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Poetry Notes

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Inside this Issue

1

Welcome

John Gallas's epic poem
The Little Sublime Comedy

2

Poetry by Jim Consedine

4

Letter by Niel Wright

5

Obituary: Yilma Tafere
Tasew, 1957-2020

7

Report: Poet Laureate
Inauguration

8

New publications by
PANZA members

Donate to PANZA

Recently received
donations

About the Poetry Archive

PANZA
1 Woburn Road
Northland
Wellington 6012

Newsletter of PANZA

Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 38 (following issue 37, Winter 2020) 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>

John Gallas's epic poem *The Little Sublime Comedy*

PANZA archivist, poet and publisher **Mark Pirie** writes on the recent publication of a Kiwi epic poem in England by ex-pat New Zealander John Gallas, published by Carcanet Press in Manchester.

The late Australian poet Clive James who moved to England produced a translation of Dante's *The Divine Comedy* but here is something fresher

for the 21st Century, a complete reimagining of *The Divine Comedy* by a New Zealander, another Antipodean who moved to England in 1971 to study Old Icelandic, and so is skilled in his understanding of classical narrative verse.

I read and reviewed Gallas's previous narrative work (in sonnet form) *The Story of Molecule* set in Nelson, New Zealand, and this latest work, more ambitious and 10 years in the making, extends his New Zealand focus. To me, John Gallas has all the wit of Clive James, but a more likely comparison for Gallas's *The Little Sublime Comedy* is Roald Dahl (*Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*) meets Douglas Adams (*The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*) and the Samuel Beckett enthusiast Michael O'Leary (*Unlevel Crossings*), with a little of *Doctor Who* thrown in for good measure. I don't know whether Gallas has read these authors or watched *Doctor Who*.

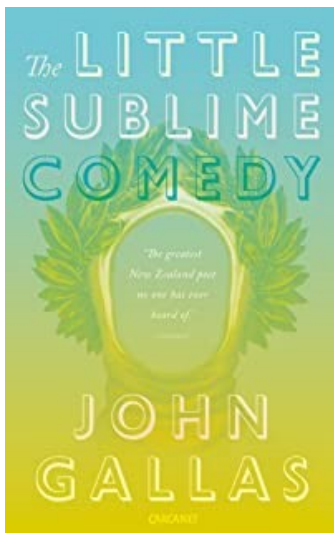
Gallas divides his little epic into three Books, and each comprises roughly 50 songs each, culminating in 147 songs in total. It is shorter in size than other Kiwi epics like Alfred Domett's *Ranolf and Amohia* or Niel Wright's *The Alexandrians* (120 Books). Gallas's narrative moves from The Bad Place to The Better Place to The Good Place, none of which are described as Hell, Purgatory or Heaven (as with Dante's Catholicism) but can appear to be so. The 'songs' of Gallas are more properly described as a mixture of rhyme and free verse and dramatic monologues, and not presented by Gallas in any traditional form or structure but are eminently readable, with surprising

word-choice and Byronic end rhymes. They flow as short incidents leading on from one scene to another in the course of the novice narrator’s journey. The novice narrator picked up in Lake Rotoiti by his Horatian Guide Sam Beckett travels first to The Bad Place that contains Wings. As he descends further into The Bad Place it is clear this is the torment of the damned. The Better Place is a tree of hope with Bowers. Beckett the guide takes the novice narrator here via a Klein bottle before departing for good nearly halfway through The Better Place. Joy and Lineout the dog replace Sam Beckett as guides, and further on a Golden Kiwi replaces them to take the novice narrator to The Good Place, whereby the novice narrator is guided on skis by a Pohutukawa Tree to certain Pleasances, including the Beautiful City and the Festival and Fair of Good Faith. The cast of characters and cameos would take too long to list here but is sufficient to keep the reader, including school students, amused on the journey. Gallas gives them a fitting curtain-call in Song 147 to conclude the book. I note that Gallas has been a teacher. The Edward Thomas adage that “If a man spends his first 20 years in and about his birthplace then that is his country”, is never more apparent than in John Gallas’s new work, particularly in the second and third books, with their descriptions of New Zealand flora and fauna and native species.

