on her first collection of poems and images.

We would have guessed her artistic background from her enjoyment, sharp observation and vivid descriptions of colours, lines and shapes. Her first five pieces were directly related to visual art. 'About blue' was full of colours and artistic images; then she read 'Masking tape's a must', about a painter who liked to tape down his subjects so they would be in the same place the next day, and the impossibility of tying down the light, wind, rain or clouds. We followed with interest 'Consider if you will a line', a delightful exploration of what a line can be. Don Binney's comment that he was 'turned on by clouds' led to the next poem; followed by 'Drowning the waterfall (or, one way to dispose of a failed artwork)', with images of letting eels escape from a picture in which they had never appeared.

We were treated to a sequence about food and meals, which included seeing, while picking up a takeaway coffee on the way to her studio, a woman carrying a head; and one about a family dinner 'Tight-lipped table', with images of a storm, and keeping a lifeboat in the third drawer down.

Claire's last poem 'Daylight Saving', was about time, which had passed very quickly as we listened to her read, but before that we enjoyed hearing 'The Mystery Sonatas'.

(Diana Deans)

## Nelson

Yaza Poets met again (8.00 p.m. second Tuesday of the month at Yaza Café, Montgomery Square) where a lesser attendance was noted, numbers perhaps due to the luxury of numerous events associated with the Wearable Arts Awards (WOW) and the Nelson Arts Festival. Numbers may have been down but no lack of enthusiasm. Among regular readers were Carol Ercolano, Mark Raffills, Rosemary Purse, Michael Lee, and Joe Bell who loyally travels regularly from Golden Bay with his poetry, and is noted for his gentle yet pithy thrust at politicians, local and national. We hope to get copy to print one of Joe's poems soon.

Another much appreciated regular is Panni Palasti (known except in her writing life as Eva Brown). Eva, though you'd never guess, is soon to be 70. It is so great in Nelson to welcome and enjoy such accomplished retirees. Panni was born in Budapest, Hungary, educated there and in New York and San Francisco, before moving to New Zealand in 1973. She has worked as a journalist, shop assistant, playwright, art dealer, waitress, teacher and cleaning woman, editor, travel agent and typist before retirement and full time writing at last. One of Panni's poems is our featured poem this month.

Lacrimae Rerum  
[The Tears Of Things]

The rounding off meted out by death  
the denouement:  
car crash, cancer, the charnel-house of chance  
make life stories easier to write.  
Finality flashes meaning on the screen.

Still,  
who dares to write about those we love?  
Who dares to dig up the bones  
buried under pieties and lies  
under pretensions and  
embroidered pillows  
in birth/death certificates  
issued by authorities long forgotten?

How do we decipher blotched letters  
written when smitten by desire the dead  
swore eternal love destined to end in betrayal?  
Who dares to scatter the dust of flowers saved  
in a box under dog-eared photos of newborns  
long laid to rest in neglected graves?

Who dares to sink a knife  
into his own flesh and gut  
to bare the truth  
nothing but? *Panni Palasti(E B Brown) July 2003*

Saturday the 20th saw Brian Turner introduced by Cliff Fell at a lunchtime Readers and Writers event, an Art Festival poets spot, entitled Relationships Regionalism and a Round of Golf. This was a well attended event at which this Unrepentantly regional Otago poet did not fail to deliver in the vein promised, a superb blend of the raconteur and poet skills. This was a memorable event for poetry and sports lover alike; an occasion at which poetry lived as this writer believes poetry should, as part of the life force of community in all its aspects. Indeed Nelson is enjoying a banquet of events and poetry benefited by this extra exposure.  
(*Rosemary Purse*)

## Porirua

How do you capture the humour of Billy T James, the poignancy of Albert Wendt and the richness of a Gauguin in words? I can't. But Tusiata Avia, Teresia Teaiwa and Sia Figiel most certainly did in their stunning performance at Porirua's Poetry Café. And over 100 people came to appreciate the art of these three remarkably talented women. The beauty of the performance lay in the interaction of the three women, their glorious combination of voice, drama, music and poetry and their wonderful rapport with the audience.

Sia and Teresia have obviously worked in tandem before. They worked echoes and harmonies into integrated readings, they swapped their poems and they enjoyed performing as much as we enjoyed their performances – their presentation of *A Postcard Poem* was polished.

Sia's rendition of 'Press Questions' epitomised the randomness of reporters juxtaposing the profound with the banal. A strong and confident poet, she fired her poem at the audience simulating the barrage of questioning from which there is no escape.

Teresia could take a simple rhyme, 'an apple a day keeps the doctor away', set it to music and combine it with the coconut – a fruit that exemplifies the horror of nuclear testing as it absorbs strontium in lethal doses – to create 'Bad Coconuts', a poem so simple yet so powerful. Music is also most effective in her 'Owhiro Road' with its refrain set to the tune of 'The house of the rising sun' and the lack of community feeling is stated subtly in 'Brooklyn exudes a familiar unfriendliness'. All these poems, her poems celebrating her ten month old baby 'Waiting for Vaitoa' and 'Still Waiting' and her sensuous 'The Passionfruit' with its humorous PS reveal a poet who revels in life, is observant and perceptive, a poet who delights and stimulates an audience.

