



but was pleased to see me take time out to visit her.

Besides literary influences (Angela Carter and others), we shared similar tastes in music. Bob Dylan and Nirvana were among our favourite musicians/bands. Nirvana features in Solomon's final poetry collection, *Awakening*, published before her death in late 2018.

I was always an admirer of Laura Solomon's writing in prose and poetry. She was always very active sending her work out internationally and met with her fair share of success in a fickle publishing world. Having lived in the UK, Laura recognised my own poetry being published by Salt Publishing at Cambridge as significant.

What follows is a record of Laura Solomon's publications and some of her poems from the book, *In Vitro*, that I published in 2011. She was also a regular contributor to my journal *broadsheet: new new zealand poetry*. Laura was clearly an accomplished, irreverent, energetic and robust writer with a growing corpus of work who was taken from us far too soon.

Laura Solomon actively supported The End of Life Choice bill, with some of her writing.

### Biography

Laura Solomon was born in Auckland on 28 June 1974. Her parents are Lew and Kaye Solomon, and she has a sister. She grew up in various parts of New Zealand and Australia, including Raetihi, Nelson and Tasmania. Solomon wrote poetry and fiction from her teens. She graduated from Nayland College, Nelson, in 1991 and later attended the University of Otago in Dunedin where she graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree and wrote her first novel *Black Light*. She moved to Wellington in 1996 to do her Honours (2: 1) in English at Victoria University of Wellington and to write her second novel *Nothing Lasting*, and her play *The Dummy Bride*, which was produced at the Wellington Fringe Festival in 1996. After graduating from Victoria, Solomon left New Zealand and lived abroad in London, where she wrote *An*

*Imitation of Life* and *Alternative Medicine*, both eventually published in the UK. Solomon completed an MSc in Computer Science at Birkbeck College at the University of London in 2003. She then travelled internationally for her work in IT, including working in Norway for FAST Search and Transfer, now owned by Microsoft. Her play *Sprout* was produced at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in 2005. She returned to New Zealand to live in Nelson in 2007. Her recent fiction continued to find publication overseas and her poetry started to be widely published in New Zealand and internationally in magazines and online sites. Laura Solomon won prizes in Bridport, Edwin Morgan, Ware Poets, Willesden Herald, Mere Literary Festival, and Essex Poetry Festival competitions. In 2009, her novella, *Instant Messages*, jointly won the inaugural Proverse Prize for Fiction in Hong Kong and was short-listed for the Virginia Prize in the UK.

In 2011, her debut collection of poetry *In Vitro* appeared from HeadworX in Wellington, New Zealand, and her short story "Sprout" was translated into Czech by Olga Walló and appeared in *krásná* in the Czech Republic. She was also short-listed for the 2014 International Rubery Award.

She has since published further fiction with Proverse Publishing, Hong Kong (*Hilary and David* and *University Days*) and was said to have more fiction works accepted for publication by Proverse, namely the two sequels to *Instant Messages: The Theory of Networks* and *Operating Systems*. Proverse also published the second edition of *In Vitro* and a second collection of Solomon's poetry, *Freda Kahlo's Cry*, along with a short story collection *The Shingle Bar Sea Monster and Other Stories*. She has also judged the Sentinel Quarterly Short Story Competition in the UK.

More fiction: *Taking Wainui*, *Hell's Unveiling* and *Tales of Love and Disability* also appeared in India. *Marsha's Deal* was published in Finland in 2017.

In 2018, her final poetry collection, *Awakening*, was published in New York by Adelaide Books.

Laura Solomon continued to reside in Nelson until her untimely death in 2019 at the age of 44.

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

### Bibliography

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

### Fiction

*Black Light* (Auckland, N.Z.: Tandem Press, 1996; Amazon Kindle edition 2016).

*Nothing Lasting* (Auckland, N.Z.: Tandem Press, 1997; India: Woven Words Publishers, 2018).

*Alternative Medicine* [short stories] (UK: Flame Books, 2008; India: Woven Words Publishers, 2017).

*An Imitation of Life* (UK: Solidus, 2010; Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2013).

