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# Poetry Notes

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About the Poetry Archive

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## Newsletter of PANZA

### Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 34 (following issue 33, Spring 2018) of *Poetry Notes*, the newsletter of PANZA, the newly formed Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa.

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

Articles and poems are copyright in the names of the individual authors.

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

<http://poetryarchivenz.wordpress.com>

### W. Francis Chambers: Poet Bookseller

*Rowan Gibbs, Wellington bibliographer and writer, looks at the life and works of early Wellington bookseller and author W. Francis Chambers.*

*Shivering in the little bookstall,  
Writing verses hurriedly...  
- W. Francis Chambers*

There are poems about bookshops by customers and poems by booksellers on all manner of subjects — except their shop. But we do have two, and both were written in Wellington. One is Niel

Wright's 'Downtown, Regent Arcade, Original Books' (*The Alexandrians* Book 83, Day 165); the other is by William Francis Chambers who ran the Gordon & Gotch Bookstall on Queen's Wharf in the early 1900s.

William Francis Chambers was born in Deptford, London, early in 1876 and baptised at St Mary Magdalene Church in Southwark on February 18th. His parents, William Pope Chambers, a draper, and Sophia Pearse, both Londoners, married in Reigate, Kent, the previous year. In 1881 the family are living in New Cross Road in Deptford, and still there in 1891, young William, now 15, apprenticed to a bookbinder from age eleven. He then worked selling insurance, but late in 1901 emigrated on his own to New Zealand — his motives set out in his poem 'The Last Night'—

I am sick of London city, with its dark and  
squalid streets,  
Where underselling cuts the throat of him  
who fair competes.

In England he had been writing for boys' and church magazines for several years and at age twenty-one had a poem printed in the London *Morning Leader* critical of the Prime Minister Lord Salisbury. After settling in New Zealand he continued to publish in the *Silver Arrow* (magazine of the New Tabernacle Congregational Church in London) and soon in *The Free Lance* and in a range of New Zealand daily newspapers and later in *Red Funnel*, *The Bulletin* and *The Lone Hand*. A note in the *Free Lance* in 1903 ('Entre Nous' column, 23 May 1903

p.13) on Wellington poets listed him with Hubert Church, J.L. Kelly and Will Lawson: "...His pleasant style is marked with an aptness of expression, a prettiness of diction, and a knowledge of the true art of poetry unusual here ... He is a not-long Wellingtonian, but hails from the world's metropolis, the rich accent of the natives of that city being a birthright he has not yet squandered. He is a young man who wants to get on..."

Another article the following week (*Free Lance* 30 May 1903 p.1) reported that he initially worked in insurance in Wellington, then joined the dyeing firm of local businessman William Barber and was on the committee which saw Barber successfully elected to Parliament. By then Chambers was "in supreme command at the wharf book-stall for Messrs. Gordon and Gotch" and he ran that for several years, as their manager, before becoming a commercial traveller, around 1909, for Tanner Brothers postcards. William had a strong interest in photography, and some of his photographs were used for the company's cards (Diane McKoy, 'Early Sales in New Zealand of Tanner Bros Ltd. Postcards', *Postcard Pillar, Journal of the New Zealand Postcard Society Inc.*, 103, June 2014: <https://www.postcard.org.nz/postcard-pillar-103>). A sample card illustrated there shows that William was still travelling for Tanners Bros. in 1926, and McKoy notes that "some of the small verses on Tanner Bros. New Zealand greeting style cards have the initials W.F.C.". One such poem is "Hands Across the Sea" printed on a 1914 Tanner Bros. postcard, headed 'God Save the King!', 'New Zealand's Gift to the Empire', with an illustration of the battlecruiser *HMS New Zealand*. William won a number of exhibition prizes for his photographs over the years, and his other interests included the Wellington Choral Union and Youth and Bible classes at the Newtown Congregational Church, an activity he had begun in Deptford. He also promoted discussions on literature, giving a paper on Henry Lawson at the St. James's Mutual Improvement Society in 1903 — "... He held that the charge of pessimism so often made

against Lawson was unwarranted ... A 'new chum' himself, he could appreciate the native Australian who had dealt justly with that much-ridiculed individual, the 'new-chum jackeroo' ...". And in 1909 he organised a programme at the Trinity Church Mutual Improvement Society billed as 'An Evening with New Zealand's Poets', with songs and recitations. From William's more personal poems, especially 'A New Chum' and 'The Way of the World', we see that he clearly had a fiancée in England whom he hoped would join him in New Zealand, but "her answer never came". In 1908 in Wellington he married Kathleen Caroline O'Donovan, daughter of a Featherston chemist. They settled in Hataitai and had a son Dennis Lucien Francis Chambers in 1911. William died in Wellington in 1954 and Kathleen in 1957; both were cremated at Karori. Dennis married in 1937 and died in 1991. He served in the Pacific in World War 2 and with Howard M. Purser produced an attractive little booklet, *Glimpses of the South Pacific, Thirty-two Pictorial Studies by Two "Kiwis"*, published in New Plymouth shortly after the war. William issued his collected poems to date, some previously unpublished, in a 32-page booklet printed in London in 1903 — *The New Chum, and Other Verses*, by W. Francis Chambers. London: M. & L. Griffiths, 1903. It is an attractive production in the tall narrow format (190 × 85mm) which Fisher Unwin used for their 'Pseudonym Library' series. It was distributed locally by Gordon and Gotch and priced at one shilling. Copies are held by the Alexander Turnbull Library and University of Canterbury in New Zealand, and by the National Library and State Library of N.S.W. in Australia; no copies are recorded as held in Britain, so it was not deposited there for copyright and probably not sold there. The book had several local reviews, the reception best described as varied. *The New Zealand Mail* (2 September 1903 p.20), welcoming "this new singer to the noble company of New Zealand bards", summed up: "sixty lyrics, all of

which reach a high level of conception and execution", but found "the fault of Mr Chambers's love lyrics is that they are too full of conceits, after the style of the Elizabethan poets, and have too little of genuine emotion, and no trace whatever of passion", suggesting he "write direct from his heart". But it did like the title poem as demonstrating his "personality and earnestness of purpose", the "'New Chum' describing his disillusionment in the land of his adoption:—

