



Magazine
August 2006

New Zealand Poetry Society

Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

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New Zealand Poetry Society
PO Box 5283
Lambton Quay
WELLINGTON

Patrons
Dame Fiona Kidman
Vincent O'Sullivan

President
James Norcliffe

E-mail
info@poetrysociety.org.nz

Website
www.poetrysociety.org.nz

☞ This Month's Meeting ☞
Cilla McQueen
Monday August 21
1pm
Wellington City Art Gallery

Writing at Isola Bella

Fiona Kidman

'You will find Isola Bella in pokerwork on my heart.'
Katherine Mansfield.

These words are engraved on the plaque as you enter the Katherine Mansfield Memorial Room. To reach Villa Isola Bella at Garavan, walk up Rue Katherine Mansfield if you've traveled the short distance from Menton by bus; if you've come by train, come along Rue Webb Ellis (named for the famous rugby player who died in Menton).

This year, I am the 2006 Meridian Energy Katherine Mansfield Memorial Fellow. I hold the keys to this fabled Room on the lower floor of the Villa. During 1920, Mansfield wrote some fine stories here, including "The Daughters of the Late Colonel." I received the keys in a special civic ceremony conducted by Monsieur Luc Lanlo, the warm-hearted Deputy Mayor of Menton, and Cultural Councillor for the Riviera, in the Jean Cocteau Salles des Mariages. This marriage room, fitted out entirely with red velvet furnishings, the walls and ceilings decorated with the artwork of Cocteau, artist, writer and film director, is where people come from around the world to be married. In a special extra gesture, Ian and I were seated on the marriage chairs and treated to a re-run of our long ago wedding. We emerged, somewhat bemused, blinking into the sunlight with the wedding march playing, the town bells ringing, and locals standing to applaud the 'newly weds'. No getting away from this one!

The keys were delivered on a velvet cushion, tied together with blue and white ribbons, the colours of both Menton and of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I keep these ribbons on the keys because they make it easy to keep track of them. Somehow, they signify, too, the trust placed in me to look after this room well. The bundle contains a big ancient brass key that opens the green wrought iron gate, beyond lies the white gravel courtyard, planted with palm trees. There is a bench for simply sitting and reflecting and looking out beyond. Or at the trains whistling past on their way to Italy, and the train drivers of whom Jenny Bornholdt has so famously written.

But it's when you open the door that it hits you, this is where the friendly ghost really lives. A Spartan little room, though it boasts a divan covered in red suede. The walls are plain, except for a portrait of Mansfield above the work desk, and a sculpted head of the writer.

Plus, there is a bookshelf, laden with the books of writers who have held the Katherine Mansfield Fellowship before. I am the thirty-sixth. I think of friends, living and dead, who have worked in this room. Sometimes they are eerily close. I can hear, for instance, Lauris Edmond standing just behind my right shoulder. Now *look* Fiona, she is saying, don't you just *think* this or this or that. I see Michael King breeze into the room, hear Louis Johnson's booming voice. You could, at a pinch, live in this room, although it's not encouraged. There is a little burner stove, a pot, a knife and fork in a drawer, a bicycle pump. Who, I find myself wondering, used to bike to the room?

The writers generally live in an apartment in Palais Lutetia. It's a grand old place, full of red tiles (this town likes red), elderly white French furniture, and has three sunny balconies, from which we can look over the so blue Mediterranean, the daily markets and an avenue of trees and gardens. Nearly every day is an adventure, some more challenging than others. In true Kiwi style I tell people I speak French *un peu*, (a little) but 'of course I read it well'. Alas, reading is not always the same as having a conversation. On the whole, we get

by, and if we are really stuck, there is an almost on the spot friend and resident Trustee, William Rubinstein, who lives at Nice. He cooked a beautiful meal with aioli the night we arrived, and has since introduced me to drinking cider out of fluted bowls when I eat *crepes Normande*. As for wine, Bill Manhire did recommend the pink here in Menton. Rose, I thought, surely not? He's right of course, it is *what* you drink here, and it's delicious. Cheap too!

'To be alive and to be a writer,' Katherine Mansfield wrote, 'there is nothing like it.'

Fiona Kidman is one of our leading writers and is also patron of the NZPS

☞ From the Editor ☞

This is my final issue as commissioning editor of the NZPS magazine. I have enjoyed the work (even rapidly approaching deadlines have their own slightly manic charge) and have particularly enjoyed being 'in conversation' with poets and poetry lovers throughout the country. I'm pleased to tell you that this position (and so much more) has been taken up by the very capable and energetic Laurice Gilbert (Laurice introduces herself after this editorial). I know Laurice will do a great job and wish her all the best.

Walking past my daughter's bedroom this morning, I heard a fairly thrashy band that she likes, *Perfect Circle*, singing a folksong written in 1969 by Joni Mitchell, 'The Fiddle and the Drum'. It was an unaccompanied song lamenting America's involvement in war, or, as the song says, the trading of 'the fiddle for the drum'. I thought about that powerful and enduring double act of words and rhythm, words and song. And I thought how evocative and moving that song has always been for me and maybe would be for her. It took me back to this quote about rhythm by American poet, Robert Hass:

Because rhythm has direct access to the unconscious, because it can hypnotize us, enter our bodies and make us move, it is a power. And power is political. That is why rhythm is always revolutionary ground.'

Some of you may remember this quote from the last issue – forgive me for repeating it here, but it seemed so apt.

You may have noticed that this issue of the magazine does not feature the new design as promised. We thought it would be best to introduce the new look and the new editor at the same time. So the next issue will feature Laurice's debut as commissioning editor and the new Sarah Maxey design!

☞ From the Incoming Editor ☞

Hi. I'm Laurice Gilbert. You may remember me from such roles as former Treasurer of the New Zealand Poetry Society and current Competition Secretary. I've been on the committee for about four years, and writing poetry for 10. When the rest of the committee offered me a job with twice the hours and half the pay, I naturally dropped my day job immediately. Who could resist the opportunity to work from home with 300+ poetry-minded individuals and never have to work in a hospital again?

When I'm not a poet, my hobbies are ... Actually I'm always a poet. My current hobby and passion is promoting poetry, so I guess I'm ideal for the job, eh. Also travelling and keeping animals and rugby (spectator only) and taking workshops and watching animated sitcoms and winning pub quizzes. I also have fantastic people skills.

I have no experience (yet) with editing a magazine or maintaining a website, so bear with me a while. I'm a fast learner. I'm looking forward to being the public face of the Society, and will welcome any suggestions from members for improvements. Cheers, Laurice

☞ From the Committee ☞

Win \$30 Book Tokens

We are desperately seeking a name for our new style magazine. All sorts of suggestions have been received – from staNZa, Mixed Grill, Pond Life, ReVerse, SubVerse ... to Between the Lines. Your mission, should you decide to accept it, is to send in your suggestions (maximum 3 please) to info@poetrysociety.org.nz by 20 August 2006. The best name will win \$30 worth of book tokens. If more than one member suggests the best name, the winner will be the one whose entry was received first. (Sorry, this competition is restricted to current members.)

And the winner is...

Congratulations to lucky new member Chan Curtis of Wellington who has won \$30 book tokens for getting his sub in before the 30 June. Happy reading Chan!

Poetrysociety.org

If you haven't been to our website www.poetrysociety.org.nz recently, go and have a look - it's looking pretty good and it's going to get better over the next few months. On the members-only pages we will be adding poetry kete/resources and a poetry discussion board for you to keep in touch with other members and workshop poems. On the public side we want to list those members who are available to read poetry or run poetry workshops. We get a number of enquiries from schools before the competition deadline

for a poet in their area to take a poetry class. If you would like to market your services in this way, please let us know (info@poetrysociety.org.nz).

August and September Readings

We are delighted to announce that Cilla McQueen will be reading for us in August (as part of the IIML's Writers on Monday series), and Chris Price in September. Put these dates and venues in your diary now - and note the different venues:

Cilla McQueen – Monday 21 August 1pm at Wellington City Gallery

Chris Price – Thursday 21 September 8pm at Turnbull House

The Clayton's AGM

Yet again, we failed to get a quorum at the June AGM and at the subsequent July meeting. Of course it didn't help that the weather on both dates was atrocious. Maybe if we held our AGM in sunny Kaitia we might have a better turnout. Then again, perhaps not. One bright member has suggested we change the number required for a quorum under the constitution. So we'll be working on this.

Unless members object, the committee has decided to proceed on the basis of the decisions made at the 20 June 2006 AGM (the minutes are on the website in the members section). This includes the appointment of a National Co-ordinator to bring together activities currently undertaken by a number of different people. Laurice Gilbert will be our first National Co-ordinator and will be taking up appointment from September. She tells me she has all sorts of ideas - go Laurice!

In the meantime Gillian Cameron will be acting in the position. Gillian says being Acting National Co-ordinator feels a bit like being the Daughter-in-Law-Elect... *As tough as a bone, With a will of her own, Is his daughter-in-law elect!*

☞ Upcoming Events ☞

AUCKLAND

If you have a gig coming up somewhere in Auckland and would like to be featured on www.aucklandpoetry.com go to the site and contact Nicholas Alexander to get your poster put up.

