Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 35 (following issue 34, Summer 2019) of Poetry Notes, the newsletter of PANZA, the newly formed Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa.

Poetry Notes will be now be published from time to time and will include information about goings on at the Archive, articles on historical New Zealand poets of interest, occasional poems by invited poets and a record of recently received donations to the Archive.

Articles and poems are copyright in the names of the individual authors. The newsletter will be available for free download from the Poetry Archive’s website:

http://poetryarchivenz.wordpress.com

Laura Solomon: 1974-2019

Wellington writer, editor and publisher Mark Pirie remembers the late Nelson writer and poet Laura Solomon, who passed away this year after a long battle with illness.

My friend and fellow writer Laura Solomon passed away on 18 February this year.

I had known of Laura’s work since my time as a student at Victoria University of Wellington in the mid-late ’90s.

Laura had already a reputation as a novelist at a very young age, and was considered one of the red-hot talents of my generation. Tandem Press had published Laura Solomon’s first novel, Black Light, in 1995 when she was 21 years old, and a second novel followed in 1996.

I anthologised Laura in 1998 as part of an exciting new wave of young New Zealand writers at the time in New Zealand Writing: The NeXt Wave (Otago University Press, 1998). The New Zealand Listener review included photos of us. Laura’s photo had a sign held up saying “Graffiti writing will lead to instant dismissal”. My own photo showed me smiling in work clothes, very conservative looking in comparison.

I didn’t get to know Laura, however, until she returned in 2007 from overseas where she had been working in IT and had bought a house in Nelson.

I visited Laura twice in Nelson (2011, 2015) and stayed at her house on one occasion. Our reason for being in correspondence being that my company HeadworX had published Laura Solomon’s first poetry collection In Vitro in 2011, which was to be featured at Nelson Live Poets in November that year. Due to illness, I read Laura’s poems on her behalf at the Yurt, a venue for concerts and performances, outside the Free House pub.

We stayed in touch after, and I continued to be impressed by her dedication to writing and her prolific output despite a serious illness. I again visited her after an operation, while I was in Nelson for the ICC Cricket World Cup at the Saxton Oval in March 2015. Laura was not a cricket follower.
Laura Solomon continued to reside in Nelson until her untimely death in 2019 at the age of 44.

Gillian and Verner Bickley, Laura’s publishers [Proverse Publishing], have described Laura as “a bright, perceptive, witty writer, with a keen ear for dialogue and a wry and objective vision of modern life. Comedy and tragedy both flowed to her pen from the abundance of her imagination.”

Bibliography

Laura Solomon published extensively in prose and poetry. A number of her books were republished in various formats before her death, i.e. eBook and print adding to the impression of a prolific output since 2007 when she was writing full-time in New Zealand. A check of Amazon will find most of her titles available online through several international publishers in India, Finland and Hong Kong. A record of the publication of Solomon’s work can be viewed at: https://www.laurasolomon.co.nz/bibliography/

Fiction

Hilary and David (Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2011).
University Days (Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2014).
Vera Magpie (CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2015).
Marsha’s Deal (Finland: Creativia, 2017).
I never let on that something isn’t right.

To the left of that stack over there to the right – somebody’s red mittens, somebody else’s red shoes. Rarely do I give them what they ask for, even if what they think is lost has been found.

I rummage in piles. I take my time.

I rummage in piles. I take my time. I return to the counter empty-handed. “Sorry,” I say. “Don’t have nothing for you.”

I hold out my hands, palms upwards. A universe of vacancy.

Their faces hold worlds of disappointment. I pretend that I care. I never let on that something isn’t right.

The beehive glass of the Great Court lets in far too much light.

**TECTONIC**

This country rests on two great plates. It’s they that produce the instability and also the fun stuff – geysers, hot pools, volcanoes. The land never sleeps.

My grandfather looks out the window and says, *Let’s never forget that terrible earthquake that devastated Napier back in ’31.*

Everything gone. The insurance blokes called it an ‘act of God’, which failed to wash with the non-believers, who blamed it on the world. Were there warnings, were there signs – a stillness in the air? Did the birds freeze in mid-song? Did the animals act strangely?

Crisis after crisis – a litany of tragedies. Or else, improvisation.

