

•  
•  
•

# Poetry Notes

---

Winter 2016  
Volume 7, Issue 2

ISSN 1179-7681

---

## Inside this Issue

- 1 Welcome
- Michael Duffett on  
K O Arvidson
- 2 In Memoriam: Rore  
Hapiti/Rowley Habib
- 3 Classic New Zealand  
poetry by Mina Graham  
Leask (1850-1929)
- 6 National Poetry Day  
poem
- 7 Comment on Karl  
Wolfskehl
- 8 Poetry by Vaughan  
Gunson
- Donate to PANZA through  
PayPal
- 9 Recently received  
donations
- About the Poetry Archive

PANZA  
1 Woburn Road  
Northland  
Wellington 6012

## Quarterly Newsletter of PANZA

### Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 26 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>

### Michael Duffett on K O Arvidson

*American-based Professor Michael Duffett recalls the late New Zealand poet and academic K O Arvidson, in a second instalment of his reminiscences on New Zealand and its writers.*

I first came across K O Arvidson on paper in Vincent O'Sullivan's *An Anthology of Twentieth Century New Zealand Poetry* (Oxford) and he did not become anything more (or less) than his formal initials even on my visit to New Zealand in 1979. K O Arvidson did not become Ken until long after I left New Zealand. I met him in Hawaii and it was he who once said to me about our time

(and Michael Ondaatje's and Galway Kinnell's and Reuel Denny's) together, "They were great days, weren't they, Mike?" He was referring to our weekly meetings in the East-West Center in Honolulu to which we were all, some more formally than others, attached. I had been invited there by Guy Amirthanayagam whom I had invited the year before (1978) to Tokyo where I was teaching. He reciprocated my invitation (as did Frank McKay to New Zealand) by an invitation to give a paper ("Culture Learning through Literature Learning: with the Arabs and the Japanese") in the Culture Learning Institute of the East-West Center. I decided to make a permanent move to the tropical islands. While I was there, "K O" became Ken. We both read our poems at the weekly meetings and so distinguished were the participants that I hit upon the idea of putting together an anthology. I begged some money from a few prominent business people, threw in a few dollars of my own and the result ("Poetry East and West", East-West Center, Honolulu, 1981) was a handsome volume with a cover design consisting of a Western pen and an Oriental writing brush. It sits on my shelves to this day.

Ken was clearly going through some kind of emotional turmoil and like all good poets, he turned it into some profound verse signed Kenneth Arvidson:

#### THERE WAS A DAY

There was a day. There was a day  
I gave her daffodils. That  
was an August day, and I who gave  
took beauty. She is older now,

but her age for me is still of that fine  
 spring.  
 I do her injustices with daffodils  
 to keep it that way. Light of the blooms,  
 susurrus of their almost  
 paper trumpets,  
 wince of fingers folding  
 the florist's waxed bedeckings;  
 memory,  
 fugue,  
 effigy;  
 memory only,  
 fugue in manuscript only,  
 effigy only,  
 these she knows;  
 the memory of what was possible  
 weighted down  
 crushed corns of conversation, the  
 prothalamium  
 scored on a priceless vellum silent.  
 Silence.  
 Daffodils. White limbs in the moon.  
 Pavan.  
 I do her injustices.  
 There was an August day.  
 She is older now.

**THE KISS**

Following Villon you write  
 'the rain falls in my heart...'  
 You don't mean it sadly.  
 What you do see falling is snow,  
 the Boulevard St Germain in point of  
 snow,  
 you rejoice. And I recall Klimt's "Kiss",  
 the Apollo bloke in the cape too big for  
 him,  
 gold and cavernous, scrolled; an  
 emptiness implied? The lady doesn't  
 mind.  
 She kneels against him, and her feet  
 so finely veined and cold outreach  
 the bloke's capaciousness. She's much  
 involved.  
 She has her feet in a kind of void  
 beneath the flowers.  
 The flowers cannot be named. Nemesis  
 perhaps.  
 They're her milieu. They're in her hair.  
 But in such point of flowers like that of  
 snow,  
 her cold feet are the main thing;  
 that, and the kiss she gives. She knows?  
 For in that kiss  
 the rain falls over cities truly, hanged  
 Villon.

