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Poetry Notes

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Inside this Issue

- 1 Welcome
- Nelson Wattie on Alistair Te Ariki Campbell

- 3 Tributes to Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen

- 4 Report on the East-West Poetry Fest

- 5 Comment on Richard Berengarten

- Poetry by David Karena-Holmes

- 6 New publications by PANZA members

- 8 Donate to PANZA through PayPal

- Recently received donations

- About the Poetry Archive

PANZA
1 Woburn Road
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Wellington 6012

Quarterly Newsletter of PANZA

Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 27 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.

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>

Nelson Wattie on Alistair Te Ariki Campbell

Editor, lecturer, researcher, poet and biographer Nelson Wattie presents his launch speech (20 October 2016) from the recently published book The Collected Poems of Alistair Te Ariki Campbell (Victoria University Press)

It's a special delight for me to hold this book in my hands because I believe it will make clear for the very first time precisely why Alistair Te Ariki Campbell deserves his place in the front rank of New Zealand's creative spirits. Earlier Campbell volumes were often exquisite,

clearly produced with love, but none of them was able to present the full range and power of Alistair's poetry as this one does. That was partly due to his strange insecurity: he could never quite believe in his own work, so that he selected and deselected and also altered and rewrote poems up to the moment they went to press, and beyond. He can't do that with this book, and now we can read it through from cover to cover – a strategy I recommend – to get a wonderful overview of the shifting images and music of his words.

We've grown accustomed to seeing the older Alistair on the covers of his books, but the first thing that strikes the eye here is the fresh photograph of the poet at thirty-one, in 1956, at the time he was married to Fleur Adcock and living with her in Tinakori Road. Alistair and Fleur are the parents of one of the book's editors, Andrew Campbell, who joined with his friend Robert Sullivan, poet and expert on Pacific Island cultures, and also with the forces of VUP to produce this book. They all deserve our warmest thanks.

Now the fires of controversy have cooled. In the past some of Alistair's critics complained that he wrote too exclusively of his private affairs. The *Collected Poems* implicitly refutes that. What strikes one now is the wide variety of voices that speak in the poems. The editors have sorted them into six sections, and in each of them it is a different poetic voice that predominates. Not only that: within each section there is a chorus of voices. Sequences like "Sanctuary of Spirits", "Gallipoli" and "28 (Maori) Battalion" are deliberately designed as patterns of voices

representing various points of view. But other poems also imply a speaker, not necessarily the poet, in a difficult, amusing, romantic, loving, alien or domestic situation, each with his or her unique voice. Reading Campbell is like listening to a kaleidoscopic play of voices. What they have in common is the ineffable, mysterious, often melancholy music that is so characteristic of the poet himself.

The many human voices are joined by voices of places. Late in life, the great Irish poet, W B Yeats, claimed with satisfaction that he had given a voice to the seacliffs of his native land. Alistair has given voices to several distinct landscapes that sing to us in his poems. Most familiar to this audience, perhaps, is the Kapiti Coast. Alistair lived most of his life with Meg in a modest house at Pukerua Bay placed on a prominence like a castle. Now it is the home of their daughter, Mary, and it's inseparable from our image of the Campbell family. The poems arising from it are filled with sounds. The wind and rain that batter it are natural forces but are also filled with spirits. The great island of Kapiti is called a "Sanctuary of Spirits" and the spirits in Alistair's poems and novels deserve our attention. They are not imposed on the landscape by the poet's intellect, imagination or will. They are there as much as the calling seabirds or the sparrows that play on the lawn. Sometimes in the Campbell house a book or a vase would fall from a shelf or a door would suddenly slam although no wind was apparent. Alistair and Meg always knew which spirit had caused such an event and why. It might be an ancestor, an unborn child or the troubled spirit of someone still alive. Whoever it was, they were sending a message. Something Alistair or Meg had said or done had disturbed a spirit. Similarly, when we read of the warrior chieftain Te Rauparaha rattling at the windows of the house, we will understand that best if we respect the poet's sense that the old fighter was actually there. For my own part I can sense the spirits of Alistair and Meg here, in this space, now. They loved bookshops, and where else should they be but here where so many family members and friends are assembled?