Open Mic! Hosted by Nick Hohepa, with an abundance of local artists. Every Tuesday, 9pm, The Diablo (<http://www.diablobar.co.nz>) 43 Ponsonby Rd, Auckland. Open for: Acoustic singer/songwriters, poets, spoken word. Awesome friendly environment to meet new people and other music enthusiasts. Two mics, small

acoustic drum kit and a PA is provided. Percussion instruments welcome. Please provide own guitars. For further details please contact: Nick Hohepa, phone: 021 189 1900 email: openmicnighters@hotmail.com

Speakeasy: Auckland's newest open mic venue. Are you a performance poet? Do you have an alternative comedy idea? Are you an actor with a new monologue to road test? Have you got some original songs you want to perform? Do you want to see some of the freshest most original talent Auckland city has to offer? Then Speakeasy is the gig for you.

MC'd by Penny Ashton and held once a month in the cosy front bar of Auckland's Classic Comedy and Bar, Speakeasy is an eclectic mix of spoken word, comedy, fringe theatre, music and whatever you want it to be. It's a forum for the frustrated, frenetic or just plain daft ideas that you want to try in front of a supportive audience. Classic Comedy and Bar, 321 Queen St, 7:30pm. To perform email or call the Classic on (09) 373 4321, Entry: gold coin only.

Poetry Live Auckland

Book yourself in to read at Poetry Live, Grand Central (upstairs bar) 126 Ponsonby Road Auckland. Tuesdays 8 p.m. Guest poets & open mike.

Contact: Co-ordinator Judith McNeil, phone: 09 360 2510 email: four-by-two@xtra.co.nz

Poetry at the Brix Cafe & Bar

Poetry Readings, Wednesday nights, 8pm at the Brix Cafe & Bar. 280 K Road, Auckland.

If you are interested in reading, please contact John Hamilton, phone: 021 451 745.

The Glad Poets of Henderson

Meet at the Waitakere Community Resource Centre, Ratanui Street, Henderson on the last Sunday of each month at 2 p.m. All welcome. Contact Barry, phone: 09 832 4605.

BALCLUTHA

Meetings every first Wednesday of the month from 7 p.m. at The Lumber Jack Café, Owaka (15 minutes down Southern Scenic Route). Information: Gwyneth Williamson, phone: 03 418 983.

CHRISTCHURCH

Bookenz with Ruth Todd and Morrin Rout on Plains FM 96.9, Christchurch. Every Thursday at midday for interviews & news of what's happening in the world of books.

The Bard of Christchurch, Steve Thomas has broadcast poetry on National Radio for the last 4 years, Friday at 4.20pm *In Touch With NZ*. If you want to hear his weekly poem, tune in!

The Airing Cupboard Women Poets meet at 10 a.m. every fortnight at The Quiet Room, YMCA, Hereford Street, Christchurch. Ring Judith Walsh, phone: 03 359 7433, or Barbara Strang, phone: 03 376 4486.

The Live Poets' Society meets the second Wednesday of each month at 7 p.m. at the Linwood Community Arts Centre (corner of Worcester Street and Stanmore Road, Christchurch). Contact Alan McLean, phone: 03 389 0908.

Small White Teapot, a haiku group, meets at 7pm, 3rd Tuesday of the month. Contact Barbara Strang, phone 03 076 4486

Catalyst Poetry Idol

The five weekly rounds begin on Thursday 27th July, 8pm at the Wunderbar in Lyttelton. Each week, ten may enter, only one shall remain. The Grand Final will be on August 31st where the five heat winners vie for the enormous honour of becoming Catalyst Poetry Idol 2006. And maybe even a few prizes.

Check out the website for more info:
<http://www.catalystnz.blogspot.com>

COROMANDEL

The Coromandel Live Poetry Group gathers on the last Friday evening of each month at 6.00pm for dinner and poetry.

Any enquiries can be made to: John Irvine phone: 07 8666789, email: cooldragon@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, phone: 03 4451352.

DUNEDIN

HOME: (Harbour Open Mic Evening) Monthly, every second Tuesday at 7.30pm.

Poetry and Prose at Port Chalmers Hotel (The Tunnel), Beach Street, Port Chalmers.

HOME is an opportunity to share, or listen to, original poetry, prose and acoustic music in a welcoming and casual atmosphere. Contact debbie.cartwright@paradise.net.nz for details.

Dunedin community radio (Hills FM) has a half-hour of local poetry every second Tuesday from 6 to 6.30. Tune in and check it out.

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

Upfront: Spotighting Women Poets meets on the last Tuesday of each month at Cobb & Co. (first floor lounge) from 7 p.m. Open mike reading promptly at 7.30 p.m. followed by featured poets. Contact Sue Wootton, email: david.sue@xtra.co.nz.

GOLDEN BAY

The Golden Bay Live Poets Society has a monthly Performance Night at the famous Mussel Inn Bush Café at Onekaka. (For dates go to Mussel Inn.) Visiting poets are most welcome. For news of meetings contact convenor Joe Bell, phone: 03 524 8146, fax: 03 524 8047.

HAMILTON

Poets Alive meet about every 6 weeks on a Friday from 7 to 9pm. We meet at the Continuing Education satellite campus of the University of Waikato on Ruakura Road, Hamilton. Contact Celia , phone: 07 856 3686, email: poetsalive@xtra.co.nz

HAWKE'S BAY

The Hawke's Bay Live Poets' Society meets at 8 p.m. on the second Monday of each month (except January) at the Cat and Fiddle Ale House in Hastings. Contact Keith Thorsen, phone: 06 870 9447.

LOWER HUTT

Poets Pub Lower Hutt meets at Murphy's Bar Angus Inn from 7.15pm. Free tea and coffee, open mic, a warm inviting atmosphere.

For more information call Stephen Douglas (04) 5699904 DouglasSR@xtra.co.nz Hutt Valley Community Arts (04) 5683488 office@hvca.org.nz

MANAWATU

The Marton Poetry Group meets at 7.30pm on the first Wednesday of each month. Our meetings are friendly and enjoyable, and anyone interested in reciting, reading - their own or others'- work, or appreciating poetry, is most welcome. Contact is Elizabeth Coleman Phone:06-3278106

NELSON

The Nelson Poets meet on the second Wednesday of each month at 7 p.m in Kaffeine, New Street, Nelson. New poets welcome. Contact: Martina, phone: 03 548 2989, or Gaelyne, phone: 03 546 8434.

OPOTIKI

Opotiki Writers meet at 10 a.m. on the last Wednesday of the month at the Opotiki Hotel, for chat, support and motivation, all loosely based on our writing experiences. Contact Ann Funnell, phone: 07 315 6664.

PICTON

Picton Poets (founded by Ernest Berry in 1996) meet at The Cottage, 75a Waikawa Road, Picton, at 10.30 a.m. on the third Wednesday of each month.

Contact: Anne Barrett, phone: 03 574 2757, email: wheezyanna@msn.com, or Sandy Arcus, phone: 03 573 5442.

Poetry Corner: an informal group for lovers of poetry, meets the third Wednesday of each month at The Vines Restaurant, Redwood Tavern, Cleghorn St, Blenheim between 5.30 and 8.30pm. Readers, writers, listeners, performers are all welcome. Come and go as you please during the allotted time. This group occasionally meets at other venues which are advertised locally.

Contacts: Anne Barrett, phone: 03 574 2757, email: wheezyanna@msn.com, or Fay McCallum, phone: 03 5783109.

PORIRUA

Poetry Café evenings are on the second Monday of every month at 7:30pm, at the Cruz Café & Bar, 1 Selby Place, Porirua. For further details, check out their detailed website: <http://www.poetrycafe.co.nz>

ROTORUA

The Rotorua Mad Poets meet every Wednesday night at the Rotorua Public Library at 6:00 pm. All poets and general public welcome to attend. Light refreshments available afterwards. Contact: Colleen, phone: 07 347 9847, or Kay, phone: 07 349 0219.

TAURANGA

Tauranga Writers (<http://www.taurangawriters.org.nz/>) is possibly New Zealand's longest-running writers' group (est. 1965). They meet every first Thursday of the month, 7.15 for 7.30 p.m. start at Tauranga Environment Centre, 12 Elizabeth Street, Tauranga. Visitors and newcomers

welcome. Bring copies of work in progress for helpful feedback. For more details, contact Jenny Argante, phone: 07 576 3040, fax: 07 570 2446.

Bravado @ Browsers - Poetry Live!
Second Sunday monthly at Browsers Bookshop, 26 Wharf Street, Tauranga. Featured poet followed by open mike. First come, first up. For programme details & further information, please contact Jenny Argante, phone: 07 576 3040, fax: 07 570 2446.

Poets Parlour meets 3rd Sunday monthly 12.30 p.m. in the Robert Harris Cafe, State Insurance Arcade, off Grey Street, Tauranga. Bring extra copies of work in progress for feedback. Contact: Jenny Argante, phone: 07 576 3040, fax: 07 570 2446.

TIMARU

Poetry in Motion
If you are interested in the Timaru performance poetry group contact Karalyn Joyce, phone: 03 614 7050.