*Instant Messages* (Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2011).

*Hilary and David* (Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2011).

*The Shingle Bar Sea Monster and Other Stories* (Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2012).

*University Days* (Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2014).

*Vera Magpie* (CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2015).

*Taking Wainui* [short stories] (India: Woven Words Publishers, 2017).

*Marsha's Deal* (Finland: Creativia, 2017).

*Tales of Love and Disability* [short stories] (India: Woven Words Publishers, 2018).

*Hell's Unveiling* (India: Woven Words Publishers, 2018).

### Poetry

*In Vitro* (Wellington, N.Z.: HeadworX Publishers, 2011; Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2014, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition).

*Freda Kahlo's Cry* (Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2015).

*Awakening: Poems* (Lisbon/New York: Adelaide Books, 2018).

### Drama

*Brain Graft* (Hong Kong: Proverse Publishing, 2017).

### Poems by Laura Solomon

#### BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE LOST AND FOUND AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Why can't these people be more careful?

How tricky can it be to keep track of your possessions?

If I didn't know better, I'd think they bought just to lose.

I never misplaced a thing. I am the perfect warden. A keeper, of sorts.

To the left of that stack over there to the right – somebody's red mittens, somebody else's red shoes.

Rarely do I give them what they ask for, even if what they think is lost has been found.

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

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

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

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

### TECTONIC

This country rests on two great plates.

It's they that produce the instability and also the fun stuff – geysers, hot pools, volcanoes. The land never sleeps.

My grandfather looks out the window and says,

*Let's never forget that terrible earthquake that devastated Napier back in '31.*

Everything gone. The insurance blokes called it an 'act of God', which failed to wash with the non-believers, who blamed it on the world. Were there warnings, were there signs – a stillness in the air?

Did the birds freeze in mid-song? Did the animals act strangely?

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

Lampposts invented new angles. On the band rotunda, the clock hands stuck, forever 10.47am – the time the earthquake struck. Everything did something;

gas pipes broke, power lines snapped, harbour walls buckled, roads split open wide, railway lines twisted.

Nothing so out of the ordinary – just the earth running through its checklist, ticking boxes.

The dust rose, and then settled. Just in time for the fire.

It swept through, a wave of flame.

Unfortunates were trapped beneath beams.

Doctors rushed forward, morphine in hand –

soon the captured felt no pain. Cliffs fell.

Some spent the night in the open air.

Kind people in nearby towns opened up their homes.

Most hotels were destroyed – the Masonic collapsed completely, a wall at the Empire crumbled, leaving the rooms on one side exposed.

Guests awoke – looked out into empty space,

fresh vacancy in their eyes. They'd lost their city, a lovely one.

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

All that glorious Art Deco. Decorated stucco.

Street by street, wall by wall, up it went; the best architects were shipped down from the big smoke,

to plot and plan and design.

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

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

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

Like all endings, it was also a beginning.

The city that had been faded in their minds.

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

The plates continue their treacherous work – no, they are not to be trusted. They shift beneath like restless children that refuse to go to bed – *There's fun stuff on TV – let's stay up, wreak havoc, spread dread.*

My grandfather looks out the window, takes in the wisp of smoke, says – *They say Rangitoto's going to blow.* And though nobody can predict the exact hour when the thing will go, they say, *any day now, any day now* – when it happens you will know.

### THE FIX-IT MAN

I am the fix-it man.

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

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

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

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

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

I could put you in jail or grant you release – is your jigsaw missing sky? I shall find the absent piece.

All the king's horses and all the king's  
men –  
I succeeded where they failed, which is  
to say,  
I'm the guy who put what's-his-face  
back together again.

I have quite a reputation.

Unformed universes revolve in the palm  
of my hand.

**THE ETERNAL STUPIDITY OF  
THE WICKER MAN**

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

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

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

*Throw away that copy of Jackson's 'The  
Lottery' you won't be needing that –  
don't worry about the orange stuff, sure  
it looks a bit like flame but it's  
something else entirely,*

*orange-coloured air, it won't hurt a bit.  
Others have been here before you,  
you're not the only one. They all  
climbed down unharmed.*

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

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

One is all it takes. There's just no point  
in asking what you did to deserve it.  
You did not choose; you were chosen.  
All your horses that you declared  
were Trojan  
turned out to be blind and lame.  
Existence is only a game.  
This world is just an illusion, they say –  
nobody cares what price you pay.