With the gorse in all its beauty, leading to  
the city hills,  
Golden splendour, that reminded me of  
English daffodils;  
With late roses in their glory, tempting  
butterfly and bee,  
Knowing none, and caring little, here I  
landed on the quay.  
Never mind the why and wherefore;  
comrades, you can trust me still,  
If I tell you time is beating on the iron of  
my will.  
I have failed as men count failure. In its  
fullest, deepest sense?  
Am I coming back to England? No! I will  
not get me hence.  
I was born with one ambition, and shall  
see it ere I die,  
Though it flame and flash before me like a  
comet in the sky,  
And the city that has watched me bearing  
bitterness alone  
Shall some far-off autumn see me reaping  
where my hands have sown ...

*The Evening Post* (19 September p.11) found his verse "correct in form and smooth and flowing in style ... he sings of love, of faith, of trust, of strife and conquest, and is at once poetic, philosophic, and practical. He essays no lofty flights, but possesses the lyric quality in very fair measure... a welcome addition to the growing library of New Zealand poetry". Again the reviewer found the long title poem "perhaps his best effort... it has every appearance of being a genuine transcript of personal experience and feeling ... a force and vigour of expression that is not discoverable in his lighter verse". *The Free Lance* (5 September p.8) also liked 'The New Chum', "an expression of the author's heart". But the *Auckland Star* (12 September p.2) was overall less enthusiastic: "...while devoid of poetic

fire, many of the verses embody thoughts not altogether commonplace, and expressed in pleasant phrase; but there is nothing rising above mediocrity". And if the *Otago Witness* (23 September p.20) was polite about his "verses" ("... most of them, light, bright, and brief ... the tone is pleasant, if ordinary, and the versification easy and flowing..."), the *Lyttelton Times* (26 September p.4) was almost cruel: "Mr Chambers is a very minor poet, yet even a very minor poet may sometimes excel himself. Mr Chambers has not done so in 'The New Chum' ... one is haunted by a sense of disappointment ... the author's chief mistake has been in using the alluring but elusive French forms of verse, the triolet, villanelle and rondeau. The triolet demands such delicacy and wit, the villanelle and rondeau such subtlety and spontaneity that even a perfect knowledge of the laws of these forms is only one quarter of the battle. And even that quarter Mr Chambers has failed to win...". He continued to write and publish poetry, finding outlets in New Zealand newspapers and English and Australian magazines, and he entered his poems and photographs in a host of competitions. He wrote to the *Evening Post* in 1904 lamenting the lack of such competitions in Wellington, and probably organised some himself, as in 1906 he won prizes at the "Congregational Sunday Schools Art, Industrial, and Competitions Exhibition", the church he was himself associated with. At the Wellington competitions in 1911 he was placed second in the original verse section (the winner was 12 year old Joye Eggers — later well known as Joye Taylor), but the judge C.N. Baeyertz noted the "extraordinary lack of originality and individuality about the matter submitted". He was second again in the 1912 Masterton Competitions with a poem 'Dimple Cheeks', though the judge commented: "Pretty ideas, but some lines very much out of rhythm. The sixth verse is hopelessly out, and the word 'ceremony' does not rhyme with 'bee' ...".



W.F. Chambers age 26  
*New Zealand Free Lance* 5 September 1903  
<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers>

### Poems by W. Francis Chambers

#### 'IN WELLINGTON'

Haven of numberless ships,  
 Blue hills and brown rocks a-foam  
 There's love in our hearts, and on our  
 lips,  
 The greeting some learned at Home.

Fair city of wind and rain,  
 And after the storm—such calm  
 How fast time flies, we catch again  
 The lilt of a Christmas psalm.

Hub of a Colony's wheel,  
 Cease from your spinning, that they  
 Whose fingers have spun you fast may  
 feel  
 How blessed is Christmas Day.

Home o' mine, here, red-roofed, sea-  
 girt.  
 And what will you bring to me?—  
 A memory sweet that no harm or hurt  
 Come to my love over-sea.

#### 'A ROUNDEL'

Once in a while the skies seem blue,  
 The way grows pleasant for a mile;  
 Fair blossoms spring where no flowers  
 grew —  
 Once in a while.

We leave the road and mount the stile,  
 And hear the throstles anew —  
 An anthem in a vaulted aisle.

Grief loses somewhat of its hue,  
 Tired, tear-worn eyes look up and smile,  
 When God's sweet sunshine stealth  
 through,  
 Once in a while.

#### THE GIRL ACROSS THE WAY (A Romance of Lambton Quay)

My window-sill was level  
 With one across the street,  
 And every week day morning  
 I lifted eyes to greet  
 A face with cheeks where roses  
 At hide and seek would play,  
 And one who owned them nodded—  
 The girl across the way.