WANAKA

Poetry Live at the Wanaka Arts Centre, first Thursday of the month 7.30 p.m. Contact Pip Sheehan, phone: 03 443 4602.

WELLINGTON

Vic Writers Group
A writers' group has started up this year at Victoria University's Kelburn Campus. It is comprised of undergraduate and postgraduate students but is open to students from other institutions and non-students also. We meet weekly on campus, Monday afternoons from 4-6 pm, discuss one another's prose/poetry and aim to give constructive and supportive feedback in an informal setting.

We have begun setting 'themes' each week which members have the option of exploring and then presenting to the group the following week. New members are welcome. Contact Melody for more information, email: noladna@yahoo.com

Poetry Studio (Wellington)
Have a Go! Open Mike! All Welcome! Free Admisson!
Every Sunday afternoon from 3pm to 5 pm at Bluenote (phone 04 801-5007) corner of Cuba & Vivian Streets, Wellington. For more information, contact Steve Booth: phone 04 477-0156. Email poetrystudio@paradise.net.nz to get a weekly email update.

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 find friends, learn to read aloud and exchange tips and books. Last Thursday of the month, supper provided, gold coin donation appreciated. Contact Stephen and Rosa Douglas, phone: 04 569 9904, 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 by email: antonin@wn.ang.org.nz

Open Readings, Newtown.
Bar Edward, 167 Riddiford Street, Newtown. Every Sunday at 7 p.m. All ages welcome with an emphasis on young writers. For more information, contact Amelia, mobile: 021 0401 932.

Berhampore poetry evenings are held on the last Friday of the month. Guest poets on one month then a workshop run by those guest poets the following month. Contact Martin Doyle for more information, phone: 04 972 9965.

Writers International (NZ) meet 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. last Tuesday of month, 1st Floor, Wellington Chamber Building (Town Hall). Email: writers_international@yahoo.co.nz

Poetry Raumati
Meets the last Tuesday of the month, 7.30pm. Venue: Mahara Gallery, 20 Mahara Place, Waikanae. Open Mike. For further details, please contact Bill or Veronique Morris: phone 04 902 2384 email wazzo@paradise.net.nz

Windrift Haiku Group
Next Meeting: Thursday, August 17, 1.00pm at Jeanette Stace's home, 58 Cecil Rd, Wadestown. All welcome. For further information contact: Jeanette Stace 04 473 6227 njstace@actrix.co.nz Nola Borrell 04 586 7287 nolaborrell@xtra.co.nz

Wellington Storytellers Cafe
A regular event for all storytellers and story- the first Tuesday of every month. Located at the Art Gallery of the Wellington Community Arts Centre, 61-69 Abel Smith Street, Wellington. For \$5 you get "coffee, tea and munchies to boot!" Contact (021) 687 627 for more information or email storytellers.cafe@buzz.net.nz

Writers On Mondays returns to City Gallery
Just over fifty poets, playwrights, novelists, non-fiction writers and filmmakers from New Zealand, Ireland and Australia will take part in the free Writers on Mondays series starting on 17 July and running every Monday from 1-2 pm at City Gallery Wellington until 2 October.

For the full programme, see www.vuw.ac.nz/modernletters/activities/monday-writers.aspx
source – IIML

Poetrymath
A month-long series of readings kicks off at 7pm on Tuesday 8th August at the City Gallery. It features 20 established and new NZ poets, and highlights include readings by Alistair and Meg Campbell, a flying visit from Andrew Fagan, Dunedin poets Sandra Bell, Bill Dacker, Peter Olds and Jeanne Bernhardt and Auckland poets Richard von Sturmer and Iain Sharp. New HeadworX books by Tony Chad and Andrew Fagan will be released at the event. Full details can be found on the NZPS website or be contacting: sales@earlofseacliff.co.nz

Newtown Spoken Word: Winter 06
The Word Collective presents the seasonal return of their highly popular flagship open mike night. Entry by koha, Friday 25th August, 7:30pm, at the usual spot – Newtown Cultural and Community Centre, corner of Rintoul and Colombo Streets. So beat the chills, get out and support spoken word in Welly! For more info, give Craig a call on 027 242 3453 or get on the mailing list: wordcollective@gmail.com

WEST COAST: HOKITIKA

Hokitika Wild Poets' Society.
For news of the winter meetings, contact Don Neale, phone: 03 755 7092, or e-mail: startledworm@paradise.net.nz

WHAKATANE

East Bay Live Poets meet at 7.30 p.m. on the third Monday of each month in the Craic. Contact: Mary Pullar for details, phone: 07 307 1126.

WHANGAREI

Poetry, Prose, Tea & Talk. Last Sunday of the month, 2.00 p.m. at 18a Vale Road, Whangarei. Contact: Rosalie, phone: 04 388 913.

Please e-mail updates, amendments & additions to info@poetrysociety.org.nz

☞ A Warm Welcome to ... ☛

Arthur Bennett	Hastings
Jane Bielski	Dunedin
Sheena Broom	Paraparaumu
Natalie Browning	Hamilton
Rosemary Cavaney	Invercargill
Curtis Chan	Wellington
Douglas Chisholm	New Plymouth
Jocelyn Davey	Coromandel
Elaine Fisher	Katikati
Daya Galpoththage	Auckland
Neil Garner	Orewa
Trisha Hanifin	Auckland
Lois Hunter	Nth Auckland
Lynne Kohen	Tasman
Althea Lambert	Palmerston North
Ruth Linton	Kaitaia
Huw Lloyd	Japan
A C McDonald	Invercargill
Pauline Miller	Auckland
Alice Moran	Queenstown
Mona Randall	Takaka
Elaine Riddell	Hamilton
Jessica Shaw	Auckland
Jean Shewan	Christchurch
Jae Stewart	Tirau
Richard Thomas	Waitara
Mary Thornton	Nelson
Megan Ulrich	Auckland
Jordan Wills	Kaitaia

Quotation of the Month

One of the few things I know about writing is this: spend it all, shoot it, play it, lose it, all, right away, every time. Do not hoard what seems good for a later place in the book, or for another book...Something more will arise for later, something better. These things fill from behind, from beneath, like well water.

Annie Dillard from *The Writing Life*

☞ Other News ☛

Leicester Kyle

With much sadness we note the recent death of the poet, priest and botanist, Leicester Kyle after a short illness in Christchurch hospital in early July.

Many members of the NZPS will be familiar with Leicester's poetry through the work he published in

Brief, Takahe, Spin, the NZ Listener and the Christchurch Press and many other journals, and through the succession of chap books he published, particularly during his last years on Millerton on the West Coast of the South Island. Leicester retired to this hillside retreat from his Anglican ministry after the death of his wife Miriel in Auckland in 1996.

Leicester found a new purpose on Millerton. He played a significant role as a mediator, mentor and adviser to the people on the hill; as an environmentalist and guardian of the landscape; as a botanist [he discovered at least one new orchid]; as instrumental in establishing a visitors' centre; and as a poet.

These ten years saw a flowering of his poetry. Writing was his passion and with the time available and in a stimulating environment, Leicester produced a considerable body of work, eclectic in style and astonishing in its range. His poetry was at times didactic and quite political, at other times comic or wry, and at other times tender and lyrical. Much of his poetry was deeply meditative and moving, given his spiritual and philosophical inclinations.

Leicester was a fine reader of his own and others poetry. His final public appearance was at the Canterbury Poets' Collective at the Madras Café Bookshop in May, a performance both brave and moving.

On the 17 May the *Press* published this second of the three last poems he had contributed: Leicester and his dog, Red, walking the Denniston plateau.

The Botanist and his Dog

Out on the moors
he goes over
I go under

I see what grows up
he sees ground
the root of things
under-growth
where it starts
the smells and the greenery
where small life hides

I see the consequence
the lovely and the disparate
the flower
the fruitfulness
the browning off to die

It's a dog's life
in the undergrowth
of mystery and surprise
not so changeable a darkness there

as in my world
which is seasonable
in quarters of growth
and memory

James Norcliffe

Poets wanted for children's literacy

Karen Chisholm runs a small business called Home Storytellers which is aimed at children's literacy. She would want to hear from people who have an interest in reading poetry to children, as she would really like some of these people with a passion for poetry to register to be on her database to be available for work as it arises. If this sounds like you, please get in touch:
Email: homestorytellers@clear.net.nz
Website: www.homestorytellers.co.nz

US performance poet on way to NZ

Namaya is a US performance poet who will be touring New Zealand in November of this year as part of the 2006 World Tour of his solo show, *God Sex Politics*. You can find out more about Namaya online: www.vermontpoet.com or www.jazzbeatblues.com

Haiku News

Congratulations

Kokako 4 Haiku Contest

Sandra Simpson (2 haiku!) and Barbara Strang tied for first place. In the highly commended section Barbara had 2 haiku placed, and Sandra one haiku. What a takeover! The following gained a commended award: Nola Borrell, Eric Dodson, Andre Surridge and - ah - Sandra Simpson (2).

swimming hole
diving
into the sky

waves break on the shore
your plane disappears
waves break on the shore

Sandra Simpson

returning travellers -
behind their words
surf on the reef

Barbara Strang

Kaji Aso Studio International Haiku Contest 2006

Ernest Berry scores again. He gained a 2nd Honourable Mention for:

neighbour's cat
the cicada in its teeth
keeps singing

Hoshi-To-Mori Tanka Contest

Andre Surridge was awarded 3rd place with this tanka:

tonight spring fishing
he cuts the outboard motor -
now only the sound
of water lapping the boat
and the splash of a catfish

Judge James Kirkup commented, "This is a good example of well-made tanka form, and the use of strong images depicting both sound and silence. The words are carefully chosen for their rhythmic and musical qualities, and the whole poem has a human, natural poetic feeling."

