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# Poetry Notes

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About the Poetry Archive

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## Quarterly Newsletter of PANZA

### Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 21 of *Poetry Notes*, the newsletter of PANZA, the newly formed Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa.

*Poetry Notes* will be published quarterly 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.

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The newsletter will be available for free download from the Poetry Archive's website:

<http://poetryarchivenz.wordpress.com>

### Jack Body remembered

*Wellington composer Jack Body (1944-2015) died in May this year. PANZA archivist Mark Pirie found an interview with Jack Body, published in his magazine JAAM in 1997, around the time he was working on his opera Alley, about Rewi Alley, the poet and teacher in China.*

*The interviewer is Paul Wolfram, a co-founder of JAAM, also an ethnomusicologist, poet, composer and documentary filmmaker.*

*PANZA would like to remember Jack's considerable contribution to New Zealand arts and his understanding of*

*the importance of the artist in New Zealand society by reprinting this interview in his memory.*

*Jack was known to collaborate with poets like Bill Manhire and Ian Wedde.*

### AN INTERVIEW WITH JACK BODY by Paul Wolfram

*Jack Body is a leading New Zealand composer and currently teaches music at Victoria University.*

*Abbreviations used: P: Paul Wolfram; J: Jack Body.*

*P: Your fascination with Asia, its music and its people began in 1970 on your return from Europe. You travelled through a large part of Asia and were drawn particularly to Malaysia and Thailand. What is it that attracted you to these countries above those European countries which your musical training was based in?*

*J: I guess one is always fascinated by the unknown or the 'other'. In my generation you were brought up very Euro-centrally and there is this kind of inherent racism, being white and believing that 'white is best' and believing that Asia represents the Yellow Peril. (Growing up in the years of the Cold War and all the memories of the Second World War.)*

*So to kind of strike Asia and to realise that it is such an extraordinary and wonderful place, and that there are all these people living there and living rich and fascinating lives — and one has no*

knowledge of it — well it’s absolutely appalling.

For me, it was confronting Asia and seeing it. I was struck by so many things: the heat, the smell, the decay, and the renewal. The view of life; especially in India where the cycle of life is so manifest and rotten. And out of all this comes new life.

Musically, I was fascinated by the strange sounds everywhere — not just the music, but the sound environment. It took me a little while, however, to get involved in those things because equally fascinating is the food, the climate, the clothing and the religion.

*P: Your first taped piece resulting from your time in Indonesia, Musik Dari Jalan (1975), consequently won the 1976 International Festival of Electro-acoustic Music in Bourges. Musik Dari Jalan like a number of your other works of the time Turtle Time (1968) and Carol to Saint Steven (1975), uses a lot of language and speech. What is the appeal of working with poetry and the voice?*

J: It’s a good coat hanger. It’s a frame to work around and provides imagery.

*P: Do you find that poetry gives you visual stimulus?*

J: Yes, and it helps to give it a form. But what I am most interested in (and which I use in my Opera but hope to take it much further) is the use of non-Western music. Word settings in other cultures are very interesting. You get songs on one note, broken vocal sounds and many different kinds of chanting. I am really very interested in these things and want to explore these more and more. (Moving away from conventional Western singing.) I get frustrated with singers that use vibrato all the time and kind of hammer their voices.

For instance, in my opera, one of the characters has a swan song as he is about to die. I think it will be very powerful; here is somebody who can’t sing singing.

*P: You have been involved in many multimedia productions with artists and writers over the past ten years. The Sonic Circuses (1974-75, 1987) and Song Cycle (1975) are just some of*

*works that you have collaborated on. What do you find to be the most interesting thing when working with writers and other artists?*

J: It’s difficult to generalise, but I guess what one is looking to achieve, is the ability to combine with other artists and to create something new and unexpected. One often finds that the process of collaboration can be very fraught at times.

The most recent thing I’ve done is work on the libretto for the *Alley* opera and I did this with Geoff Chapple. When we sat down to work on it I had some general ideas and we struggled with material but we didn’t struggle with each other. It was just such a joy to work together. We worked at it and worked at it and in the end we had to say that we had got something done but we would have to come back to it. When I came back to it, I saw just how great it was, there is nothing in it that I can’t totally accept — it is just transcendently wonderful.

Geoff was always able to incorporate my ideas. Now I’m writing the music and that is just my job and I don’t have to work with anybody but in terms of making that script, it was incredible that we could work so easily together.

*P: Does it happen often — that ideas come together so cleanly as they did for the script of this opera?*

J: Well, that depends, because some people are willing just to toss something in — and what ever becomes of it they’re accepting.