Lampposts invented new angles. On the band rotunda, the clock hands stuck, forever 10.47am – the time the earthquake struck. Everything did something; gas pipes broke, power lines snapped, harbour walls buckled, roads split open wide, railway lines twisted.

Nothing so out of the ordinary – just the earth running through its checklist, ticking boxes. The dust rose, and then settled. Just in time for the fire.

It swept through, a wave of flame. Unfortunates were trapped beneath beams.

Doctors rushed forward, morphine in hand – soon the captured felt no pain. Cliffs fell.

Some spent the night in the open air. Kind people in nearby towns opened up their homes.

Most hotels were destroyed – the Masonic collapsed completely, a wall at the Empire crumbled, leaving the rooms on one side exposed. Guests awoke – looked out into empty space, fresh vacancy in their eyes. They’d lost their city, a lovely one.

But my, O my, with what fortitude, what resilience, what purpose of mind, they rebuilt the place.

All that glorious Art Deco. Decorated stucco.

Street by street, wall by wall, up it went; the best architects were shipped down from the big smoke, to plot and plan and design.

There was a carnival of sorts – the city was declared ‘reborn’.

Citizens threw their hands in the air and rejoiced. They had been given new land.

The sea had retreated for good. After all, no great disaster.

Like all endings, it was also a beginning.

The city that had been faded in their minds.

(The art of forgetting isn’t hard to master.)

The plates continue their treacherous work – no, they are not to be trusted.

They shift beneath like restless children that refuse to go to bed – *There’s fun stuff on TV – let’s stay up, wreak havoc, spread dread.*

My grandfather looks out the window, takes in the wisp of smoke, says – *They say Rangitoto’s going to blow.*

And though nobody can predict the exact hour when the thing will go, they say, *any day now, any day now* – when it happens you will know.

**THE FIX-IT MAN**

I am the fix-it man.

I am your remedy – I will bring you back from the dead.

I will ease your pain, set you on your feet again.

I speak in clichés, it’s true. I could be the death or the birth of you.

I can get you in the door, pick you up off the floor –

O there’s nothing I couldn’t do for you.

I could put you in jail or grant you release – is your jigsaw missing sky? I shall find the absent piece.
All the king’s horses and all the king’s men –  
I succeeded where they failed, which is to say,  
I’m the guy who put what’s-his-face back together again.

I have quite a reputation.

Unformed universes revolve in the palm of my hand.

**THE ETERNAL STUPIDITY OF THE WICKER MAN**

Everybody else knew. How could he have been such an idiot?

So naive – follow us, yoo-hoo, over here, this way, this way, this way to fun.

That’s it, that’s it, climb those stairs, one foot after the other, there’s quite a view from the top.

Throw away that copy of Jackson’s ‘The Lottery’ you won’t be needing that – don’t worry about the orange stuff, sure it looks a bit like flame but it’s something else entirely, orange-coloured air, it won’t hurt a bit. Others have been here before you, you’re not the only one. They all climed down unharmed.

Those charred remnants that look a bit like bones are papier mâché and wire painted up pitch black. Don’t be fooled by those.

That’s it, that’s it, step by step, don’t look down at the crowd, ignore that voice that yells, “Your suffering is our spectator sport!” It’s only envy. How they’d love to switch places with you.

One is all it takes. There’s just no point in asking what you did to deserve it. You did not choose; you were chosen.

All your horses that you declared were Trojan turned out to be blind and lame. Existence is only a game. This world is just an illusion, they say – nobody cares what price you pay.

Best to pay nothing, say nothing at all. Keep your face blank while the stuff they said wasn’t flame gets just a little too warm, it’ll all be over soon enough – in no time at all you’ll be gone.

**YOU WILL KNOW WHEN YOU LEAVE**

It is a place of choice. The deep black fissure in the rock glistens like an open wound. Or some fanged mouth of hell.

You can’t even remember what you came here for; there is no turning back. Dead track.

Down you go, alone, so late, kelp grasping at your legs like the grubby fingers of ghostly girls. The bitter salty air stings pores, the seagulls chirp – angelic lunatics.

The keening wind moans its chorus, your hands cling like spiders’ legs to the walls.

You have no idea where on earth in the world you are.