And if you don't have Tusiata's performance of *Wild Dogs under my Skirt* marked on the calendar, rectify that now. What a gem! The ease with which Tusiata slips into different characters, her openness and freshness, insights into Island Life, use of pause, ability to play the audience but, above all, her delightful sense of humour, make her a consummate performer.

Definitely an evening to remember. Poetry Café keeps getting better!  
(*Nancy Cooney*)

## Wellington

At the September meeting of Wellington Windrift we welcome newcomer Ariana Te Aomarere from Otaki, and Linzy Forbes, back from Dunedin. Amid much laughter we workshop our way through members' haiku and – this time – tanka.

Our 'tree' haiku produces variety: river stone and box brownie photo, monarch butterfly and exhaust fumes, weather-vane and secret love. Some of us rise to the requested auditory haiku. Recent newcomer Irene Ruth captures both sound in the 'raucous drinking song' of tuis; and also lack of sound in:

along the fence  
birds perch silent  
their tree cut down

Haiku on 'spring' and 'windrift' (or 'wind-shift') are original and thoughtful.

morning sun  
framed on the bedroom wall  
– a tui's shadow (Linzy Forbes)

left behind winter.  
thick-furred animals  
nose windwards into spring (Sally Holmes)

Sally, recuperating from an operation, phones in her haiku. She is very definite about that full-stop. The group agrees.

We branch into tanka with the help of some pointers and examples previously distributed. We all confess to being beginners or relatively new to this genre. "Did I get it right?" we ask; and the reply, "We don't know! You tell us!" And the usual follow-up, "Work on it". Contemporary Western tanka – as with haiku – have moved considerably from traditional form, both in format and subject. That could make it easier, but structure can be helpful to a beginner. If you're interested, see Kokako, 2003; and also [www.ahapoetry.com](http://www.ahapoetry.com).

We are reluctant to end for the year and agree to meet again on Thursday, November 20, 2.00 p.m. at Jeanette Stace's home, 58 Cecil Rd, Wadestown.

Contacts: Jeanette Stace, 473-6227  
[njstace@actrix.gen.nz](mailto:njstace@actrix.gen.nz) or Nola Borrell, 586-7287  
[nolaborrell@xtra.co.nz](mailto:nolaborrell@xtra.co.nz).  
(Nola Borrell)

## Publications

Ko. Haiku Magazine in English. Spring-Summer 2003. Subscriptions: 20 IRCs; one issue 10 IRCs. 1-36-7 Ishida cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467-0067

This light, slender issue holds a remarkable number of haiku. Leading the way is Buson with 100 haiku translated by James Kirkup and Tamaki Makoto. An additional 50 or so haiku are written by about 25 haikai from around the world. Vanessa Proctor, now in Sydney, is the only NZ haikai.

overgrown pathway  
every morning a new web  
in the same place

Ko also includes comments by subscribers on haiku in Ko Autumn-Winter, 2002, as well as several book reviews. Kirkup (a former president of the British Haiku Society) reviews Selected Haiku by Takaha Shugyo, "one of our most prolific and versatile modern haiku poets". Shugyo is a professional haikai, earning his income by teaching, judging and writing

haiku. (Imagine this in NZ!) Kirkup is very critical of the translation – and does his own, assisted by Makoto, on 20 of Shugyo's haiku! A haiku he particularly likes is:

From the pigeon loft  
feathers are drifting upwards  
on this moonlit night.

Ko is more likely to appeal to those who prefer the 5-7-5 form of haiku. Submissions: Up to 5 haiku. Usual requirements. (For a detailed review by Owen Bullock of an earlier issue of Ko, refer NZPS Newsletter, Feb., 2002.)  
(Nola Borrell)

first rays of the sun: linked verse & linked tanka  
by Catherine Mair & Patricia Prime

Two poets working together offer us "moments in time" captured in a haiku-like form. The links are often subtle, sometimes created simply by writing in the same place at the same time. This needs balance and empathy between the two writers, and Mair and Prime are experienced collaborators, whose work has evolved naturally over time.

Mair is an experienced writer and editor, and was the founder of Kokako (as winterSPIN) and the inspiration behind the Katikati Haiku Pathway. Prime is co-editor of Kokako and reviews editor of the Australian journal Stylus.

The booklet is nicely put together and elegantly decorated with sumi-e from Janice M. Bostok. The juxtapositions are unforced and the dual observations intensify our sense of what has been recorded, as in 'A Gap in the Trees':

through a gap in the willows – the river  
*ominous cracks – wind in the gum trees*  
wasps hover above the haiku boulder  
*bitten by an insect the dog chases her shadow*  
moving downstream ... sunlight on water  
*their fed underbellies – darting swallow*  
a sudden squall – heading home against the westerly  
*glancing, the heron glides from its feeding ground*  
we step over acorns strewn on the pathway  
*not yet fallen leaves crisp & curl – early winter*  
removing our shoes on the porch – deep sighs

(alternate lines by Catherine Mair – Italics – and Patricia Prime).