The most difficult thing I find is film. Film is such a multifaceted art form — a kind of ‘Bastard art’ if you like — that the director’s vision becomes the important thing. Directors have to deal with costume, cameras, lighting, actors and a composer, so the only way that the director’s vision can be portrayed is by being an autocrat.

*P: How do you see that your art differs from that of a writer?*

J: Music is so abstract — it has no intrinsic meaning that you can define. Words in a sentence define themselves.

Poets, of course, try to stretch the conventional meaning but music unless it’s a song and uses words — well, you can’t even begin to say what it means.

*P: You have been seen as having ‘an entrepreneurial flair running in your veins’ and the list of your impresario roles is long. How do you perceive your role as an artist/director in New Zealand?*

J: In a way, collaborations require you to suppress your ego and to put your self aside. Many of the things I do are not necessarily related to my own work. Most of my collaborations are more about making things happen, for example, it might be a good idea that we have CDs of New Zealand music. I guess there is a kind of ego in having an idea and getting it realised, but it doesn’t always have to relate to my own work. I think there is a kind of creativity in having ideas and realising them.

I should mention Douglas Lilburn. When he retired, he stopped composing. He put all his money into a trust, which is quite wealthy. The trust is for New Zealand music, and he is closely involved in where that money goes and I guess that is where he focused a lot of his creativity. I’ve known Douglas for years and I guess I’ve taken on his kind of values, partly pressure from him, and partly in admiration of him. If you are in a position of power, I think that you are somehow bound to exercise that power for the wider good. As with Wai-te-ata Music Press, I am represented there, but so are 27 other New Zealand composers. So a lot of my energy simply goes into making things happen.

*P: Do you find the return from these things generally rewarding?*

J: Well, if I could just say, my opera [*Alley*], as you know, has collapsed. Funding from Creative NZ was not forthcoming and so it has completely collapsed. Part of my resentment was that none of the money from Creative NZ was to come to me, it was going to venue fees and performers, etc. Apart from my value as a composer, I feel I’ve earned the right for a little bit of nice treatment

like an opera production. I mean after what you've been talking about — being an entrepreneur. [*Alley* eventually went ahead and premiered at the NZ International Festival of the Arts, 1998. — Ed.]

*P: So what do you perceive to be the New Zealand perspective of the creative artist?*

*J: For the moment — appalling! The irony that I saw was that we asked for one hundred and thirty thousand to produce an original opera, which sounds like a lot of money, but when you consider that they give Auckland Opera four hundred and thirty two thousand to produce two operas that are standard repertoire . . . Just what is 'Creative' and what's 'New Zealand' about that? So that's a very personal slant on things, but I think that the arts are severely under funded in this country. If you look at Europe or even our near neighbours Australia, NZ funding is piddly. If you look at the grants that are given: twenty five thousand for a year as a major grant. People who receive twenty five thousand for an annual salary are considered near poverty.*



Photographs of Jack Body. Watkins, Gareth, 1972- Photographs. Ref: PADL-000850. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand.  
<http://natlib.govt.nz/records/32058368>

*P: You have also experienced intimately the role of an artist in Asian cultures. What is their view of the artist?*

*J: In Indonesia, there are Royal courts (traditional arts) which are pretty poor now, but the family of the court still perform the court arts of music, dance and poetry. There is still a reasonable amount of money to help those people survive. In a way, what the court artists don't have in terms of material wealth, they have in terms of prestige. You also have the village arts and this is often related to ceremony on special occasions, seasons and sometimes in times of distress like drought, etc. There is a very potent function of the arts in society and this is something we really have no understanding of. The people who perform and the people who create have a very powerful function in society, even if it doesn't mean great wealth.*

(From *JAAM* 8 (1997))

## ANZAC tribute

This year marks the 100th anniversary since the battle at Gallipoli and the New Zealanders' Chunuk Bair offensive, considered to be one of the defining moments in New Zealand history and national identity.

The Gallipoli offensive at Anzac Cove in Turkey is well documented by military historians. ANZAC bravery won wide praise for reaching Chunuk Bair's summit, but it grew into an unsuccessful campaign, the remaining soldiers withdrawn and eventually evacuated at nightfall from the peninsula. Over two thousand New Zealand soldiers died there, and many more were wounded.

PANZA would like to offer a tribute to New Zealand's fallen in the form of verse authentic to the country at the time of World War One.

The anonymous poem, 'On the Death of Col. Malone', found by PANZA Archivist Mark Pirie, appeared in the *Stratford Evening Post*, Taranaki, in 1915, and is not on the National Library of New Zealand's Papers Past website,

as far as he is aware of. He also came across a second poem tribute mentioning Col. Malone in Papers Past and a third poem in the *Stratford Evening Post* in 1918.



Lieutenant Colonel William George Malone. McAllister, James, 1869-1952: Negatives of Stratford and Taranaki district.