Andre says, "I'm delighted with the result as I only started writing tanka late last year inspired by Pat Prime's article 'Introduction to Tanka' which appeared on the NZPS haiku website."

Wellington Windrift Group Meeting

On the shortest day, on the coldest day ... nine brave members. Some free-subject compositions had sound in common. Elena Lindsay's resonated with the group:
against blue sky
blackbirds perched on wires
make music

Ernest Berry's original:

dawn service
a fly-by
shakes the daylights

drew the suggestion of a last line alternative:

shakes the daylight
s

Nola Borrell evoked a moment on the hills:

tramping
our stillness
at the falcon's cry

On winter, Elena Lindsay recalled visiting her daughter in Dunedin:

icy morning -
in the student flat
frost on the carpet

which Kerry Popplewell echoed:

winter dawn
frozen boots
inside the hut

But Jeanette Stace was happier:

gas fire
watching the same flames
over and over

After several members had to leave, the remaining few heard an editing history of revisions of a haiku - which returned to the original! We then began a discussion of Lee Gurga's 6 page /Guidelines for Editing Haiku/, whose opinions and suggestions, though gentle, still aroused some doubts. Core member Nola Borrell suggested her brief of essentials for haiku, and senryu. Bevan Greenslade's earlier thought on the zen of haiku editing was recalled:

roughing out a rock
polishing a pebble
shadow of the moment

Opinions flowed, so we dammed that discussion till next meeting. Next Meeting - Thursday, August 17, 1.00 p.m at Jeanette Stace's home, 58 Cecil Rd, Wadestown. All welcome. For further information contact: Jeanette Stace 04 473 6227 njstace@actrix.co.nz

Competitions and Submissions

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

Publications

Not one but three! **Catherine Mair and Patricia Prime's** *East Cape* is a poetry journal with haiku, haibun, tanka and renga written on their recent caravan travels around East Cape. Small, colour photographs enhance the text. \$14.95 from Books a Plenty, Grey St, Tauranga; or \$16 including postage from Catherine Mair (PO Box 62, Katikati, Bay of Plenty) or Pat Prime (42 Flanshaw St., Te Atatu South, Auckland 8).

Next up: *Stolen Time*, a joint collection of tanka with Chinese brush paintings. *Morning Glory* is a forthcoming collection of haibun. Both include published and new work \$16 each, including postage, from the authors.

Publications

Douglas Lilburn: Salutes To Poets

Not a book this one, but a CD! Released as part of the Waiteata Collection of New Zealand Music, highlights the late composer's connection with some of our poetic greats, including Denis Glover, James K Baxter, and Allen Curnow. The selection of recordings, from 1989 to 2006, includes two versions of Denis Glover's *Sings Harry*, the 1952 composition *Salutes to Seven Poets*, and incidental instrumental music that is inspired by the work of various New Zealand poets. The musical tributes are connected by narration from Douglas Lilburn himself. Published by Waiteata Music Press. Available from the New Zealand School of Music. (*Source – Victorious*)

Vsesvit

Hanna Yanovska is pleased to tell you that the collection of NZ poetry in Ukrainian journal, *Vsesvit*, is at last published. Its electronic address is: http://www.vsesvit-journal.com/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=160&Itemid=41

The name of the journal means 'Universe' in Ukrainian. *Vsesvit* is the oldest and the most well-known journal of foreign literature in Ukraine, established by progressive writers in 1925.

This issue opens with a small preface about New Zealand and its poetry, then there are the translated poems themselves, and then bionotes of the authors and the translator, Hanna Yanovska. The collection includes (in this order, for those of you not fluent in Ukrainian!): Simon Williamson ('Tama Te Ora'), Mark Young ('The Unicorn') Riemke Ensing ('Hokianga Love Song'), Nola Borrell ('Tuatara'), Lauris Edmond ('On Te Awamutu Road', 'The Third Person'), James K. Baxter ('A Pair of Sandals').

Submissions

Online journal Deep South is emerging from several years of hibernation. It is currently inviting submissions of original poetry, short fiction, critical essays, extracts from work in progress, reviews, and work by artists and photographers. Submissions can be made by email to deep.south@stonebow.otago.ac.nz or by mail to Deep South, Department of English, University of Otago, P.O.

Box 56, Dunedin. The journal can be viewed at:
www.otago.ac.nz/deepsouth/index.html

Call for Submissions for Anthology about Banks Peninsula

Poetry and prose (fiction and non-fiction), both published and unpublished, along with appropriate extracts from archival letters and diaries and suggestions are currently being sought for an anthology celebrating the spirit of Banks Peninsula.

Coral Atkinson and David Gregory will edit the book, which is to be published by Canterbury University Press in 2007.

Please contact Coral on atkinsoc@ihug.co.nz or David on david.j.gregory@xtra.co.nz for more detailed guidelines and a submission form.

(source- NZSA)

Best New Zealand Poems 06

The 2006 edition of *Best New Zealand Poems* is being edited by Hawai'i-based poets Anne Kennedy and Robert Sullivan. If, like some publishers, you want to ensure that poetry published during 2006 is considered, copies of books and journals may be sent to *Best New Zealand Poems 06*, c/- International Institute of Modern Letters, PO Box 600, Wellington.

(source- IIML)

Fourth issue of Snorkel

Snorkel is an online literary magazine with a special interest in bringing together the creative writings of Australians and New Zealanders, while also welcoming submissions from the wider international community. Submissions to *Snorkel* are by email. Only previously unpublished work is considered. Send up to 5 poems and/or 2 prose pieces as attachments in either Microsoft Word or Rich Text Format, or as text included in the body of the email, to snorkel@snorkel.org.au. Submissions to *Snorkel* #4 close on 15 August 2006.

Creative writing about raising children

I have just launched a new website (<http://www.parentingexpress.com>) for creative people who write about raising children. The site is looking for material (creative non-fiction, memoir, birth stories, poems and stories/articles) about giving birth, living with children and anything about being a parent. Submission guidelines and full details are included on the website. I am hoping to be able to pay for submissions in the near future. Thanks, Anne-marie Taplin

(source- NZ Writer Ezine)

Congratulations to Bill Manhire, whose poetry collection, *Lifted*, won the Montana Poetry Award announced on Montana Poetry Day.

Congratulations also to Karlo Mila whose book, *Dream fish Floating* won the New Zealand Society of Author's Jessie Mackay Best First Book Award for poetry.

Our patron, Dame Fiona Kidman, won the Readers' Choice award for her novel *The Captive Wife*. She shares this award with Maurice Gee for his novel, *Blindsight*. Gee won the prestigious Deutz Metal for his novel.

South Pacific writing anthology

Jennifer Webb and Kavita Nandan are putting together an anthology of short fiction and poetry written in and/or about the South Pacific, by both established and emerging writers. They invite submissions of unpublished poetry, or short fictions (up to, say, 1500 words). The editors do not wish to set a theme, but to respond to the works that are submitted, and to produce a book that showcases writing from the region. The anthology will be launched at the triennial ACLALS Conference in Vancouver, Canada, in August 2007. Submissions may be emailed or posted to Jen Webb (Jennifer.Webb@canberra.edu.au) and Kavita Nandan (nandan_k@usp.ac.fj) by 15 September 2006. The editors note, however, that 'for the purposes of this collection, and for reasons of focus, South Pacific does not include Aotearoa/NZ, Australia or Southeast Asian nations.' They will accept submissions from any Pacific Islanders (including those living in New Zealand), and are also interested in work about the South Pacific by other writers.

✎ Residencies ✎

The AMP Scholarship Programme

Those with "courage, passion, determination and commitment" are rewarded by the AMP Scholarship Programme each year - previous recipients range from glass artists and scientists to ballet dancers and actors. Seems about time a few poets apply! Up to a dozen AMP Scholarships of up to \$5,000 are awarded annually and up to two AMP Premium Scholarships of up to \$25,000 are awarded over two years. Applications are now open for the 2006 round.

<http://www.amp.co.nz/templates/Page.aspx?id=2640>

DOC Wild Creations

'Wild Creations' offers three six-week residencies annually to New Zealand artists (and that includes writers and poets!). During a residency, artists will be free to explore the environment and the physical and creative challenges of their location.

The Department of Conservation and Creative New Zealand are calling for proposals for artists for the 2007 Wild Creations Artist in Residence programme, with written proposals closing on 31st August 2006. For full details, have a look at the website:
<http://www.doc.govt.nz/Community/Sponsorship-and-Partnerships/Wild-Creations/Information-for-artists.asp>

🌀 Congratulations 🌀

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Well-known academic and poet, Ken Arvidson, was recently awarded an Honorary Doctorate by the University of Waikato, the highest honour awarded by the University.