The traffic rolled between us,  
 The people hustled by,  
 Unconscious that above them  
 Two played a comedy.  
 The scenery was scanty,  
 Air dresses—"every day."  
 But still I played my part with  
 The girl across the way.

We had no dress rehearsals,  
 But acted quite alone,  
 We used dumb show for action,  
 For speech, the telephone  
 And when the bell was ringing  
 It always seemed to say  
 "Come listen, someone wants you—  
 "The girl across the way."

Her name I found was Dolly,  
 She lived—no matter where,  
 The cottage I discovered  
 Behind a garden fair.  
 Did we walk home together?  
 Let those suggest who may,  
 What harm was there escorting  
 The girl across the way.

But one sweet day I missed her;  
 In Dolly's vacant chair  
 Another typed the letters,  
 With not a smile to spare.  
 Had she resigned the billet  
 For one of better pay?  
 She left because I married  
 The girl across the way.

**‘DUSTING THE BOOKS’**

Although it is the time of spring, of  
butterfly and bee,  
The rows of books upon their shelves  
seem frowning hard at me;  
I often wish they would not, for it  
makes the shop so dark,  
And spoils the song that fills the street  
whene’er I hear the lark.

In that sweet song there comes to me a  
dream of future days—  
Of flowers fair in gardens, where we  
tread the winding ways;  
I see a pretty cottage, with clematis  
hanging down  
In clusters from the balcony, in  
Wanganui Town.

My little world seems wholly changed  
with you, dear heart, away;  
Your instrument is seldom touched—I  
am too sad to play.  
And in the little darkened shop I long to  
be with you,  
And, dreaming, so I dust the books—  
when will the dream come true?

Yet are these vain imaginings? Though  
I am dusting still  
The books that frown so terribly, my  
thoughts are with you, till  
I fancy Time has sped me on, and I  
awake to find  
This everyday existence and the books  
all left behind.

Wellington, October 1902

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*Poems*

[Title unknown] Poem published ca.1887 in London *Morning Leader* critical of Prime Minister Lord Salisbury.

‘Verona’, poem about a young girl doing some serious shopping contributed to a

syndicated column ‘Something for Young People’, by “Cousin Kate”, published in *The Cambrian* [a weekly published in Swansea] 9 September 1898 p.6; also in *South London Chronicle*; *Tower Hamlets Independent*; *Shipley Times*, and probably other U.K. papers.

‘The Loss of the *Birkenhead*’, *Boys’ Own Paper* February 1900.  
He probably had further poems, patriotic and stirring, in the *B.O.P.*, and won a prize certificate for a poem on True Courage in a 1901 competition.

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*Otago Witness* 22 October 1902 p.59  
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signed Wellington, October 1902

‘To a Lone Woman’  
*Otago Witness* 12 November 1902 p.63  
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*Otago Witness* 26 November 1902 p.59  
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signed Wellington, November 1902

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(‘Celia, strongly I protest...’)  
*Otago Witness* 17 December 1902 p.59  
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‘An English Christmas Song’  
*Auckland Star* 24 December 1902 p.1  
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signed Wellington, December 1902

‘In Absence’  
(‘From my colonial city...’)  
*Otago Witness* 7 January 1903 p.57  
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signed Wellington, December 1902

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 signed September 1903

‘A Rondel’

(‘My love arise! the untried day’)  
*The Bulletin* 24 September 1903 p.13

‘The Dead Comrade’

*Evening Post* 26 September 1903 p.11  
<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=EP19030926.2.84>  
 signed Wellington, September 1903

‘A Wet Night’

(‘A mother with her brood of three...’)  
*The Bulletin* 1 October 1903 p.13

‘To Celia’

(‘There is danger in the gloom...’)  
*The Bulletin* 29 October 1903 p.13

‘A Rondel’

(‘Once in a while the skies seem blue...’)  
*The Bulletin* 5 November 1903 p.13  
 Reprinted in W.F. Alexander and A.E. Currie, eds. *New Zealand Verse*. London: Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1906; and in *A Treasury of New Zealand Verse, Being a New Edition of “New Zealand Verse”*, ed. W.F. Alexander and A.E. Currie. Auckland: Whitcombe & Tombs, 1926.

‘Life’

(‘I set my ships a-sailing...’)  
*The Bulletin* 19 November 1903 p.13

‘Songs of Absence’

*New Zealand Free Lance* 19 December 1903 p.47  
<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/NZFL19031219.2.56.1>

‘Under the Mistletoe’

*New Zealand Free Lance* 19 December 1903 p.27  
<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/NZFL19031219.2.56.6>

‘In Wellington’

*New Zealand Free Lance* 19 December 1903 p.30  
<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=NZFL19031219.1.5.0>

‘The Jest’

(‘To the Military Show...’)  
*The Bulletin* 31 December 1903 p.12

‘The Lost Charm’

(‘Lucia’s lost a charm to-day...’)  
*The Bulletin* 11 February 1904 p.3

‘In Heaven’

(‘When Phyllis sings at eventide to me...’)  
*The Bulletin* 10 March 1904 p.12

‘Forgetting’

(‘O! my heart is empty. I have swept it clean of you...’)  
*The Bulletin* 21 April 1904 p.5

‘Honey-Queen’

(‘Sleep, Honey-Queen. In the western sky...’)  
*The Bulletin* 23 June 1904 p.12

‘A Lone Heart’

(‘She smiled across the garden’s calm...’)  
*The Bulletin* 18 August 1904 p.3

[3 poems – titles unknown]

*New Idea* September 1904  
 [unseen: reference from *Evening Post* 17 September 1904 p.11]

‘Mel B. Spurr’

*New Zealand Free Lance* 1 October 1904 p.11  
<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=NZFL19041001.1.9>  
 Reprinted (as ‘The Late Mel B. Spurr’) *Table Talk* (Melbourne) 13 October 1904 p.2;  
 and (as ‘Mel B. Spurr’) *The Clipper* (Hobart) 15 October 1904 p.1.

