

Winter 2021  
Volume 11, Issue 1

ISSN 1179-7681

## Inside this Issue

- 1 Welcome
- Obituary: Ted Jenner (1946-2021)
- 4 Poetry by Wilsonville Collective
- 5 Music review: *Move Along Love Among* by Bilders
- Comment on John Gallas
- 6 Obituary: Robin Fry
- 7 National Poetry Day  
Poem by Basim Furat
- New publications by PANZA members
- 9 Donate to PANZA
- 10 Recently received donations
- About the Poetry Archive

PANZA  
1 Woburn Road  
Northland  
Wellington 6012

# Poetry Notes

## Newsletter of PANZA

### Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 41 (following issue 40, Winter 2021) of *Poetry Notes*, the newsletter of PANZA, the newly formed Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa.

*Poetry Notes* will 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>

### Obituary: Ted Jenner (1946–2021)

I met Ted Jenner when he returned to New Zealand from Malawi. It was in 2009, after his book *Writers in Residence* was launched with David Lyndon Brown's book of poetry *Skin Hunger*. After the launch and a meal we walked up to our cars, and we found we shared an interest in William Golding's books. Ted had read most of them. I had read a number. We also shared an interest in the poetry of John Berryman – whose 'Homage to Mistress Bradstreet' he kept urging me to read. I eventually

did, aided by a commentary and concluded it was one of the great things written.

Ted was a classics scholar and the New Zealand agent for *Paideuma* the journal devoted to Ezra Pound and his *Cantos*. Like Pound, Ted knew a number of languages and, among other things, Pound's *Cantos* became central to Ted's life. His interests in writers encompassed many who took an interest in the classics. From there he radiated out to writers of the Pound Era like Joyce and T. S. Eliot, also Gaudia Brzeska and Wyndam Lewis. The art of these two I think influenced Ted's own. Indeed, he preferred minimalist sculpture and art. He liked Joanna Paul's writings but not her (watercolour) art. I liked both. We had some differences but these were not a hindrance. As well as the classical writers he had read a lot of Nobel Prize or, say, Booker Prize winners.

Ted and I also liked the works of the innovative writer Christopher Middleton. He saw my edition of *Pataxanadu* and persuaded me to part with it. I was selling books up to 2014 so I got some books he wanted including *The Grass* by Claude Simon, French Nobel Prize Winner. I got a copy for myself also. Ted was associated with *Stand Magazine* and may have contributed to it. He recalled a review in *Stand* of two writers. I got copies of the books and we both read them.

He also had an interest in French writers such as Francis Ponge (whose work he translated) or the earlier Léon-Paul Fargue. We also discussed

Jules Laforgue whose satires influenced T. S. Eliot. He was interested in translations esp. of French books. He also liked Eugenio Montale. I had been encouraging my adult son to read and our reading included works by Balzac and Flaubert. I discovered Ted had read all of the latter’s novels as he was admired by Pound and Eliot. When I was reading or rediscovering Hemingway, Ted suggested some titles such as ‘A Clean Well Lighted Place’.

But his interest in French, Spanish and other writers was matched by an interest in the Māori language even in the 1980s. This is clear from Ted’s own brilliant work: ‘Progress Report on an Annotated Checklist for Motuihe Is. Gazetteer of Ethnographical Topology and Comparative Onomatography’, edited with a still important assessment and introduction by Michael Morrissey. Incidentally, I believe Michael Morrissey’s anthology to be one of the milestones of New Zealand literature on a par (say) with C. K. Stead’s *The New Poetic*. When I read *The New Fiction* in 1988 it had a long lasting influence on me. I was intrigued by the layout of Ted’s work in that anthology, and by the way he and others often numbered their ‘points’ like a semi-scientific thesis. Ted’s work set on Motuihe is also in his book *Writers in Residence and other captive fauna* (2009).

Ted and I used to visit each other. I felt privileged – it may sound a bit silly – but I felt Ted was part of a world I was not. He was in a sort of ‘higher class’. He was an academic. He had obtained an MA in Latin and an MA in Greek. He knew many of the writers from the ’70s or ’80s or earlier, and had traveled widely. We got on pretty well and used to go to the Ellerslie, or Panmure pub for a beer and talk for quite a few hours, or we would talk at my place or at Ted’s home. We had similar backgrounds in some ways. My father had become an architect, and was fairly well off in a working class area. But I had failed to continue with poetry and academic studies and worked in many

labouring or other jobs and as a Lineman or as a Comms Tech and so on. In effect my career as a writer started when Ted’s was already in mid-stream.