How strange you should cite him,  
 watching snow,  
 you, with such inimitable feet,  
 you, your kiss.

**THREE TENTS**

I have built three tents, for her, and her,  
 and her  
 and this in part is why; not just that we  
 concur  
 in love, though that we do, and though  
 we're forest trees  
 flung tangled together by strong winds;  
 realer reasons are these:

one, for the tears she's shed, alone in  
 the garden at night,  
 and that being so very long, so void of  
 light  
 not even the kowhai-bells could strike  
 with tendering kiss;  
 and all her cry was God, oh God,  
 unburden me of this!

The second, for her with loving patience  
 enough to bear  
 for years the wooden beams of wanting,  
 fearing the air  
 of age might chill, and darken, and  
 music discompose;  
 but bearing, refuting that last light, the  
 disappearing rose.

And third for her whose illumination of  
 soul might well have made peaceful  
 that garden of darkness, releasing the  
 kowhai-bell  
 and may do yet; whose sureness of  
 strength would spin the Cross  
 to a mandala, new rose, madrigal; and  
 nothing at all  
 nothing at all of loss.

Kenneth Arvidson

I was simultaneously pained by his  
 distress and moved by his verses and I  
 recorded this in the following sonnet:

**A SONNET TO K.O.A.**

In your poems I recognize passion,  
 Dwelt upon, released, think: how to  
 make, shape  
 Fragments that form, how to enfold,  
 fashion

Flashes, sparks, streams that ennoble the  
 ape?  
 Ask: do we wait, wait for a myth or a  
 form  
 Or speak, speak, let silence not suit us,  
 Let, like water undisturbed by a storm  
 Fall, gouging rock? Strings are fretted  
 by lutes.  
 But questions abound; the work must be  
 done.  
 Silence cannot solve passion's pressure  
 Or voices, untuned, the pressed  
 fingertips  
 On the lute's stringless frame, tell of  
 none  
 Of those fragments of pain or of  
 pleasure.  
 Of this be sure: a smile needs only lips.

*Michael Duffett was born in war-time London, educated at Cambridge, and has been a poet and professor all over the world. He is currently Associate Professor of English at San Joaquin Delta College in California.*



Michael Duffett by Debra Duffett

**In Memoriam: Rore Hapiti/Rowley Habib**

**EULOGY FOR ROWLEY HABIB by Dr Michael O'Leary**

Just over a month ago a group of mainly Māori and Pacific Island writers and other friends who couldn't attend his tangi gathered together at a hotel in Wellington to honour the life of one of New Zealand's more enigmatic literary figures. Rowley Habib, (Rore Hapipi was his Māori name) who died on April

3rd, 2016 aged 83, grew up in the one-time timber settlement of Oruanui, near Taupō. He was the youngest son of a Lebanese father and a Māori mother of Tuwharetoa. Rowley began writing thanks to encouragement received at the Māori boarding school Te Aute College he attended. As with his friend and fellow writer, Hone Tuwhare, he followed the adage to always ‘write about things and people I knew personally’. After leaving teachers’ college, he spent time moving around the country gaining inspiration from the people he met working in timber mills, freezing works and hydroelectric dams. The first of many of Rowley’s short stories, poems and articles began appearing in *Te Ao Hou*, a quarterly published by the Māori Affairs Department, where Bruce Mason suggested he become a playwright. Rowley had met Don Selwyn at teachers’ college and when Selwyn got involved with the Māori Theatre Trust in the 60s, Rowley began coming along to rehearsals. He encouraged Selwyn to direct, weary of watching Pākehā directors telling Māori actors how to play Māori. Around 1976, keen to see more Māori stories on stage, Rowley plunged in the deep end by founding theatre group Te Ika a Māui Players. His play *Death of the Land* resulted – a courtroom drama about whether a block of Māori ancestral land should be sold, dramatising injustices over Māori land which he had debated while taking part in the legendary 1975 Māori Land March. *Death of the Land’s* television adaptation couldn’t have been more timely, as old tensions over stolen and occupied lands were reigniting. In the months before it screened in August 1978, Raglan golf course was occupied by protestors (Rowley was one of those arrested), and over 200 people were arrested at Bastion Point. Rowley wrote, in 1979, the first Māori original drama specifically for television, *The Gathering*, which explored tensions around an elderly woman’s tangi. Rowley Habib went on to write and otherwise be involved in much of the ground-breaking involvement that Māori writers had for television and live theatre. Many of his protégés and colleagues were present at