The award is in recognition of Ken's distinguished contribution to learning and scholarship, particularly through his significant contributions to New Zealand Letters, and his national and international reputation as both a poet and a critic of New Zealand, Australian and Pacific literature.

He has received many awards, the first of which was the Macmillan Brown Prize for Literature in 1963, and has represented New Zealand internationally at literary conferences and festivals in company of the finest writers and literary academics from around the world. *source – The Big Idea*

The New Zealand Poetry Society Inc.
 2006 International Poetry Competition
 Summary of Results

We are grateful to our hardworking judges Chris Orsman, Anna Jackson, Cyril Childs, and Catherine Mair for their work. Some poets' names appear more than once. As always, our competition was judged blind – the judges did not know the identities of the poets.

We gratefully acknowledge the **Asia New Zealand Foundation** for their ongoing and generous support of the Junior Haiku section.

All winning and place getting poems will automatically be included in the New Zealand Poetry Society's 2006 Anthology. I would like to remind entrants that all poems entered remain under consideration for the anthology,

and may not be submitted elsewhere, until October 1st 2006

The New Zealand Poetry Society Inc. claims copyright on the following information. We ask that successful entrants do not advise their local newspapers or other public media of their success until after the full report appears on our website at www.poetrysociety.org.nz

Open section

judged by Chris Orsman (702 entries)

Winners

- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------|------------------|
| 1) Mother & Child | John O'Connor | Christchurch |
| 2) How worlds collapse | Tom Dowling | Ireland |
| 3) The Starlings | Tim Upperton | Palmerston North |

Highly Commended

- | | | |
|----------------|------------------|------------|
| Anzac Day 2004 | Kerry Popplewell | Wellington |
| Cabbage Tree | Marion Jones | Dunedin |
| dead wood | Suzanne Chapman | Australia |
| Feathers | Jeffrey Harpeng | Australia |
| Soundings | Nola Borrell | Lower Hutt |

Commended

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| And with the invitations sent | Janine Sowerby | Christchurch |
| A woman of forty seeks the shore | Eleonore Schönmaier | The Netherlands |
| Bloody Cupid | David Ingram | North Shore City |
| Central Homes of my Grounding | Natalie Browning | Hamilton |
| Percussion Lover | Peter Wyton | England |
| The Servant | Robin Fry | Lower Hutt |
| The Snow-Sayer | Keith | Lower Hutt |
| task list for a day off from work | Sue Emms | Tauranga |
| West of Windwhistle | Ernest J. Berry | Picton |
| Wiggle | Angela King | Auckland |

Junior Open section

judged by Anna Jackson (581 entries)

Winners

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1) Phobia | Emily Adlam | Diocesan School for Girls, Auckland |
| 2) Beside Her Window | Kirsti Whalen | Epsom Girls' Grammar School |
| 3) Falling Short | Maria English | Samuel Marsden Collegiate School |

Highly Commended

Confetti Mengyun Rao
 Epsom Girls' Grammar School
 The Fiddler and His Cat Claudia Mason
 Raumati Beach School, Kapiti Coast
 Le Français Emily Adlam
 Diocesan School for Girls, Auckland
 Photograph Alisha Vara
 Rangī Ruru Girls' School, Christchurch
 Simon Astrid Gulliksen
 Home Schooled

Commended
 Bats in the attic Lucy Smith
 Fendalton Open Air School
 chemistry 101 Jess Fiebig
 Papanui High School
 Cometh what may Tarquyn MacDonald
 Hillmorton High School, Christchurch
 Four & a half months Alisha Vara
 Rangī Ruru Girls' School, Christchurch
 Little Pink Boat Bridget Moss
 Samuel Marsden Collegiate School
 The Midnight Cat Catherine Stevens
 Samuel Marsden Collegiate School
 Mischief the cat Claudia Mason
 Raumati Beach School, Kapiti Coast
 The Night Bonnie Brown
 Wakatipu High School
 Prehistoric Past Michael Eden
 Arrowtown Primary School
Sometimes I want to be a tree in a small bus station
 Frank (Seok Hwa) Hong Auckland International College

Haiku section

judged by Cyril Childs (697 entries)

Winners

1) wax-eye John O'Connor
 Christchurch
 2) emptying the mousetrap Jeanette Stace
 Wellington
 3) *the creak...* John O'Connor
 Christchurch
 4) Christmas dinner - André Surridge
 Hamilton
 5) exhibit Nola Borrell
 Lower Hutt

Highly Commended

disinherited Ernest J. Berry
 Picton
 drying Catherine Mair
 Katikati
 first drops of rain Anne Davidson
 USA
 manicure salon Jeanette Stace

Wellington
 op shop Owen Bullock
 Waihi

Commended

disused railway track Sybil Robinson
 Levin
 first frost Jim Kacian
 USA
 front door Catherine Mair
 Katikati
 gulls preen Lynne Frances
 Raumati Beach
 hide & 'sneak' Catherine Mair
 Katikati
 in bed Helen Bascand
 Christchurch
 indian summer Catherine Mair
 Katikati
 snowstorm Dora Sharpe-Davidson
 Christchurch
 spring cleaning Timothy Russell
 USA
 wharenui Sandra Simpson
 Tauranga

Junior Haiku section

judged by Catherine Mair (915 entries)

Winners

1) empty house Sophia Frentz
 Tauranga Girls' College
 2) for a day Shenan Stanton
 St Andrew's College, Christchurch
 3) dark alley James Popu
 Wellington College
 4=) one cover Shenan Stanton
 St Andrew's College, Christchurch
 4=) brick Alice McIntyre
 Ilam School, Christchurch

Highly Commended

I look in a rockpool Rebecca Carey
 Burnside School, Christchurch
 I pass the finish Luke Mannis
 Papanui St School, Christchurch
 kite Sasha Cran
 Ilam School, Christchurch
 snow Hannah Ban
 Fendalton Open Air School
 sweating Harry Frentz
 Tauranga Primary School

Commended

An old woman's Chloe Palmer

School for Young Writers, Christchurch	
delirium	Charlotte Trevela
Rangi Ruru Girls' School, Christchurch	
foggy morning	William Davidson
Christchurch Boys' High School	
koru in	Nick Crawley
St Andrew's College, Christchurch	
lemon blossom	Sophie Frentz
Tauranga Girls' College	
low tide	Harry Frentz
Tauranga Primary School	
The rope breaks	Alexandra Manson
Ilam School, Christchurch	
snowy morning	Simon Bilsky-Rollins
Ilam School, Christchurch	
sunset	Edward Davidson
Christchurch Boys' High School	tornado
Caitlin Wood	Ilam School, Christchurch

*The judges' full reports will be available on our website
www.poetrysociety.org.nz in August 2006*

Laurice Gilbert, Competition Secretary

☞ Reviews ☜

***Dead Reckoning* by Michael Jackson AUP 50pp RRP \$21.99**

The poetry of expatriate poets is always of particular interest because of the curious double vision they bring, being both of-us and from-beyond, at once familiar and exotic. Michael Jackson who is both an anthropologist and man of letters, and currently the Distinguished Visiting Professor in World Religions at Harvard, has been an expatriate New Zealander now for most of his professional life dividing his time between fieldwork in remote parts and academic work in universities.

The title of this latest collection, his sixth, refers both to the theme of location and perhaps to the elegiac quality that pervades so many of these poems. The navigational title chimes too with that of his first book *Latitudes of Exile*. Poems in this collection take their settings from all corners: the first three poems are set respectively in Beirut, Pencarrow Head and Freetown. Other poems range from the Great Pyramid at Ghiza, Harvard, Dubrovnik, Stockholm and Copenhagen. His antipodes are Finisterre [the "ends of the earth" of the British marine weather forecast] and Cape Reinga.

Even though we may be far away, New Zealand often reaches for the poet. A poem set in Denmark brings to mind Palmerston and refers to cabbage trees and his rimu writing desk. Another, prompted by a journey to the Danish island of Fyn remembers a friend burning manuka logs in a pot-bellied stove. Local references abound: we have tarata leaves, paua shells, Norfolk pines

of childhood, highland bands, santa parades and Anzac Day. Nostalgia and bisociation seem to imbue these poems, and this is signalled early in the book in the fine poem *Troisième Âge* which was prompted by the poet's sixty-fifth birthday and which reflects on a childhood on the Taranaki coast, and the lessons [lore] learnt there including not to "*shun anything that washed ashore – blue plastic / packing tape / odd shoes / unlabelled bottles / without ships or notes inside...*"

Michael Jackson's poet is generally unfussy and unadorned. Only rarely does he move away from the personal or into the strictly formal. One fascinating exception is *Love Poem* in which in deliberately archaic metrical verse the anthropologist mimics a culturally determined love song. For the most part, however, the poems are first-person meditations. We meet friends, family past and present, and always a sense of place, or rather of the multiplicity of places that provide the loci for the poet's sense of being. These tend to be rather quiet poems of ideas, rather than poems which push at the boundaries of language. They are as the title makes clear, a means of calculating the poet's position.