Ted Jenner d. 8 July 2021

Ted had spent time in Malawi, which possibly reflects his concern for poorer areas of the world and for ecology. I asked him about how big the spiders were there. “Huge!” he told me. He just brushed them out or got someone to help with that! I was horrified. No! Malawi and travel in general was not for me! But Ted’s experiences and rich knowledge of Europe, Africa, the Pacific and particularly Tonga are impossible to separate from his works. Those spiders bring me to another aspect of Ted. He was very committed to causes opposing cruelty to animals and the killing of animals for profit etc. He mistakenly thought that I didn’t care about the animals he did care about. In fact, animals and biology had been one of my main interests as a teenager and I did share a similar concern. In any case it was something beside his wit and friendship that I saw in Ted, something “good”. Ted was witty and sometimes dry but we had a lot of laughs together. We laughed at many of the adventures – real or invented – that our friend Scott Hamilton had got into. I had to explain to Ted that no, I hadn’t beaten up cops in the 1960s to ’70s, something Scott had told him. I warned him to be wary of many of

Scott’s anecdotes. Nevertheless we both agreed on the calibre of Scott’s writing.

Once, when I was at Ted’s for a nice dinner – Ted would make an excellent lightish meal and we might have some wine – he put on a CD or cassette of Pound reading his *Cantos*. I found it quite beautiful, it seemed to me that Pound really believed the Greek gods actually existed for him. Ted later did his *Gold Leaves*, which appeared in various publications. These were scholarly lower case renditions of upper case Ancient Greek inscriptions, as well as his own poetic translations of them. This got us into questions of death and early religion and took us back to Ezra Pound. Ted’s fascination for Pound’s work was total. He spent years on it. He discussed the controversial aspects of Pound candidly. Following Eliot, he also looked into and read the Elizabethan and the Metaphysical poets. ‘For the images,’ he said. He meant the complex and clever conceits used by Donne etc. He had followed up Eliot’s notes and read Fraser’s *The Golden Bough*, which had influenced Freud. Another of his interests was Welsh poet David Jones, who evinced a passion for Roman history, Latin, the First World War, and things such as Welsh and the Arthurian tales. Ted was as keen on David Jones as I was, although he found his art was not minimal enough. Ted had exacting standards regarding minimalism and concision. This I admired. He was a craftsman but he brought lyricism and love into his poems as well as a certain allusiveness.

Ted could be amusing in surprising ways. Once he suggested a game at his place. He shut his eyes and asked me to pass him books at random from his shelves. As I did, he identified them, by touch. He loved books so much he knew them by their contents as well as by the feel and texture of them. He loved words and the physicality of books.

I think Ted was interested and puzzled by my own work. Michael Morrissey certainly was. Apart from the many amusing incidents we

shared, there was the time he suggested that Michael and I meet up but Michael had said, “No, that Richard Taylor is too weird for me!” This became a standing joke between us, I loved to hear it from Ted! Indeed I had known Michael Morrissey for a number of years.

Ted got caught up in Scott Hamilton’s enthusiasm for Tonga and Pasifica. Intrepid traveler that he was, he went there. Ted was also an editor of one issue of *Brief* which I had been involved in (as a subscriber or more recently a contributor) since its incipience in 1995, when Alan Loney began the magazine. I was really excited when it first started as ‘A Brief History of the Whole World’. It then ‘morphed’ into *Brief*. Ted was published a lot by Alan in *brief* and in “*Parallax: a journal of postmodern literature and art*” (three issues edited by Alan Loney, 1982-83). Ted continued to work with Alan by correspondence up until his death. Ted put one of my works into *Brief*, full of semi-random quotes etc; but left out expletives – these came from people arguing on *You Tube* about Bach. These cerebral lovers of Bach who dedicated his work to ‘The Glory of God’ were ripping into each other! This ‘reality’ – so called – became part of my *The Infinite Project!* ...

Ted felt that many New Zealand writers were not of much quality. He had a point. But I would argue that this was a kind of ‘category error’. Ted was almost “traditional” in his concern for standards & compression. Yet he was interested in postmodernism also. Buddhism also held some interest. His own work reflects these complex and varied influences.

We didn’t discuss the ‘uncreative writing’ of Kenneth Goldsmith or that of others or even much re: the Language Poets, but Alan Loney through WCW, Robert Creeley, and Charles Olson (an influence on Loney) had their effects. The practice of the Langpos interested me and had some influence. Ted liked Cesar Vallejo but not so much Wallace Stevens. I had never “engaged”

properly with the former, but loved the latter. We both were both keen on the prose and poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

I once suggested Ted read St. Augustine’s *Confessions*. I pointed out that in most of that work St. Augustine constantly finds beautiful examples of what seem the impossibility of God’s existence, but then he reverts to faith. It was fascinating to me. But Ted averred, saying that reading it would be reading ‘propaganda for Christianity’. He was for democracy and against Capitalism. He had a moral stance but was not strong on political finesse. He was adamant against injustice. We discussed many New Zealand writers. Ted was about my age. We had in common the aches and anxieties of growing old. We became good friends.