Ref: 1/1-012824-G. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand.  
<http://natlib.govt.nz/records/22789124>

The subject of the poem Col. Malone (1859-1915), of the Wellington Battalion, was one of New Zealand's prominent figures at Gallipoli. Some details can be found in Papers Past (*Taranaki Daily News*, 26 October 1915):

The "Stratford Post" publishes a letter from Chaplain-Captain Father McMenamin, who is at Gallipoli, to Father Maples, in the course of which the reverend gentleman says, concerning the great fight on August 7th: "Our boys fought nobly, and I can say without boasting that there are no troops to excel them. No matter how severe the assault, they never broke or wavered for an instant. I cannot tell you of our losses, but the casualty lists will tell their own tale. The greatest loss that our Infantry Brigade suffered was in the death of Col. Malone. His work over here has been magnificent, and he has proved himself to be every inch a soldier. In this last great fight he rose to the

occasion and made fame for himself and the battalion he commanded. On Sunday, August 7, his men had the foremost position, and from daylight till dark they fought like tigers. Colonel Malone, who did not know what fear was, remained all day in the thick of the battle; encouraging his brave men by his own example. About 6 p.m., he was struck down by a burst of shrapnel, and died without a word."

Another report (*Star*, 10 January 1916) notes:

In the attack on Chunuk Bair [Malone's] resolute leadership was an inspiration to his men. He was ever in the van, scorning all danger. Early in the day a rifle that he carried was pierced by a Turkish bullet. This interested him, and he said he would keep it as a memento of the fight. Whenever he moved forward or along the trench he picked up the battered rifle again and carried it with him. Finally he was shot through the head by a bullet from a shrapnel shell that burst over the trench. He sank back into the arms of one of his officers [Captain Hastings] and died painlessly on the highest point on the Peninsula attained by our arms.

In 1982, Maurice Shadbolt's play, *Once on Chunuk Bair*, considered that Col. Malone was killed by 'friendly fire' from a British fleet ship firing shrapnel shells over their trench but historians didn't support this version of events (Shadbolt took it from Robert Rhodes James, *Gallipoli*, 1965, that includes Captain Hastings' report).

An article in the *Evening Post* tends to support Shadbolt's and others' version of events:

**HIT BY BRITISH NAVAL SHRAPNEL.**

Malone was close up to the fighting line, on foot, encouraging his men when he was struck. He was hit by

shrapnel from a shell fired by one of our own ships. Four or five bullets struck him. The ships were doing their best to support the troops, firing over their heads from the sea. The Turks were so close, and the position occupied by the battalion was so difficult, that a good many casualties on our side were caused the same way. However, my informant seemed to regard this loss as inevitable, and not to be set against the value of the support given at the time by the ships' guns.

He said that Col. Malone was exceedingly popular with his men; that he was a fine officer, and had done great service, which had been appreciated by his brigadier. The man also drew a picture of Malone's energy and care for his men, and personal example to them. He said that each morning the colonel might be seen having a hard run to keep himself fit and in good condition; that often he had seen him with open shirt and sleeves rolled up, handling a shovel or axe or pick-axe, and showing how some piece of work should be done.

Shortly before his death Col. Malone had gone down to an English battalion (one of Kitchener's new ones) which had lost most of its officers, and was under a murderous fire, and had helped to get it into order again. As a proof of his popularity, this man said that he was affectionately known among his men as "Mollie Malone."

(*Evening Post*, Volume XC, Issue 117, 13 November 1915, Page 13)

A large number of tributes and obituaries for Col. Malone are in Papers Past searches near the time of his death. He was certainly a popular, well-known man in Taranaki and elsewhere who led by example.

The New Zealand public had remembered him also in verse:

**Poem by "Hei-konei-ra"**

**ON THE DEATH OF COL. MALONE**

The roll is called, and deathless names  
Are written where the Book of Life  
Tells of the lurid battle flames,  
Of shot and steel, high hopes and aims,  
Brave deeds amid a world of strife.  
Such pages are for those alone,  
Who heard the call that echoes through  
The far-thrown aisles of Britain's  
fame,  
For in her hour of need they drew  
Their swords, and at her call, they  
came.

On sunlit plain and dark defile  
They carved their names, their  
thoughts and creeds,  
And there Death's Angel paused a while  
And entered each – the rank and file –  
And made a record of their deeds,  
The silent witness of the dead  
Perhaps alone, who watched them go,  
Whose icy fingers slowly turned  
The storied pages, moving slow,  
When youth's high courage fiercely  
burned.

And here is one, whose shield appears  
Through Britain's early years of stress,  
Whose motto through the marching  
years  
Was ever this – "That Justice hears  
The weak one's call and gives redress."  
It mattered not that his great creed  
Might ask from him great sacrifice.  
He only knew that for a space  
He clothed a soul that never dies, –  
A soul that asks no resting place.