‘To a Sarcastic Girl’

*New Zealand Free Lance* 15 October 1904 p.16  
<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=NZFL19041015.2.2.2>

‘Nocturne’

(‘At your sweet-toned instrument...’)  
*The Bulletin* 1 December 1904 p.23

‘The Wreck’

*The Young Man’s Magazine* February 1905 (prize poem)  
 [unseen: reference from *Evening Post* 25 February 1905 p.11]

[poem – title unknown]

*The Young Man’s Magazine* March 1905 (John Knox issue)  
 [unseen: reference from *West Coast Times* 27 March 1905 p.2]

‘Jules Verne’

*Evening Post* 1 April 1905 p.11  
<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=EP19050401.2.66>  
 Signed Wellington

‘The Cost’

*Evening Post* 1 July 1905 p.11  
<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=EP19050701.2.70>

‘My Love’

*The Red Funnel* Vol.1 no.1, August 1905 p.62

‘Plenty’

*The Red Funnel* Vol.1 no.1, August 1905 p.79

‘A Wharf Idyll’

*The Red Funnel* Vol.1 no.2, September 1905 p.97

‘The Uncrowned King’

*New Zealand Free Lance* 23 June 1906 p.4  
<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=NZFL19060623.2.3>

## 'A Roundel'

[on news that actress Phyllis Dare had entered a convent]

*Evening Post* 28 July 1906 p.13

<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=EP19060728.2.121>

## 'Veronique'

*New Zealand Free Lance* 28 July 1906 p.14

<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=NZFL19060728.2.17>

## 'My Desire'

*The Red Funnel* [untraced]

Reprinted in *The Gundagai Independent* 7 September 1907 p.3

<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/120263979>

## 'The Passing—May 6th 1910'

[on the death of King Edward VII]

*New Zealand Free Lance* 14 May 1910 p.14

<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/NZFL19100514.2.21>

## 'The World'

('A silver star in a purple sky...')

*The Lone Hand* 1 October 1913 p.465

'Private W. Heaven, Killed in Action, May 3rd, 1915: To His Memory'

*Wanganui Herald* 21 May 1915 p.7

<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/WH19150521.2.67>

## 'Give Little, Give Much, but Give'

Not printed; written to raise funds for Belgian relief and recited at a fund-raiser in Wellington on July 2nd 1915

[reference from *New Zealand Times* 3 July 1915 p.5]

## 'The Recruit'

*New Zealand Free Lance* 21 December 1916 p.45

<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/NZFL19161221.2.59.26>

## 'Who Strikes for England?'

*New Zealand Free Lance* 21 December 1916 p.45

<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/free-lance/1916/12/21/45>

## 'A Roundel'

('My lady's fair' – so people say...')

*The Lone Hand* 1 February 1919 p.14

## 'The Children's Gift'

*New Zealand Free Lance* 20 August 1919 p.29

<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/NZFL19190820.2.61>

## 'Love's Gift'

*New Zealand Herald* 6 November 1930 p.3

<https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/NZH19301106.2.5.4>

Written as a song: winner of the 1YA Musical and Dramatic Competition. The music was by Eric F.B. Waters

(*Horowhenua Chronicle* 6 June 1931 p.2).

A note in the *Otago Witness* 9 March 1904 p.57 stated that the prominent Wellington musician Maughan Barnett was setting some of Chambers's poems to music, "one of the songs being written for Miss Ada Crossley". Chambers also wrote the lyrics for two songs with music by Rex de Cairos-Rego, 'Grief and Joy' and 'Phyllis can be Kind and Sweet', published in London in 1911 and 1912. These are online at <http://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-167031235>, and <http://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-177553800>

## Comment on Lynne Frith

*Niel Wright, PANZA co-founder, looks at one of the poets housed in the Poetry Archive collection.*

I ask people who visit the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa to name a New Zealand poet and we will look to see who comes next in the alphabetical list of our holdings. After Anne French, the next poet is Lynne Frith, born 1950, according to the National Library catalogue with other publications in which she is involved.

What PANZA has is her 1998 publication *A fine and beautiful thing*, a book of poetry. PANZA also has the three poet collection *Storm in the Garden* (1978), to which Lynne contributes poems. This booklet gives short biographies for all three. They were then three ordinands at St John's College. Frith's birth is confirmed for 1950.

At first glance Frith looks like a Modernist poet with religious interests. However a close reading shows that she is what I call an Eschato Georgian (ie late Georgian) poet whose prosody falls within the prescription Robert Bridges authorises, ie she uses traditional rhyme

often enough as it turns up in text which reads well and is effective.

Frith's 1998 book *A fine and beautiful thing* has considerable paraliterary information which helps to background the author.

On the evidence of these two books in which Frith has poems she does put poems under sectional headings. Some poems she gives clear individual titles, but others she leaves untitled, leaving open the extent to which a poem runs on to the next page, but there is no clear example any untitled poem does.