Bookmarks: an anthology, compiled by Mark Pirie

This is a pleasant anthology of poems from Winter Readings at Bizy Bee's Books in Manners Street, Wellington, dedicated to the memory of Neil Rowe (1941-2003), a local writer and bookshop proprietor. Some clever stuff, and yet accessible from an

intelligent group of writers producing a fine crop of poems. *Bookmarks* is available from the Ear of Seacliff Art Workshop PO Box 42 Paekakariki (ISBN 1 8694 032 2, n.p.)

*How to Occupy Ourselves*, HeadworX, 2003  
ISBN0 4750 9436 3 @ \$29.95

Keen observations and thoughtful analysis puts David Howard's work into the class of philosophical poetry. Yet his eye for the detail of the everyday, and his ear for the exact phrase whether in abstruse or everyday language makes his poems accessible at all levels.

This is a collection that repays careful reading and re-reading. Especially rewarding is his ability to focus on the individual within a recognisable community. The alternative world that Howard creates is totally believable, and invites you to ask questions beyond what is there on the page:

Theorizing over whatever  
– our kids' expressionist angst, this elegy –  
it's like transporting bone-marrow  
into a shadow, and never takes. So what  
can we infer from the molecular  
signature of an atmosphere – methane, oxygen: other  
life?  
(from *Neither Here Nor There*)

The other life is lived subliminally or culturally, sometimes unconsciously, co-existing uneasily with the everyday realities of survival and being – what we occupy ourselves with on our journey towards death or understanding: family, love and spirituality. This fine incisive poetry is well-served by the thoughtful and challenging photographs of Pardington.

*Young knowledge: the poems of Robin Hyde*, edited and introduced by Michelle Leggott, Auckland University Press, 2003. ISBN 1 8694 0298 7 (RRP \$49.99)

Literary scholarship owes a debt of gratitude to Michele Leggott for her hard work in putting together this collection of Robin Hyde's poems in a helpful chronological order. Here is her poetry, and reading it helps you to understand the woman that she was, and her transition towards another kind of writing: social and political commentary on a changing world.

Hyde made an enormous contribution to New Zealand literature with a prolific outpouring of fiction, prose and journalism crammed into fifteen years of journalism (including war reporting), fiction and historical biography. She wrote so much, often under pressure of time and economics, that her work was bound to be uneven. It was also 'in between': the

new world and the old, the inner and outer life, the ties that bind and yet fulfil us.

I would claim that you can read nothing of Hyde's without gaining a clearer understanding of what it means to be that woman (any woman?) in that particular man's world she inhabited, and how the burden of intellect can both defeat and redeem us. Our ends and our beginnings.

There is a meeting-place past the end of the world,  
Not for the ordered ways that searched to the sunset  
ending,  
But for those whose tattered lameness, past all  
befriending,  
Dragged along; for a spent song, for a flag soon furled.  
There is a meeting-place past the brink of the earth –  
So much I know of it. (from *Meeting in Sarras*)

Throughout her life as a writer, Hyde was struggling with her own sorrows and ill health, both physical and mental. She died at 33 – over-whelmed by her own intensity as much as by anything else. This selection of her poetry reads well beside the compassionate biography her son Derek Challis has written for us, *The Book of Iris* (Hyde's real name was Iris Guiver Wilkinson), equally compelling and revealing.

Hyde's poetry, like her other work, is a blend of the complex and immediate. Some of it seems strangely old-fashioned to our modern minds, occasionally fey. She was a writer of her times – the 20s and 30s – which means not all of the poetry has stood up to the demands of the 21st century. That doesn't matter. The poems work instead as a different kind of map to the heart and soul of Robin Hyde.

I have come by many a mile,  
I have come by a restive road,  
I have wept with mist on my face  
At the body's load ... (from *Hilltop*)

Her photographs show a beautiful woman. Her poems show a beautiful soul.

Leggott's excellent introduction adds deeply to our reading of the poems, and places them securely within context.

*Summer on the Cote d'Azur* by Alistair Paterson  
Acute observation, emotional intensity, a rare intelligence ... These qualities imbue every line of Paterson's poetry in *Summer on the Cote d'Azur* (HeadworX, 2003). This is his first collection since the 80s and it's as full of good things as a Christmas pudding. Open at any page, and pick out a plum!

I read *Hurricanes/Wild Water* soon after it was first written, I've read it several times since, yet still came upon it as something to respond to freshly. Now I have other excellent poems to line up beside it and

savour. Norman McCaig may soon be toppled from his No. 1 placing on my list of favourite male poets. 'Morua, mon amour' resonates with a visual acuity so typical of Paterson:

the shape of the shadow  
of the tree  
above the water

of the tree held there  
by the pattern  
of trunks, branches, the bark  
thin tendrils of leaves  
root fibres  
the veiny wood of the tree

McCaig was shaped by Edinburgh, and I suspect that Paterson is similarly fashioned by time and place. His poems are defined by a deftly-handled blend of progressive and traditional that satisfies on many levels. The poem confides in us what it means to shape and make poetry:

Suddenly appearing  
between midnight and morning  
waking and sleeping –  
between light and the dark:  
the known, the unknown,  
the half-known ...