I have collected nearly all of Gallas’s poetry books for PANZA and consider this book a significant achievement for Gallas and also for New Zealand poetry and literature. Gallas has the charm and allure to keep readers following closely his next moves. In a longer work like *The Little Sublime Comedy*, Gallas shows he is a poet of considerable vocabulary, poetic range and talent. I welcome this work as something bold and different but do have some hesitations about what the publisher’s blurb describes of Gallas’s work as being “as subtly satirical as it is unsubtly silly”, and whether this serves Gallas well. Gallas I think has something more serious to say here about the plight of the dead and human souls.



John Gallas



Poetry by Jim Consedine

This issue we feature some poetry by the Christchurch Priest Jim Consedine (mostly) from his 2019 book *Syrian Boy and Other Poems*. Christchurch-born, Jim Consedine has been a campaigner for social justice and has published many articles in newspapers over the years along with several books on Restorative Justice. He has been a chaplain for five Christchurch prisons and been the founding national coordinator for the

Restorative Justice network in New Zealand. His first book of poetry was published to coincide with 50 years in the priesthood. His brother Michael Consedine was also a poet, who began writing in his 60s. An obituary for Michael, a nurse, appeared in the *Press* (Christchurch) in 2008.

Jim Consedine

SPIRIT CALL

the ancient call of faith
‘bear fruit in abundance!’
echoes down the centuries
a haunting imperative

this weight of love, of care
a passion for justice
heart-breaking at times
remains a precious gift

nipping heart and head
it grips the soul
confronting, difficult
yet strangely comforting

tossed about at nights
I wrestle with urgent questions
before reaching under the pillow
to grab my rosary

MORNING PRAYER AT WHIRINAKI

23 November 2002

we gather, regular as sunrise
answering the call to prayer
like Muslim brothers in Baghdad
sisters of Buddha in Tibet
Francis in another age
in morning’s mist we are Church

as Eli strokes the cat
Catherine reads the Word
Jesus cleansing the temple
of lies and deceit
the gods of materialism
and tacky crosses made in Taiwan

Judith tells of Uncle Charlie
tarred and feathered by the powers
his conscientious status a footnote
to a forgotten war, over forgotten aims

millions of forgotten dead
 but not Uncle Charlie
 while Gilbert and Teresa sleep
 the peace of innocence
 Patrick pokes the fire
 and prayers for an anguished world rise
 Christ's Body calling for more
 cleansing
 in the temples of the market place

AN IRONIC LEGACY

22 March 2019

fifty one dead, dozens injured
 faithful Muslims killed at prayer

an evil act, cold, calculated
 devastating its effects
 astonishing its simplicity

mind-blowing its proportions
 hundreds of thousands mourn
 many wearing hijabs

innocence gone forever
 more tolerant, open, sensitive
 the soul of a nation grows softer

shows greater compassion
 inter-faith awareness
 sees the face of true Islam

unexpected gifts
 an ironic legacy

ON THE MARGINS

on the margins
 where Christ prowls

sheltering with the homeless
 out of it on drugs
 eating from dumpsters
 depressed by day

locked behind bars
 asleep under bridges
 scarred by pain
 fearful of the future

on the margins
 scorned by the masses
 God dwells
 under cover

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL BERRIGAN

30 April 2016

life should never be
 business as usual
 worshipping the calf
 in catatonic stupor
 screamed the prophet
 into the teeth
 of the howling
 gale

our planet, our mother
 is reaping a whirlwind
 bombed out cities
 refugees fleeing
 forests destroyed
 oceans, rivers poisoned
 the mothers, the children
 dying

the wind
 picking up his words
 softened its breath
 and eased

DEFYING THE ODDS

5 December 2002

o ancient pōhutukawa, sprung from
 a thousand rock faces and craggy
 crevasses
 you stand, a living monument
 home to a confusion of birds

swooping, wheeling and diving
 safely into your arms
 gnarled and roughened
 sturdy, yet there forever

your youthful splendour lost
 a century or five ago
 buffeted into mature lines
 by countless cycles

weather and tidal extremes
 you rest, staunch, solid, responsible
 silhouetted against the backdrop
 a million days of salt spray

you witness to the immutable
 truth of your genes
 that where there is a will
 life will always be