Through the storm-tossed mantle falling –  
Snows of ages – on the scroll  
Of Britain's fame a voice is calling  
Gathering where the war drums roll:  
"Brave one, thou has answered smiling,  
Courage lights the stormy way  
Of our noble children filing  
Through valhalla's halls to-day."

(*Stratford Evening Post*, 26 August 1915)

A second poem tribute that is also related to Malone's death appears in

Papers Past by a woman poet of Kapuni, written whilst milking her cows:

**“LOVE IS MIGHTIER THAN DEATH.”**

[In forwarding these lines, the writer — a woman—says that the thoughts are her own, and that she put them into verse one evening whilst she was milking her cows. She says, further, that if love for our brothers, our little children, our aged, the freedom of our Empire and consideration for those who are suffering at the hands of our enemies, are roused within us, there will be no need for conscription.]

Let us take for an example

Brave Malone, and many more,  
Who have given their lives for others  
On that distant battle shore.  
Their high service shows us plainly,  
We must serve, too, one and all,  
If we wish to save our Empire,  
From a low and shameful fall.

How arousing, how appalling

Are the things we hear each day –  
Think of all our comrades falling,  
Who have gone and led the way:  
Deck their memories with laurel,  
Sing their praise in every clime;  
Their great deeds will ring for ages,  
Through the corridors of time.

While we speak thus of the fallen,

Let us think of those in pain,  
Who will bear the scars of battle,  
When they come to us again:  
When their stories stir the feeling,  
Till our hearts are caught for breath,  
We will feel the truth revealing –  
“Love is mightier than death.”

Let us now be truly brothers,

Prove our manhood ere too late,  
Let us go to help the others  
Save our land from evil fate.  
We must join our strength together,  
Fight and fight while we have breath,  
And so prove to all the ages –  
“Love is mightier than death.”

—J.M.L.

Kapuni.

(*Hawera & Normanby Star*, Volume LXIX,  
5 November 1915, Page 3)

The third poem is written towards the end of the war in 1918, and focuses on remembering the actual number of casualties, it’s a hard-hitting piece:

**Tribute to New Zealand’s dead**

*Over twelve thousand soldiers from New Zealand have been killed or died from wounds since the commencement of the war.*

**Poem by Neuchamp**

**TWELVE THOUSAND DEAD**

Twelve thousand dead!  
Twelve thousand souls “Gone West.”  
Twelve thousand hearts at rest –  
Our bravest and our best,  
Twelve thousand dead!

Twelve thousand dead!  
For each an empty chair:  
For each one spare a prayer,  
So cold and still “Out there.”  
Twelve thousand dead!

Twelve thousand dead!  
All men of sterling worth,  
Once full of joy and mirth –  
Now part of foreign earth.  
Twelve thousand dead!

Twelve thousand dead!  
Buried among the braves:  
At rest in their far-off graves –  
Some ’neath the restless waves.  
Twelve thousand dead!

Twelve thousand dead!  
Ne’er shall their glory fade:  
Glorious the name they made,  
Priceless the debt they paid.  
Twelve thousand dead!

Twelve thousand dead!  
And when the victory’s won,  
Crushed is the cruel Hun,  
God’s vengeance will be done,  
For twelve thousand dead!

*Ohakune*

(*Stratford Evening Post*, 13 August 1918)

Actual casualty figures were higher than 12,000.

Many more poems and tributes about the war have been written, both from World War One and from contemporary writers looking back on the war. PANZA has featured some World War One verse in previous issues of *Poetry Notes* and is always on the look out for New Zealand war verse.

This small tribute in verse is but one of numerous mediums being used for this year’s remembrance.

## 100 Years From Gallipoli poetry project



A new book *When Anzac Day comes around* presents answers to two questions that researcher Graeme Lindsay posed to Australian and New Zealand poets as part of his 100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Project:

1. What does Anzac Day mean to you, to today’s families, communities or nations?
2. What about Remembrance Day or other military commemorations or anniversaries?

The views of more than 200 Australian and New Zealand poets – some well known in the literary world and others whose poetry is known only to family and friends – stimulate and challenge the reader to consider differing ideas about each nations’ commemoration of military conflicts



and the emotions these evoke. Current perspectives are contrasted with those from earlier times as we are taken on a poetic journey from the 1840s (when troops from colonial New South Wales were sent to New Zealand to fight against the Māori) to the conflicts of the 21st century. Lindsay complements the poetry with more than 120 photographs of war memorials from across Australia and New Zealand – images that encourage us to reflect upon the true purpose of these symbols of remembrance and their place in today’s society.