Alistair also gave a poetic voice to the Cook Islands, where he spent his early childhood. They speak and sing through many parts of his work, but most notably perhaps in the sequence of twenty poems called "Soul Traps". In my own opinion the Soul Traps are the most beautiful poems ever written in New Zealand, but there have always been readers who find them difficult. That's an illusion. The reader may be distracted by unfamiliar names and words like Omoka, Nahe and Pauma. They can be explained, but before that you should just read the poems, preferably more than once, until the musical words sink into your mind. There they act like seeds that will grow into images within you and those images, your own personal ones, will give shape to the poems, no matter what external references are intended.

In "Elegy for Anzac Day" there is another Pacific place, Tahiti, and please let me read a brief excerpt to illustrate the way the place speaks for itself: "And now / the palm trees / crack their knuckles, / as a puff of wind / from the outgoing tide / spins and dances, / lifting droplets / of fine mist, / rises / glancing off the / creaking fronds, / collapses / in fatigue..."

I'll pass over the poems of the Southern Alps, such as "The Return" and "Elegy", because they are perhaps the most familiar. I'll just say again that we will understand them best if we realise that the land itself is speaking through the poet. Let me quote W B Yeats again: "Man can embody truth but he cannot know it." That's a poet's attitude. Although Alistair was very widely read, he always denied that he was an intellectual. The intellectual's task is to know, the poet's to embody. Before Alistair Campbell there were poets, some of them highly regarded, who wrote about New Zealand. Alistair wrote New Zealand.

I'm going to conclude by reading a poem from Central Otago. After both his parents had died, Alistair came from the Cook Islands to Dunedin. He was seven years old. He spent the rest of his childhood in an orphanage, where he often got into mischief. One of the spirits that always inhabited Alistair was Maui, and his laughter was unforgettable. At that time he depended on his siblings but

greatly missed having a family with parents. As a teenager he found a substitute family with the Robertsons at an orchard in Central Otago. He loved working in the orchard and he loved the family atmosphere. Even after coming to Wellington he spent summer weeks at the orchard and persuaded some of his friends to go down for fruit picking. Fleur Adcock once hiked down the South Island in the company of Barry Mitalfe, sleeping in barns, hay stacks and school halls. Their destination was "Alistair's" orchard and it was with Alistair that she returned.

The Otago landscape remained special for Alistair to the end of his life. Once I mentioned apple varieties that we no longer seem to see, and he launched into a joyous list of their names. It sounded like a poem. He must have named about twenty varieties of apples and I could imagine him at the orchard eating a purloined apple, with juice flowing over his chin and hands. Of course fruit trees are not native to New Zealand and for me this love of the orchard in the spectacular primeval valley with pristine mountains in view is a reminder that the land of this country is a blend of the native and the imported, just as Alistair's poetry is a blend of Polynesian and European traditions.

The short poem I'll read 'Cromwell Gorge' is set in a place that has now been flooded under an enormous hydro-electricity lake.



Tributes to Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen by Michael O'Leary



PANZA co-founder Dr Michael O'Leary contributes his poem and the above drawing (*Blonde on Blonde*) in honour of Bob Dylan, who was awarded this year's Nobel Prize for Literature, and an elegy for Leonard Cohen.

Michael O'Leary

BOB DYLAN, A VISITATION

(10/9/1998, Wellington)

With my ear to the future
And my mind to the past
Sitting twenty rows back
and up high
I could feel the real visions of Johanna

From the ancient times
When the nuns had us sing
The answer is blowing in the wind
the Jews and the Catholics
Have fought pitched battles over my
soul

And out on Highway Sixty One
Or along any lonesome railway track
The songs remain like freight cars
to be sung or shunted
Along the weary lines of a human face

Echoes of Mr. Yeats' hymn
And a thousand singsong others
Expressing in thought, word, music
like your friend, Woody
The all too familiar taste of dust and
death