Despite the hints of turbulent weather in the past, the title poem – the final poem in the book – suggests that the reckoning has been successful:

*... it seems one is / exactly where one planned / to be,
having kept / for all these years / with sextant and
callipers / dead reckoning, / and come home.*

James Norcliffe is president of the NZPS and a poet and fiction writer from Christchurch

***Tender* by Lynn Davidson Steele Roberts Publishers, 2006, \$19.95**

Lynn Davidson lives in Pukerua Bay and teaches creative writing at Whitireia Polytechnic. She has written a novel, *Ghost Net* (University of Otago Press, 2003), and in 2003 she was the recipient of the Louis Johnson Writer's Bursary. *Tender* is her first full-length collection of poetry and has been published by Steele Roberts.

The collection comprises three sections: *Mary Shelley's Window* (poems that were originally published by Pemmican Press), *The Book of Fools*, and *Tender*.

The first section, *Mary Shelley's Window*, is made up of poems about family. Davidson has a knack for delivering surprising but apt similes – for instance when she talks about the way her children climb into her bed:

'breathing expectantly on my face
as though it were
the grille of a confessional'

and further on in the same piece (*Dream time*):

'...sleep still glows in us
like the yolk of an egg'.
And in the expressive *Poem for Tamara*:
'You are half born.
Your head between my legs –
like a plum in the fork of two branches.'

These pieces resonate with the sounds and tastes of family life – birth, bed-times, trips to the seal colony, skateboarding injuries and the raising of mice. The second section, *The Book of Fools*, is eleven poems that explore the meaning of foolishness. There are some great titles, such as *Two dead fools*, *A foolish meal*, and *Dances with fools*. I love the idea of playing around with foolishness as it is a concept that can be found within every culture, past and present. The whole device has delicious possibilities and I wondered if Davidson could have gone even further with this outrageous (and foolish) notion.

My favourite poem here is *Two dead fools* which tells one of those family stories that are often recited as a kind of parable or piece of advice, and at the same time stand in the halls of family history as an infamous source of hilarity, amazement, or fear. I am always fascinated by these stories as they have several different layers going on in the telling and meaning of them. The section finishes with the beautifully titled *Instructions for loving fools*:

'You look away
and open your hands
to something intimate
and foreign, like
feeling for coins
sewn into the hem
of a very old coat.'

Tender is the third and final part of the book, and my favourite. Many of these poems hold a subtle, wise quality – you really feel as if you are:

'listening to the gathering sound
of infinity
sneaking up behind.' (*Tender*)

There are birds who open their wings like a flick-knife, teacup stains as archeology, blackberries dark as rain clouds, and long, muscly creeks. I enjoyed the way these pieces are progressions from the early domesticity of family life in *Mary Shelley's Window*.

The pantoum, *Christmas at the beach*, has a lilting musical rhythm and uses much natural imagery in its description of a New Zealand Christmas. Other poems such as *Mealtime*, communicate feelings that are usually hard to discuss by using descriptions of nostalgic tastes

and smells, for instance in *Archeology* the longing for a mother is described by discussing food:

'We are nearly dying of longing
for the sound of a scone
being torn in half
for the sight of a melting
tab of butter.'

We are left almost dying of longing, and looking forward to Lynn Davidson's next poetry collection with yearning.

Vivienne Plumb is a poet, fiction writer and playwright

**JAAM Tracks, issue 23, August 2005, ed Mark Pirie,
submissions to 97/43 Mulgrave St
Thorndon, Wellington, 182 pp, \$24 posted.**

In this issue founder and editor, lay-out designer, sales manager and proof reader Mark Pirie advises that he will "take a break as *JAAM's* managing editor, hoping it will travel on a good while longer under a new editorial board and format." Despite assistance in production over the years and, in recent years, alternating editorship with other people, the burden of bringing out a substantial magazine once or more often a year has largely fallen on Mark Pirie. We poets owe him our gratitude for his work and for his willingness to see us in print, and for bringing, in his own words, "new cultures and new ideas to our country in case we become too narrow in our thinking and world view". This issue is largely poetry, but as usual also with some short fiction. But readers are reminded that *JAAM* no longer runs book reviews, a response to the flood of poetry let alone other literature from kiwi presses.

This issue contains many well-known poets who, while not necessarily writing here at their peak, can be counted on to offer soundly drafted work worth reading. They include Elizabeth Smither, Harry Ricketts, David Eggleton, Mark Pirie, Iain Sharp, Tony Beyer, Helen Jacobs, Jeanne Bernhardt, Meg Campbell, Barry Southam, Apirana Taylor, Erick Brenstrum, Michael O'Leary and many others as well as poetic new-comers. The work ranges from attempts at rhyming verse to a contemporary British poet doing the kind of nature poetry that has been a staple of British work for some years to translations of Pasternak and Osip Mandelstam to quirky very contemporary poetry; from work you can skim through to lines that demand attention. In short it's a stubborn reader who won't find something to connect to here.

The most interesting works to me were Arab poet Saadi Yousef's wry and contemporary tale "A Roman Colony"

*But we were Greeks
And peasants*

*So we didn't manufacture weapons...
(Aristotle's disciples didn't tell us that their master
Was training the son of Philip the Macedonian to
conquer cities)...*

Ouyang Yu, the skeptical Chinese Aussie, contributes pieces that bring you to the alert, especially "The Mi grant" (not a printing fault): in whom *There was something car* as well as interesting translations of ancient Chinese poets; young writer Elizabeth Morton's *kiddo, I saw you watching/ the trapeze girl,/ like some rigid anorexic*; Apirana Taylor's "Stone Age" in which *We stand on the banks of the Danube / I'm a Ngati Porou Maori/ my mate is Cheyenne ... we dance on the eve of destruction*; and Nick Pound's "Letter to Ernest Dowson" with its nicely over-the-top (and with its allusions) *As the moon maiden plucks pin by pin/ from her cushion – night falls*.

Good wishes to Mark on his editorial break, and for the poetry that will no doubt flourish during that time.

Bernard Gadd is an Auckland poet

The Year of the Bicycle by James Brown Victoria University Press

James Brown said in an interview a few years ago that he'd be laughing when the price of oil hit \$US50 a barrel. Fast-forward to 2006 and record-breaking petrol prices and Brown's fourth volume of poems, *The Year of the Bicycle*, could be read as a political collection. Brown weaving through Wellington traffic, spitting a '...viral gob over the windscreen/of an SUV that won't give way' in 'The Wicked'. Brown riding to the IIML every day during his year as Victoria's Writer in Residence and penning poems while suits toiled in offices on Willis Street. Brown as a child experiencing a moment of satori, as boy and bike became one, in 'The Bicycle': 'I rode it every day until/it became part of me.'

The title of the book promises bike poems, but the highlights of the collection are nothing to do with cycling. I first saw 'The End of the Runway' in *The Listener* and was immediately smitten. A prose poem telling of the first weekend after the divorce with Dad and the speaker's brother, the poem combines realism, 'He took us to the zoo, the park, the movies and ten pin bowling', with images designed to undo the reader, 'the approaching lights grew into insects, the birds/then tonnes of straining, shrieking metal/shook over your head,' and most haunting of all, the brother's, 'small shoulders shrugging up and down/like he was trying to take off.'

Aside from the mildly disappointing fourth section, *The Year of the Bicycle* is a gem-studded collection that circles around themes that obsessed Brown in his previous collections. The near-impossibility

of poetry as a way of life in 'Why We Do What We Do'; the rules of life that can be extrapolated from games ('Netball Practice'); the price of things in a capitalist society ('The Cost', 'Pitch'); the fate of the dreamer, 'crossing the road, staring intently/at something up in the sky ('The Unsuccessful'). And 'Spamtoum', which succeeds with the kind of cultural now-ness we have come to expect after the NZ poetry classic: *Cashpoint: A Pantoum*.

'The Year of The Bicycle' sees Brown continue with the same consistency and punk-rock zest that keeps him fighting on uphill in what must be the ultimate political act in a society obsessed with 'The Apprentice' and Katie Holme's baby-bulge battles: writing poetry. Oh, and James Brown has great legs and should show them more often!

Johanna Aitchison is a Wellington poet

Days Among Trees by Jan Hutchison

The poems in this book are divided into three sections: THE ASH TREE IN SPRING, DAYS AMONG TREES and AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, all very green sounding, but you don't need a horticultural mind to enjoy them. What you do need is an openness of heart to hear what the poet is saying, and an ear for music. In many ways, the poems are not about trees...

These poems revere life, without sentiment or overstatement, as in *The pear tree in September*:

*We watch the street-light
beam
down the gate's cast iron
hinges.*

*What is brave, true and faithful
is bolted onto wood.*

Simple and to the point. Nothing takes away from the central image and yet there is another layer here that sets us thinking.

Moving to the King Country is another one that comes to mind (and that quirk of staying with you, has to be the test of a good poem):

*Tracks of a wheelbarrow
lead to potatoes*

The imagery doesn't get more 'down to earth' than this and yet we find the tracks lead us to more than potatoes. The memory in this soil is rich indeed.