In particular the 1998 book has a series of poems under the heading "A fine and beautiful thing" as a section within the overall title for the book. It is stated that the first five poems in the series "A fine and beautiful thing" were first published in *Ascent* magazine in 1987. This leaves open the series may have been extended after 1987 by 1998 to 20 individual poems.

If the series "A fine and beautiful thing" is a composition written over a decade or more or less, it is a substantial undertaking by a poet of talent and depth.

Frith is an impressive poet for both technique and subject. In addressing the subject of Mary Magdalene Frith contributed powerfully to the dialogue opened by Milton's Book XII, *Paradise Lost*.

Notably Frith's long series of poems on Mary Magdalene is a sustained and diversified presentation. A recent film has dealt with Mary Magdalene. Frith's treatment is far more thoroughgoing in every regard.

Most women critics hate Milton to the point of detestation. But this is not fair by his utterances as a poet, which in fact parallel Frith's in her Magdalene sequence regarding a cosmic hope that is open to disappointment experienced universally in terms well and truly laid out by Milton in Book XI *Paradise Lost*. Frith in fact lays out a feminist position in poetic terms recognisably forceful on the Miltonic scale.

To the question who is the woman among the baby boom (post-WWII) generation to excel as a poet, the answer could well be Lynne Frith. So far I have not come across any such New Zealander to match her.

# Reports on PANZA Exhibition, Wellington Heritage Week, and the Robin Hyde plaque unveiling

PANZA was open 7 days, 10am to 5pm (22-28 October), with some rain misty or heavy for 2 1/2 days.

Zealandia, Wellington's No 1 tourist destination (since Te Papa is national), is 20 minutes walk from PANZA. But it was always foreseen that getting directions to the public on how to reach our site was a problem. So it proved. One lady got to Woburn Road, Lower Hutt, and rang Heritage Week for bearings. She reached us. She was a social activist who got to the bottom of things. She had no real interest in poetry, but was concerned if our books would fall off shelves in an earthquake. Well we had 6.2 here the other day and nothing fell off our shelves if anything even moved.

Where people reached us it was largely pure luck, or they knew the area. We had 7 high value visitors with real interests in poetry and strategic significance, as well as half a dozen casual passers, one of whom an ex-council bod saw PANZA as great for Wellington, great for New Zealand. During the Heritage Week as newspapers reported a plaque was unveiled for Robin Hyde who is in fact a major New Zealand poet etc. From the corner of Woburn Road you can see her place and PANZA either way across the road the same short distance to both. About 40 council contacts turned up for the unveiling, 2 of whom came back to PANZA with real interest.

The general lesson that comes up for us is that destinations of interest need extensive advertising to bring in the public. But the secret of PANZA's existence is to function without money. In fact it cost \$40,000 to build the garage and ongoing costs for share of power and rates are borne somewhere. I am told the City Council is now less fussy with grant recipients, but as said

payment for advertising is the real issue we face, whatever.

\* \* \*

As mentioned, a plaque was unveiled for Robin Hyde who grew up in a house just about across the road from our place. It was a complete surprise to Judith and me. Long ago local publicity about Hyde had not mentioned it as an upcoming event. The plaque was inset in the pavement, presumably because the householder wouldn't give permission for it to go on the property street wall. New Zealanders value their privacy highly. So the plaque does not even give the address, just lived here. My correspondent wrote back: "There was a plaque unveiled for Robin Hyde? How splendid that she is getting recognition. Her earliest poetry before her life unraveled, is often very splendid, so intense it is like a candle burning ferociously at both ends. When I first read it, her poetry literally took my breath away. I am very glad to see her honored."

I went into detail: "The attack on the Georgian poets started in 1920 with male editor (Middleton Murry) attacking male poets (such as Robert Frost) out of male competition. Eliot joined in attacking Georgians. But when the attack reached New Zealand it was young male poets attacking the women poets as women. The one they gave the worst time was Robin Hyde. The 1970 group of young male poets continued to attack Georgian poetry without even knowing what they were dealing with. I have been on the same side as the Georgians since 1950 and have stayed there for 70 years, which has put me offside down to the present, but the way I see it is that I have been on the winning side for 70 years, and not only do I recognise this but even a person my own age C K Stead publicly admits that the Georgians have triumphed, not the modernists who took after Middleton Murry and Eliot since 1920."

My correspondent responded: "Yes, I know you have stayed on the same side as the Georgians and always upheld their work, and it is one of the things I honor and respect about you the most. Very few people in the same 70 years

you discuss did the same, much to the detriment of talented poets, many of whom undoubtedly saw no future in writing truth and beauty when those were no longer recognized. But your friend Mr. Stead is correct: the Georgians have triumphed in the end. Not because many have been writing such poetry in the last half century, few have. But because the public, at least here in the US, spurns modernist work and buys the classics. The modernists speak to themselves, but Georgian and other traditional poetry speaks to all. Hyde's early, fiery poetry will always be honored; I hope it will attract other talented poets to work in the traditional way, as flame attracts flame."

Dr Niel Wright

## P V Reeves (1927-2019)

The writer and poet P V (Pearlie Veronica) Reeves passed away on 19 January this year. She was born Pearlle Veronica Watts, on 2 April 1927, and grew up on the East Coast of the North Island of New Zealand and lived through the major Napier earthquake in the early 1930s. She had been writing creatively since she was a child.

As a young woman, she trained to be a teacher, and spent much of her working and married life in the Wairarapa. She was also an opera singer. Her husband Francis Reeves whom she married in 1946 was a Wairarapa hockey player in his younger years. Together they raised four adopted children. As a college teacher in Masterton, she encouraged many students.