Recalling the desolate row
Of houses in Margaret Street
Now either destroyed or gentrified
must we really move
Into the Ponsonby of the new, shallow
mind

Later, you entered the 'her'
Part of my life also
With a precious angel
now gone, but then
I was the man in the long black coat

From all you need is love minus zero
To being sick of love
Then, on one more night
you took us from Maggie's farm
To forever young, as a simple reminder

Now there's even talk of
Cranking up the Oldsmobile
For so long stuck inside, and
up the central plateaux
To Auckland, the Great Arsehole,
sacred

Okay, Mister Room Man
Play a song for us
Say a prayer too, as you
wing your own way
Earthbound, heavenwards soaring
beyond

For always talking the blues
To your Jews and Gypsies
All those masters of war
old Hitler, Stalin, and yes
The President of the U.S. does
sometimes stand naked

Through all the years' confusions
Of ideas and people and events
To this present listening
so many things have happened
While you just keep on singing to my
sister's alarm

I'm glad to come and see you
To tip my hat to the master's hand
With my rainy day woman
asleep on my shoulder

Times have changed so much, they've
remained the same

SO LONG LEONARD COHEN

Beginning life as a middle-class son
Comfortable in your Jewish Catholicism
Tailor-made for the family's business
You chose the more difficult artist's
path

Through the Montreal poetry scene
You played youth's favourite games
Slim volumes proffering Flowers for the
Führer:
Eichmann's normal human perversions

More polite than the gutter snipe
Rock and rollers, who said they joined
A band to get laid: young Cohen said
He played music to meet women

In the late 1960s when every belief
Came to an end: when The Beatles'
apple
Turned to pulp without the future fiction
You came along with a song from a
room

A muse, in the real sense of 'to amuse'
Someone who spoke openly about
thought
And feeling, perhaps here was a poet
Who wasn't alive a hundred years ago

Who wasn't 'beat' or rock 'n roll,
exactly
But came so far, with a Spanish guitar,
With a seductive voice and lyric to
match –
Existential, if you'll pardon the
expression

So all our Suzanne's took us all down
To our own lands of rags and feathers;
Remembering well that Chelsea Hotel,
New York and the tragic taste of
success

You went into God's Hamburger Bar in
The city of Angels, wanting nothing but
'One with Everything' . . . becoming a
Buddhist
Monk to escape the world of pain and
love

Old songs and new could not be
suppressed
So you returned to the world to bring
them,
To sing them to audiences old and new
Hallelujah, Hallelujah: from below and
above

Dancing to the end of love, you twirled
Full circle, singing so long Marianne,
by e-mail
As she lay dying, remembering Greek
Isles
Sunshine and smiles, farewell dreaming

It's now as dark as you want it, Leonard
But remember, there's always that crack
Perhaps you really have come to
understand
Now, that's where the light truly gets
in . . .

Report on the East-West Poetry Fest by Bill Sutton

EAST-WEST POETRY FEST REPORT by Bill Sutton

The East-West Poetry Fest, which took place in the Palmerston North City Library on 12-13th November 2016, was by far the largest gathering of poets ever held in the Manawatu region, with 52 poets paying \$20 each to participate, and 12 other people helping with essential tasks.

Envisaged as a mini version of the national poetry conferences currently being staged in New Zealand every second year, the Poetry Fest idea originated in the Hawke's Bay, where the Hawke's Bay Live Poets' Society has in recent years held joint meetings with several neighbouring poetry groups.

After it proved difficult for us to contact a sufficient number of active poets in the Manawatu region, it was decided to organise a larger meeting and invite poets and supporters from five neighbouring regions: Wairarapa, Hawke's Bay, Manawatu, Horowhenua

and Whanganui. As the news about this event spread, poets from Wellington and Gisborne also expressed an interest in participating, with several of them, including Mark Pirie, John Howell, Harvey Molloy and Benita Kape, being included in the final poetry fest programme.