You are clueless. There are no more planks to break.

Your mind is nothing more nor less than simple blank space.

The ancient songs of extinct birds are blowing in the breeze. Is there something in or under a rock pool that you think you might need? There is no thought here that hasn’t been thought before. There are vampires in the trees.

You won’t know when you get there. You will know when you leave.

Laura Solomon

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National Poetry Day

**poem: Farewell to a Poet**

by Michael Duffett (USA)


This year’s National Poetry Day was held on Friday, 23 August 2019. PANZA chose a rare poem in memory of the New Zealand poet, typographer, publisher and wit Denis Glover (1912-1980).

The poem, ‘Farewell to a Poet’ was by the UK-born American poet Michael Duffett, who himself passed away on 9 July this year. Two months prior to Duffett’s death, his book *The Presence of Love: Poems Selected and New* had been released in New Zealand by my publishing company HeadworX. It’s nice to remember both of these poets on National Poetry Day in New Zealand, and recall their friendship.

Duffett once wrote: “[New Zealand] remains unique in my memory as the one land in my travels about which I
have exclusively positive memories.”


On my return from the South Island, I spent time in Wellington with Denis Glover, to whom I instantly warmed. He was a force of nature, a booming laugh, a great bright alcoholically-redened nose like Mr. Punch and an irresistible cheerful manner. I recall a visit to the bank with him and, on being asked by a timid young lady bank clerk how he would like his cash, he boomed in reply, “Any way at all, my dear. It all goes down the drain.” I have come to see that as an absolutely accurate assessment of the meaning of money.

On another occasion when Denis had cajoled my services to drive him to the Alexander Turnbull Library, I drove to his home. Denis lived in a curiously-designed house that had a bathroom on one side of the living room and a bedroom on the other. As I arrived (early, or maybe Denis was late) his wife Lyn hurried into the garden to meet me. I later realised it was to forestall me from bumping into a semi-clad poet on the way from bathroom to bedroom. Denis, to whom embarrassment was unknown, knew what Lyn was up to and bellowed from inside the house, “Let the bloody man come in if he’s here!”

Moments later, I sat with a cup of tea in the living room, the bathroom door opened and there was the great poet in his skivvies, giving me the naval salute to his Russian Commander’s hat (a gift from the Soviets). I wish I had had a camera!

Michael Duffett’s poem is of interest because it explores (with empathy) Glover’s decline. His official biographer Gordon Ogilvie, in *Denis Glover: His Life* (1999), recounts that Glover had fallen down steps during his shift to Breaker Bay Road from Strathmore, which led to his eventual death (four days later), with his wife Lyn by his hospital bedside on Saturday, 9 August 1980. Yet Michael Duffett presents the further view of a Glover in decline, slipping in his bath. Duffett too acknowledges closely the coroner’s official view that Glover’s death was ‘bronchopneumonia’ from the effects of liver disease brought on by his drinking. Duffett appears to be a person or friend in the know. The image of Glover being “innocent and free” in his death sums up perfectly the complexity of Glover’s persona and life, and is a profound image of Denis Glover, the man and myth.

It’s remarkable that an outside voice from overseas could come away with such an apt description of Glover, after only knowing him a short while. Michael Duffett shows the value of overseas commentators on New Zealand literature.

**FAREWELL TO A POET**

Once back in Wellington I rendezvous’d
With Glover, took him snoring home
one day
Squeezed in the back. “Is that Denis
Glover
You’ve got in there?” (as if I’d
kidnapped
A national figure) the petrol-pump
Attendant asked, amazed. I took him
home,
Arranged to take him into town next
day,
I did and as we parted, fierce yet fond
And fondling yellow eyes gleamed at
me,
Knowing they were seeing me forever.
We never met again; he must have
known it.
Dear Denis, human man, fell in his bath
A few weeks later, and never rose again,
Went back to his Maker at that moment
As he came, as innocent and free
As naked, striding, new-born babe.

Poem © Michael Duffett, 2019

Article © Mark Pirie

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Michael Duffett

(1943-2019)

As mentioned PANZA member Mark Pirie recently published a book of poetry by Michael Duffett, a UK-born Californian Professor and poet. Duffett contributed two articles to our newsletter *Poetry Notes* and maintained affection for New Zealand after visiting in 1979 through his writings. PANZA was saddened to hear of Michael’s death this year. Our deepest sympathy is expressed to his family and friends. The following biography appeared in *The Presence of Love* (HeadworX, 2019) released two months before Michael’s death.