She moved to Otaki in the early-mid 1980s where she became associated with the Horowhenua Writer's Group, and then to Thorndon in Wellington to be closer to her family after the turn of the new millennium. She and her husband returned to the Wairarapa to live in a rest home for their remaining years. Pearlle outlived her husband by several years. Francie passed away in 2015.



Her poetry and writings appeared in a number of regional and small press publications like *broadsheet: new new zealand poetry* (Thorndon, Wellington) and the Horowhenua Writer's Group anthologies, and she privately published a collection of her poetry relating to the Wairarapa, *Memories to Take Away* [held by the Poetry Archive of NZ Aotearoa on PANZA Archivist Mark Pirie's insistence, no copy is in the National Library of NZ - ed.]. One of her published poems, "Seen through the window", is also the title of a Horowhenua Writer's Group anthology in 1996.

We reproduce two of her poems in memory of her (from *broadsheet*, issue no. 14, the first of which was read at her funeral service):

P V Reeves

### MOON STRUCK

I saw a moth-eaten moon  
                   one day  
 Shadows blue as the faded  
                   winter sky  
 Like grandmother's old white doyley  
                   it hung  
 On heaven's clothesline to dry.

### SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW

Today the sun shines  
 On this lovely land  
 Drowsily sunbathing  
 On a rug of harvest browns  
 Beside a gentle sea:  
 Silent trees make love  
 Their shadows stretched  
 Across sun-soaked soil;  
 And gentle fingers of a breeze  
 Rouse swift consummation.

Today the sun shines –  
 Mother, your season past  
 Lies still while fantasies  
 Take wing and carry  
 A cheek to brush the tree-tops  
 And lips to kiss the sky.

Poems © P V Reeves and *broadsheet*

Article © Mark Pirie

## Poetry by Margaret Jeune

This issue we feature some poems by Margaret Jeune. Her poetry books, *Flight Paths* and *Upbeat: Selected Early Poems 1969-1987* will be published by HeadworX in 2019.

Margaret Jeune (also known as Margaret June and Margaret Webb) was born in Auckland in 1956 and grew up in Wainuiomata in the Hutt Valley. She lived in Wellington from the late 1970s and moved up to Ōtaki on the Kāpiti Coast in 1990 and from there to Levin in the Horowhenua in 1999. She returned to Wellington in 2017. She has a BA in Education and a Post Graduate Diploma in Teaching (Early Childhood). She works as an Early Childhood Teacher. Currently she works as a relief teacher for Whānau Manaaki Kindergartens.

During her working life, Margaret has served on the Ōtaki Community Board, under the Kāpiti Coast District Council, from 1996 to 2001. She also served on the Waiopahu College Board of Trustees from 2001 to 2004. In 2002 and 2005, she was the Alliance candidate for Ōtaki. She has worked for Broadcasting New Zealand from 1980 to 1986, for Radio NZ, the NZSO and TVNZ. Her CV lists many other committees such as NCW, WECA, The Horowhenua Unemployed and Beneficiaries Centre and the Levin Folk Music Club where she has served in roles such as President and Treasurer. Margaret has also worked for the SPCA as a weekend receptionist in Levin, for the Second Nature Recycling shop in Levin as a weekend shop assistant and as a weekend attendant at the Kāpiti Coast Museum in Waikanae. Margaret has three adult children and four grandchildren.

She has written poetry from an early age. Margaret initially had her poetry published in the Children's Page of *The Evening Post*, 1968-1970. Since then her poetry has been published in the Poetry Page of the *Kāpiti Observer*, *Valley Micropress* (1997-2018) and *Elderberries* (Horowhenua District

Council). She has also had her poetry published in anthologies. She performs her poetry at poetry cafés such as The Hightide Café in Paraparaumu and more recently at The Fringe Bar in Wellington. She has read her poetry on Access Radio in Waikanae and on Paekakariki's radio station and at the East-West Poetry Fest (2016, 2018) in Palmerston North.

### Poems by Margaret Jeune

#### CLEAN GREEN NEW ZEALAND

Flying over the world's trouble spots  
 Tracking our progress on flight maps  
 On Etihad Airways  
 Blissfully unaware of a terrorism plot  
 To poison a planeload of passengers  
 I endure border security checks  
 Relinquish my bottled water  
 And give thanks that I have a safe haven  
                   to return to  
*Clean green New Zealand*  
 So much cleaner than many European  
                   cities  
 Our waterways not as brown  
 As the Thames River in London  
 Or as smelly at low tide  
 I give thanks that my parents emigrated  
                   from England  
 And started a new life in New Zealand  
 I am happy to carry a New Zealand  
                   passport  
 Even though it means long queues  
                   entering  
 The United Kingdom  
 New Zealand is my home  
 I would not trade it for the Tube in  
                   London  
 The turnstiles that trap you  
 If you are not quick enough  
 As you enter and leave stations  
 Ten million Londoners  
 Are welcome to call London their home  
 I will stick with New Zealand  
 It has issues but they can be resolved

#### INCOMING MISSILE ALERT

We can't begin to imagine how precious  
                   life is  
 Until an imminent incoming missile  
                   warning

Then there is a rush to survive  
 To escape the inevitable  
 Warnings such as this prove to us  
 How quickly life can be snuffed out  
 The world will no longer be the world  
 we know  
 It will be irreversibly damaged  
 And we will no longer exist  
 There will only be time to say goodbye  
 to loved ones  
 There will be no escape  
 Nowhere to run to  
 The only hope in our minds being  
 That the missile will veer off course  
 And hit somewhere else instead  
 Giving us a temporary reprieve  
 Until next time a missile is launched  
 And headed our way