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

**YOU WILL KNOW WHEN  
YOU LEAVE**

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

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

Down you go, alone, so late,  
kelp grasping at your legs like the  
grubby fingers of ghostly girls.  
The bitter salty air stings pores, the  
seagulls chirp – angelic lunatics.  
The keening wind moans its chorus,  
your hands cling like spiders' legs to  
the walls.

You have no idea where on earth in the  
world you are.  
You are clueless. There are no more  
planks to break.  
Your mind is nothing more nor less than  
simple blank space.

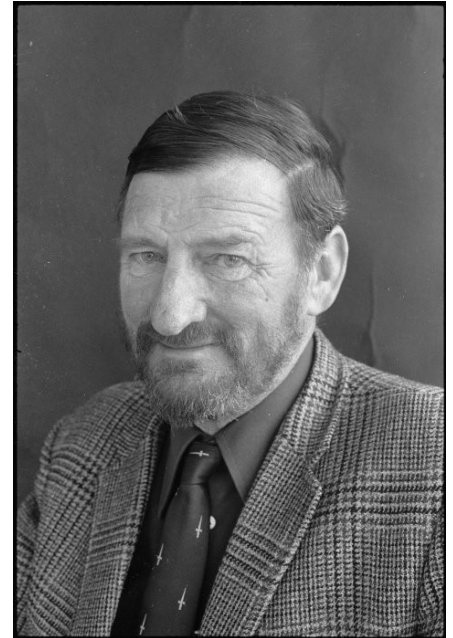
The ancient songs of extinct birds are  
blowing in the breeze.  
Is there something in or under a rock  
pool that you think you might need?  
There is no thought here that hasn't  
been thought before.  
There are vampires in the trees.

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



Laura Solomon

National Poetry Day  
poem: *Farewell to a Poet*  
by Michael Duffett  
(USA)



Portrait of Denis Glover, 1973. Evening post  
(Newspaper. 1865-2002) :Photographic  
negatives and prints of the Evening Post  
newspaper. Ref: 1/4-021052-F. Alexander  
Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand.  
[/records/22828773](https://records/22828773)

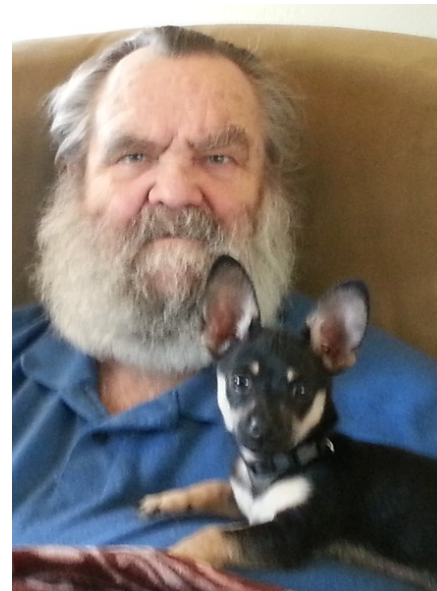
This year's National Poetry Day was  
held on Friday, 23 August 2019.

PANZA chose a rare poem in memory  
of the New Zealand poet, typographer,  
publisher and wit Denis Glover (1912-  
1980).

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

Duffett once wrote: "[New Zealand]  
remains unique in my memory as the  
one land in my travels about which I





Michael Duffett

## Michael Duffett (1943-2019)

As mentioned PANZA member Mark Pirie recently published a book of poetry by Michael Duffett, a UK-born Californian Professor and poet. Duffett contributed two articles to our newsletter *Poetry Notes* and maintained affection for New Zealand after visiting in 1979 through his writings. PANZA was saddened to hear of Michael's death this year. Our deepest sympathy is expressed to his family and friends.

The following biography appeared in *The Presence of Love* (HeadworX, 2019) released two months before Michael's death.