**ABOUT MICHAEL DUFFETT**

Michael Duffett was born in wartime London in 1943 when an incendiary bomb fell through the roof of his parents’ home sending his mother into labor. He was educated at Portsmouth Northern Grammar School where he studied Classical Greek from the age of 11 and Cambridge University from which he holds the BA and MA degrees. At Cambridge, he met the poet
Richard Berengarten, and they edited/founded Carcanet magazine. He was a teacher of English for four years in Saudi Arabia, spent a year living on the Aegean island of Paros where he improved his knowledge of Greek, went to Tokyo for 10 years where he taught English Literature and earned a Litt. D. degree for his book *The Variety of English Expression*. He moved to the United States at the invitation of the Culture Learning Institute of the East-West Center, a federally-funded think tank in Honolulu, Hawaii. In Hawaii, he met the New Zealand poet K.O. Arvidson. They collaborated and produced the anthology *Poetry East and West*, East-West Center, Honolulu, 1981.

Duffett was next Assistant Professor of English at Chaminade University, came to California in 1983 where he has been Minister of the Church of Christ in Rio Vista, Editor of *The River News-Herald*, Instructor of English and Humanities at Columbia College and San Joaquin Delta College. He has been Assistant Professor of English and Humanities at Humphreys College in Stockton, and is currently Associate Professor of English at San Joaquin Delta College in California.

He has published extensively in prose and verse, a play of his, *Mountain*, was produced on National Public Radio in the United States in 1988 and his most well-known book is *Forever Avenue* which his publisher describes as “short stories in verse.” An earlier collection of his poetry is *Evolution*, *A Japanese Journal*, 1974, from which a poem appeared in the *New Zealand Listener*, under the books’ page editorship of Vincent O’Sullivan, following his visit to New Zealand on the invitation of Frank McKay in 1979.

As an actor Michael Duffett first appeared on the professional stage at the age of eleven in the boys’ chorus in “Carmen” with the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company in England. Since then, he has appeared on stage in diverse roles. His voice preceded him to the United States as the fox in a production of the Japanese Theater for Children playing in Los Angeles and Honolulu. He appeared in the final episodes of *Magnum, P.I.* as Victor Goetz, the crazy German auto mechanic. He directed a theatre group for a number of years at a playhouse in the California foothills, and he was represented as the giant by the voice of Don Deluise in an animated movie of *Tom Thumb* by the eminent book-illustrator Richard Jesse Watson. He is a member of the Screen Actors Guild and Equity.

**Poetry by Marion Rego**

PANZA member Mark Pirie recently borrowed a book by Marion Rego, *Africa for One* (2014). It is a bold and truthful account of the author’s early life spent in Southern Africa (Zimbabwe, Malawi) in the 1960s, in various jobs, travelling and teaching in schools, during the Apartheid era in South Africa.


**Poems by Marion Rego**

**DRIVING TO KAIKOURA**

There they were, by the Stop and Go signs, in the cold drizzle
Middle-aged men, arms folded, dark glasses, protective headgear
and grim faces to match the grim landscape
But the young women, in their twenties, doing the same job in the same cold drizzle
would catch the eye of this lone woman driver
give a smile
a cheerful wave of the hand
and a sense that this once beautiful, now shattered coast
might never be the same
but it would be . . . alright

**CHOICES**

When we were children, most of us, I think,
would have gone to Sunday school
From there we would troop into church
and sit squashed together
Well . . . boys on one side, girls on the other . . .
in absolute stillness
We would try not to drop our pennies on the floor
We would try not to get the giggles
and cop glares from the adults
Above all, we kept quiet
If you go into church today
you will have no trouble finding a seat
You may have trouble saying a quiet prayer to yourself
because everyone else will be chattering
or waving to someone on the other side
Children will be running up and down the aisles
and everyone will be relaxed and happy
What would you rather have?
A full church of quiet people
who may or may not have wanted to be there?
Or a half-empty church of people
who are there because they want to be?
Report: Winter Readings 2019

At this year’s Winter Readings in Paekakariki, “The Black Album Readings”, Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop published an anthology of the readers, and awarded its annual poetry prize to Jeremy Roberts (Hawke’s Bay), a surprise award. The Black Album Readings held at St Peter’s Hall on 17 August 2019 was a tribute to the heavy rock group Metallica and an event continuing the return of a popular poetry reading series in the Wellington region presented by the Poetry Archive Trust, HeadworX Publishers and ESAW 2003-2008, 2016, 2017 and 2018.