LOW TIDE

10 October 2008

low tide on a spring day
 creates its own world
 free of commercial influence
 an estuary subject to the moon
 adjacent wetlands
 miracles of life and wonder
 crabs crawl mud flats, camouflaged
 disappearing suddenly down holes
 a pair of stately herons
 strut imperiously in shallow waters
 gulls bask in the warm sun, chattering
 like old kuia enjoying their moku

eighty black swans park up, facing
 south
 like starters at Le Mans
 while ever busy pukeko stalk the rushes
 and wait on feeding time

low tide on a spring day
 creates its own world
 a universe held together
 by divine glue

TWO METRES APART

20 April 2020

sitting at the bus stop
 a pause during my walk
 one sunny morning late April
 the year of COVID
 feeling how surreal
 this lockdown really is

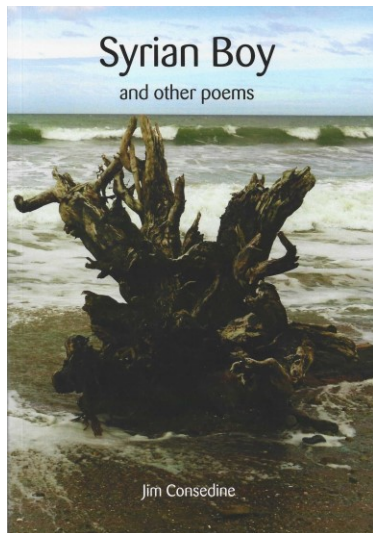
noticing families out walking
 an aberration on a weekday
 hailing passers-by
 who swerve onto the roadway
 like rugby wingers in full flight
 but return the greeting, smiling

pondering the mystery
 how an organism
 microcosmically tiny, totally invisible
 has brought our modern world
 industrialised, corporatized, militarised
 to its knees, begging

two metres apart

Poems © Jim Consedine

Jim's book *Syrian Boy and Other Poems* is available from the author for \$20.00. Queries & Orders: Contact: Jim Consedine jim.conse@xtra.co.nz.



Letter by Niel Wright

LETTER (enlarged and reorganised) TO AN ORGANISER as a manifesto for PANZA by Niel Wright

Thanks for your approach to PANZA regarding Heritage Week 2020. I gave you my honest report on our involvement in 2018. That report recognised the conditions under which PANZA operates. Our conditions are as they are, but we still need to try to get the better of them in future, if we can. And we can make some headway. The issue with PANZA is money. If money was the basis of our operation we couldn't operate. My son and I built the garage with our own hands. Even at that it cost \$40000. But nobody keeps a car there now. So we have been able to use its 45 square metres for PANZA. So in 2018 there was no paid for advertising, but I relied on associates to exploit their mailing lists. But in fact there was no advertising beyond our known existence worldwide. It was luck and your advertising that got us 7 quality visitors.

Unless we can make and justify the highest claims for New Zealand poetry in English, the impact of PANZA as the biggest public display anywhere of New Zealand poetry, at its present level of publicity will be lucky to do better than in the 2018 week.

This ambition for poetry in New Zealand Aotearoa has never not been the case in our history. A hundred years ago we talked about ourselves as the Athens of the South, and such talk is still heard today, literally. Look at the record of our poets and our poetry in all languages we use.

The purpose of poetry (in terms of information theory) is to unleash the energy of information, so increasing the effectiveness of human communication. There are many ways to achieve this result, and to a degree every poem and every poet gets this result by definition. No society can flourish without this active resource of poems and poets. Social media is no substitute but exactly the opposite in effect because it is subliterate.

The PANZA line is that any New Zealander or person interested in New Zealand who writes a poem as such in their own eyes is entitled to call themselves a poet, and of all such people we have a good sampling, amounting to the biggest holding of New Zealand poetry open to public view worldwide.

The appearance of PANZA has changed because I have shifted my own literary office with almost all my papers into PANZA.

I do not in regard to PANZA make an issue of myself as a poet, because I am on the same footing as everybody else as a poet.

Wellington (like much of New Zealand) is a philistine place in regard to poetry. There is a competitive spirit in New Zealand. But competition is not adequate. What there has to be both for New Zealand and for poetry is supreme ambition, of which the benchmark is Shakespeare and outside of literature per se Captain Cook.