the gathering in the Cambridge Terrace Hotel, organised by poet, Roma Potiki. Several people spoke of Rowley’s inspiration to them as young students and artists, as did his contemporaries, Jim Moriarty and Riwia Brown. One particularly moving tribute came from Toby McAuslan who had known Rowley for 50 years. Toby and his wife Rose, who was also present at the gathering, was driving buses in London when Rowley stayed with them in 1984 for several months during the time he was on the Katherine Mansfield Fellowship. As well as writing for theatre Rowley Habib was also an accomplished poet and essayist. In 2013 Rowley was honoured for his lifelong contribution to Māori Arts at the annual Te Waka Toi awards.

Nō reira, moe mai e te rangatira, moe mai: haere, haere, haere

(Source used: NZ On Screen website)



Photo: A young Rowley Habib, *Te Ao Hou* – No. 47 (June 1964)

## Classic New Zealand poetry

This issue we feature some poems by Mina Graham Leask.

Rowan Gibbs has provided biographical details for Leask.

Mina Graham Leask was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on June 27th 1850, first child of James Leask, a merchant, and his wife Isabella.

The family settled in Adelaide in 1880 where Mina attended university and became a language teacher. In 1900 she moved to Gore in New Zealand with her mother, who died in 1906, and later to Dunedin and finally Wellington, where she died, unmarried, on 23 August 1929.

A brief obituary in the *Otago Daily Times* (30 Aug. 1929) describes her as a teacher of English, French and German and a talented pianist, and says she was a native of the Orkneys, but that is incorrect.

She published many poems in Australasian newspapers, and a booklet of verse, *Pictures in Print*, Gore, 1922.

### Poems by Mina Graham Leask

#### LINES ON MILLAIS’ PICTURE. “THE HUGUENOTS.”

Before me hangs a picture  
Which speaks unto my heart,  
Which thrills the blood within my veins  
And make the bright tears start,  
It lifts the dark veil from the past  
To bring to present view,  
The troublous times, the awful day  
Of Saint Bartholomew.

In garden old, a woman fair,  
By dusky evening light,  
Unto her lover true and brave,  
Bids lingering, sad good-night.  
Her trembling fingers strive to tie  
Around his stalwart arm,  
The silken badge she fondly hopes,  
Will shield him from all harm.

He from his manly height looks down,  
On unturned face so fair;  
Upon the sweet and quivering lips,  
Which ask from him a prayer.  
To wear the badge she had prepared  
With many a loving wile,  
His only answer to her plea,  
Is grave yet tender smile.

‘Not so my own, life were not worth,  
Bought thus by recreant lie,  
Truth is too precious still to sell,  
T’were better far to die.’  
No need for more at such a time,  
When eye speaks unto eye,  
There’s eloquence in silence mute,  
There’s language in a sigh.

How wondrous then the power of art,  
To make the dead past live;  
To things inanimate and still,  
A seeming life to give.  
Writing with brush instead of pen,  
On brightly tinted page;  
That men may read at present time,  
Tales of a bye-gone age.

*(The Christian Colonist (Adelaide),  
25 September 1891)*

**“LOVE AND DEATH.”  
WATT’S ALLEGORICAL  
PICTURE.**

Behold the “House of Life” with  
doorway bright,  
Entwined with sunlit roses, red and  
white;  
Embowered in beauty stands the portal  
wide,  
As if to promise welcome warm inside;  
A radiant Love upon the threshold  
stands  
Amidst the flowers he tends with gentle  
hands;  
A boyish figure, with an angel face,  
With shining wings and form of slender  
grace.