**WHALE WATCHING IN WELLINGTON**

Whale watching is proving to be as  
 elusive  
 As tracking down missing relatives on  
 ancestry.com  
 Following leads and tip offs on  
 Facebook's  
 Whales and dolphins watch page  
 Determining the most recent posts  
 Looking for groups of people  
 Gazing out initially across Wellington  
 Harbour  
 Then around Wellington South's  
 coastline  
 Looking for patches of white water  
 Could that be a tail or a head?  
 No, it's a windsurfer or water skier  
 Or breaking surf on rocks  
 Abandoning my search on wellington  
 South's coast  
 When the coastal road was blocked by  
 roadworks  
 And my harbour search when access to  
 the wharf itself  
 Was blocked off by commercial  
 buildings and fences  
 Following a tip off and looking down on  
 the harbour  
 From Wadestown's hilly Barnard Street  
 Initially spotting the whale near the  
 ferry terminal  
 Then resuming my search near Te Papa  
 Glimpsing the whale briefly before it  
 submerged again  
 To the watching crowd's dismay

Hoping it would eventually reappear  
 elsewhere in the harbour  
 I abandoned my search  
 Leaving the whale to its game of hide  
 and seek  
 And the crowd to its mounting anxiety

**HISTORY IN THE MAKING**

In the modern world  
 There is a difference between living  
 In a place such as Italy  
 Which has ancient ruins setting the  
 scene  
 For documented historic events  
 And a land such as New Zealand  
 Where history is more recent  
 The result of migrations from distant  
 shores  
 The original occupants – plants, trees  
 and birdlife  
 Under threat from pest invasions and  
 deforestation  
 The landscape vastly changed as settlers  
 made their mark  
 Carving up the landscape to earn a  
 living  
 Today new history is being made  
 Parts of Europe are under siege  
 Refugees are surging through Europe  
 Escaping from war torn Syria  
 Their migration is urgent by boat and on  
 foot  
 As leaders talk and European nations  
 fence off their borders  
 To stem the human flood  
 New Zealanders watch the drama unfold  
 on television  
 They offer to increase our refugee quota  
 And welcome some Syrian refugees to  
 our shores  
 While our own citizens travel to Europe  
 as tourists  
 Secure in the knowledge that they have  
 a homeland to return to  
 They cross the paths of the refugees.

**HAERE RA TĀNE MAHUTA**

Sometime soon when darkness fades in  
 Aotearoa  
 Tāne Mahuta will be no more  
 This giant kauri of the forest is dying  
 He is standing looking back  
 To a time when dinosaurs walked the  
 earth

And man, was a mere smidgin on the  
 landscape  
 Today tourists come and stare at his last  
 stand  
 Yet every tourist stamps another nail in  
 his coffin  
 Their steps disturb his roots  
 His grip on life continues to falter  
 Haere Ra Tāne Mahuta  
 You stand amongst your fellows  
 Caretakers of a century which has  
 destroyed  
 The landscape as you knew it  
 Too late mankind has tried to draw you  
 back  
 From the edge of extinction  
 Smaller trees battle toward the canopy  
 For a glimpse of the horizon  
 What will they see in years to come?  
 Tree stumps or towering kauri?  
 Or will they themselves be sacrificed  
 To man's progress?  
 A new road has been carved through  
 your home  
 Tāne Mahuta  
 To bring yet more tourists  
 To gaze at your defeat  
 Will that road kill yet more of your  
 fellow kauri?  
 Only time will tell  
 The tourists are none the wiser  
 A tree is a tree of course  
 No matter its history or future  
 Today it is a photo opportunity  
 A postcard  
 Not a living relic!

Poems © Margaret Jeune



Photo: Margaret Jeune

# New publications by PANZA members

## ESAW MINI BOOKS

After a hiatus of some years, Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop (Editor-in-Chief Dr Michael O’Leary and Technical Editor Brian E Turner) recently published seven chapbooks of new work mainly by authors who have had a longtime association with the press. These mini-books are produced in a standardized format. They are of 24 pages A6. The front cover is usually a grayscale picture of the author while the back cover contains the name of the book and relevant details. These chapbooks are in the now forgotten tradition of the Broadsheet where poets were able to cheaply self-publish their works for distribution through non-commercial outlets.

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Title: *Family&Friends&Others* (No. 29)

Author: **Michael O’Leary**  
 ISBN 978-1-86942-177-9  
 Extent: 24 pages  
 Format: A6  
 Publication: December 2018  
 Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop



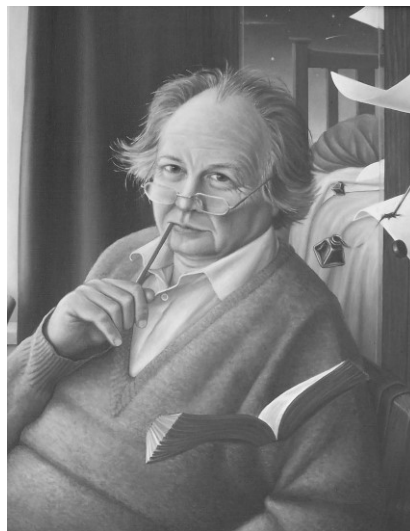
## About the Book

A collection of new poems and some previously published. Some of have been collected in O’Leary’s *Collected Poems 1981-2016* (HeadworX, 2017). Subjects range from family and friends to important pop influences on O’Leary: Paul McCartney, the Beatles, David Bowie and Leonard Cohen.