### ABOUT MICHAEL DUFFETT

Michael Duffett was born in wartime London in 1943 when an incendiary bomb fell through the roof of his parents' home sending his mother into labor. He was educated at Portsmouth Northern Grammar School where he studied Classical Greek from the age of 11 and Cambridge University from which he holds the BA and MA degrees. At Cambridge, he met the poet

have exclusively positive memories." New Zealand turns up in Michael Duffett's most well-known book of poetry, *Forever Avenue*, published in California in 1987.

Duffett visited New Zealand in 1979 and spent some time with Denis Glover in the final year of his life. Duffett visited him again a few weeks before his death in 1980.

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

On another occasion when Denis had cajoled my services to drive him to the Alexander Turnbull Library, I drove to his home. Denis lived in a curiously-designed house that had a bathroom on one side of the living room and a bedroom on the other. As I arrived (early, or maybe Denis was late) his wife Lyn hurried into the garden to meet me. I later realised it was to forestall me from bumping into a semi-clad poet on the way from bathroom to bedroom. Denis, to whom embarrassment was unknown, knew what Lyn was up to and bellowed from inside the house, "Let the bloody man come in if he's here!" Moments later, I sat with a cup of tea in the living room, the bathroom door opened and there was the great poet in his skivvies, giving me the naval salute to his Russian Commander's hat (a gift from the Soviets). I wish I had had a camera!

Michael Duffett's poem is of interest because it explores (with empathy) Glover's decline. His official biographer Gordon Ogilvie, in *Denis Glover: His Life* (1999), recounts that Glover had fallen down steps during his shift to Breaker Bay Road from Strathmore,

which led to his eventual death (four days later), with his wife Lyn by his hospital bedside on Saturday, 9 August 1980. Yet Michael Duffett presents the further view of a Glover in decline, slipping in his bath. Duffett too acknowledges closely the coroner's official view that Glover's death was 'bronchopneumonia' from the effects of liver disease brought on by his drinking. Duffett appears to be a person or friend in the know.

The image of Glover being "innocent and free" in his death sums up perfectly the complexity of Glover's persona and life, and is a profound image of Denis Glover, the man and myth.

It's remarkable that an outside voice from overseas could come away with such an apt description of Glover, after only knowing him a short while.

Michael Duffett shows the value of overseas commentators on New Zealand literature.

### FAREWELL TO A POET

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

Poem © Michael Duffett, 2019

Article © Mark Pirie

Richard Berengarten, and they edited/founded *Carcanet* magazine. He was a teacher of English for four years in Saudi Arabia, spent a year living on the Aegean island of Paros where he improved his knowledge of Greek, went to Tokyo for 10 years where he taught English Literature and earned a Litt. D. degree for his book *The Variety of English Expression*. He moved to the United States at the invitation of the Culture Learning Institute of the East-West Center, a federally-funded think tank in Honolulu, Hawaii. In Hawaii, he met the New Zealand poet K.O. Arvidson. They collaborated and produced the anthology *Poetry East and West*, East-West Center, Honolulu, 1981. Duffett was next Assistant Professor of English at Chaminade University, came to California in 1983 where he has been Minister of the Church of Christ in Rio Vista, Editor of *The River News-Herald*, Instructor of English and Humanities at Columbia College and San Joaquin Delta College. He has been Assistant Professor of English and Humanities at Humphreys College in Stockton, and is currently Associate Professor of English at San Joaquin Delta College in California. He has published extensively in prose and verse, a play of his, *Mountain*, was produced on National Public Radio in the United States in 1988 and his most well-known book is *Forever Avenue* which his publisher describes as “short stories in verse.” An earlier collection of his poetry is *Evolution, A Japanese Journal*, 1974, from which a poem appeared in the *New Zealand Listener*, under the books’ page editorship of Vincent O’Sullivan, following his visit to New Zealand on the invitation of Frank McKay in 1979. As an actor Michael Duffett first appeared on the professional stage at the age of eleven in the boys’ chorus in “Carmen” with the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company in England. Since then, he has appeared on stage in diverse roles. His voice preceded him to the United States as the fox in a production of the Japanese Theater for Children playing in Los Angeles and Honolulu. He appeared in the final episodes of *Magnum, P.I.* as Victor Goetz, the crazy

German auto mechanic. He directed a theatre group for a number of years at a playhouse in the California foothills, and he was represented as the giant by the voice of Don Deluise in an animated movie of *Tom Thumb* by the eminent book-illustrator Richard Jesse Watson. He is a member of the Screen Actors Guild and Equity.