And all seems bright, till, shades of  
darkness fall,  
Then soon a mighty shadow like a pall  
Takes form, and “Death the Conqueror”  
appears,  
And trembling Love opposes first, then  
fears;  
He fears the uplifted arm raised in  
command,  
And dreads the touch of that half-hidden  
hand;  
Love looks not higher than the Victor’s  
knees  
The pity in Death’s eyes he never sees.

In fury passionate, he strives in vain  
To drive the mighty presence back  
again,  
But reels and staggers in unequal strife,  
And knows not Death is but the gate of  
life.  
“O enter not, Omnipotent,” he pleads,  
But Death replies not; his, not words but  
deeds.  
His mystic presence overshadows Love,  
Upon the flower-strewn step doth  
mourn the turtle-dove.

The rainbow wings of Love no longer  
gleam,  
The roses red, now dull and blighted  
seem,  
When Death, resistless, passes through  
the door  
With heavy step, then silence, all is  
o’er.  
Love’s baffled anger leaves him stunned  
and blind  
He fails to see the light that dawns  
behind,  
Omen of Hope and blest serenity  
Which Death but seals for all eternity.

*(Mataura Ensign, 3 December 1910)*

**CONSTANCY.  
LINES ON SADLER’S PICTURE.**

God loves a garden, thus he gave  
When Time was young, a garden fair  
To Adam and to beauteous Eve  
Therein to dwell, a happy pair.  
And ere since then, when poets paint  
The loveliness of mortal face,  
They cull bright colors from the  
flowers,  
And mould fresh forms from Nature’s  
grace.

The rose becomes a soft curved cheek,  
The violet sweet an eye of blue,  
The straight, tall trees stand for the type  
Of manly strength and beauty too.  
From Eden old to England fair  
Bespeaks a long and distant flight,  
Yet in a moment’s fancy wafts  
Our thoughts to English garden bright.

’Tis early morn, the diamond dew  
Still gems the flowers of spring-tide  
gay,  
A little lad and lassie small  
Are laughing lightly in their play.  
Her curls are gold, his dark as night,  
On faces fair no shadows fall,  
But though the boy runs to and fro  
’Tis aye the maid that keeps the ball.

Like some brave knight in miniature,  
He yields unselfish service true,  
Well paid, if but his lady smile  
From sparkling eyes of azure hue.  
The years fly by, yet lovelier still  
The nurtured garden ever grows,  
Now summer reigns in gold and green,  
Her sceptre fair the radiant rose.

And boy and girl, now man and maid,  
In flower-decked nook sit side by side  
On hope’s moon tide they gently float,  
The bridegroom, and his lovely bride.  
And he is still the lover true,  
Still constant as the polar star,  
Though nearer homage he now pays  
Where once he worshipped her afar.

The years roll on, ’tis autumn now,  
And eventide in garden gay,  
Where vivid tints proclaim that soon  
Sweet flowers must fade and leaves  
decay.  
And slowly down the oft-trod path  
An aged couple gently pace,  
He gallant as of old, and she  
Still lovely with a lingering grace.

His arm supports her, while she culls,  
With tender smile, the blossoms fair,  
And leaning on his ebon staff  
He doth the fragrant basket bear.  
Snow-drifts of time are on their locks,  
Dimmed are the radiant eyes of yore.  
Night’s shadow soon o’er both must fall  
But Love will last till life be o’er.

*(Mataura Ensign, 5 June 1911)*

**“JAMIE’S RETURN.”  
[“Auld Robin Gray.”]**

A trim-rigged ship, with sails all set,  
A sheltered Scottish port to gain,  
Moved like a stately bird across  
The foam-flecked azure of the main.  
Long absent in wide Orient seas,  
But now so swiftly nearing home,  
Her sailors long for touch of land  
Ere taking flight again to roam.

But one among the merry crew,  
A handsome, stalwart mountain lad,  
Withdrew from jovial jest and song,  
Silent, although his heart was glad,  
And in a quiet nook drew forth  
With eager hand a likeness dim,  
A sorry thing of art, and yet  
A priceless gem it was to him.