It was Captain Cook by his personal acts in exploring the Pacific and the publicity he generated throughout Europe and beyond who focused the world's attention on the Pacific and its

peoples, not just the Polynesians but today the English, Spanish and indigenous speaking populations that abound on Pacific coasts and hinterlands.

Jacinda Ardern is ambitious for New Zealand and Charles Brasch was ambitious for New Zealand poetry, art and culture, and deployed a great deal of his family fortune to that end. In the matter of New Zealand culture no public or municipal official or volunteer may consider a part of their brief to be its active promotion in specific ways. An ambitious role by New Zealand is the normal expectation worldwide now as back into the past. PANZA is an expression of that role. And obviously in general terms that is what is needed from New Zealand. I am with a brand (PANZA), and as such I am an influencer for all I'm worth in terms of human effort. Money can't buy status as a poet.

Your endeavour to get me a spot on radio went well in 2018. And such occasions have happened in the past and I have had national and international publicity as a poet in the highest commendatory terms as far back as 1947 when Brasch first got *Landfall* up and running, and even this week a generous, polite and diplomatic acquaintance said "in terms of ambition for New Zealand poetry, you have not been found wanting." And we all agree, but the only person active in New Zealand who commands the respect of Shakespeare is Shakespeare himself, and that is the measure of our lack of ambition. We have set up a benchmark and we don't measure up to it ourselves unless we do so demonstrably.

But unfortunately if we don't show such activity effectively as Māori interests creditably have been promoted since Captain Cook, we are making fools of ourselves in international eyes.

But for New Zealand culture to make a mark in the world we must have distinction, and this is true obviously what Māori culture has. So let me make a point I should perhaps have made earlier.

James Bertram once opined that it was pointless to put poems in Māori in an anthology of New Zealand poems in English because they looked ineffective

(as he didn't go on to say) without the resonances of Māori culture as backgrounding.

The same question of resonance applies to all the poetry in whatever languages of so-called western culture in Europe, the Middle East and North Africa, in particular those regions where Alexander the Great is a figure of interest in whatever terms. Hence my epic poem *The Alexandrians* is seen from a New Zealand so Polynesian perspective as the antipodes of an area from Denmark to Spain.

New Zealand inescapably relates to Mediterranean Antiquity (if only because of missionary activity that still goes on hereabouts). I note Michael O'Leary's latest bit of surrealism *Apocrypha Scripta* to show I am not alone in reflecting Antiquity for cultural resonance.

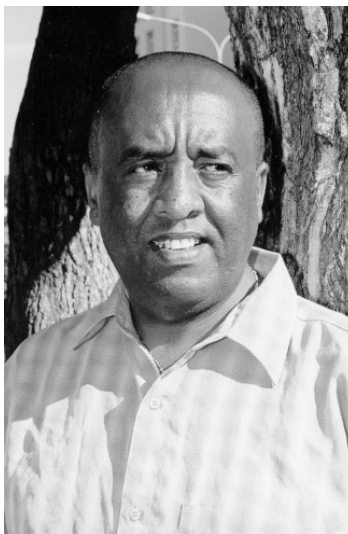
I am not alone in making such points as these. September I'll be three years off 90. C K Stead is six months older. He had a piece in the *Sunday Star Times* this week (ending 7/6/20), talking about literature as literature. After noting that "literary nationalism is no longer in fashion" he goes on "There's no great appetite, except in a very few highly discriminating people, for literature as literature – for excellence – never mind the where and what it's about."

You may say Stead's views are not the way we do things in New Zealand. But have you noticed the whole world has changed utterly in the last six months? You mention partners such as Katherine Mansfield House. If you want to circulate this letter, feel free to do so because it is a public document making points relevant all round.

But the practicality is this. My wife and I as the site managers are prepared to man the phone and the gate between 10am and 4pm during Heritage Week 2020 for people who want to make a phone call to 4758042 Wellington for an appointment to visit PANZA.

Niel Wright is the co-founder of PANZA and author of the epic poem The Alexandrians. A selection of his poetry, The Pop Artist's Garland appeared from HeadworX in 2010.