I went to the launch of Ted’s book *The Arrow that Missed* in the Auckland Public Library. While there, it occurred to me to look for Ed Dorn’s *Gunslinger* which I had started reading some years ago. As I turned down an aisle, Ted asked me: ‘Did you ever read much by Ed Dorn?’ It was as if he read my mind! After the launch we went to a Mexican Restaurant or was it Little Italy (?) up Wellesley Street. It was an enjoyable night, but Ted was a bit disappointed by the turn out. We sometimes went to events together, and had both gone to the publication of a book of stories by Russell Haley at Ian Wedde’s place. Later Dr. Jack Ross gave a very good review of *The Arrow that Missed* and Ted was very pleased.

He had got a bit off-side with Jack. I always tried to persuade him to look objectively at Jack’s work and managed to get him to agree that *To Terezin* was a good book. After Jack gave him a good review of *The Arrow that Missed* he took a more positive view of Jack’s works. We are affected by these things. Objectivity is hard to maintain. Literature, like most of our life, is not easily objective.

Much earlier Ted had told me of chest pains. He said: ‘I have things I still want to do.’ Later he asked me to

drive him into the hospital. He had an operation for *angina pectoris* which was successful. But I felt for Ted, as at that time he was living alone. And ‘he had things to do’. Ted was a diligent worker. I was a bit ashamed seeing Ted’s work table with books and references laid out quite neatly. I could see he was working hard, unlike myself. I am too disorganised, too random in the way I work – if work it can be called. I admired Ted’s diligence, and I liked Ted’s approach to writing and his interesting library. He took an interest in my “amassment” of books of all kinds. Ted lent me some books and borrowed some of mine. He gave me an extra copy of Pound’s *Cantos* (I had annotated my other one), some books by Robert Lowell, and Michael Morrissey.

I will greatly miss Ted and his ways and our talks. Ted got married but we still met as often as before. Lose, his wife, was also working on academic studies. He was very proud of her. We didn’t talk too much of personal issues, but I told him some of my adventures in life. He told me something of his childhood. I would ask him about Greek and Latin. I had myself studied Latin for four years. We sent silly letters or emails to each other with absurd titles. I was sometimes Richard von Talagg, he might be Herr Gruppenfuehrer von Yenner. Then a long pseudo-Latin name. I would be Ricardo....

When he last came, although he and I knew that he had been diagnosed with cancer, the first thing he said on arriving was how beautiful my hydrangeas were. As we drove off from my place we could see a particular Cypress tree down the road. It had a gap at the top. He always noted it and said it was like a woman sucking her thumb. Ted’s observance showed in his writing. He was subtle and witty. He appreciated the world, animals, and hoped for a liberal, just world, better world. He was critical of ‘weak’ writing. But he was alert to new and old talent. He also admired many ‘interesting’ New Zealand writers. Ted could, in his choice of writers, be a bit picky; but

he was discerning.  
Ted Jenner was one of New Zealand's great writers: his writing was original and intense. He was no tired 'realist' writing about fishing, or being a "man of the bush". He was original and intense. He deserves a place in any anthology of New Zealand writing with the 'recognized' writers. He was caring – of people and animals. He could get grumpy – but that is part of being human. I loved Ted as a friend and valued his ideas, wit and insights, his very human qualities. I was shocked to hear of his death. He was a good mate. I miss him. I have still not registered that Ted is no longer. I feel for his wife Vasalua (Lose) and his family, his close friends and all who knew Ted.

Richard Taylor, Panmure, August, 2021

## Poetry by Wilsonville Collective

In response to Niel Wright's article in the previous *Poetry Notes*, we print some of the poems of Roger Evans (aka Wilsonville Collective).

### KAPIRO

The flag of the town is a cloud in the breeze,  
Her light is a lamp that descends by degrees,  
Her heart is a road where her borders connect,  
The song of her soul is the Doppler Effect.

Ten houses, no horses, six cars, no hotel,  
A bus stop, two gutters, a shed that's a shell,  
No dairy, one garage, no glory, no fame,  
No office for letters, no signs and no name.

Come in from Waipapa, come in from Te Whau,  
Come in from the gravel off Somerville's brow,

Whizz over a stream and it's there in the sun,  
Cough once and blink twice, drop a cog and it's gone.

### SPRING COUNTRY

The Sun reigns King in highest clouds.  
The birds adorn the tallest trees,  
The forest up the hillside crowds  
To catch and trap the laughing breeze;  
The fences group and storm the height,  
Dry weeds ascend the steepest bank,  
The garden opens to the light:  
And kids surmount the water-tank.

### WINDFALL

Branches flow in bird-blown skies.  
Low below a lemon lies.  
Lisa rides the surge and swing  
Of the limb's meandering  
In the agitated air;  
Looks down and sees the lemon there.