The face of her he truly loved—  
His boyhood’s mate, his manhood’s  
pride,  
His modest, dainty heather-bell,  
So soon to be his bonnie bride.  
And as he gazed a passing cloud  
Between him and the sunshine came,

Its shadow fell upon her face;  
He felt vague dread he could not  
name.

But frowning at his foolish fears  
He smiled into the pictured eyes—  
Those eyes that ever held for him  
Reflections from celestial skies.  
He feels in dreamland dear her cheek,  
Rose-petalled, pressed against his  
own,  
And hears her welcome greeting warm  
In soft voice tuned to sweetest tone.

The morrow finds him in the glen  
Close to the well-remembered door;  
He smells the odor of live peat  
With blossoms mingling as of yore;  
Pale peonies and roses pink,  
Lad's love with aromatic scent,  
Wild thyme and tufted mignonette,  
All in one subtle fragrance blent.

But strangely silent is the place,  
No girlish laughter gaily trills,  
No lark-like voice is raised in song,  
In old-time lilt of dales and hills.  
Upon the timeworn bench he lays  
His knotted bundle quickly down.  
Through latticed casement first he  
peeps,  
Then gently knocks, with puzzled  
frown.

Softly the door is opened wide;  
Is all beneath a magic spell?  
For on the threshold there appears  
But the pale ghost of bonnie Bell.  
The beauty of her youth is dimmed,  
Though still she is a maid most fair,  
And round her forehead white still  
twine  
The tendrils of her chestnut hair.

The faithful collie, friend of yore,  
Looks at the pair with wistful eye  
As if he fain would speak his love  
And not stand still and silent by.  
Her story sad her lover learns,  
Her story—ah, you know it well!  
'Twas but the irony of fate,  
But bitter more than tongue can tell.

One hand close clasped in hers, he leans  
His head upon the lintel old,  
With arm across despairing eyes  
As if his grief he would enfold;

Then calling manhood's strength to aid  
Erect and brave the lover stands;  
With heart-wrung words of pitying love  
He holds her face between his hands.

A passionate kiss upon her lips,  
But only one, then long farewell,  
They knew that on their happy love  
A cruel fate had rung the knell;  
For loyal still, they both disdained  
Dishonor's breath e'en in despair.  
We pray that heaven sent to them  
Late aftermath of autumn fair.

(*Mataura Ensign*, 31 July 1911)

### THE CHILD HANDEL.

One winter eve, in days now long gone  
by,  
O'er quaint old German town the moon  
hung high,  
O'er dwellings peaked, that lined the  
busy street  
By night so silent freed from aching  
echoing feet.

Here stood a house with walls so thick  
and strong,  
Not built for fleeting years but centuries  
long,  
With cellar cool, and sloping attic too,  
Whose contents year by year more  
varied grew.

Here lay a cradle, faded finery here,  
There time-stained books 'midst disused  
household gear,  
But where the moonbeams through the  
casement fall  
An ancient spinnet stood beside the  
wall.

To attic banished by the owner stern,  
Lest his young son the secret spell  
might learn  
To free sweet tones imprisoned in those  
keys,  
And by his genius both astound and  
please.

'Twas law his father meant, not art,  
should claim  
The future of his boy and bring him  
fame,  
And feared his long-laid plans might be  
o'er thrown  
By the deep love for music early shown.

For oft he saw the child mount on a  
chair  
His mother's lute to reach with fingers  
fair,  
With smile seraphic as he touched the  
strings,  
While sheer delight gave to his fancy  
wings.

Thus music there was hushed by strict  
command,  
But hark! at eventide some unseen hand  
Evoking melodies distinct though faint,  
The wonder of the listeners who can  
paint?

The maids tell of a ghost they heard  
before,  
All hurrying mount steep stairs to seek  
the door  
Led by the sounds until the lantern  
bright  
Dispels the beauty of the pale  
moonlight.

But at the spinnet shows a figure clad  
In bed-gown white a lovely little lad,  
Whose fingers o'er the keys did lightly  
stray,  
But yet produced unerring harmony.