Paterson also demonstrates how to handle the big tragedies like September 11th – sparingly, tellingly – and how to sanctify the everyday:

Sharp, bright, particular  
the wood splits under the axe  
I look at it, examine it  
as if it were the first occasion  
and I'd never cut wood before ...

(from Woodcutting on Mt. Atkinson)

or, in 'Remarkable', giving each thing observed importance, for example:

the way sparrows  
preen themselves –  
lift of feather  
fall of wing  
and remarkable  
how the earth spins –  
both of them  
subjects  
for artists, poets.

Remarkable. A word to describe Alistair Paterson.  
(5 reviews by Jenny Argante)

Working Voices, John O'Connor & Eric Mould,  
Hallard Press, \$20.00

Two members of the Canterbury Poets Collective have combined to produce a book of poems about the working lives of urban and rural New Zealanders. Although others have covered some of this territory, these poets state in their preface that this is an aspect of our culture that has been somewhat under-represented. Cover photos of a shearing shed and a deserted factory give a clue as to the contents. Part of these photographs and a couple of ink drawings delineate the two sections.

John O'Connor is a published poet with a number of books to his credit. Being Eric Mould's first book, his poems have been placed in the opening section. His prose poem 'Finegand, Chain Three' takes us straight to the slaughter board of the freezing works. 'Thirteen Savs' evokes dog trials with minutely observed detail.

"... the saveloy's split skin/pouts and drools sauce"  
(Watties Tomato Sauce, of course).

Eric Mould is right inside his subject which is women but mostly men in the landscape, a landscape however with Ovid and Ecclesiastes. 'For Monet' views the New Zealand landscape through a double lens. This poet is very comfortable with realism as in 'Burying a sheep'. He gives us cattlestops, macrocarpas, a lean-to and sheepyards. His poems take many forms from one word lines to a set of assumptions and of course he is a master of the haiku form:

smokotime-  
the huntaway's eyes track  
my date scone

under the macrocarpas  
a dog's chain rattles

Although a townie, I'm sufficiently familiar with the country to relish Mould's accounts of pig hunting, weeding a vineyard, having a few fingers of Whyte & Mackay in the garden with Dad on New Year's Day, feeling the Nor'wester, planting and digging the earth. He gives us a slice of life and a slice of death in these snapshots of activities and conversations. However some of his poems are more oblique. There's time to marvel and dream as he reads the past in the landscape – the ghostly miners' bathhouse at Millerton, for example.

All sorts of things blow into his poems:

You idle past  
orange peel  
several teabags  
broken eggshells  
& a couple of screwed up balls of gladwrap...

The grader driver's lunchtime spot.

In this debut collection Eric Mould presents a very satisfying body of work which adds up to an almost timeless portrait of rural Canterbury.

John O'Connor's poems, set in the factory streets of Christchurch's Irish demographic, are arranged in three sections. The convent school poems of the first section cover familiar themes such as religious instruction, playing rugby at seven years old and corporal punishment. At secondary school there is more of the same at the hands of the Brothers in such poems as 'Spare the Rod'. Many of these childhood poems are sadly humorous – the Brother who insists the slave songs be sung in the proper accent "Massa's in de col' col' ground", the priest who came to talk to the class about "adult problems", the lack of prowess at rugby which meant spending the last periods of Wednesdays in the library, the headmaster's rallying prize-giving speech. Many will identify with these situations.

There are six sketches of the people the poet has observed or remembered with a sharp sympathy; a pensioner who once ran a restaurant, 'The Man Who Dreamed Mountains' ("They were his songs") and silent 'Bev'. "When someone dies,/said her blousy/neighbour, 'it makes ya think.../there's more to/life than chips an' housie.'" There's another unknown loner, a retired teaching Brother sitting in the sun and 'Rosemary' a bitter woman who pours her energy into her flower garden.

In the final section, 'Public Bar', John O'Connor employs an acute ear for Nu Ziland speech in a collection of character sketches and persona poems like 'Barney':

...in the winter when  
you're coming

home & the sun's going down between  
Wood Brothers

Mill & the Railway Workshops I  
think it's beautiful

just bloody *beautiful*...

O'Connor's been eavesdropping, as in 'Poetic':

... a line of pumpkins. By Easter  
I have 'em down the north side  
of the house. Some  
orange & some red-like;  
the dust from the drive next  
door makes them half-moons  
when the porch light's on.

A witness lays into a kid who's being cruel to his dog, we hear a jockey's side of a conversation and

listen to a man who worked in a Sydney Post Office, a boring job but he got to know the others:

but most interesting  
old chap were  
the Arabs – had  
a saying that's  
always stayed with me.  
don't ask me  
to say it in Arabic,  
but in English it goes

'Be a man, be kind' –

interesting, isn't it?