To low branches lemons cling,  
Shaking, quaking, quivering,  
Hanging, dangling, dancing, dense,  
Swaying, staying in suspense.  
Motion shakes, attachments pass;  
A yellow lemon thumps the grass.

Pines rise up from rooted earth,  
Toss with joy, cavort in mirth;  
Pine cones waltz as bold gusts catch,  
All hold firm, but two detach.  
Lisa sees them whiz on past:  
A tumbling lemon bites the dust.

Branches bounce in cloud-flung joy.  
Weather goes careering by,  
Loose leaves leave in free-flung flight,  
Shadows chase and race through light.  
Lisa, laughing, spins around;  
Another lemon hits the ground.

### DECEMBRALIA

The air is bound with lavender and roses  
Into a soft bouquet. High rides the moon.  
Measures the day by what the night discloses.

Cool, gentle dawn, high, glaring noon;  
the torpor  
Of smouldering heat, the sweltering,  
panting breeze

Pressing us down in solemn sullen stupor

Until the torment sets; and dusk discloses  
Her lost bouquet of redolence and of rest.  
The moon abounds with lavender and roses.

### TAHAROA

Dull, pounding, thundering waves, and drifting sand,  
High, gale-carved buttresses of clay-bound dunes,  
Obeisant marram bowing in the wind,  
Gaunt, wind-shorn pines, tall towering hills inland,  
Slow, silent streams in drift-bound clefts constrained.

Among all this a factory, pipes and sheds,  
Alien implants in a contoured waste,  
Sifting the wind-shaped slopes for mineral gain:  
Ferruginous shards of mountains, crushed by time  
To shimmering blackness sparkling on the ground.

Beneath those dunes, a harbor overwhelmed.  
Beneath that harbor, drowned alluvial flats,  
Beneath those flats, clay valleys carved from land;  
All overthrown by pounding, thundering seas,  
All overrun by glittering, drifting sand.

### TRIOLET

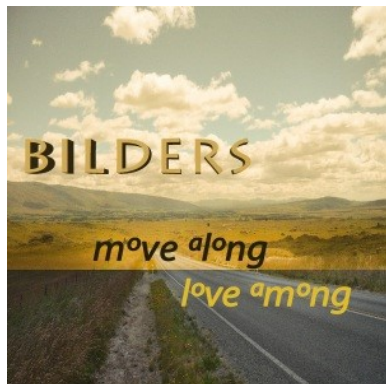
The music stirs the memory again.  
My eyes hold yours, I gently take your hand;  
Our slow song ends. Days become months, and then  
The music stirs, the memory again  
Returns; we turn, draw closer, and begin...  
The long years pass, and yet those notes command.  
The music stirs the memory: again  
I hold your eyes, and gently take your hand.

## MISTSCAPE AT DAWN

The hills lie couched around the bowl of  
frost  
And bend their spurs, to sip the misty  
lake.  
The lowland plains are to existence lost,  
And shaggy trees from flanks and  
shoulders break  
As hazy castles, purple in the dawn.  
Over the whole a light blue veil is  
drawn,  
Ghost-like, and tinged with yellow in  
the east.  
Light and a new existence shapes the  
morn.  
Clouds in a blaze of glory raise their  
fist,  
Greeting, in love's inspired salute, the  
dawn.

Poems © Wilsonville Collective

## Music review: *Move Along Love Among* by Bilders



Bill Direen, writer/musician, is a Kiwi legend of low-fi. At the launch of his doco film, *A Memory of Others*, directed by Simon Ogston, I was lucky to pick up his 2017 vinyl rerelease *Chrysanthemum Storm*, which shows why he is so renowned in this genre. At times part of the Flying Nun stable, Direen/Bilders have woven consistently rewarding sounds over a long career and toured extensively.

A seasoned performer Direen can cross over genres with ease, and then

enter into a moment of poetry/drama on stage similar to the great Jim Morrison. His latest release for me is more in the category of Spoken Word, or poems set to music rather than being a rockin' low-fi recording. *Move Along Love Among* is a downloadable album (or cassette release in Germany) complete with booklet containing photos and lyrics. There are 11 tracks recorded on 11 December 2020 at Strath, Taieri, Otago. Mastered by Johannes Contag of Cloudboy.

I was impressed at the simple sound constructions on offer. Tracks like *Valve* convey the sense of the heart beating and pounding away with Direen's incessant words delivered over the top: *Valve once open valve must close, / heart quickens heart slows*. In a time when recording artists like Halsey and Lana Del Rey have entered into publishing poetry books, Direen's album is not far off what Del Rey has achieved with her poetry album CD: *Cinema of love never more true, / in campervan road without end*.