The major programme focus was on live poetry readings. Current New Zealand Poet Laureate C K Stead from Auckland contributed a good half hour of poetry and ideas to the opening session. Then came four full poetry sessions over two days, in which 33 poets contributed 10 minutes each of their own poetry and ideas. Each of these sessions was well-attended, with a positive audience response.

The other main focus was on three chaired group discussions. Each of these included leading contributions, up to 10 minutes each, from three or more speakers with known expertise in the topic. Time was also allowed for others to contribute, but on a less formal basis. The topics chosen for the discussions were: uses of metaphor in poetry; reading and performing poetry; and ways of publishing poetry. All three discussions resulted in lively debates. Other notable aspects of the programme included a stimulating lunchtime address from Manawatu poet Tim Upperton on 'Poetry and the Price of your Soul'; a social evening with live music from the Sue Pugmire Jazz Band; and a poetry bookstall featuring 22 books of poetry written by poets attending the fest. The bookstall, which was hosted by Bruce McKenzie, of BM Booksellers, resulted in many sales, although arguably it might have been better publicised.

As the fest organiser I benefited from advice provided by a steering group, which included representatives from Horowhenua, Manawatu, Whanganui, Hawke's Bay and Wairarapa. The Palmerston North City Library staff were especially helpful and took responsibility for organising both the venue and the catering. Massey University was seen from the outset as being an important stakeholder, with Bryan Walpert, as one of the steering group members, making several

valuable suggestions as the programme was being developed.

One important feature of a large meeting like this is to have effective chairing of all the sessions. Otherwise there is zero chance of sticking to the advertised programme, as nearly every poet will take an extra few minutes of speaking time, most without knowing it! With chairing, there's no substitute for experience, as demonstrated by many of those who assisted, and with Dave Sharp and John Howell, as timekeepers assisting the chairs, leading the way. A few days after the fest, a survey form was distributed by email, with fest participants invited to rate the various activities on a 1 to 5 scale, and to include individual comments if they wished. Currently 31 replies have been received, with every part of the fest programme receiving an average rating of 4.1 or higher, except for the brief closing session, which included no poetry and received an average rating of 3.6. The highest average rating of 4.6 went to the opening session, which included C K Stead's poetry and ideas, followed by a 4.3 average rating for the three discussion sessions, 4.1 for the four poetry sessions, and 4.0 for the social event, which unfortunately was not well attended.

The fest organisation received even higher ratings, topped by an average rating of 4.9 for the registration fee (just \$20 for two days of poetry and discussion, including full catering for morning and afternoon teas, the Saturday lunch, and the social event), followed by 4.7 for the communications, 4.6 for the catering, 4.1 for the venue and an overall rating of 4.4 for the fest as a whole.

The individual comments, which were far too numerous, and in some cases too controversial, to be included here, made fascinating reading for me personally, and are certain to influence the organisation of future poetry events. One very clear message was the importance of keeping background noise levels to a minimum when live poetry is being read. This was not always achieved in the Palmerston North City Library, which prides itself on being a venue for open involvement by the wider community including children.

Poetry by David Karena-Holmes

David Karena-Holmes, once noted by James K Baxter in the late 1960s, features in the latest issue of PANZA archivist Mark Pirie's journal *broadsheet: new new zealand poetry*, November 2016. Here are two of David's poems from the issue.

BESIDE THE RESERVOIR

(At Ross Creek)

Twenty years ago I swung
on strands of the supplejack

that tangles in sombre bush
beside this reservoir's black,

brooding water. Now time sits
heavily on me; is not

to be unloaded... Grim clouds
gather. Twenty years - and what

have I learnt? The secretive
depths of the reservoir hold

no hint of compromise. Leaves
whisper hoarsely in the cold

gusts of rising wind. I feel
my flesh gripped by a dark stain,

and watch the reservoir's eye
blur with cataracts of rain.

A STAR IN SPACE

"Mental things alone are real...
One thought fills immensity."
– William Blake

Years ago a star
sent out this beam of light
now captured by our sight,
sent it from afar,

sent it from a place
across a gulf of space
so vast that human thought
seems almost set at nought.