Seldom have I liked poems on domesticity or one's own family, simply because bringing up children is something we women do in our millions, so where's the

virginal/original in that? - and the poetry's usually crap or poorly written.

In Jan Hutchison's 'Big flat park with little boy and grandmother' (doesn't the title make you think it's going to be one of those?), I found an exception. I'd really like to print the whole poem, but there's more good poetry to come, so here's the tease:

*I like the way you say
hullo to a bit of dirt*

*this afternoon you tumble
from the car seat harness*

*half-run half-stagger
through the park*

(and by now delighted, I 'watch' the little boy...)

*sniff the rain sniff the sun
pull a daisy chew its stem*

Now what could be better than that? Well written, well crafted. Deceptive title.

The poems at the other end of life, are as fascinating in their particularity as they are in their tenderness. (*For Bill in his eightieth year*):

*We find you, Bill, napping on top
of an iron bed*

a name with the b shaken off

*a godwit feather skimming above
an unnamed coast*

The poem ends poignantly:

*Soon you'll be gone from here.
Light is passing through your body.*

The only problem I had in the entire book, was in the three-part poem *In winter: a sequence*. The middle poem, *A jar of oil*, has visual (and, supposedly, aural) spacing that asks too much. I find the lengthy space, for example, in the line *I hold your wrist* doesn't work, although it works very well in some of the other poems, (*The leap*, for example). This poem would have been better off in the same presentation as parts one and two.

This is a book full of music, from the names of the trees to the soft cadences of the 'monk' poems, with a cover – after Chagall – to match. Well done, Jan Hutchison. Well done, Steele Roberts.

Jan FitzGerald is a poet and artist from Tauranga

**... from under the bench, poems by David Best
Steel Roberts, 2005, 88pp, \$24.95**

These, mostly short, poems are straightforwardly written observations on people, places, happenings or are ideas that have come to the writer. He is an Anglican clergyman, to readers will not be surprised to find several directly and indirectly religious poems or poems that refer to religion. The title itself comes from Meister Eckhart (1260-1327) advocating "whoever seeks God without any special way, gets God as God is" whereas more deliberate God-seeking might end up "shoving God under a bench". And so this is poetry about the everyday. David Best likes his metaphors and personifications and poems tend to bristle with them, sometimes quite frowns: "stubs of rainbows", sometimes less so and at times even a tad confusing: "house rooted in wrinkled grandeur". Best was a journalist and readers will be pleased to know that he avoids headline material and there are no poems inspired by long gone TV news items. Every now and then the cadence of lines falters. But on the whole it's work that is likely to appeal to many readers.

Some poems for me stood out as being short, to the point, well crafted, and about something recognizable but in no way cliché, as in

*it feels like something
great's going to
happen, something too
big to sneak past,
something beautifully
another ...*

...

*it's hidden from me
though I know it's cornflower
blue and sharp as
ecstasy, creamy with
pain*

*it stalks me
friendly, but it's time
will come
[shadow of wings]*

***Fast Talker, David Eggleton
Auckland University Press, \$24.99, 89pp.***

This collection is very much in Eggleton's familiar performance "ranter" style, and I suspect that the prime market will be among those who have attended any of his performances. These poems will no doubt revive memories of Eggleton in poetic action.

Other readers might, while perhaps enjoying the poems, sense that the poet's personality and self are rather more in the performance than in the lines on the page. The printed poem makes apparent the chief device in the poetry: a swift succession of not so much images or metaphors as verbally compressed impressions or flight-of-fancy possibilities or takes on events, places, journeys and so on, each "shot" aiming at audience response at its striking, funny, improbable, mocking or punning or verbal qualities or even for being so corny. I can see many readers enjoying the likes of "The Royal Order for Bronzed Ockers", and literary buffs "We saw Ern Malley on the St Kilda Beach tram/ old and grey, chuntering away from a CBD/ part Zagreb, part St Louis".

Others are more laboured: "Offices throw open container-ship doors / to admit sweat-shops of world trade wars". Sometimes the frenetic pace slows, though the technique of rapid imagistic or verbal phrase succession remains constant, and I think some of these are the best.

"The Fencer" reminded me of Aussie poet John Kinsella's "The New Arcadia" with its journey *motif* (and even a reference to Arcadia), but where Kinsella's likely to end excoriating the destruction of Australia's Outback, Eggleton ends gently with

*the fencers, who plant axes and bury shovels,
before straining wire-strands until they balance
and frame a far-off view of mysterious space.*

There's little actual satire, despite satirical references in the fast-pace talk. Perhaps the title poem is more successful, with its slowed-down lines, in achieving a more focused satire on "the supermarket of the Kiwi psyche/ a collective brain dream fever". "The Book Reviewer" is of course a figure of satire for many writers: "He is a creature of isms and wasms/ sibilant with pure vexation". (Nice line, that.)

This is another Eggleton book which will appeal to many ... but you do have to like bobbing in a verbal slip-stream.

Bernard Gadd is a poet and playwright and fiction writer

Mahones: Anthology : Four Poets

Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop, RRP \$15.00, ISBN 1-86942-060-8

Writing about Joni Mitchell's "Woodstock" in her 2005 book *Break Blow Burn*, Camille Paglia states "In the 1960s, young people who might once have become poets

took up the guitar and turned troubadour." Today it is the rock star that cultivates the bad boy persona that, borne out of the era of romanticism, poets once had. Rock stars rather than poets are now likely to be "mad, bad and dangerous to know"; I like to think the equivalent of Lord Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb these days might be Tommy Lee and Pamela Anderson.

This anthology gives a nod towards this idea. It is another in the series of "album cover" book covers by Michael O'Leary and Mark Pirie – this time a take-off of the Ramone's album *Anthology*. On the cover, instead of the four Ramones, it's the four poets, Bill Dacker, Michael O'Leary, Mark Pirie and Iain Sharp, in Ramone's dress and stance. Lined up in exaggerated imitation of the original cover, the poets aren't taking themselves too seriously; it's a humorous take on the original.

Each of the four parts of the book is named from a song from the album. However, in content, only Pirie's poetry really seems to suit the concept, both in style and in the youthfulness and urban disaffectedness he writes about. The other poets reach further back in the past such as with Dacker's "Didactic Goldmining" and O'Leary's "Farewell to the Hotel Paekakariki".

Dacker seems to write in a generalised style that keeps the reader at a distance. The "The Three Brothers" opens "They avoided the throng to approved/slaughter (so avoiding that trauma)/by age or some blemish that never/turned a bullet fired true by any/ . . ."; there are few specifics that make the individuality of these lives come into focus. And although O'Leary and Sharp are more specific and Sharp more entertaining, I often found myself wondering why they had divided their lines and stanzas just where they did. To my mind, there were often surprisingly prosy rhythms for an anthology where the reader is inevitably going to make the association between poetry and music, whether of songwriters being the poets of today or the poetic forms that have come from the troubadours and minstrels of the past.

The Earl of Seacliff website describes the publication as follows: Functioning as a type of side project to the poet's more traditional individual collections, this collaborative project allows the poets to test the water with experimental and rare works just like the form of the music EP where bands often release unusual rarities or B-sides along with their hit singles.

The album cover idea lets poetry bask a little in the reflected glamour of its more exciting rock songwriting relatives. It's a good way to do an anthology, with each poet seemingly "representing" a band member, and it's attractive and witty presentation. However, perhaps because the album conceit wasn't sustained throughout the content, or perhaps because the quality did seem variable, I ended up feeling a bit disappointed.

Anne Tucker is a Wellington poet

Your Secret Life by Harry Ricketts
HeadworX, 2005, 79pp, \$24.99

As well as being an accomplished poet, Harry Ricketts is also the author of *The Unforgiving Minute*, a biography of Rudyard Kipling. In *Your Secret Life*, Ricketts crafts a poetic autobiography. The first section 'memory inspection' recalls his memories of first words from his childhood in Malaysia. This introspection quickly jumps to a wonderful poem on his teenage daughter's 'secret life'; the life she leads out late while Dad waits for her in the kitchen. In his poetic autobiography, Ricketts focuses on family and the power of family relationships – even when the family is separated by divorce and distance, the bonds remain strong.

Many of the poems here are wry, sometimes humorous, and light in tone. 'The Patrick O'Brien Syndrome', which compares the middle-aged to the sailing ships of O'Brien's 'Master and Commander' series of books, begins with the marvellous:

Actually by now most of us
are wrecks. Some sank early, couldn't keep
afloat, pulled the plug, went down with all
hands.

The poem ends:

Only a few plough smoothly on,
the sun on their sails, making a wave.

That wave is both poetry and (if I can say this without sounding naff) the effect our love for others has on other lives. Ricketts writes about his love for his own family without being overly sentimental. Neither does he take a cool, detached stance towards his material. Irony when present brings laughter:

If you'd only shout, throw
a wobbly every now and then.
But, oh no, you're so fucking nice
it makes everyone sick.