My favourite track is probably the mystical and passionately delivered lyric *World of the Winds*. A Persian feel to it. *Tales of the winds / & valleys and thieves / The rat makes no move / it escapes by instinct / Silence its harmony/ darkness its dress*. This track hits your senses like you're inside a passing desert sand storm, a jellaba covering your face.

A couple of lyrics are very short. *Rain on the Strath* has echoes of Andrew Fagan's short Spoken Word sound pieces. *The Calmest Story* shows Direen's evocative storytelling ability. The folk musician meets Dylan Thomas: *When I hear the beauty / of her voice falling from her window / into the bright blue empty sky. / Not straight down but like a ribbon / in the old paintings, / lines that a scarecrow might scribble*. Another good release from Bilders. All proceeds to "Book Guardians Aotearoa to the fight to save the National Library International Research Collections".

*Reviewed by Mark Pirie*

**Mark Pirie** is a Wellington poet, publisher, PANZA member, and a former dee-jay on Active 89FM (1993-1996). He has followed Bill Direen's music and writings for many years. He has published Direen's writings in his journals *JAAM* and *broadsheet*, and stayed with Direen in Paris in 2005. PANZA owns and holds a number of Direen's poetry volumes.

## Comment on John Gallas

John Gallas published two books of poetry this year, which are worth noting alongside his previous reviews in *Poetry Notes*. The first, 27 anti-colonial poem-prints, titled *The Gnawing Flood* and the second book *The Extasie*.

*The Gnawing Flood* should be noted for its original departure in tackling old gods and cultural mythology, with a revisionist take on history. The book re-examines moments in colonial history between meetings of European Colonisers and indigenous peoples. History can't right wrongs but Gallas's work is timely nevertheless. It includes a poem on Captain Cook's arrival in Aotearoa, 1769. Gallas also describes the book as "an editor's achievement" (Cerasus Poetry London) on his behalf, incorporating artworks behind the printed text of the poems. The Cook poem has a print of *Māori bartering a crayfish* – drawings illustrative of Captain Cook's First Voyage (1769) – Artist of the Chief Mourner. *The Extasie* (Carcenet, Manchester, UK) is a fine collection of love poems, whose spirit guides are John Clare, Thomas Wyatt and John Donne. Set partly in Lincolnshire, it reminds me more of A E Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*, so it could be read as A Lincolnshire Lad, with its fun and frivolity ranging from tomfoolery ('The Heartsease') to serious lyrical writing ('The bearded angels of North Creake Church'), with differing moods and forms. Gallas, always a

delight to read, presents a more serious side here with some heartfelt lyrics showing he is not always anarchic fun but understands the human condition well. Gallas is a superb poet, of considerable talent and reach. As with all the best poets writing in English, he isn't afraid to challenge himself as in these two very different books.

Mark Pirie

john gallas



## Obituary: Robin Fry

**FRY, Robin Mary (née King). 1932-2021 by Mark Pirie**

Broadcaster, journalist, actor and poet Robin Fry passed away this year in late April.

I first met Robin Fry at the NZ Poetry Society meetings at Turnbull House in the 1990s, also frequented by well known poet Lauris Edmond. It was an interesting group to discover as a young poet and I became a committee member in the late '90s during my early *JAAM* editing days. Having Lauris Edmond in the flesh at such meetings and available to talk to young writers was certainly a

boon. Alan Wells the sound poet and Niel Wright the epic poet were also attendees in those days. Robin Fry also became an acquaintance. Robin a new poet then took to poetry late in life after her broadcasting and journalism career in the early '90s.

Robin's initial career, however, after finishing BA studies at Victoria University of Wellington was in professional theatre in England. Fry was an early NZ Government Drama Bursar to be accepted into the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in England. I am not sure the full extent of her acting CV but it could prove interesting if recorded. Her father was Dr Cyril King, whose gardens she reminisced about in *New Zealand Memories* in 2011. She also wrote an article on her Wellington memories of the 1950s and 1960s including The Beatles tour in 1962. Returning to New Zealand, her spoken voice ability enabled her to find work at Radio NZ (then the New Zealand Broadcasting Service); as well as presenter of "Women's Hour" 2ZB; as presenter of "Feminine Viewpoint" at 2YA and then nationally. While raising her family Robin went into print journalism and magazine editing as editor of *Works News*, the *PPTA Journal*, and the *PPTA News*.