Another point that came through clearly in the individual comments was the wide diversity of opinions about how future poetry events ought to be run. It is evident that one strong current of opinion, based in the English Departments of our universities but not confined to them, favours an 'elitist' approach in which only a few poets would be invited to contribute to the poetry sessions. The rest would presumably only be invited along to make up the numbers.

A second quite different current of opinion, based in regional groups like the Hawke's Bay Live Poets' Society and the Horowhenua Writers' Group, but not confined to them, appreciates hearing from a wide diversity of voices and styles. I was especially taken by one comment made aloud, near the end of the poetry fest, when a woman said "For the first time, here today, I realised that I'm not on my own, I'm actually part of a community of poets."

Here perhaps I should share my own opinion, formed over the last three decades: the most important motivation, for poets to attend poetry events, is to have the chance to read their own poems to an appreciative audience.

Bill Sutton is the East-West Poetry Fest organizer. His new book, Billy Sutton: A Life, was published this year.

Comment on Richard Berengarten

A NOTE ON NOTNESS BY NIEL WRIGHT

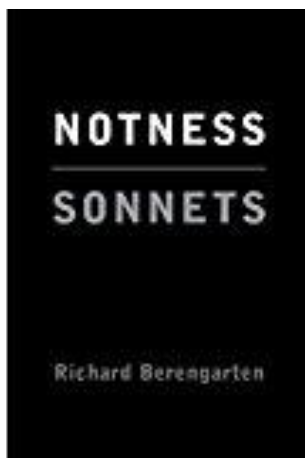
Richard Berengarten is like John Donne in loading his traditional rhymed sonnets, and his performance is impressive. Berengarten has been writing sonnets for 50 years, so it is not a flash in the pan of his poems, but a consistent and long lasting manner. I have no doubt that we can talk about neoformalism in English poetry since 1950. One expression of it is what has been called New Formalism among American poets. I see my own poetry as neoformalism, also Cameron La

Follette's, and certainly also Berengarten's *Notness* sonnets (Shearsman Books 2015).

I do not know of anyone writing sonnets nowadays like Berengarten's though sonnets are widely written nowadays by neoformalists. So I see Berengarten's sonnets as both unique and remarkable in terms of technique.

I have suggested that Donne was the model of Berengarten's mode of sonnets, but this is true only for 'Batter my Heart'. But that is Donne's best known and most powerful sonnet and so enough to influence a receptive mind. However the personality of the *Notness* sonnets is already on show in 'Fall on my Heels' which Berengarten dates 1967 when he was aged 23-4.

I think it is fair to say that in my case as a young man, as in Berengarten's, a sense of time as the antagonist was a motivator to poetry such as I have written by way of memorial to our days. I understand Berengarten's concern for the now-ness of things but the intense passion he brings to the matter is extraordinary and significant as such. Berengarten achieves this intense passion by setting time against things, as Spenser also does eg in 'The Ruins of Time'.



Editor's note: Richard Berengarten, known to New Zealand poetry readers, is a distinguished UK poet, who serially published his recent book sequence *Manual* as mini booklets through the publisher Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop (Michael O'Leary/B E Turner) in Paekakariki, New Zealand.

Spring 2016

But space itself, it's clear,
is present everywhere –
and therefore vaster than
the view of any man,
restricted in his sight
to particles of light.

How can we comprehend
this space without an end?

Perhaps we can't – but this
reveals the mind's abyss:
for all we know we know
is made of mind, and so
we may contend at last
that, though vast we find
the universe, the mind,
even of the blind,
must be just as vast.