This year’s attendance was small due to bad weather but maintained its support from the previous years, and the participants were Rob Hack (MC), Tim Jones, Jeremy Roberts, Mary Maringikura Campbell, HeadworX editor Mark Pirie, Alex Jeune, Margaret Jeune, and ESAW publisher Michael O’Leary.

Alex Jeune was first up and read short, sensitive and tightly polished, image-based poems. Jeremy Roberts followed giving a sense of his billing as a Napier Live Poets host. His livewire poetry was well suited to performance. Mary Maringikura Campbell read afterwards with powerful and colourful poetry. Tim Jones ended the first part of the reading with a mixture of climate change poetry and music poetry, including several which featured Metallica and gave a profound insight into the rock business. Rob Hack restarted the session after a short coffee/tea break with a poem on his experiences, going to the mines to “make it big” in Western Australia. Michael O’Leary read from his Collected Poems (HeadworX, 2017) and The Black Album Readings anthology. Mark Pirie’s poems were mainly a mixture of music-centred poems (noting the influence of Metallica on his early book Ride the Tempest) and sports poetry. He ended with a tribute to the great All Black Jonah Lomu. Margaret Jeune was the final reader and read a mixture of new and old work, including poems from Flight Paths (HeadworX, 2019). One of her poems celebrated a recent reading at Titirangi Poets in Auckland.

Poem by Jeremy Roberts

TRANSISTOR HEAVEN

Music always came from a better place. It spoke to me like big soul-filling kaching within the stupefying vortex of the material world.

My daughter is playing her recording of a new song. I know this place well & sink comfortably into the leather sofa – gently biting the soft flesh inside my mouth, as a substitute for chewing gum.

The waves soon call me back to a time waiting for Casey Kasem to introduce Barry Manilow singing ‘I Write the Songs.’

It was American, you see – the musical infiltration of starving ears, a therapeutic displacement of social failure, anxiety over career expectations.

Oh, how drab the system was – almost sending you off your rocker!

& then:

A clap of thunder underneath a fingernail. Thin lips pressed against the throbbing VU meter. An intense light of freedom fluttering – louder & louder in a dark corner of the bedroom.

(Winner of the Earl of Seacliff Poetry Prize, 2019)

POETRY ARCHIVE

J

Jeremy Roberts

HOW ARE YOU?

At the supermarket, the checkout operator invariably asks How are you? If I don’t answer she raises her voice and asks again How are you? Does she really want to know? Alright, I’ll tell her Start with my head I bet nobody my age has perfect eyesight . . . perfect hearing . . . breathing . . . teeth . . . So that’ll take a while Move on down By now a queue of customers has formed, all forced to hear about the frustrations of hitting the wrong keys with my arthritic fingers By the time I’ve moved on down to the really interesting problems the other customers have found another checkout But my checkout operator is stuck She doesn’t want to hear about these problems, and neither do you But she asked for it.

MARIGOLDS

From my kitchen window I see marigolds in the garden Glowing in the sunshine, sparkling in the rain Bending in the wind Brightness among dull green vegetable leaves He who does the garden says “They’ll have to go. I need that patch for carrots, or tomatoes, silver beet, Or something. I’ll go and dig them out.” I bar the way You shall not take my marigolds I need them They brighten up my day And my life

Poems © Marion Rego
Title: *Flight Paths*
Author: Margaret Jeune
ISBN 978-0-473-46914-6
Extent: 75 pages
Format: 140mmx211mm
Publication: March 2019
Publisher: HeadworX

**About the Book**

*Flight Paths* is a first collection of poems by an Auckland-born poet, who has been writing since childhood. The poems are drawn from published material from the past 30 years in periodicals and anthologies and from unpublished works. The book offers a choice of Margaret Jeune’s distinctive poetry. These are philosophical and questioning poems, focusing on contemporary, political, social and environmental issues. There are also personal and domestic poems. Jeune’s poetry shows a commitment to people and a caring society.