*O yeah?*

The pub talk ranges over the All Blacks, sports clubs, redundancy and overtime, clocking on and clocking off. This is the poetry of people and, through awareness and keen observation, John O'Connor has collected some little gems which are found throughout his section. It is fitting counterpoint to Eric Mould's Canterbury poems.

(Robin Fry)

## Regular Gatherings

### Auckland

**Poetry Live** meet at Pog Mahones Tavern, 108 Ponsonby Road on Tuesday nights. Contact: Judith McNeil, (09) 360 2510.

**The Glad Poets** of Henderson meet at the Waitakere Community Resource Centre – Ratanui St. Henderson – on the last Sunday of each month, 2.30-4.30 p.m. Contact: Maxine Green, (09) 836 7280.

**The Pub Poets** meet in the Royal Room at The Cock and Bull, Botany Town Centre, at 7.30 p.m. on the first and third Monday of the month. For more information contact Alan (09) 272 4104.

**Passionate Tongues** is a monthly reading at Temple, 486 Queen Street from 8 p.m. There's also an open Poetry Slam (prizes). \$5 or \$3 entry. Contact Michael Rudd: (09) 4417034; 021 2998643; email [oralink@hotmail.com](mailto:oralink@hotmail.com). Michael is also running the occasional **Vocal Point** at The Depot, 28 Clarence Street, Devonport.

### Balclutha

Meets every first Wednesday of the month from 7.00 at 'The Lumber Jack Café', Owaka (15 minutes down Southern Scenic Route). Information: Gwyneth Williamson Ph: (03) 4158983.

### Christchurch

**The Airing Cupboard Women Poets** meet at 10.00 a.m. every 2 weeks (starting from February 1) at 'The Quiet

Room' in the YMCA on Hereford Street. Ring Judith Walsh (03) 3597433 or Barbara Strang (03) 3764486.

Another group is **The Live Poets' Society** which meets the second Wednesday of each month at 7.00 p.m. at the Linwood Community Arts centre (corner of Worcester Street/Stammore Road). Contact Alan McLean (03) 389 0908.

A haiku group, **The Small White Teapot**, meets upstairs at the Mainstreet Café, Colombo Street, at 7.30 p.m. on the third Tuesday of each month. Contact Barbara Strang on (03) 376 4486 for more information.

**Lost Friday Salon.** 7.30 p.m., last Friday of the month, upstairs Mainstreet Café, Colombo Street. 'Open text surgery and the laying on of words in the company of the muse.' Contact Jeffery Harpeng or Eric Mould: eric.mould@xtra.co.nz.

#### **Cromwell**

Cromwell writers meet on the last Tuesday of the month in the homes of members on a shared basis. Contact Tom Llandreth on (03) 4451352 or email tomal@xtraco.nz.

#### **Dunedin**

Fortnightly readings are held at 8.30 p.m. at the Arc Café, 135 High Street. Check with the Café itself for dates and times.

#### **Golden Bay**

Joe Bell from Milnthorpe is the Convenor of **The Golden Bay Live Poets Society**. This Society has a monthly Performance Night at the famous Mussel Inn Bush Café at Onekaka. Visiting poets are most welcome. For news of meetings contact Joe on (03) 524 8146; fax (03) 524 8047; e-mail: gbaybell@xtra.co.nz.

#### **Hamilton**

The Hamilton poets' group meets on the last Thursday of each month at the Satellite Campas on Ruakura Road, Hamilton at 7.30 p.m. Contact Penny at: pen101nz@yahoo.co.nz or phone: (07) 8540378.

#### **Hawke's Bay**

The **Hawke's Bay Live Poets' Society** meets at 8.00 p.m. on the second Monday of each month (except January) at the Cat and Fiddle Ale House in Hastings. Contact Keith Thorsen (06) 870 9447 or email: kthorsen@xtra.co.nz

#### **Lower Hutt**

The **Poets' Pub and Café** (Murphy's Bar, Angus Inn) meets on the first Monday in each month at 7.00 p.m. Guest reader and open mike session. Contact Steven Douglas on 5699904.

#### **Nelson**

The Yaza Poets meet the second Wednesday of each month at 8.00 p.m. at Yaza Cafe, Montgomery Square Nelson. New Poets welcome. Contact: Martina 03 5482989 or Gaelynne 03 5468434.

#### **Picton**

The **Picton Poets** meet at The Cottage, 75a Waikawa Road, Picton at 10.30 a.m. on the second Wednesday of each month. Contact Ernest Berry (03) 573 7774; Fax (03) 573 6882. E-mail: bluberry@xtra.co.nz

#### **Porirua**

**Poetry Café** meets in the function room upstairs at Selby's Sports Café, 1 Serlby Place, Porirua on the second Monday in each month. Free entry.

#### **Rotorua**

The **Rotorua Mad Poets** meet every Monday night at the Lakes Hotel, Lake Road, 7.30-9.30 p.m. Phone Colleen (07) 3479847 or Kay (07) 3490219.