\*\*\*\*\*

Title: *Timbuktu and other irreal plays* (No. 30)

Author: **B E Turner**  
 ISBN 978-1-86942-178-6  
 Extent: 24 pages  
 Format: A6  
 Publication: December 2018  
 Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop



## About the Book

Four plays originally published online by *The Café Irreal - International Imagination*.

The irreal defined as:  
 “Within the psyche is the mind and within the mind are the two moieties, the real and the irreal, the left and the right. In the real we cling to the wreckage of safe certainty but in the irreal we enter the unsafe world of dreams, absurdities, impossibilities, the place where the accepted laws of nature and logic are broken. And why should we enter this realm which we are so reluctant to experience? Because it is

the centre. It is the source of creation and the next step on the way we should all have the courage to follow.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Title: *Wild Approximations* (No. 31)

Author: **Bill Dacker**  
 ISBN 978-1-86942-181-6  
 Extent: 24 pages  
 Format: A6  
 Publication: December 2018  
 Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop



## About the Book

Some poems from Bill Dacker’s lifetime as historian, community worker and poet travelling between river side (Clutha Matau) and harbour side (Port Chalmers) homes.

Dacker was awarded the Earl of Seacliff Poetry Prize for 2018.

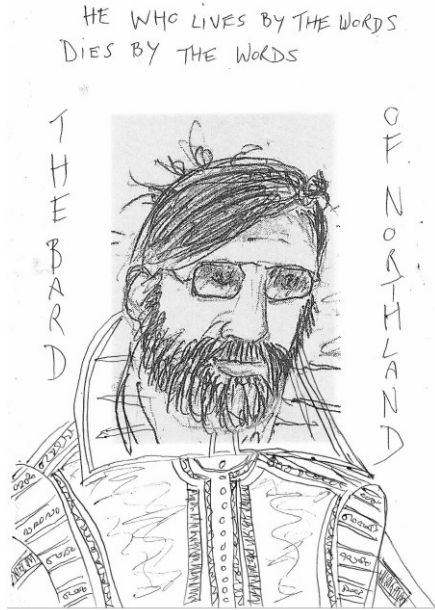
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Title: *Coasting Along Without Drive an essay on cryptotalk* (No. 32)

Author: **F W Nielsen Wright**  
 ISBN 978-1-86942-180-9  
 Extent: 24 pages  
 Format: A6  
 Publication: December 2018  
 Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

About the Book

The core of this mini book presentation is 4 poems as individual leaflets with the poem in reformed and normal spelling. The book also contains extensive literary and biographical notes. Cover portrait of the author is by Michael O'Leary.



About the Author

Dr Niel Wright has published 8000 original poems since 1950, all but four consistently in rhymed verse. No English language poet in the last 70 years has written more verse in rhyme and shown the unprecedented novelty he has in doing so.

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Title: *Electrimitive: Music poems (No. 33)*

Author: **Mark Pirie**  
ISBN 978-1-86942-179-3  
Extent: 24 pages  
Format: A6  
Publication: December 2018  
Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

About the Book

New poems on music and pop influences by Mark Pirie. Subjects are

diverse and typically range across musical genres: jazz, blues, pop, soul, country, rock, metal and classical.



About the Author

Mark Pirie is a Wellington poet, editor and publisher. In the 1990s he worked a late shift radio show on Radio Active 89FM, where he developed a lifelong listening affair with music. Bareknuckle Books published his selected poems, *Rock and Roll*, in 2016 in Brisbane, Australia. Pirie has published three mini books previously with ESAW, a biography *Tom Lawn, Mystery Forward* and written and edited a number of poetry collections, including the Winter Reading series, and a selection of early poems, *Giving Poetry a Bad Name*.

\*\*\*\*\*

Title: *Big Hair Was Everywhere: Music poems (No. 34)*

Author: **Tim Jones**  
ISBN 978-1-86942-163-0  
Extent: 24 pages  
Format: A6  
Publication: February 2019  
Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

About the Book

Tim Jones grew up on classical music (a lifelong interest) and didn't hear rock music till high school in the early 1970s, where a classmate brought along a portable record player and played

Deep Purple and Uriah Heep during lunch breaks. It was all on from there.



About the Author

Tim was awarded the NZSA Janet Frame Memorial Award for Literature in 2010. He has had one novel, one standalone novella, two short story collections, and four poetry collections published, and has co-edited two poetry anthologies, including *Voyagers: Science Fiction Poetry from New Zealand*, co-edited with Mark Pirie (IP, 2009). His most recent poetry collection is *New Sea Land* (Mākarō Press, 2016).

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Title: *There's More (No. 38)*

Author: **Peter Olds**  
ISBN 978-1-86942-176-2  
Extent: 24 pages  
Format: A6  
Publication: December 2018  
Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

About the Book

New poems from the well known New Zealand poet Peter Olds, focusing on local places and life in Dunedin.

About the Author

**Peter Olds** was the Robert Burns Fellow at the University of Otago in 1978. In 2014 Cold Hub Press published his *Selected Poems* (You Fit The Description). In 2017 Cold Hub brought out *Taking my Jacket for a Walk....* Olds

has published three mini books previously with ESAW, and one collection (*Music Therapy*), in 2001.



## 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: olearymichael154@gmail.com

#### **Visits welcome by appointment**

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