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Title: *Upbeat: Selected Early Poems 1969-1987*
Author: Margaret Webb (aka Margaret Jeune)
Extent: 80 pages
Format: 108x174mm
Publication: May 2019
Publisher: HeadworX

**About the Book**

*Upbeat*, a selection from the early poetry of Margaret Webb, is a period gem. The title conjures literary and music associations i.e. the howl of the Beat Generation and the jazz, folk and rock music of the 1960s/1970s. Margaret dedicates this volume to her generation, and it is a record of her youth and beginnings as a poet: self-taught and free-wheeling. It covers her life from age 13 (1969) to age 31 (1987). Her authentic experience in these years included coffee bars, a variety of work experience, study, cafes, hitchhiking, communes, protests, a yoga ashram, love relationships, and the music scene.

This is the second book of Margaret’s poetry. The first, *Flight Paths* by Margaret Jeune (her later name), contains much of her poetry written after *Upbeat*.

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Title: *My Sketchbook*
Author: Margaret Webb (aka Margaret Jeune)
Extent: 20 pages
Format: A5
Publication: July 2019
Publisher: The Night Press (a division of HeadworX)

**About the Book**

*My Sketchbook* is a collection of poems for children drawn from the author Margaret Webb’s first publication of poetry in the Children’s Page of The Evening Post, 1968-1970 (aged 12 to 14 years).

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Title: *broadsheet 23*
Editor: Mark Pirie
ISSN:1178-7808
Price: $10.00
Extent: 40 pages
Format: 149x210mm
Publication: May 2019
Publisher: The Night Press (a division of HeadworX)

**About the Book**

*broadsheet 23* features the Wellington poet Margaret Jeune, and includes a number of her friends and her son as
well as a couple of poets outside the main feature.
 Poets included are: Margaret Jeune, Alex Jeune, Anita Arlov, Siobhan Harvey, Alistair Paterson, Annie Newcomer (USA), Karen Peterson Butterworth, Tony Chad, Bill Dacker, Michael Duffett (USA), Mark Raffills, P V Reeves (1927-2019), Brentley Frazer (Australia), Bill Sutton and Gill Ward.
 Cover photo of Margaret Jeune by Marie Fallen.

About the Author

Margaret Jeune (also known as Margaret June and Margaret Webb) was born in Auckland in 1956 and grew up in Wainuiomata in the Hutt Valley. She lived in Wellington from the late 1970s and moved up to Ōtaki on the Kāpiti Coast in 1990 and from there to Levin in the Horowhenua in 1999. She returned to Wellington in 2017. She has a BA in Education and a Post Graduate Diploma in Teaching (Early Childhood). She works as an Early Childhood Teacher. Currently she works as a relief teacher for Whānau Manaaki Kindergartens. Margaret has three adult children and four grandchildren.
 She has written poetry from an early age. Margaret initially had her poetry published in the Children’s Page of The Evening Post. Since then her poetry has been published in the Poetry Page of the Kāpiti Observer, Valley Micropress (1997-2018) and Elderberries (Horowhenua District Council). She has also had her poetry published in anthologies, including under the name of “M.A. June”.

Title: The Presence of Love: Poems Selected and New

About the Book

The Presence of Love is a collection of poems by a UK-born Californian Professor and poet, who has been writing since the 1960s. The poems are drawn from published material from the past 40 years in periodicals, anthologies and from unpublished works. Written in a mixture of verse styles, Duffett’s mode shows a tendency for the sonnet and the shorter lyric, with philosophical, scholarly, spiritual and metaphysical concerns for the natural world and the human condition.
 The book is edited by Wellington writer and literary scholar Mark Pirie and follows on from the feature of Michael Duffett’s work in broadsheet: new zealand poetry in 2016. The author once visited New Zealand in 1979 on a lecturing tour and the publication continues Duffett’s long-term association with the country. Also included is a Foreword by Duffett and an Appendix detailing his 1979 visit along with a number of poems relating to the New Zealand poets Allen Curnow, C. K. Stead, Denis Glover and K.O. Arvidson.