The book is 277 pages and all photographs are full colour. Lindsay states: “Overall I think that there are about 60 poems from New Zealand sources, starting in the 1860s with William Golder’s ‘A Parting for War – A Song’ and ending with Brian Turner’s ‘Memories of War’ in the Afterword. The cost is \$NZ43.00 per copy PLUS Postage and Handling of \$NZ23.50 per book. This is airmail and the cheapest available as there is no longer surface mail between Australia and New Zealand. While this makes the book more expensive, I have opened a bank account in New Zealand so no one has to pay any currency exchange fees. Order form, including details for payment in New Zealand, is available at: [www.ozzywriters.com](http://www.ozzywriters.com)”

*The Printing Museum in New Zealand is also working on several WWI poetry projects concerning the poetry of Alfred Clark, Don H Lea (previously featured in Poetry Notes) and an anthology of WWI verse. – Ed.*

## Classic New Zealand poetry by Karen Smith

This issue’s classic New Zealand poetry is by Karen Smith (real name Caren Lyders Smith, 1911-2013). Smith is someone not widely known and has fallen through the cracks of most New Zealand anthologies of verse. She belongs to an earlier generation when rhyme and rhythm was the norm.

This might half explain her disappearance in contemporary eyes. She is an adroit verse writer who had published two booklets of her poetry printed by Whitcombe & Tombs: *The Sky is Blue* (c1969) and *Manapouri and Other Poems* (1970). Her poems appeared in the *Central Otago News*. A bio note gives some background and states she was a nurse who trained in Christchurch after schooling in Dunedin, then left, lived and traveled overseas, marrying (for the first time), and serving in World War II:

Karen Smith (nee Wildey), who was educated at Otago Girls’ High School, served with the British Army in the Second World War [(Lt. 38<sup>th</sup> General Hospital, Queen Alexandra Military Nursing Service)], and afterwards [as Karen Hetterley] wrote the book “*Nursing Nomad*” [1944]. She now lives in Alexandra with her [second] husband and younger son. Mrs Smith is by no means alone in considering Central Otago with its perfect Summer climate, soft colourings and pictorial landscapes to be a kind of Paradise.

She had married for the second time in 1951 to John Geoffrey Smith (1901-1989), and had a second younger son Paul, a bluesman. Her first son Peter is from her first marriage. Karen moved to Dunedin after John’s death. Her granddaughter is singer Hollie Smith, who sang ‘Bathe in the River’ at her funeral. Karen lived to over a hundred.



Karen Smith, c1940s

Other Central Otago poets like Brian Turner, Ruth Dallas and “Blue Jeans” are in a similar vein to Smith. The *New Zealand Herald* (18 August 1945) reviewed her non-fiction memoir *Nursing Nomad* (which includes some of her early poetry written in Europe):

### A Nurse’s Odyssey

“Take up nursing and see the world,” might have been the motto of Karen Hetterley when she entered Christchurch Hospital for training a few years before the war.

In “Nursing Nomad” she tells a sprightly and always interesting tale of work, play and travel in Europe, the East, and back in New Zealand. This adventurous lady got out of France just ahead of the German invasion, joined a military nursing service, married a Guards’ officer [Major Samuel Edwin Hetterley, Coldstream Guards] on her way to India, forsook hospital for cantonments and became the proud mother of a son (“Potato Pete”). Her story will delight all who like shrewd humour and a zest for life. (Whitcombe and Tombs.)

Here are some of her verses from her two booklets:

### Poems by Karen Smith

#### WINTER AT MANORBURN

Here is wilderness.  
Unused hilly grounds lie grey and old.  
Ghostly white with frost are groups of pines  
And rushes bold.

The stillness is profound.  
Only golden willow branches speak.  
The dams are desolate floors of deepest ice  
In ramparts bleak.

The ballroom comes to life.  
Legion glinting cars fiesta bring.  
Gaudy skaters glide about and laugh  
And shout and sing.

**WINDBELLS**

Beyond the window, jasmine touches  
down  
To meet the leaves of sleeping  
primroses;  
A juniper holds crystal drops of dew.

On an archway, slim brass tubes as bells  
Tinkle out clear harmonies that tell  
Of truth and light.  
Very old was she,  
The lady who once played the mandolin,  
Who left us music played by wind on  
strings,  
Sweet tintinnabulations as of Spring.

**SPRING BLUES**

The scilla, smudges where the rocks are,  
With their frail heads drooping grow,  
Eyes up are these chionodoxa  
(Known as glory of the snow) –  
Blue as lapis lazuli  
Cloaking the cold earth vividly.

The blue stained crocus opens up  
Lovelier showing golden heart;  
Vying with the golden cup  
Out-turned, of earlier counterpart.  
Primrose and iris dot and spear  
As sprigs on the gown of yester-year.