Obituary: Yilma Tafere Tasew, 1957-2020



Yilma Tafere Tasew by Basim Furat, 2005

PANZA was saddened to hear of the death of the Wellington-based poet and commentator on Black African refugee issues Yilma Tafere Tasew in September of this year.

Tasew was known to many in the Wellington writing community for his enduring work on the plight of Black African refugees. Two published volumes in New Zealand and the United States covered this crisis in world history, *Diasporic Ghosts* (2005) and *Outcast* (Third World Press, Trenton, New Jersey, 2011).

Tasew's language was Amharic. His poetry written in English was influenced by Black African oral and repetitive chant forms. It is collected in several volumes *Agonizing Wounds* (2001, 2006), *Thank you, thank you!* (Steele Roberts, 2010) and *Broken Wings* (Steele Roberts, 2013). The latter collection included poems on New Zealand themes including the Pike River mine tragedy.

Tasew was born and grew up in Ethiopia. A teacher by profession, he left Ethiopia in 1991, to exile in Kenyan Refugee Camps. While in Kakuma Camp he became a refugee community leader and established the first refugee library, a news bulletin *KANEBU*, and

helped to publish a book called *Tilting Cages: An Anthology of Refugee Writing*. In 1997 Yilma was invited by the UNHCR (The UN High Commission for Refugees) to work for the social and community services section in their Kenyan operations base at Nairobi.

In July 1999, Tasew moved to New Zealand under the Refugee Quota Programme becoming a New Zealand Citizen in 2005. He studied at Victoria University of Wellington obtaining a degree, a BA in Political Science and International Relations and became a public speaker in Refugee and Diaspora issues. He worked variously as an Education Consultant at Karori Learning Centre, as a Cross Cultural Worker for the Refugee and Migrant Service, as a translator for the New Zealand Translation Service, and at the New Zealand Immigration Service and at Te Papa, Museum of New Zealand in Wellington.

Tasew was known to many for his readings at Wellington poetry venues since the early 2000s. He helped to found the academic journal *Africana* and the writers' group Writers International in Wellington who produced an anthology, *World Words* (2006). His local launches at the Wellington Town Hall were big and colourful events that inspired many to take notice of refugee issues in the Kiwi community. His contribution to New Zealand and world poetry and as editor of books on Black African refugee issues was noted as "heartfelt, blunt and revealing" and drew largely on his own personal experience as a refugee at Kakuma Camp in Kenya.

Tasew will be missed by many in the New Zealand community for his dedicated efforts to illuminate refugee issues and his willingness to discuss how best to tackle them. His dedication at the start of his book *Outcast* is telling: "To all Black African refugees, who have the integrity and the courage to stand up for justice and to those refugees who are wasted in the middle of nowhere in African refugee camps...I love you all!"

Yilma's funeral was held at the Presbyterian Church, 88 The Parade, Island Bay on 24 September 2020.

ERODED by Yilma Tafere Tasew

What is left
of me
of every time
by every day?
Like the pacific
erodes its
area
surrounding waterfront
harbour
cities around
I am
eroded

My heart
became tiny
reducing blood
pumping
to my
vessels
little by little
vanishing
from immortality
changing
my mood
towards gloomy
'calmness'
numbness
of horror
I am
eroded

The bright sky
across the
ocean heals
mountains
being stagnant
at Wellington's
waterfront
unable
to bring me
visually
the sky of my homeland
I am
eroded

Unable to
find
even temporary
relief
from homesickness
either unable
to take me
or to bring
here my homeland
sky

I am
eroded
Beyond expectations
imagination
on my borrowed
vision
when I try to
assimilate
integrate
look around
me
everyone is enjoying
the breath
the view
the waterfront
talking
laughing
enjoying
'sunny lovely days'
I am
eroded

I buried my
face
in my knees
my heart
crying loneliness
feeling alone
in the middle
of everyone
I am
eroded

Without enjoying
the surroundings
nature
beauty
I enjoy
being
surrounded
by my misery
my sadness
homesickness
my longing
for the sky
of my homelands
across mountains
oceans
I am
eroded
eroded
eroded

Bibliography

Works by Yilma Tafere Tasew

Poetry

Agonizing Wounds. Wellington: Refugee and Migrant Service, 2001; Wellington: First Edition Ltd, 2006, new edition.
Diasporic Ghosts, A Discourse on Exile and Refugee Issues. Introductions by Jarso Hagaloo and Andrea Useem. Wellington: First Edition Ltd, 2005.
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Non-fiction/Essays (as editor)

Outcast: The Plight of Black African Refugees. Introductions by Christopher LaMonica and Shelly Dixon. New Jersey, USA, Third World Press, 2011.