## Poetry by Marion Rego

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

Marion Rego (née Quartermain) (b. 1934) made teaching her career but has always loved writing and has been published in several genres – children’s stories and songs, travel writing, poetry – and while working for the Correspondence School was involved in broadcasts and written resources for the school, as well as contributing to the *New Zealand School Journal*. Rego’s children’s stories/picture books include: *At the Marae* (1992), *Fishing* (1994), *Sandcastles* (1995), *My Secret Place* (1995), *The Birthday Present* (1995), *Dolphins* (1995), *Polly’s Problem* (1995), *Grandad’s Attic* (2002), *Know That Bird* (2003), *Driving the Car* (2004), *Crossing the Road* (2005), *Fussy Cat* (2006), *More Birds* (2007), *Small Garden Creatures* (2008), and *Animals on the Farm* (2011). A volume of her poetry, *Written on the wind*, was published in 2018. Marion Rego performs her work regularly at the Poets to the People readings on the Kāpiti Coast. We feature some of her poetry in the PANZA newsletter.

## Poems by Marion Rego

### DRIVING TO KAIKOURA

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

### CHOICES

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

**HOW ARE YOU?**

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

**MARIGOLDS**

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

Poems © Marion Rego

**Report: *Winter Readings*  
2019**

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

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

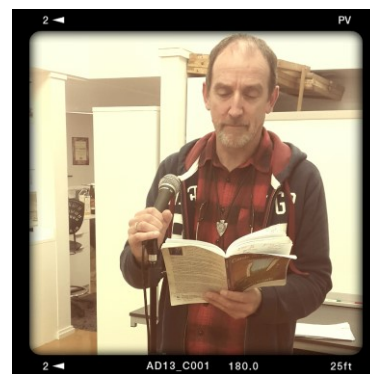
Alex Jeune was first up and read short, sensitive and tightly polished, image-based poems. Jeremy Roberts followed giving a sense of his billing as a Napier Live Poets host. His livewire poetry was well suited to performance. Mary Maringikura Campbell read afterwards with powerful and colourful poetry.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

mixture of new and old work, including poems from *Flight Paths* (HeadworX, 2019). One of her poems celebrated a recent reading at Titirangi Poets in Auckland.

**Poem by Jeremy Roberts****TRANSISTOR HEAVEN**

Music always came from a better place.  
 It spoke to me like big soul-filling ka-  
*ching*  
 within the stupefying vortex of the  
 material world.  
 My daughter is playing her recording of  
 a new song.  
 I know this place well & sink  
 comfortably into the leather sofa –  
 gently biting the soft flesh inside my  
 mouth,  
 as a substitute for chewing gum.  
 The waves soon call me back to a time  
 waiting for Casey Kasem  
 to introduce Barry Manilow singing 'I  
 Write the Songs.'  
 It was American, you see –  
 the musical infiltration of starving ears,  
 a therapeutic displacement of social  
 failure,  
 anxiety over career expectations.  
 Oh, how drab the system was – almost  
 sending you off your rocker!  
 & then:  
 A clap of thunder underneath a  
 fingernail.  
 Thin lips pressed against the throbbing  
 VU meter.  
 An intense light of freedom fluttering –  
 louder & louder in a dark corner of the  
 bedroom.