Wafting scent is given name  
When hosts of violets are seen –  
Friendly comforters again –  
Spilling over bed of green.  
Trails of vinca by the door  
Bear flowers of tender blue once more.

Gentian snug are brightest now;  
Triggered Nature's on the move.  
Near the cedar's resinous bough  
Take deep breath and look above.  
Give thanks for a sky that's blue  
And leisure to adore it, too.

**BRIAR BERRIES**

Through Central's tawny rugged land  
Turquoise rivers swiftly flow  
By stoney height and shingley strand  
Where willows squired by poplars grow.

Besides large sheep runs on the route  
Are poultry farms and apiaries.  
Blossom, later luscious fruit  
Glorifies the orchard trees.

Pleasing to the uninformed  
Sweetbriar sprawls in desert place,  
Its prickly arching sprays adorned  
With roses clear, of sprightly grace.

When stones and grass on hillsides burn  
And silver mullein spears are dead,  
The stamened briar roses turn  
To shining berries orange-red.

When columned poplars dazzling flare  
And willows seem as yellow light,  
People on the slopes appear  
To pick for syrup 'rosehips' ripe.

Winter comes and all is drear  
With frost and, on the summits, snow.  
Alone on landscape cold and sear  
Still, briar berries glow.

**THE TIP**

*"Two men looked through prison bars –  
One saw mud, the other stars."* – Anon

Lively today was the tips' impact:  
Light fires flared as of burning ghat.  
Gulls were wheeling on confident wings,  
Squawking and swooping on edible  
things  
Or sailing away in the hot, blue air.  
Lombardy poplars columned high  
Vibrantly shimmered from shingle dry.

(From *The Sky is Blue*, 1969)

**A CHEERY GHOST-TOWN**

Among the vigorous population  
Of Macetown – once not just a name –  
Lived the twelve apostles who  
Would put the holy men to shame.  
Goldminers, they'd always spend  
Each profit on a drinking spree,  
Returning to the diggings only  
After full recovery.

Kindly hardy Oliver  
With his loyal pack-horse team  
Would follow the precipitous road  
And ford the river frequently  
To get to Arrowtown for stores,  
Oft in icy Winter raw.

Ned, in an ambitious mood  
Crawled up sheer Advance Peak;  
Then painfully slithering down again  
For mining vowed it over steep.  
Tom, wondering if his soil would suit,  
Grew trees which later bore fine fruit.

Doc, a dapper little man,  
Built himself a tidy bach  
Papered with pages from the News  
And curtained with dyed sugar sacks.  
He it was who found a nugget  
Weighing sixteen ounces rare  
And though the money gained was spent  
On a fling beyond compare,  
Delighted would the ladies be  
When Doc invited them to tea.

Time passed – and one by one  
The apostles died; the mines closed  
down.  
Dwindling were the school children  
Who woke with shout the wilds around.  
Eventually of all bereft  
As empty walls the town was left.

Old folk still alive somewhere  
Think of a cheery little town  
With the twelve apostles there –  
Not of rubble on the ground.

**HOPE**

Through my window naked boughs are  
seen  
And angled lines of housetops Winter  
clear.  
Untidy lies a heap of dry-leaf twigs  
Upon extensive lawns withdrawn and  
sear.

To fill a void, birds come plump and  
lusty.  
The careless lay of twigs for them is  
corn.  
First descends an iridescent starling  
To pull from underneath defensive  
worms.  
A thrush trills. Then a coloured chaffinch  
Inspects deftly pecks from crannies tight.  
My spirit soars when drifting greeny  
waxeyes  
Confidently on the heap alight –  
Tropic flowers imagined for a moment –  
In Winter drabness, reassuring sprites.

WITH CORSO IN MIND

Our homely crib at Purakanui  
Perches on a hillside steep  
Grown with native bush including  
Lemonwood and kakabeak.  
It looks down on a sapphire inlet  
Tidal from the rolling sea  
And across to railway lines  
Curving through manuka trees.

The crib – a Mecca for young moderns –  
Has a little attic quiet  
With naught of note, save on the bed  
A cosy counterpane, a riot  
Of bits all shapes joined cunningly  
To mingle as a harmony.

Every piece sewn in by hand  
Tells a different kind of tale.  
This reminds of grand occasions,  
That misfortune would bewail –  
Even a party not enjoyed  
Because too many girls for boys.

The red wool damask came from curtains  
Once draping Grandma’s drawing-room  
Round windows where a lamp was set  
To mark her farmhouse in the gloom;  
The Stuart tartan from a wrap  
Often used in her pony trap.