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new new zealand poetry RRP\$10.00



FEATURING THE POETRY OF DAVID KARENA-HOLMES
NICK ASCROFT TONY BEYER KAY MCKENZIE COOKE
DAVID EGGLETON BRENTLEY FRAZER ROB HACK
HUGH ISDALE DAVID KARENA-HOLMES PETER OLDS
MARK PIRIE BLAIR REEVE RICHARD REEVE
NICHOLAS REID MICHAEL STEVEN MARYJANE THOMSON



November 2016

New publications by PANZA members

Title: *Die Bibel: Being the Authoritative
History of Dr Michael John O'Leary,
Earl of Seacliff*

Author: **Michael O'Leary**

Price: \$34.99

Publication: July 2016

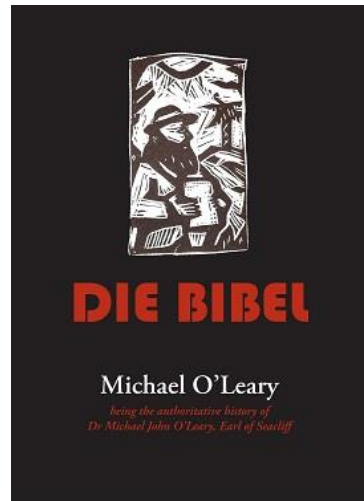
Publisher: Steele Roberts Ltd

About the Book

Die Bibel is the harrowing/entertaining/
inspiring chronicle of a singular
bohemian journey in Aotearoa New
Zealand. Anecdotes about Baxter,
Tuwhare and a vivid array of other
writers, artists, musicians, friends and
lovers season the story of a man who
has overcome considerable obstacles to
fulfil his creative destiny and cultivate
his distinctive lifestyle.

As long ago as 1998 the *Oxford
Companion to New Zealand Literature*
described Michael O'Leary as a
publisher, poet, novelist, performer and
bookseller who has made a colourful
contribution to the literary scene. His
Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop imprint
has published around 170 books — his
own prolific output (the *Companion*
noted that Michael's own prose owes
something to Joyce and Beckett) and
many other writers, alternative and
mainstream.

In recent years Michael has completed
masters and doctoral studies in New
Zealand publishing and literature, and
has continued to write, publish and sell
books from his seaside earldom at
Paekakariki. *Die Bibel* includes a
generous selection of Michael's poems,
which express his feelings and pay
tribute to extraordinary people and
events in his life.



About the Author

Michael O'Leary (b. 1950) is a well
known bookshop proprietor, publisher,
novelist, poet and performer.
He is publisher for Earl of Seacliff Art
Workshop, an established independent
publisher of contemporary New Zealand
poetry and fiction.
He now lives in Paekakariki, north of
Wellington. Website:
<http://michaeloleary.wordpress.com>

Title: *Rock and Roll: Selected Poems
in Five Sets*

Author: **Mark Pirie**

ISBN 978-0-9941861-2-6

Price: \$30.00

Extent: 160 pages

Format: 108mmx174mm

Publication: September 2016

Publisher: Bareknuckle Books,
Australia



BAREKNUCKLE POETS POCKET SERIES

MARK PIRIE

ROCK & ROLL

SELECTED POEMS IN FIVE SETS



About the Book

Mark Pirie is one of the most important
New Zealand poets and editors of his
generation, Bareknuckle Poets present
this selection of daring and innovative
work from his prolific output.

Rock & Roll features poems selected
from 1992 to 2016 in the form of five

set lists: *Rock & Roll* (music poems); *Special FX* (film/TV poems); *Good Luck Bar* (love poems); *Sidelights* (sporting poems); and *Postcards* (Australian poets/poems).

About the Author

Mark Pirie was born in Wellington, New Zealand, in 1974. He is a poet, fiction writer, literary critic, publisher, editor and anthologist. His poems and critical essays have been widely published internationally and he is represented in major anthologies of New Zealand poetry such as *Essential New Zealand Poems*. As a publisher (HeadworX), he has published more than 60 titles of New Zealand and Australian poetry. He currently edits *broadsheet: new new zealand poetry*.