Robin Fry's poetry quickly attracted attention in the NZ Poetry Society's annual competition and anthologies in the '90s, and I published her work in *JAAM* magazine. It wasn't until 2005 and after the successful publication of her first book *Weather Report* (2001) with Linzy Forbes' Inkweed that I gradually came to know her better and visited her house in Petone. I worked with her in the early evening after public service work to complete the proofs of her HeadworX book *Daymoon*. Her writing friend Irene Tudor helped with this book. She had a fairly large collection of poetry on display in her bookshelves and obviously knew New Zealand poetry and its poets well. Robin had published widely in New Zealand periodicals/online journals: *Glottis*, *Bravado*, *broadsheet*, *Blackmail Press*, *Sport*, *Takahē*, *Poetry NZ*, *Spin*, *Deep South* etc. This shows in the varied

forms she would use in writing her predominantly free form poetry. I always felt Robin's poetry deserved more attention than it received and said so at the launch of *Daymoon* at Unity Books in 2005, a combined event for Harry Ricketts' *Your Secret Life*. I was pleased when afterwards she built up a good working relationship with B E Turner and Michael O'Leary of Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop via our Winter Readings series of events in Wellington. Several more books (*Inside It*, *Time Traveller* and *Portals*) were to be released by ESAW along with the award of the Earl of Seacliff Poetry Prize for her collection *Time Traveller*. A booklet of the winners I produced in the ESAW Mini Series a year before her death that I sent to her by post. She was a featured poet in *Valley Micropress* in 2010. Her final published collection with Mary McCallum's Submarine was *Love Song of the Wading Bird* that she sent me in the post in 2014. She was in the Malvina Major Retirement Village and being cared for in Wellington at the time of her death.

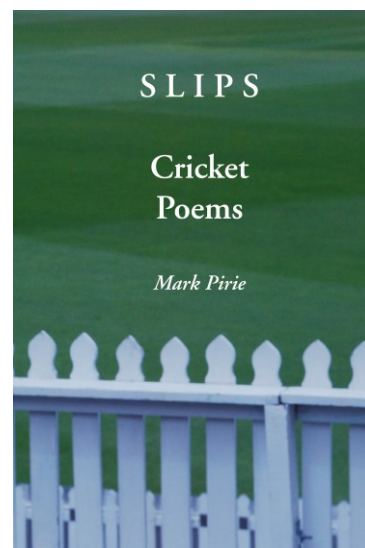
A life well lived in various spheres of the arts, journalism and broadcasting, Robin made a sound contribution to New Zealand poetry and was certainly noteworthy among the women poets of the late 1990s and 2000s in Wellington and those nationally who had started writing late in life. A notable poetry friend of Robin's is Nola Borrell in Lower Hutt.

Robin Fry is survived by her son Aaron Fry (who provided the cover art for her poetry book I published, *Daymoon*) and daughter Susan Minot and her grandchildren and great grandchild.





## New publications by PANZA members



Title: **Slips: Cricket Poems**

Author: Mark Pirie

ISBN 978-0-473-57612-7

Extent: 145 pages

Price: \$30.00

Format: 152mm x 235mm (paperback)

Publication: June 2021

Publisher: HeadworX

### About the Book

*Slips* collects together for the first time the full range of Mark Pirie's cricket poetry which started life as a 24-page booklet in 2008. Pirie's poems have been regularly published in *The Cricket Society News Bulletin* over the past decade. Here are poems on many facets of the beautiful game, ranging from tributes to players past and present, poetry notes on matches and tests, comments on the more social aspects of the game, imaginary fictions such as Outer Space cricket and more.

### About the Author

**Mark Pirie** is an internationally published New Zealand poet, editor, writer and publisher. He has published poetry on many sports, including cricket, football, rugby, tennis, surfing and netball, and edited/published

*Postscript by Nola Borrell:*

Robin Fry was a regular reader at Wellington meetings until her decline in health, attended book launches, pub readings, poetry groups and in 2003-4 was a co-organiser (with Nola Borrell) of the NZPS programme. She delighted in trying out structured poems such as pantoum, villanelle, the abecedarian form. For her memorial service in Petone she left a message inviting donations to the NZ Poetry Society. Robin was first twice in NZPS international competitions. To me she was a loyal friend over many years as host, Poetry Group member, and chauffeur. Other poets in the Poetry Group included Kerry Popplewell, Gillian Cameron and Jo Thorpe.

## National Poetry Day Poem: *Mesopotamia* by Basim Furat

This year's national poetry day poem (27 August 2021) is a translation from the Arabic by Basim Furat. Furat is one of the Arab writers making a new home in New Zealand. Furat left New Zealand in 2005 after becoming a New Zealand citizen with his Kiwi wife and has lived in Japan, Laos, Ecuador and Sudan. He has become an award-winning travel writer, receiving a major prize in Oman recently.

Furat returned to New Zealand during the COVID-19 crisis in 2020. There have been Arab writers here in New Zealand since the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century (see Niel Wright's article on the Arabic diary of Lebanese writer George Bouzaid translated into English and published in Wellington in 1992) and from the late 1990s there were refugees from Iraq and other places. This year an Egyptian writer Mohamed Hassan has been shortlisted for the Ockham New Zealand Book Awards.