#### **Tauranga**

**Tauranga Writers Group** meets on the second Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. in the Staffroom, Otumoetai Primary School. For more information please contact Kellee Maree Attwood on (07) 572 2669, email Sue Emms on sue.emms@xtra.co.nz, or fax Jenny on 07 570 2446.

#### **Timaru**

If you are interested in the Timaru **Poetry in Motion** Performance Poetry group contact Karalyn Joyce (03) 6147050; or email: karalynjoyce@xtra.co.nz.

#### **Wanaka**

Poetry Live at the Wanaka Arts Centre, first Thursday of the month 7.30. Contact Pip Sheehan (03) 443 4602.

#### **Wellington**

The **New Zealand Poetry Society** meets on the third Thursday of each month (except for December and January) at 8.00 p.m. at Turnbull House, Bowen St.

**Bluenote**, 191 – 195 Cuba Street, has performance poetry most Sunday evenings at 8.00 p.m. Ring Blaise Orsman 025 6160453 or Blue Note (04) 801 5007 after 4.00 p.m. to confirm.

**Cafe Poetry to Go** at The Rock Café, 4 Glover Street, off Ngauranga Gorge (up from LV Martin). If poetry is new to you this is the place for you to learn to read aloud, talk about your poetry and find friends and get some tips from each other and books. Last Thursday of the month, supper provided, gold coin donation appreciated. Contact Stephen and Rosa Douglas. Email: DouglasSR@xtra.co.nz or phone 04 5699904.

#### **Poesis: Poetry and Religion Forum**

A forum to discuss religious poetry (international and New Zealand) will be held every five weeks in the WIT Library, Anglican Centre, 18 Eccleston Hill, Thorndon. All enquiries to: antonin@wn.org.nz.

#### **West Coast: Hokitika**

Contact Don Neale at (03) 755 7092 or email: startledworm@paradise.net.nz for news of the winter meetings of the **Hokitika Wild Poets' Society**.

### **Whakatane**

**East Bay Live Poets** meet at 7.30 p.m. on the third Monday of each month in the Settlers Bar of the Chambers Restaurant.

### **Whangarei**

Poetry, prose, tea and talk. Last Sunday of the month, 2.30 p.m. at 18a Vale Road, Whangarei. Phone Rosalie on 4388913 or email: [chtoomer@xtra.co.nz](mailto:chtoomer@xtra.co.nz).

**Do you belong to a group not listed here? Do changes to this information need to be made? If so, please let me know.**

## **Competitions**

Kokako Haiku/Senryu Contest. The aim of this contest is to encourage haiku/senryu which don't try to carry over the conventions of traditional Japanese haiku or culture into English but which use the flexibility of the modern English lyric to achieve the same result. Entry fee is \$5 for unlimited entries with no age restrictions. Please send us two copies of your entries, one with your name, address, email and phone number and the other without to 43 Landscape Rd, Papatoetoe, Auckland 1701 of unpublished haiku not on offer elsewhere. We'd prefer not to receive email entries but if you are pressed for time, do so. The best three will get free subscriptions to Kokako and the best 20 will be published in Kokako 2004, thus gaining international exposure. The Patron is Catherine Mair, judges Patricia Prime and Bernard Gadd. The deadline is December 31, 2003. We'll let the winners and best 20 know the results just as soon as possible.

The Third Ashiya International Haiku Festa is running a competition in conjunction with their festival. No charge for submissions. English only. Deadline: November 30. Send SSAE to NZPS secretary for competition entry forms and rules. Or go to [www.kyoshi.or.jp/e-index.htm](http://www.kyoshi.or.jp/e-index.htm) to download information.

The Yellow Moon 'Nutshell' competition has 5 categories (Cinquain, Idyll, Limerick, Humorous—up to 24 lines, and Tetractys) and costs Aus \$3 per entry. Entry form (with guidelines) essential. Competition closes October 19 2003.

The Yellow Moon 'Search for a Sonnet 3' competition costs Aus \$5 per entry or \$10 for 3. Theme open but structure traditional. Three equal first prizes of \$100 each. Entry form (with guidelines) essential. Closes October 30 2003.

2003 San Francisco International Competition Haiku, Senryu, Tanka and Rengay. Sponsor: Haiku

Poets of Northern California. Deadline: October 31, 2003. Details in the May newsletter or visit [www.creativeideasforyou.com/hpnc2003.html](http://www.creativeideasforyou.com/hpnc2003.html) for more information.

If there are any new members wanting competition information, please send an SSAE to the Secretary, PO Box 5283, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

## **Other News**

A warm welcome to Jane Currie of Hamilton; Charlotte Trevella of North Canterbury; Anne Edmunds, Rosemary Scott, Judith Walsh and Cobham Intermediate of Christchurch; Victoria Stace, Marion-Louise Houghton, Lucy Revill and Janet Hughes from Wellington; Tania Brady, Elaine King, Jacqueline Crompton Ottaway, Ranisha Singh and Pat Newcomb of Auckland; Amanda Clifton of Ohaupo; Susan Beatty from Lower Hutt; M. Rigg of Putaruru and Annie Nutsford from Otaki.