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



Jeremy Roberts

# New publications by PANZA members

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



### About the Book

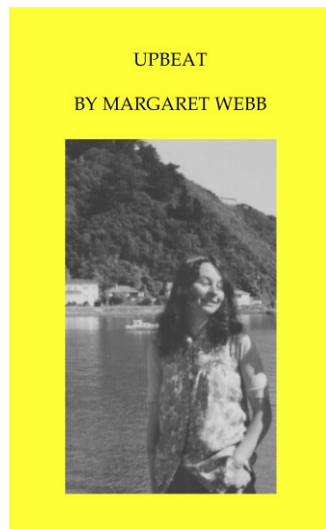
*Flight Paths* is a first collection of poems by an Auckland-born poet, who has been writing since childhood. The poems are drawn from published material from the past 30 years in periodicals and anthologies and from unpublished works. The book offers a choice of Margaret Jeune's distinctive poetry.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

\*\*\*\*\*

Title: *Upbeat: Selected Early Poems 1969-1987*  
Author: **Margaret Webb (aka Margaret Jeune)**  
ISBN 978-0-473-46917-7  
Extent: 80 pages  
Format: 108x174mm  
Publication: May 2019  
Publisher: HeadworX

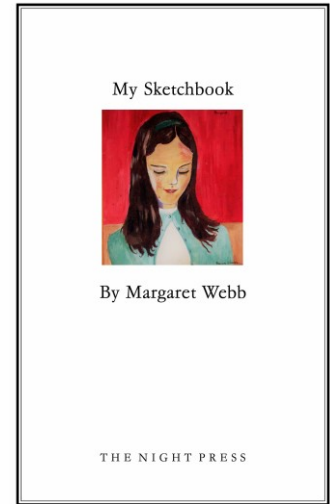
### About the Book

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



\*\*\*\*\*

Title: *My Sketchbook*  
Author: **Margaret Webb (aka Margaret Jeune)**  
ISBN 978-0-473-48232-9  
Extent: 20 pages  
Format: A5  
Publication: July 2019  
Publisher: The Night Press (a division of HeadworX)



### About the Book

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

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

### About the Book

*broadsheet 23* features the Wellington poet Margaret Jeune, and includes a number of her friends and her son as



well as a couple of poets outside the main feature.

Poets included are: Margaret Jeune, Alex Jeune, Anita Arlov, Siobhan Harvey, Alistair Paterson, Annie Newcomer (USA), Karen Peterson Butterworth, Tony Chad, Bill Dacker, Michael Duffett (USA), Mark Raffills, P V Reeves (1927-2019), Brentley Frazer (Australia), Bill Sutton and Gill Ward.

Cover photo of Margaret Jeune by Marie Fallen.

**broadsheet** /23  
new new zealand poetry RRP\$10.00



FEATURING THE POETRY OF MARGARET JEUNE:  
ANITA ARLOV KAREN PETERSON BUTTERWORTH TONY CHAD  
BILL DACKER MICHAEL DUFFETT (USA) BRENTLEY FRAZER (AUS)  
SIOBHAN HARVEY ALEX JEUNE MARGARET JEUNE  
ANNIE NEWCOMER (USA) ALISTAIR PATERSON MARK RAFFILLS  
P V REEVES MARION REGO BILL SUTTON GILL WARD



May 2019

### About the Author

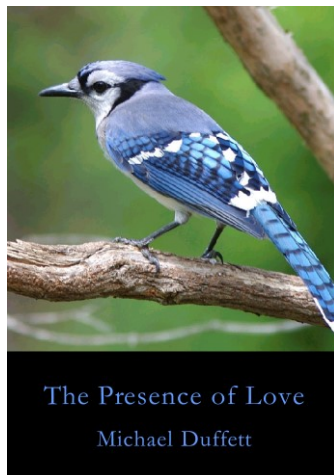
**Margaret Jeune** (also known as Margaret June and Margaret Webb) was born in Auckland in 1956 and grew up in Wainuiomata in the Hutt Valley. She lived in Wellington from the late 1970s and moved up to Ōtaki on the Kāpiti Coast in 1990 and from there to Levin in the Horowhenua in 1999. She returned to Wellington in 2017. She has a BA in Education and a Post Graduate Diploma in Teaching (Early Childhood). She works as an Early Childhood Teacher. Currently she works as a relief teacher for Whānau Manaaki Kindergartens. Margaret has three adult children and four grandchildren. She has written poetry from an early age. Margaret initially had her poetry published in the Children's Page of *The Evening Post*. Since then her poetry has

been published in the Poetry Page of the *Kāpiti Observer*, *Valley Micropress* (1997-2018) and *Elderberries* (Horowhenua District Council). She has also had her poetry published in anthologies, including under the name of "M.A. June".