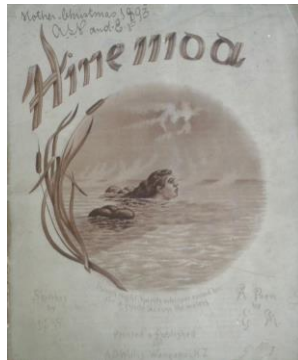
The khaki oblong, hardly pretty,  
Came from a soldier’s uniform  
A brother wore in World War Two,  
Surviving odds with hope forlorn.  
Was it all so long ago  
The time we watched and waited so?

The quilt old-fashioned, tranquilizing,  
Inviting with white sheet turned down,  
Has one soon asleep and smiling,  
Quaint associations round.  
Part of the crib and part of leisure  
For sentiment only it is treasured.

But who am I to prate of quilts?  
Each year New Zealand women meet  
As groups and make the like by hundreds  
To send displaced folk in the East  
Or other regions in distress  
Worse off for Winter bitterness –  
Folk reassured of kindness still  
By personal tokens of Goodwill.

(From *Manapouri and Other Poems*,  
1970)

Comment on  
Elizabeth Montgomery



A rare 19th century booklet was received by PANZA donated by Alistair Paterson of Auckland. The booklet had been owned by Paterson’s family since 1893. Paterson has, in the past, been a sizeable contributor to the Archive and has publicly supported the Archive’s founding.

The booklet *Hinemoa* by “E.M” (1887), who PANZA didn’t know of, turned out to be Eleanor Elizabeth Montgomery. The booklet is fully illustrated. She has four titles to her credit in J C Andersen’s *Author’s Week 1936* bibliography. Andersen makes a special note for her, describing her work, although slight, as being commendable attempts at a national literature.

Hilaire Kirkland  
project

PANZA Archivist Mark Pirie recently received a request for help from John Anderson (UK) for a project collecting the poetry of Hilaire Kirkland (1941-1975).

Pirie found a number of her poems in *Islands* (No. 15, 1976) and in copies of *Review* (Otago University Students Association, 1962-1964) as well as the 1971 anthology of the Otago University Literary Review.

Kirkland, after her death at an early age, appeared in the women’s poetry anthology *Private Gardens* (1977),

before being picked up by Wedde/McQueen for their *Penguin Book of New Zealand Verse* (1985). She has also appeared in Oxford’s *Anthology of New Zealand Poetry in English* (1997) and Pirie/Jones’ *Voyagers: Science Fiction Poetry From New Zealand* (2009).

Two collections of her poetry were printed: *8 Poems* (1974) and *Blood Clear and Apple-red* (1981).

John Anderson warmly appreciated Pirie’s work on behalf of the Poetry Archive. He said that Barry Southam, a contributor to the Poetry Archive, also found one of Hilaire’s poems in the Wellington student magazine *Argot* in the 1960s.

Two more poems of hers turned up in the *New Zealand Listener* in 1962 and 1964. Another request for help was received from a researcher relating to cultural responses in verse to the goldfields of 19th century New Zealand. PANZA is happy to help with such queries and welcomes more research requests in the future.

Rare George Nepia  
poem found

A recent PANZA discovery of a poem about George Nepia was in a box of donations from Quilters Bookshop in Wellington. Quilters recently closed its doors, and generous donations were received.

We thank John Quilter for the sizeable donation. Around 300 items were given to us and have now been catalogued. Quilters was an established shop in Wellington for many years, and John Quilter was a bookseller in the truest sense, who knew books and their value. Quilters Bookshop will be missed.

Among the donations, PANZA archivist Mark Pirie discovered the poem on All Black “Invincible” George Nepia. Nepia was sole fullback picked for the 1924/25 tour after influence shown by the young selector, Canterbury’s Harry Davis. Considered a weak team when it left New Zealand’s shores, the team returned unbeaten, going one better than the All Black “Originals” of 1905/06.



The poem was written by balladeer Dennis Hogan (real name Denis Alfred Hogan, 1889-1970), and is a humorous account of Nepia fictitiously fielding a beer keg, but showing the same prowess as he did fielding the oval rugby ball. In *I, George Nepia*, Nepia refers to himself as being called "Hori" by his team mates during the tour. Hogan has affectionately used his tour name of "Hori" in the poem. Nepia remains one of our greatest fullbacks, and his book *I, George Nepia*, written with TP McLean, was at the time of its publication a classic of sporting literature.

Dennis Hogan, the composer of the ballad, was born in 1889 near Frankton Junction. He led a swagger's life, working and labouring in various places like Waihi and Queensland, Australia. He was inspired to write after reading Persian poet Omar Khayyam. Hogan published two collections, *Roads That Go Up and Down* (1946) and *Billy-can Ballads* (1962). John Norton on *Songs of New Zealand* (c1967) performed Hogan's songs.