If you would like to become a member, the annual subscription for overseas members is \$30. For those living in NZ, the sub is \$15. From October 1, please pay HALF the appropriate subscription rate. Send a cheque to The Treasurer, PO Box 5283, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

The death occurred recently of Joan Reid who had been a member of the Poetry Society since its earlier days. She served as a committee member for a number of years with a term as president in the 1980s. Thanks to Joan as one of the many who have played a part in the development of the Society.

### **RANDELL COTTAGE 2004 RESIDENCY**

The Randell Cottage Writers Trust is calling for applications from New Zealand writers for the 2004 residency. The tenure will be from mid-February 2004 to mid-August 2004. The successful applicant will receive a monthly stipend for the six months of the residency, and reside in the historic Randell Cottage located in Wellington's central city suburb of Thorndon. Application forms and guidelines can be obtained by emailing [randelltrust@hotmail.com](mailto:randelltrust@hotmail.com) or by writing to: The Secretary, PO Box 11-032, Wellington. Applications close on 31st October 2003. Additional information about the Trust and residency can be viewed on the New Zealand Book Council web site [www.bookcouncil.org.nz](http://www.bookcouncil.org.nz).

The organisers of the 8th annual Dana Awards are looking for entries and hope NZ writers will submit work again this year. There is \$US6,000 in awards this year. (4 awards including the new \$US3,000

Portfolio Award and the 3 traditional awards (\$US1,000 each) in the Novel, Short Fiction, and Poetry. For crucial guidelines (some changes since last year), see Web site: [www.danaawards.com](http://www.danaawards.com) or email [danaawards@pipeline.com](mailto:danaawards@pipeline.com) or send SASE to: Mary Elizabeth Parker, Chair, Dana Awards, 7207 Townsend Forest Court, Browns Summit, NC USA 27214-9634. Deadline October 31.

Check out a poetry forum and request called KiwiPoet at: <http://groups.msn.com/KiwiPoet>. Registration is required. The purpose is to build a community where poets can share poems, feedback, and good humour in a supportive atmosphere. All who would like to take part in contributing to the KiwiPoet community are welcome.

Epsom Girls' Grammar sixth-former, Mia Gaudin, was the winner of the \$1,000 Bell Gully National Schools' Poetry Award. Mia's prize was presented by radio and television broadcaster Kim Hill at the end of a gala poetry reading attended by about 200 people, including Bell Gully's chief executive Maggie Callicrate. \$500 of the prize goes to Mia; the other \$500 is for the purchase of poetry books by her school library.

From Thursday October 2, National Radio will be broadcasting a new programme showcasing and celebrating Maori music. The show will go to air immediately after the 9.00 p.m. news and will feature 6-8 artists each week. Host is musician and poet Hinemoana Baker, who completed the MA in Creative Writing at Victoria last year.

The first show will feature Mahinarangi Tocker, Elena (violinist), Te Rangihau Gilbert, Whirimako Black, Morgan Clarke with Benny's Five (from 1955), and Aotearoa.

Radio New Zealand has a huge archive of Maori music but Hinemoana Baker is very keen to hear suggestions. The address to send CDs is:

'Waiata', c/- Radio New Zealand, PO Box 123, TE WHANGA-NUI-A-TARA. Email contact: [hbaker@radionz.co](mailto:hbaker@radionz.co)

There is a new arts marketing guide out that has screeds of great information and tips on how to launch a successful arts marketing campaign. Smart Arts: marketing the arts in New Zealand was commissioned by Creative New Zealand and written by Nicky Nicolaou of Wellington's Downstage Theatre. It's free from Creative NZ offices or on their website at: [www.creativenz.govt.nz](http://www.creativenz.govt.nz).

Invitation to submit biographical data for inclusion in a forthcoming volume of Contemporary Authors

(CA) or Something about the Author (SATA), literary reference series published by the Gale Group. Gale ([www.gale.com](http://www.gale.com)) is one of the world's leading publishers of reference materials for schools and libraries, and is the foremost source for biographical and bibliographical information on a wide array of writers. If you have written at least one book-length work through a commercial publisher (i.e., other than vanity press, print-on-demand, or self-publishing), or have had a play or screenplay produced, you are eligible for inclusion in CA. Numbering over 200 volumes published since 1962, CA includes entries on more than 110,000 modern fiction and non-fiction writers, including novelists, poets, playwrights, scriptwriters, journalists, biographers, essayists, and media people. If you have written or illustrated at least one book-length work for children or young adults through a commercial publisher, you are eligible for inclusion in SATA. Numbering nearly 150 volumes published since 1971, SATA is the only ongoing reference series that deals with the lives and works of authors and illustrators of children's books, including over 10,000 contemporary and historical authors to date. If you are interested in appearing in one of these series, visit <http://www.gale-edit.com/cas/index.htm> and fill out an online questionnaire. If you would like to find out if you have already appeared in CA or SATA, you may check for your name in Gale's online Literary Index, located at: [www.galenet.com/servlet/LitIndex](http://www.galenet.com/servlet/LitIndex) (author search).