About the Author

Michael Duffett was born in wartime London in 1943. He was educated at Cambridge University from which he holds the BA and MA degrees. He has been a poet and Professor all over the world and is currently Associate Professor of English at San Joaquin Delta College in California. He has published extensively in prose and verse, a play of his, Mountain, was produced on National Public Radio in the United States in 1988 and his most well-known book is Forever Avenue which his publisher describes as “short stories in verse.”
Winter 2019

About the Editor

Mark Pirie is an internationally published New Zealand poet, editor, writer and publisher.

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About the Book

Ear to the Ground is Gary Mutton’s first novel. Set in Wellington among the migrant citizenry, a street hireling of an intelligence organization creates serious trouble for a woman University Lecturer. Cursory observation, jealousy, and presumption causes outrage.

About the Author

Gary Mutton has led a strangely varied existence. Holder of three Wellington Athletic Centre titles, he has also seen naval service, worked in a furnishing company, then as a psychiatric nurse, subeditor for an agricultural periodical, public relations officer in a Consular Office, free-lance journalist for a sectarian newspaper, and aide in a Cerebral Palsy Unit in Australia. He holds a Mus. B. degree from VUW (1965) and was 1st horn in The Wellington Youth Orchestra, and the National Youth Orchestra (1969). He has had many poems published in recognized magazines. He won first prize in the Waipa Districts Libraries poetry competition, 2015, against 119 other competitors. Other interests include Cosmology, Ecology and composing music.

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Letter to the Editor

The following letter in support of New Zealand poet Thomas Bracken’s inclusive poetic prayer and the young people of Otautahi appeared in The Dominion Post, 1 April 2019. It was abridged from the full version printed here.

Dear Editor, I was greatly impressed by the way in which the young people of Otautahi expressed their grief and gave practical support to the victims of the recent terror attacks in their city. They gave real expression to the New Zealand values so eloquently expressed in Thomas Bracken’s 1876 poetic prayer for our country, which has since become our National Anthem.

As part of our efforts to build a more inclusive society in the wake of this sad event, we should now adopt the practice of singing the first verse of the anthem in te reo Māori, followed by the second, but rarely heard, verse “Men of every creed and race gathered here ... etc.” in English. Bracken’s words, though from an earlier century, have a compellingly relevant message for today.

Yours etc
Graeme Pirie, Raumati Beach

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David Eggleton appointed NZ Poet Laureate

PANZA would like to congratulate David Eggleton on his recent appointment as New Zealand’s Poet Laureate.

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Donate to PANZA through PayPal

You can now become a friend of PANZA or donate cash to help us continue our work by going to http://pukapukabooks.blogspot.com and accessing the donate button – any donation will be acknowledged.
Recently received donations

PANZA kindly thanks these donators to the archive.

Tim Jones – 24 titles.
Robert McLean – 4 titles.
Margaret Jeune – 22 titles.
Mark Pirie – 14 titles.

About the Poetry Archive

Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA)

PANZA contains

A unique Archive of NZ published poetry, with around five thousand titles from the 19th century to the present day. The Archive also contains photos and paintings of NZ poets, publisher’s catalogues, poetry ephemera, posters, reproductions of book covers and other memorabilia related to NZ poetry and poetry performance.

Wanted

NZ poetry books (old & new)
Other NZ poetry items i.e. critical books on NZ poetry, anthologies of NZ poetry, poetry periodicals and broadsheets, poetry event programmes, posters and/or prints of NZ poets or their poetry books.

DON'T THROW OUT OLD NZ POETRY! SEND IT TO PANZA

PANZA will offer:

• Copies of NZ poetry books for private research and reading purposes.
• Historical information for poets, writers, journalists, academics, researchers and independent scholars of NZ poetry.
• Photocopying for private research purposes.

• Books on NZ poetry and literary history, and CD-ROMs of NZ poetry and literature.
• CDs of NZ poets reading their work.
You can assist the preservation of NZ poetry by becoming one of the Friends of the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA).
If you’d like to become a friend or business sponsor of PANZA, please contact us.

Contact Details

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