### Dennis Hogan

#### A FAMOUS FULL-BACK

We were waiting at the turn-off  
For the Pack horse with the keg,  
And filled in idle moments  
Tossing pennies round the peg;  
The peg that marks the boundary  
Of the Taranaki block,  
Though now it's lost in clover  
Since they're milking round the clock.

Splashing mud, we heard the Pack horse  
As it slithered down the hill,  
The only sound of movement  
On the mountain cool and still;  
Then as the weary packman  
Gave the lagging horse a poke,  
The barrel fell off sideways  
As the belly buckle broke.

The keg released went bounding  
Over blackened stump and log,  
And all hands gazed in horror  
As if leaping like a frog;  
Till Hori squared his shoulders  
And stiffening each leg,  
With grim determination  
Set himself to catch the keg.

We simply gazed in wonder  
As it struck him on the chest,  
Then Hori, with the barrel,  
In the titree came to rest;  
But a strange thing now had happened,  
For the keg, securely trapped,  
Lay on Hori, quite unconscious,  
With the bung up to be tapped.

There were cries of admiration  
As the two were prized apart,  
For a man of strength and courage  
Finds a place in every heart.  
So when you pass the turn-off  
On the now forgotten track,  
Give a thought to gallant Hori,  
In his day a famous Back.

(From *Billy-can Ballads* by Dennis Hogan, Auckland, 1962)

## New publication by PANZA Member: *Tony Taylor in Conversation with John Lennon*

Title: **Tony Taylor in Conversation with John Lennon**

Authors: **Tony Taylor with Michael O'Leary** [Lennon poem tribute]

ISBN 978-1-86942-153-3

Price: \$25.00

Extent: 40 pages

Format: 148mmx210mm

Publication: February 2015

Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art  
Workshop

### About the Book

Dr **A.J.W. (Tony) Taylor** is an Emeritus Professor of Psychology at Victoria University of Wellington. He was the first professor of clinical psychology in the British Commonwealth, and is the author of over 300 publications, including his memoir *Cockney Kid: the Making of an Unconventional Psychologist* (Silver Owl Press, 2006). He became interested in the mass hysteria that The Beatles

generated, and used the topic in 1964 as a class-exercise to get some facts when the 'fab-four' performed in Wellington during the eight-day tour of New Zealand.

Two interviews with Lennon he did in 1964 are in the book.

Curiosity around the 50th anniversary of the visit led him recently to search the journals for results of comparable studies that other psychologists might have made. His foray drew a blank, despite the huge social upheaval The Beatles had caused wherever they went. Disappointment encouraged him to restate the need for others to take up the study of mass-hysteria. Apart from the intrinsic value of the topic in today's manipulative world, he is still keen to validate his results with those that other researchers might obtain with fans of contemporary musical groups.

Dr **Michael O'Leary** is a poet, artist and novelist, who, in his 2014 autobiography *Die Bibel* (ESAW), discussed the effect that The Beatles and particularly John Lennon had on his own decision to become an artist in whatever form that took in his life. After gaining his PhD in literature in 2011 he worked with a number of musicians to transform his poems into songs, thus bringing his writing and artistic career full circle. O'Leary's poem tribute written after the death of Lennon concludes the book.



The Beatles at Wellington Airport during their New Zealand tour. Hill, Morris James, 1929-2002: *Negatives of Wellington*, and national events and personalities.

Ref: 1/4-071857-F. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand.  
<http://natlib.govt.nz/records/23217692>

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## Recently received donations

Stephen Oliver – pdf of poem ‘In Memoriam S S Penguin’ by W W Boyes.

Mark Young – *Hotus Potus* by Mark Young.

Phantom Bill Stickers – *Café Reader* vols. 1, 2, 3 and 5.

John Quilter, Quilters Bookshop – 300 titles.

Mark Pirie – 19 titles.

Alistair Paterson – *Hinemoa* by E.M.

Roger Evans – *Glimpses and Memories* by Wilsonville Collective.

Michael O’Leary – *Tony Taylor in Conversation with John Lennon*.

Graeme Lindsay – *When Anzac Day Comes Around: 100 Years From Gallipoli Poetry Project* a selected anthology plus the CD of all war poems found.

PANZA kindly thanks these donators to the archive.

## 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.  
**DONT 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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#### **Visits welcome by appointment**

#### **Current PANZA Members:**

Mark Pirie (HeadworX), Roger Steele (Steele Roberts Ltd), Michael O’Leary (Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop) and Niel Wright (Original Books).

**Current Friends of PANZA:** Paul Thompson, Gerrard O’Leary, Vaughan Rapatahana and the New Zealand Poetry Society.

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