Furat's poetry has been published all over the world, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, Farsi, Romanian, Chinese, Spanish and English. He has published poetry books

in Arabic, one in Spanish, and two collections of translations in English with Wellington publisher HeadworX. Born in Karbalaa, Iraq, in 1967, he started writing poetry when he was in primary school. His first poem was published when he was in high school. In early 1993 he crossed the border and became a refugee in Jordan. Four years later he arrived in New Zealand. Furat states: "The death of his father when he was two years old, the fact his mother was left a young widow and his compulsory military service for the Iraqi army in the second Gulf War have had a large influence on his poetry." Furat's poem *Mesopotamia* acknowledges his ancestral roots that "herald the beginning of history". It's a strong poem on culture and diversity that relates to the times we live in with ever increasing diversity and cultural inclusiveness in Aotearoa / New Zealand as shown by Mohamed Hassan's book award shortlisted *National Anthem*. Furat, like Hassan's, is an important voice in New Zealand poetry and in the modern Arab world of writers, an ever-widening diaspora dispersed around the globe.

### MESOPOTAMIA by Basim Furat

*Translated by Dr Salih J. Altoma*

There...

where my ancestors planted wisdom  
and harvested pain  
They built thrones for the gods  
and decorated them with their hopes.  
They baptized water with their desires  
and turned clay into tablets and shelters.  
And from the river's rage  
they made a calendar for their days  
to herald the beginning of history.

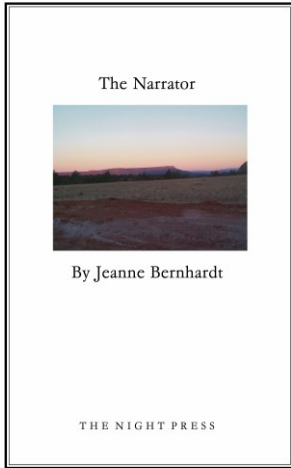
(from *Visions: Poems 2007-2016*, Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop, 2021)

The poem *Mesopotamia* and other fine poems by Furat recently translated by Arab translators (edited by me in English) are made available for readers in Aotearoa / New Zealand by Dr Michael O'Leary's energetic small publishing house Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop in their Mini Series, No. 43.

Article © Mark Pirie, 2021

anthologies of New Zealand cricket and football poems, *A Tingling Catch* and *Boots*.

\*\*\*\*\*



Title: **The Narrator**  
Author: Jeanne Bernhardt  
ISBN 978-0-473-57610-3  
Extent: 36 pages  
Price: \$15.00  
Format: 149x210mm  
Publication: May 2021  
Publisher: The Night Press/HeadworX

**About the Book**

*The Narrator* by Jeanne Bernhardt is a stand-alone short story drawing on the author’s experiences as a writer living in the United States.

“...Jeanne, a wholly individual artist, has long been admired by her friends and writers in the Otago literary community... Her writing is innovative, not afraid to take risks, and is energetic and highly charged.” – Mark Pirie, from *broadsheet* / 22 (poetry journal)

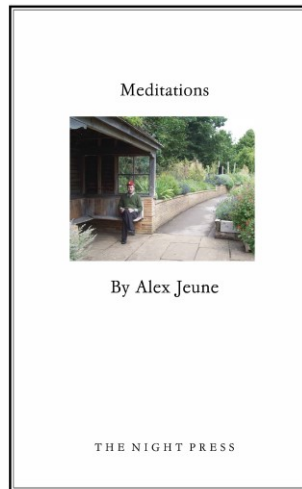
**About the Author**

**Jeanne Bernhardt** (b.1961), a contemporary New Zealand writer, has published eight books of poetry and prose, and has travelled extensively,

working both in New Zealand and overseas. In 1997 she was awarded the Louis Johnson New Writer’s Bursary from Creative NZ and in 2016 she received the Earl of Seacliff Poetry Prize.

After publishing *Vorare Lacuna* (1996), *baby is this wonderland?* (1999) and *The Snow Poems/your self of lost ground* (2002), she left New Zealand for the United States. She returned to publish a series of well-received books: *The Deaf Man’s Chorus* (poetry, ESAW), *Wood* (short prose), *26 Poems* and *Fast Down Turk* (a novel), these latter three were with Dean Havard’s hand-printed Kilmog Press. In 2018, Tangerine Press published Bernhardt’s hand-bound *Silver City and Two More* (short stories) in the UK.

\*\*\*\*\*



Title: **Meditations**  
Author: Alex Jeune  
ISBN 978-0-473-58893-9  
Extent: 26 pages  
Price: \$15.00  
Format: 149x210mm  
Publication: September 2021  
Publisher: The Night Press/HeadworX

**About the Book**

*Meditations* by Alex Jeune is a collection of new poems written since 2019 from an emerging writer of note.