The acidic accusations are far really from 'nice'— you can see in the poem the more nasty side of a relationship at work. *Your Secret Life* ends with the section 'Songs of Allegiance' devoted to the books and the literary life. 'The Clayton's poetry review', offers whimsical advice on how to write a poetry review that says absolutely nothing—reviews, which as co-editor of the journal *NZ Books*, I'm sure Harry Ricketts has had the misfortune to read. To write a 'Clayton's review' you quote poems at length, never discuss a poem in detail, mention

postmodernism and praxis but never discuss technique. Follow this recipe and

You will fill the required
space without arousing
interest, gratitude or offence.

I'll finish by taking the bait here and will talk about Harry's technique of employing light or comic verse as a way of writing about personal and family matters. Some of the most powerful, memorable poetry has the qualities of 'light verse'; accessible, unforced, humorous and not overly concerned with pushing the boundaries of a literary form — 'the technique you're having when you're not having a technique'. But these are often the very poems that stay with you long after the book has been returned to the shelf. *Your Secret Life* is his best collection to date.

Harvey Molloy is a Wellington writer

☞ **Websites** ☞

The Arts Etc Reader

The Arts Etc. Reader is the miscellaneous wing of *The Lumière Reader* website. It covers arts news and events, and a squadron of review columns absorbing everything from books, to music, to television and beyond. It does, unfortunately, tend to focus on cultural delights occurring in specifically Auckland and Wellington, which may leave those elsewhere feeling a little envious, wistful or ignored.

However, this can't detract from its great coverage of events like Readers and Writers Week, all archived and wonderful to read over, regardless of whether you made in there in person or not.

<http://www.lumiere.net.nz/reader/arts.php>

☞ **Out & About** ☞

Picton Poets
July meeting

With Kathy in the chair, we fielded a motley lot of contributions (I suppose 'motley' is okay - after all, Shakespeare used it).

Sue's small things lifting the spirits; Anne's "I Love a Man" Sonnet; Lionel's mud slides with the footballers and seagulls; Kathy's original "I'd like to be . . . " all sorts of things; Elisabeth's "Funky Knitting" and "Gingerbread Man" for children, and her latest car and ankle bending experience, which culminated with gratitudes to all, especially "Ross for solicitude, and not going crook!" - it's an ill wind: our Picton world of verse would be so much poorer if dear Elisabeth were less

accident-prone; Ernie's flummoxing double found poem, after Shona McFarlane (and we applauded his recent honorable mentions by the NZ Soc); Marie's Irish ballads, which had us all humming quietly in the background; and yours truly's rewriting of the last verse of Kipling's *If* ('If you can spurn the unforgiving minute / With it's sixty seconds' sweat of tyranny / And pause, and turn your back upon it / To face the World with Christian Grace, and smell the roses / To catch the wind, and thrill at nectar's taste / To feast your eyes upon the sunset, and hark to Nature's sounds: / You'll love this Earth and everything that's in it / And, which is more, you'll find happiness, my son')

Then Lionel told us about his 17th Century rhyming ancestor, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, hung at the age of 38. Obviously in the family genes

Assignment for next time: rewrite of some classical verse, the assembly to be invited to guess the original

Report by Sandy Arcus

Marton Poetry Group

On the evening of June 30th in the comfortable venue of the Marton Public Library, we hosted Vivienne Plumb who delighted an audience of 30 people. Vivienne is the current Writer in Residence at Massey University. She touched on her current project in progress, read from her published poems and answered a variety of questions.

Report by Elizabeth Coleman

Poets Pub Lower Hutt

June 12th: The evening was opened with two poems from *The Goosebath* by Janet Frame read by Kyla-Jayne Rajah.

Irene Paton shared some of her original poems and paintings:

Don't put me in another box

I'll break out of that one too (Break Out)

Julian Paton paid tribute to Kiwiana with an original poem about Paua Fritters and Tui Beer.

At the open mic Kyla-Jayne read about her Grandma's 'Yearly Corner' (Birthday).

Mary McCabe read a couple of Narratives and a Haiku. Stephen Douglas read a poem about the difference between solitude and loneliness.

Annette DeJong read some Haiku and then Irene came back with another bracket of poems and paintings.

Numbers were a bit down due to the weather tonight.

To Rhyme or not to Rhyme? (3rd July)

Workshop in writing poetry by Mike Webber and 'What Is Haiku?' by Annette DeJong.

Then everyone was encouraged to have a go at the open mic sharing something written that evening.

Example:

*Two men and a white pup
with a cast on its leg*

*drinking beer outside
their table a keg. (Murphy's Bar)*

The evening was well attended with interesting characters.

Report by Mary McCabe

☞ Competitions ☜

The 4th Annual Tom Howard Poetry Contest

A 'premier literary competition for original creative writing in poetry or verse in any style and on any theme'. Cash prizes total \$3,500. Entry fees are US\$6 for every 25 lines (or part thereof). No restrictions on previous publication, prize-winners from other contests welcome. Deadline: 30 September 2006.

<http://tomhowardpoetry.bravepages.com>

(source- NZSA)

Prose And Poetry Prize 2006 sponsored by The New Writer magazine

One of the major annual international competitions for short stories, novellas, single poems, poetry collections, essays and articles; offers cash prizes as well as publication for the prize-winning writers in *The Collection*, special edition of *The New Writer* (TNW) magazine each July.

Closing date 30 November 2006.

Further information including guidelines and entry fees at <http://www.thenewwriter.com/prizes> or send SAE for printed Entry Form to: *The New Writer*, PO Box 60, Cranbrook, Kent, TN17 2RE, United Kingdom. Phone: 01580 212626, fax: 01580 212041, email:

admin@thenewwriter.com or writers can enter at the secure credit card server at <http://www.thenewwriter.com/entryform>

Last year's winners are listed at <http://www.thenewwriter.com/prizewinners>

☞ Talk Poem ☜

Late Autumn Wasp

(by James Hoch, from *Miscreants*, forthcoming with Norton, 2007).

One must admire the desperate way
it flings
itself through air amid winter's slow
paralysis,

and clings to shriveled fruit, dropped
Coke bottle,
any sugary residue, any unctuous

carcass,
 and slug-drunk grows stiff, its joints
 unswiveled,
 wings stale and oar-still, like a heart;
 yes, almost
 too easily like a heart the way, cudgeled,
 it lies
 waiting for shift of season, light, a thing
 to drink down,
 gnaw on, or, failing that, leaves half of
 itself torn
 willingly, ever-quivering, in some
 larger figure.

Defining the ode is a bit like capturing smoke. Michael Drayton couldn't do it in 1606—he settled for calling odes “diverse”—and anyone attempting to do so since has had to acknowledge, as George N. Shuster does in his 1940 study, that “it can be said to have been all things to all men.” The most that can be agreed on perhaps is that the ode is a poem of praise, its object is always something of importance—even if ostensibly trivial—and that its approach is one of meditation, consideration.

So it didn't surprise me that I found myself arguing over the ode with my friend the American poet James Hoch. As I recall the conversation, James sees the ode as something apart from the lyric—he distinguishes the meditation from the lyrical cry, which is the voice that sings rather than expounds. I, on the other hand, see the ode as quintessentially lyric. Since James is roughly 9,000 miles away, it gives me great pleasure to use one of his own poems—which will appear in his second collection, *Miscreants*, forthcoming next year from Norton—to illustrate my point.

“Late Autumn Wasp” has the qualities I would expect from an ode. It offers both the praise (“One must admire”) that comes down to us from the odes of Pindar (518-438 B.C.) and the meditation on nature and its cycles from the odes of Horace (65-8 B.C.). I can see why James would distinguish the ode from lyric; the speaker's object here, typical of an ode, appears to be external, not internal—observation rather than pain, rumination rather than rue.

But is that fair? It is a particular speaker, after all, who finds himself admiring the wasp (surely a pest) and it is the speaker, only this speaker, who would see in the wasp a parallel to the heart: the way the heart, beaten down, bides its time and finds something new in which to embed itself—even to the point of its own damage, since the heart in stinging is also stung. It is not just “a heart” but the history of the speaker's own heart, his own winter coming on, that is laid bare in this poem, which

offers not just meditation but admission. The speaker offers a two-fold vulnerability: first, in revealing something of his own heart, his own past, and, second, in admitting that his comparison's a stretch. The wasp is “too easily” a heart—an admission both aesthetic, for he knows the comparison risks sentimentality, and emotional: He seems to have little choice but to see the heart this way (against his better instincts) and confess it to us.

The lyric is a song of the heart by the solitary singer. Hoch's beautiful ode, like any lyric, reveals its speaker, a speaker hiding in plain sight behind his meditation. It is not any heart but the speaker's own, stinging and stung. Let James argue. This ode is the lyric voice singing, and sung.

Bryan Walpert is a Lecturer in Massey University's School of English & Media Studies, Palmerston North, where he teaches creative writing. His poems have appeared in journals, magazines or anthologies in New Zealand, the United States, and Canada.

☞ KiwiHaiku ☞

Pegasus Bay—
 on the foreshore
 hoofprints
 vanish

Judith Walsh, Christchurch

Barbara Strang welcomes further KiwiHaiku, preferably with a New Zealand theme. Please submit to bhstrang@yahoo.com or to 6 Soleares Ave., Christchurch 8008, including a S.S.A.E

October DEADLINE IS September 17