Title: *Songs of the City*
 Author: **MaryJane Thomson**
 ISBN 978-0-473-36566-0
 Price: \$30.00
 Extent: 86 pages
 Format: 148mmx210mm
 Publication: September 2016
 Publisher: HeadworX

About the Book

The poems in MaryJane Thomson’s third collection, *Songs of the City*, continue to develop her highly original poetic since her first two collections *Fallen Grace* and *Lonely Earth* announced the arrival of an exciting new talent in New Zealand poetry. *Songs of the City* features a mix of longer and shorter poems grouped by thematic links: *Finding Your Light* (Big Issue poems), *Watch* (faith and spiritual poems), *Funny Sun Kissed Fantasy* (love poems) and *Conversations and Songs* (music and letter poems). *Songs of the City* ranges over contemporary issues and offers a generational assessment of a technologically driven world. With soul, energy and a probing mind, Thomson’s is an alert and urgent voice.



Comment on Thomson’s collection:

“MaryJane Thomson has a raw unorthodox voice. You mightn’t agree with everything she says in her poems but she certainly demands attention and makes the reader think. She is outspoken and direct and her poems range widely through contemporary life.” – Fiona Kidman

About the Author

MaryJane Thomson, a Wellington writer, artist and photographer, is the author of the memoir *Sarah Vaughan is Not my Mother* (Awa Press, 2013), the poetry sequence *Fallen Grace* (HeadworX/The Night Press, 2014) and the full-length collection *Lonely Earth* (HeadworX, 2015). Her poetry is featured in *Outcryer* (USA) and has appeared in *Black Mail Press*, *Valley Micropress*, *broadsheet*, and other places.

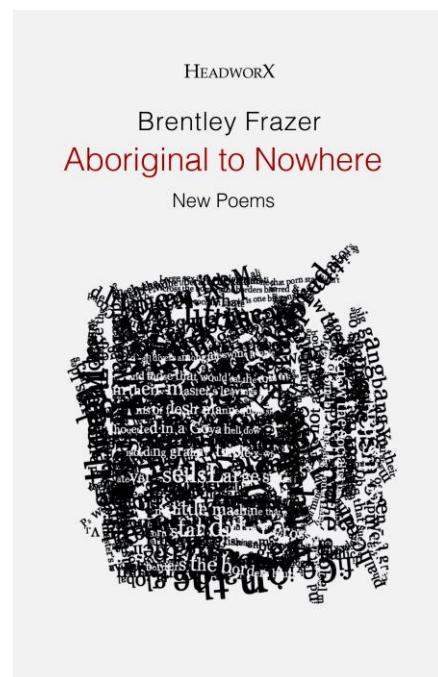
Title: *Aboriginal to Nowhere*
 Author: **Brentley Frazer**
 ISBN 978-0-473-36567-7
 Price: \$25.00
 Extent: 90 pages
 Format: 140mmx211mm
 Publication: August 2016
 Publisher: HeadworX

About the Book

This new collection from a widely admired Australian poet of his generation, combines major new sequences with shorter lyrical, concrete and prose poems, and gives a generational sense of what it means to be an urban Australian looking into the future. A 21st century apocalyptic howl from the cities: Aboriginal to nowhere.

About the Author

Brentley Frazer is a contemporary Australian author. He holds a MA (writing) from James Cook University and will complete a Ph.D. (creative writing) from Griffith University in 2016. His poems have been published in numerous international magazines, journals, newspapers, anthologies and other periodicals since 1992. He is the author of *Scoundrel Days*, a nonfiction novel (University of Queensland Press forthcoming 2017) and five books of poetry.



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.

Mark Young – *The Chorus of the Sphinxes* by Mark Young.

Keith Nunes – *catching a ride on a paradox* by Keith Nunes.

Bill Sutton – *Billy Button: A Life* by Bill Sutton.

Niel Wright – 6 titles.

Laurice Gilbert – *Penguin Days* 2016 NZPS annual anthology.

Printable Reality – 2 titles from Printable Reality, including *Allowed and Aloud: Selected Poems* by Gus Simonovic.

Mark Pirie – 10 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.
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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Dr Michael O’Leary - Archivist
(04) 905 7978
email: pukapuka@paradise.net.nz

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.

PANZA is a registered charitable trust