"O, be not angry, father mine," he cries,  
And raises to his sire imploring eyes,  
"To me the fairies sing and I must play,  
Oh, take not now my music dear away."

The winsome mother looked upon her  
son;  
With loving pride she knew his cause  
was won;  
She read consent upon her husband's  
face,  
And happiness to beauty added grace.

She ran to chafe the child's cold finger  
tips,  
And kissed each dimple with adoring  
lips,  
She knew not in the years to come that  
hand  
Should frame the "Hallelujah Chorus"  
grand.

She knew not Heaven-sent voices oft  
would sing  
Her son's sweet solos and his praises  
ring,

Nor that upon the wide-spread flag of fame  
No scroll should brighter shine than Handel's name.

(*Mataura Ensign*, 12 December 1913)

**“ERIC.”**  
**“KILLED IN ACTION.”**

Fighting for Empire and for King he fell  
Somewhere in France, but where we cannot tell;  
Just “Killed in action,” so the message read  
Which bowed our hearts in sorrow for our dead.  
He was so young to die—a little more  
Than decades twain of blameless youth were o'er  
When he responded to his country's call,  
And for the Right he gladly gave his all.

Like many another gallant lad, he sailed  
As simple trooper, though his rights entailed  
A post as chaplain, yet he scorned to wait,  
Delay he brooked not, fearing to be late;  
Not that he loved to fight, though he excelled  
In manly sports, grim war his heart repelled;  
Yet death he faced with comrades prompt and brave,  
From seething surf dear human life to save.

Of priceless gifts possessed of head and heart,  
With high resolve he chose the nobler part;  
Fair fame he might have won by fluent pen,  
He chose instead to minister to men.  
And many a kindly, helpful word he spoke,  
And thoughtless souls to higher things awoke.  
Thus when his comrades saw his calm, dead face  
No soldier brave thought tear-dimmed eyes disgrace.

He rests in peace; 'neath friendly alien skies  
Far from his sunny southern home he lies;  
No wattle drops o'er him her golden rain,  
But round him, silent, sleep the martyred slain.  
His life he gave for loyalty and love,  
Reward is his in that bright land above  
Where is no war, though songs of victory swell  
In praise of Him he served on earth so well.

(*Bruce Herald*, 23 October 1916)

**“LEST WE FORGET.”**

A likeness hangs upon a myriad walls,  
In lowly cots, fair homes, and noble halls,  
In varied climes on both sides of the line  
Those faces in their youthful beauty shine.

The toll of war, they never older grew,  
They smile still as the boys and lads we knew,  
Or steadfast look at things beyond our ken,  
The boys whom war had quickly turned to men.

And women's hearts oft worship at the shrine  
Of humble “photo” or of picture fine,  
Their gaze grows dim to meet those well-loved eyes  
The patriot's eyes who for his country dies.

Sons, husbands, brothers, lovers brave and true,  
They smile today just as they used to do,  
Their sacrifice supreme forget it not,  
For all time it must not be forgot.

(*The Register* (Adelaide), 25 April 1923)

# National Poetry Day poem

PANZA celebrates this year's National Poetry Day, 26 August 2016, with verses by a Samoan-New Zealand poet Sefulu Ioane, a Hamilton teacher of the 1970s.

Sefulu interestingly goes by the same surname as the well-known Auckland rugby brothers Reiko and Akira, two All Blacks Sevens players at this year's Olympics in Rio.

It's not known, however, whether there is a family connection between the three men.

Sefulu's poem is a remarkable tribute to a deceased former Labour Prime Minister Norman Kirk (1923-1974), and breaks through the boundaries of politics, race and culture with poignancy and ease.



Prime Minister Norman Kirk. Macfarlane, Ian: *Negatives of Graham Bagnall and Norman Kirk*. Ref: 35mm-00277-b-F. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand.

<http://natlib.govt.nz/records/22910147>

Perhaps one of the books missing in New Zealand's poetry history is a reliable anthology of well rendered portraits of, and tributes to, politicians and including poems by poet-politicians themselves.