**About the Author**

**Alex Jeune** (b.1986) grew up in Otaki and Levin, and attended Levin’s Waiopahu College. He moved to Lower Hutt in 2008 to study at Victoria University of Wellington. He graduated with a BA in Chinese and Sociology. He had his poetry published in *Valley Micropress*, in the Horowhenua Writer’s Group Anthology, *Iridescent Blue*, and in *broadsheet: new new zealand poetry*. He has read his poetry at the “Poets to the People” Café in Kapiti and at the Fringe Bar Open Mic in Wellington City. He is a lay preacher in the Hutt City Uniting Congregational Parish and a signer in a Wellington choir.

\*\*\*\*\*



Title: **Visions: New Poems** (No. 43)  
Author: Basim Furat  
ISBN 978-1-86942-193-9  
Extent: 24pages  
Format: A6  
Price: \$15.00  
Publication: July 2021  
Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop



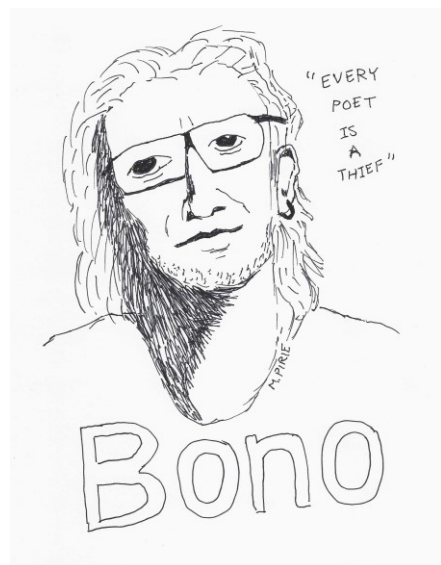
**About the Book**

New poems in translation from Basim Furat, an Iraqi poet/travel writer currently living in Hamilton, New Zealand.

**About the Author**

**Basim Furat**'s poetry has been published all over the world, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, Farsi, Romanian, Chinese, Spanish and English. He has published poetry books in Arabic, one in Spanish, and two collections of translations in English with Wellington publisher HeadworX.

\*\*\*\*\*



Title: **Bono Mato Poetia** (No. 42)  
 Author: Mark Pirie  
 ISBN 978-1-86942-201-1  
 Extent: 24 pages  
 Format: A6  
 Price: \$15.00  
 Publication: July 2021  
 Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

**About the Book**

New rock poems and B&W line drawings by prolific Wellington poet Mark Pirie.

**About the Author**

**Mark Pirie** is an internationally published New Zealand poet, editor, writer and publisher. He has published poetry on many genres of music previously including his previous mini series volume *Electrimotive*.

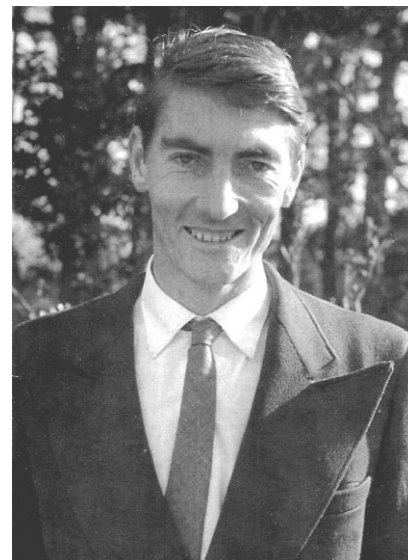
\*\*\*\*\*



Title: **Seaside Solitude** (No. 45)  
 Author: **Karen Morris-Denby**  
 ISBN 978-1-86942-203-5  
 Extent: 24 pages  
 Format: A6  
 Price: \$15.00  
 Publication: June 2021  
 Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

**About the Book**

Haiku and colour coastal photographs by writer/photographer Karen Morris-Denby.



Title: **Commedia Dell'Arte 2021** (No. 44)  
 Author: **Will Leadbeater**  
 ISBN 978-1-86942-202-8  
 Extent: 16 pages  
 Format: A6  
 Price: \$15.00  
 Publication: June 2021  
 Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

**About the Book**

Light verse and satirical poems from Auckland poet Will Leadbeater.

**Donate to PANZA through PayPal**

You can now become a friend of PANZA or donate cash to help us continue our work by going directly to PayPal and making a donation to Dr Michael O'Leary's email address [olearymichael154@gmail.com](mailto:olearymichael154@gmail.com). All donations will be acknowledged in our newsletter under Current Friends of PANZA and transferred to the PANZA bank account.

## Recently received donations

PANZA kindly thanks these donators to the archive.

Margaret Jeune - *Poems of Life* by William (Bill) Pratt and two issues of *The Mozzie*.

Gill Ward – 5 titles.

Richard Reeve – 6 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.

PANZA is a registered charitable trust