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Harmonious Black Africa [Yilma's blog].

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The Man Behind That Salad Fruit Suit, Tom Hunt and Megan Gattey, *The Dominion Post*, 11 January 2016, A11.

Poet and Refugee Saw His Work as a Medicine, Bess Manson, *The Dominion Post*, 3 October 2020, p. B6.

Article © Mark Pirie

Mark Pirie was a friend of Yilma's who helped edit his poetry and did the publishing work for Yilma's book, *Diasporic Ghosts in 2005*. In 2013, he contributed the Introduction to Yilma's book *Broken Wings* (launched by the Hon Lianne Dalziel at the Council Chambers of the Wellington Town Hall). Mark read the following acrostic poem tribute to Yilma at the book launch:

YILMA

Y is for Yilma, "the one and only".

I is for intellect, always grasping the BIG issues.

L is for largeness of ideas, poetry, reading, friendship.

M is for magnificence of vision, caring for a better humanity.

A is for aspiring, having the courage to make a difference not just for refugees but in *all* our lives.

Poem © Mark Pirie 2013

Report: Poet Laureate Inauguration



Poet Laureate David Eggleton (photo by David Mackenzie)

David Eggleton was inaugurated as New Zealand's poet laureate at Matahiwi Marae in Hawke's Bay on Saturday, 10th October 2020. Having been called on to the marae with the karanga, David and his fellow support poets Jenny Powell, Michael O'Leary (of PANZA) and Kay McKenzie Cooke responded by reading poetry and singing waiata. Also present were members of David's whānau. Each Laureate receives their own tokotoko, or carved orator's stick, which symbolises their authority and status, and an honorarium. The tokotoko is paired with the matua, or "parent tokotoko" which travelled to Eggleton's ceremony under the guardianship of Peter Ireland, and which is retained and displayed by the National Library to signify their joint guardianship of the award with Ngāti Kahungunu. The tokotoko are created by Hawke's Bay artist Jacob Scott, with the matua carved from black amire and containing a poem by the late Hone

Tuwhare, the 1999-2001 Laureate, who had several links with Matahiwi. Later in the evening Eggleton performed at Toitōi, Hawke's Bay Arts & Events Centre, with his fellow poets to an appreciative audience. Then, Chief Librarian of the Alexander Turnbull Library Chris Szekely announced Eggleton's tenure would be extended for a further year. Szekely said it was only fair to give Eggleton more time after the ability of the Laureate to deliver live onsite performances around the country was compromised by the COVID-19 lockdown and social distancing requirements.

"David has been delivering brilliantly through online channels," he said. "However, for someone who is known as an outstanding live performance poet, it was particularly unfortunate that this aspect has been impacted by the pandemic." David Eggleton expressed his gratitude and said in his estimation the poet is an essential worker: "Poems help the world go around, and I am grateful for this opportunity to get up, get out and sock the beachball of poetry about for a while longer in my role as New Zealand's Poet Laureate."

The Poet Laureate Award has been bestowed since 1996, originally by Te Mata Estate Winery to recognise an accomplished and highly-regarded poet who can advocate for New Zealand poetry and inspire current and future readers and writers of poetry. Poet Laureates are appointed to advocate and be a public presence for New Zealand poetry normally over a two-year term by Te Puna Mātauranga o Aotearoa National Library of New Zealand. Based on the tradition of the Poet Laureate of the UK receiving a "Butt of Sack" the New Zealand Poet Laureate also receives a stipend of wine from Te Mata Estate. On Sunday, the day of leaving, the local tangata whenua welcomed the guests again, this time for a breakfast and a poroporoaki which made the event formally closed after which some of us flew to Auckland in time to get the flight back to Wellington, a true poetic way of ending.