In the 19th century and early 20th century such poet-politicians/statesmen were the norm in New Zealand, e.g. Alfred Domett and William Pember Reeves.

Nowadays they are not so common but current Labour Opposition leader Andrew Little has delivered a poem in the House (republished in Tony Chad's poetry magazine *Valley Micropress*). More standard are political lampoons, protests and satirical attacks on politicians and their particular policies and taxes affecting the everyday life of Kiwis.

Former Prime Minister David Lange's first wife Naomi published poetry (*Itineraries*, 1990), and Lange's education aide Harvey McQueen wrote the sequence *Beehive*. More recently former Labour MP Bill Sutton has written and published poetry. His second book *Billy Button: A Life* was published this year by the HB Poetry Press.

Ioane's poem is a memorable portrait in contrast to the usual political satires that have become well-known via newspapers.

The poem appeared in Norman Simms' edition of the small magazine *Cave*, which he took over from the late Trevor Reeves, of Caveman Press. *Cave* became *The New Quarterly Cave* then *Pacific Quarterly Moana* then *Rimu* and later *Cross Current*.

## TRIBUTE TO NORMAN KIRK

### Poem adapted from the Original Samoan by Sefulu Ioane

I  
They've lowered the balloon at Mururoa  
Its airy splendor withers in quiet  
dissipation.  
Nuclear fury now wallows  
underground;  
Formidable wild boar of our age,  
Tameless snorting sends tremors  
To the dark confusion of the  
subterranean world.  
In the brief hours of sunshine  
The fisherman lays his net.

II  
Once more, the star-fish are free  
Dancing to the tango of sensuous  
rhythm,

In tune with the music of the night:  
Tumultuous revelry in that twinkling  
paradise.  
The Octopus is wise and a sitting  
majesty  
Master of ancient ceremonies;  
Its ritual, so clever  
Was nearly forgotten.

III  
Upon the reef, our mother, the sea  
smiles;  
Her snowy hair befits her age.  
Carefree children, gathering shell-fish;  
Their hearts are gay, like their ancestors  
of yester-years.  
Tomorrow is another day  
But are now singing in the moonlight  
And Trade winds bring showers  
Of Clean, sparkling water.

IV  
They say the Big Man, with the beating  
heart  
And his friends, brought the balloon  
down.  
Fearlessly that note resounded across  
the Sea,  
Summoning warriors to the defence of  
Peace.  
Was it madness or mere adventure,  
Buzzing of the bee that the elephant  
should care?  
Must the Sandpiper cry all day  
Till its voice is heard?  
I think not, but time will tell.

V  
Yachtsman shared the sea with their  
Maori brother,  
Faithful sisters, Waikato and Otago,  
Obedient but gay at the altar.  
The willing sailor whistles his tunes  
Oblivious of unseen danger.  
His country before him: the politician  
and the scientist,  
Task masters of this century  
Eagerly looking at Freedom's eyes.

**Sefulu Ioane**, an associate editor of *Cave*; teaches biology at a Hamilton school.

(From *Cave* No. 7, c1975)

[Sefulu Isaia Ioane wrote the Foreword to fellow poet Talosaga Tolovae's 1980s book *The Shadows Within and*

*Other Poems*, published by Rimu and held in the Archive.

Ioane also authored the teaching aid *Handbook for Teachers of Pacific Island Children*, 1977, 1978, 1982 – ed.]



Alongside the coffin of the late Prime Minister Norman Kirk at Parliament House, Wellington. Evening post (Newspaper. 1865-2002): Photographic negatives and prints of the Evening Post newspaper. Ref: 1/4-021782-F. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. <http://natlib.govt.nz/records/22870322>