\*\*\*\*\*

Title: *The Presence of Love: Poems Selected and New*

Author: **Michael Duffett**  
ISBN 978-0-473-46915-3  
Extent: 80 pages  
Format: 140mmx211mm  
Publication: May 2019  
Publisher: HeadworX



### About the Book

*The Presence of Love* is a collection of poems by a UK-born Californian Professor and poet, who has been writing since the 1960s. The poems are drawn from published material from the past 40 years in periodicals, anthologies and from unpublished works. Written in a mixture of verse styles, Duffett's mode shows a tendency for the sonnet and the shorter lyric, with philosophical, scholarly, spiritual and metaphysical concerns for the natural world and the human condition. The book is edited by Wellington writer and literary scholar Mark Pirie and follows on from the feature of Michael Duffett's work in *broadsheet: new zealand poetry* in 2016. The author once visited New Zealand in 1979 on a

lecturing tour and the publication continues Duffett's long-term association with the country. Also included is a Foreword by Duffett and an Appendix detailing his 1979 visit along with a number of poems relating to the New Zealand poets Allen Curnow, C.K. Stead, Denis Glover and K.O. Arvidson.

### About the Author

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

\*\*\*\*\*

Title: *The Black Album Readings*

Editor: **Mark Pirie**  
ISBN: 978-1-86942-184-7  
Price: \$15.00  
Extent: 24 pages  
Format: 149x210mm  
Publication: August 2018  
Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

### About the Book

*The Black Album Readings* (a tribute to Metallica) celebrates the Winter Readings held at St Peter's Hall, Paekakariki, on 17 August 2019. Contributors include: Tim Jones, Mary Maringikura Campbell, Mark Pirie, Michael O'Leary, Margaret Jeune, Alex Jeune, Jeremy Roberts and Rob Hack. Winter Readings, an annual event in the Wellington region, is presented by the Poetry Archive Trust, HeadworX Publishers and ESAW 2003-2008, 2016-2019.

About the Editor

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



Cerebral Palsy Unit in Australia. He holds a Mus. B. degree from VUW (1965) and was 1st horn in The Wellington Youth Orchestra, and the National Youth Orchestra (1969). He has had many poems published in recognized magazines. He won first prize in the Waipa Districts Libraries poetry competition, 2015, against 119 other competitors. Other interests include Cosmology, Ecology and composing music.

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

The author comments in postscript to PANZA:

The only additional comment I have contemplated since, is whether the second verse should be alternated with the third "Peace, not war, shall be our boast ...". Apart from the imperial skirmishes and land wars in the early 1800s, this remains true.

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Title: Ear to the Ground: A Novel
Author: Gary Mutton
ISBN: 978-1-86942-186-1
Format: 149x210mm
Extent: 96 pages
Publication: August 2018
Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

EAR TO THE GROUND

A NOVEL BY

GARY MUTTON

David Eggleton appointed NZ Poet Laureate

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

About the Book

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

About the Author

Gary Mutton has led a strangely varied existence. Holder of three Wellington Athletic Centre titles, he has also seen naval service, worked in a furnishing company, then as a psychiatric nurse, subeditor for an agricultural periodical, public relations officer in a Consular Office, free-lance journalist for a sectarian newspaper, and aide in a

Letter to the Editor

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

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

Donate to PANZA through PayPal

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

## Recently received donations

PANZA kindly thanks these donators to the archive.

Tim Jones – 24 titles.

Robert McLean – 4 titles.

Margaret Jeune – 22 titles.

Mark Pirie – 14 titles.

## About the Poetry Archive

### *Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA)*

#### **PANZA contains**

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

#### **Wanted**

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

#### **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, Cameron La Follette (USA), Riemke Ensing and the New Zealand Poetry Society.

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