New Writer Prose and Poetry Prizes.

Over \$2,000 Prize Fund. Short Stories, Serials/Novellas – previously unpublished stories up to 4,000 words, serials/novellas up to 20,000 words on any subject or theme, in any genre (not children's). Short Stories: 1<sup>st</sup> prize \$300, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$200, 3<sup>rd</sup> \$100. Novella: 1<sup>st</sup> prize \$300. Entry fee \$4 per short story or \$10 per serial/novella.

Essays, Articles, Interviews – covering any writing-related or literary theme in its widest sense up to 2,000 words. 1<sup>st</sup> prize \$150, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$100, 3<sup>rd</sup> \$50. Entry fee \$4 per article.

Single Poems and Collections – single poems up to 40 lines and collections of between 6 and 10 poems. Single poem entries must be previously unpublished; previously published poems can be included as part of a collection. Collection: 1<sup>st</sup> prize \$300, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$200, 3<sup>rd</sup> \$100. Single: 1<sup>st</sup> prize \$100, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$75, 3<sup>rd</sup> \$50. Entry fee \$4 per single poem, \$10 per collection.

Previous winners of Prose & Poetry Prizes are listed on The New Writer website. For Guidelines visit the website where you can enter online: [www.thenewwriter.com/entryform.htm](http://www.thenewwriter.com/entryform.htm).

If sending entries by email send in body of the text, not as an attachment. They would prefer to receive longer manuscripts in the post. Closing date October 31 2003.

Hawkes Bay Poetry Competition Winners:  
Judges Elizabeth Knox and Brian Turner. Poetry competition winner was 'The Black Spot and the Brick' by Arthur Bennett, runners up were 'Red Chair' by Peter Crisp and 'The room united in its hatred' by Althea MacLean.  
Honourable mentions were – 'Wild Poppies' by Gail Baker; 'Horses' by Marty Schofield; 'The Last Time We Met' by John Bannister; and 'Loving him to Death' by Stephanie Till.

David Howard's long dramatic poem, 'The Carrion Flower', is being set to music by the distinguished Czech composer, Marta Jirackova. The collaboration is part of a body of work made possible by a 2002 Creative New Zealand project grant which Howard received to develop pieces based in Eastern Europe. The Czech composer Marta Jirackova was born on March 22 1932 in Kladno, and studied at the Prague Conservatory of Music under Emil Hlobil, graduating in 1959. She undertook postgraduate studies with Alois Haba in harmony and composition, and subsequently studied with Ctirad Kohoutek and Alois Pinos at the Janacek Academy of Performing Arts in Brno.

New Training Programme For Artists and Writers. Nau te rourou, Naku te routou, Ka ora te tangata. With your basket and my basket, the people will be assisted. Te Ara O Taku Wairua Ora Productions (my pathway to spiritual health and wellbeing) have announced the arrival of their Pilot Workshop in story telling and performance poetry. Te ara O Taku Wairua Ora is a non-profit charitable trust that aims to provide skills development and training courses within the visual and performing arts medium. They have created a service of performing arts specifically designed for people who have had past experience of mental illness or have been consumers of the health, disability and social services (WINZ). The performing arts training courses are designed to support students who are ready to make the transition away from the mental health and social services sectors. If this sounds like you or if you know of someone who would benefit from this innovative school programme, then please contact Nyran Stanton (03) 3820580 for more details or a registration pack. Or contact Te Ara O Taku Wairua Ora productions directly at (03) 3770845 or Te-Araproduction@xtra.co.nz Or visit them at Level 1, 173 Cashel Street, Christchurch city centre.

Justin Belmont of *BICYCLING Magazine* in the US is compiling an anthology featuring 'cycling verse' from around the world. Aimed at the intelligent reader and rider, the book will highlight poems of all lengths, forms and styles, all bound by a common theme – the sport of bicycling.  
Haiku about road racing, villanelles about derailleurs, travelogues in rhyme – it's all acceptable, if accessible and well-written. If interested, please contact Justin before October 1 at: Justin.Belmont@rodale.com.

A small paying gig has come up for October 11. Saturday 2003. Te Ara O Taku Wairua Ora productions is looking for performance poets, story tellers and singers (with instrument) to perform for a group during mental health awareness week. If you know anyone who would be interested in participating in this 1 hour performance opportunity, as well as supporting an awesome kaupapa, then please contact Waiatamai Murray by Friday September 26. Tel 03 9806822, Email: tetaha@paradise.net.nz.

## Congratulations

Jan Hutchison came second in the recent National Radio poetry contest.  
Ernest Berry had the following haiku featured on the Electronic Poetry Network:

wet floor  
I fall over  
the caution sign

**KIWIHAIKU**

spotlight search  
opposum  
hiding its eyes

*Catherine Mair*  
(Katikati)

*KIWIHAIKU features one haiku, senryu or tanka each month. Poems with a New Zealand slant are preferred. Fresh submissions (including details of any previous publication) with SSAE to Cyril Childs, 41 Harrington St, Port Chalmers, Dunedin.*

**November deadline:  
October 24 2003**