## Comment on Karl Wolfskehl

### ON KARL WOLFSKEHL'S *THREE WORLDS DREI WELTEN* by F W N (Niel) Wright

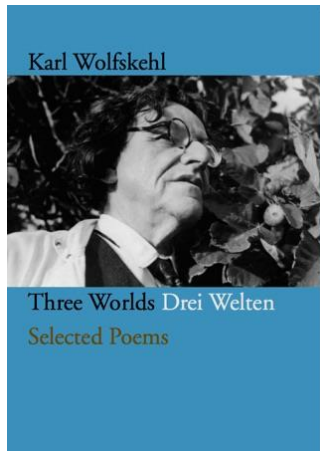
I was alive when Wolfskehl came to New Zealand in 1938 and I never seem not to have known he was here. There must have been enough radio and newspaper coverage to make his presence household news. He was the dedicatee of A R D Fairburn's 1943 book of poems, *Poems 1929-1941*, Caxton Press, which I certainly found early on in the Canterbury Public Library.

See my numerous books on Wolfskehl's New Zealand reception. Search the

National Library catalogue simple search for keyword reference Wolfskehl Wright.

Wolfskehl has always had his due in New Zealand, but still remained little read for want of good presentation. The translations of the Americans and Peter Dronke only went so far. A good few years ago I went through Wolfskehl's poetry written in New Zealand with a German tutor (Nelson Wattie) because I knew I could not finish my epic miscellany *The Alexandrians* without having Wolfskehl's poetry under my belt. Very few New Zealanders are fluent in German. So a useful crib was required. I urged Friedrich Voit a good few years ago to give Wolfskehl such a presentation and now he has achieved it. My congratulations on *Three Worlds* (cold hub press) which has finally achieved what we have waited 70 years for, an adequate presentation of Wolfskehl's poetry to the New Zealand public at a reasonable price. My congratulations to Voit and Andrew Paul Wood. I have done a bit to promote sales locally.

So I am disappointed to have a major public library tell me they would not buy this book because it was too specialist.



The Wikipedia Karl Wolfskehl is a mere stub but useful as far as it goes. The most useful online account is Karl Wolfskehl – Holocaust Centre of New Zealand, republished from a 1990 book. There is also an online account of Karl Wolfskehl in German. Otherwise online reference to Karl Wolfskehl is massive.

The National Library of New Zealand simple search keyword reference gives 37 items for Wolfskehl, of which 8 are by myself Niel Wright as separate booklets or collections thereof.

## Poetry by Vaughan Gunson

This issue we feature some poems by Vaughan Gunson.

Vaughan recently donated his new collection, *Big Love Songs*, to the Archive.

The two poems below are from it. Copies are \$30 to purchase, available by emailing [vgunson@vodafone.co.nz](mailto:vgunson@vodafone.co.nz) Critic Alistair Paterson, ONZM, writes: "*Big Love Songs* is an extremely enjoyable collection, full of poems which are intensely lyrical, sensual and moving."

### Poems by Vaughan Gunson

#### BIG LOVE SONG #3

after Bob Dylan

Love's early fragrance  
the breath of wild flowers  
loosened on the hillside  
in the earth's evening decline

a heavy dew and honest  
voices, both fall  
cool and fresh  
on a night like this

down my spine  
you run your words  
making me shiver  
unsettling the stars

it just feels right—  
everyone come, join us  
there's nothing to remember  
nothing to forget  
on a night like this.

#### BIG LOVE SONG #11

The handmade espresso cup  
is satisfying on my lips  
and if I wished  
I might imagine the touch

of those classical lips  
on the woman's face, painted  
on the cup, quickly, just a few lines  
with a thinnish brush.

Once, full-frontal, her nose  
a straight line to her brow  
between eyes which are dabs of black  
run into a wash of sea-green.

The other, her face lying down,  
looking over the curved hill  
of her shoulder, described  
with one stroke.



## 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.

Michael O'Leary – 4 titles.

Eileen van Trigt – *Sportin' Life: Limericks* by Eileen van Trigt.

Thomas Koed – *The Vertical Railway* by Thomas Koed.

Niel Wright – Two titles by Cameron La Follette.

Mark Pirie – *60 Sonnets* by Llewelyn Richards.

## 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

Poetry Archive of NZ Aotearoa (PANZA)  
1 Woburn Road, Northland, Wellington  
Dr Niel Wright - Archivist  
(04) 475 8042  
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