Tā te rangatira tana kai he kōrero

Article © Michael O'Leary

Spring 2020

Dr Michael O’Leary is a co-founder of PANZA and published David Eggleton’s only collection of short stories, After Tokyo, through his publishing house Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop in the late 1980s.

New publications by PANZA members

broadsheet /26
new new zealand poetry RRP\$10.00



FEATURING THE POETRY OF ANDREW FAGAN:
PETER BLAND MARY MARINGIKURA CAMPBELL
LAURA CHALAR (Uruguay) BILL DIREEN DAVID EGGLETON
ANDREW FAGAN SIOBHAN HARVEY KARYN HAY ALEX JEUNE
BILL MANHIRE ANNIE NEWCOMER (USA) MICHAEL O’LEARY
ALISTAIR PATERSON MARK PIRIE RON RIDDELL



November 2020

Title: **broadsheet 26**
Editor: **Mark Pirie**
ISSN: 1178-7808
Price: \$10.00
Extent: 40 pages
Format: 149x210mm
Publication: November 2020
Publisher: The Night Press (a division of HeadworX)

About the Book

broadsheet 26 features the Auckland singer/songwriter and poet Andrew Fagan, and includes 11 recent poems from his 2018 Spoken Word CD, *it was always going to be like this*, in print form for the first time.

Poets included are: Peter Bland, Mary Maringikura Campbell, Laura Chalar (Uruguay), Bill Direen, David Eggleton, Siobhan Harvey, Karyn Hay, Alex Jeune, Bill Manhire, Annie Newcomer (USA), Michael O’Leary, Alistair Paterson, Mark Pirie and Ron Riddell.

FOLK PUNK

Selected photos, artworks and drawings
1985-2020



MARK PIRIE

Title: **Folk Punk: Selected Photos, Artworks and Drawings 1985-2020**
Author: **Mark Pirie**
ISBN: 978-1-86942-192-2
Price: \$30.00
Extent: 94 pages
Format: 149x210mm
Publication: November 2020
Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

About the Book

Folk Punk is the first of two volumes collecting the work of Mark Pirie as an artist and book designer. Volume One, *Folk Punk*, contains a selection of his photography 1985-2020 plus illustrations/artworks and drawings of Pirie’s music influences as a poet: Bono, Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, Anthony Kiedis, David Bowie, Sammy Hagar and Kurt Cobain. The book complements his poetry oeuvre and also gives portraits of other writers, performers or musicians who have been important to his work and life as an editor and publisher over the years, including Michael O’Leary, Alistair and Meg Campbell, Andrew Fagan, Bill Direen and Alistair Paterson.

About the Artist

Mark Pirie is a Wellington poet, editor and publisher. Pirie has published several mini books previously with ESAW, a biography *Tom Lawn*,

Mystery Forward and written or edited a number of poetry collections, including the Winter Readings series and a selection of early poems, *Giving Poetry a Bad Name*. This is his first art book.

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

Jim Consedine – *Syrian Boy and Other Poems* by Jim Consedine and two issues of the Christchurch paper *The Common Good*.

PANZA kindly thanks these donors to the archive.

About the Poetry Archive

Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA)

PANZA contains

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

Wanted

NZ poetry books (old & new)
Other NZ poetry items i.e. critical books on NZ poetry, anthologies of NZ poetry,

poetry periodicals and broadsheets,
poetry event programmes, posters and/or
prints of NZ poets or their poetry books.
DONT THROW OUT OLD NZ
POETRY! SEND IT TO PANZA

PANZA will offer:

- Copies of NZ poetry books for private research and reading purposes.
- Historical information for poets, writers, journalists, academics, researchers and independent scholars of NZ poetry.
- Photocopying for private research purposes.
- Books on NZ poetry and literary history, and CD-ROMs of NZ poetry and literature.
- CDs of NZ poets reading their work.

You can assist the preservation of NZ poetry by becoming one of the Friends of the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA).

If you'd like to become a friend or business sponsor of PANZA, please contact us.

Contact Details

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

Current PANZA Members:

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

Current Friends of PANZA:

Paul Thompson, Gerrard O'Leary, Vaughan Rapatahana, Cameron La Follette (USA), Riemke Ensing and the New Zealand Poetry Society.

PANZA is a registered charitable trust