

vT'Wsi

■VW8WWw

•McSB

W «

U¹

fcgfe.,

ifeM'.

1

a&fixSadWJc:

HI

SPLASH

vT'Wsi

9"

one

jrT.>

ene

1984





SPLASH

Volume I Number 1

July, 1984

CONTENTS

Editorial		3
Alan Loney	Notebook, 1976	4
Wysran Curnow	from D'Arcy Cresswell at Castor Bay	17
Stephen Emerson	from The Wife	29
Judi Stout	Snaps	38
Robert Grenier	from A Day at the Beach	44
Roger Horrocks	Film: Developing a Scene	54
Philip Dadsen	Triad VI	62
Ron Brownson	Check Your Home for Safety	70
	May Third Seven Days	74
Lyn Hejini an	from The Guard	76
Susan Bee Laufer	Cut-ups	80
Ian Wedde	from Tendered	86
Leigh Davis	Face Choices	93
John Geraets	Dasein — Willy's Leap	100
Tony Green	Whereabouts	104
	Drawing the Line	106
Access		109

SPLASH is published by the editors Wystan Curnow, Tony Green, Roger Horrocks and Judi Stout. Address: P.O.Box 31183, Milford, Auckland 9, New Zealand. s.a.e. with mss please.

COPYRIGHT reverts to authors on publication.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: for 3 issues N.Z. individuals \$17, institutions \$20
Overseas individuals \$20, institutions \$23. Postage included.

Cover and half-tones by Imedia Print, Auckland.

NORTH SHORE LIBRARIES

-p AAX ~ 3 050 - Angela kto/Gvs - (
205
SPL

NOV 19 1952



EDITORIAL

Because different energies are at work, different positions being taken. Because information as to what's happening is not getting out and about quick enough. Because we want something to read.

The fore-runners were: MOREPORK, and PARALLAX which is what got us going as editors, and of course AND as our example of Xerox publication.

We aim to honour our predecessors by splashing out in our own direction.

Wystan Curnow
Tony Green
Roger Horrocks
Judi Stout

Alan Loney

NOTEBOOK 1976

(This is the first of a series in the publication of all
the NOTEBOOKS 1976 - 1978.)

or some
absolute

fidelity

to whose
language

no titles

tho I am
hung up
on juxta-

position

as, how
am I ever

as I do

going to
recognize him

old woman
struggles
on to the bus

hands, to the driver
a ticket

and says,
Now

-

LIGHT MEALS
LIGHT MEALS

No Stopping
Day or Night

-

on familiar bus
I think

'how will I know
when I'm there¹

it, is

a bargain

@

\$4.99

-

cloud, that covered the morning
opened at midday
and closed over in the evening

it has been
no doubt about it

a perfect day

like all the others

something everyone
and no one

will want
to sink their teeth into

-

of contraries, writing to a friend
saying,

'I find them everywhere'

I wrote 'I find theme everywhere'

- subject of discourse
- that which is thought
- the principal melody
- inflexional base or stem of a word
- the disposition of the heavenly bodies
at a particular time

I bleed other men, seeking brothers

-

and for colonel Sanders
this message ---

only chicks out there for me, he sd

are mrs Palmer
& her 5 daughters

-

'here' 'there'

'not here'

'not there'

the shuttling back & forth

one day, she sd
I'm going, when I'm going
down the bloody path
running late

on some sort of
panic to get there

/
to get off the track
and sit on that
bloody big stone over there

and light myself

a cigarette

-

a fat kid
on a bike

I think it's
time my concern

hell, it was
never different

to shove him
under, get

rid of
whatever perniciousness
in his love ---

always, dammit

to the
join halves

everybody, all, stand up, & tell me

what's happening

it won't be enough

2 kingfishers
on the telephone
cable

She sd, They come
every winter ---

3rd winter
1st sight

like,

'prune just above the node'

or, something
like

we, are
the only ones
here, doing
anything

And this
is what

we're doing

-

I need, he sd to her

to be seized by
one
with a longer
and more savage
history

than her I regularly hold

at the end of
a wave
foam

flattens

breaks

dis-
perses

-

Sunday afternoon: rain, she & I in bed
electric blanket on III
eating crisps
watching television

nature naturans

-

a life / a language

again the migrant
south to see my son

this birthday gift, a hammer
saw, pliers, ruler that'll make

a difference 'one makes many'

I'm told he doesn't sleep well

It is the time of reasonable access

no one sd we had to like it
no one sd we had to hate it

things take place

Sawdust, blood, love, doubt
will no doubt

come of it

lay open gather in

bring to light stand in light

all this

when most of the batteries
are not, crazily

made here

-

she tells me, It's all

in yr head, all of it

Can't you, for chrissake

kick up yr heels

-

to become the one
that becomes one

Wystan Curnow

from

D'ARCY CRESSWELL IN CASTOR BAY

Your poems were the last things the world wanted. You went without. Hungering for the time when last things would be first again. To Ottoline you wrote, quote: Please don't keep saying you prefer my prose to my verse. But when I see what you Londoners swallow from Eliot, and Auden and Lewis and Coy, I'm not so offended, unquote. The year is 1936. Not just those Londoners, D'Arcy. Three years later, in Christchurch, I was born, christened Wystan. Not just those Londoners. D'Arcy, lunchtime today, walking across Albert Park flipping through Frank O'Hara, I come across TO DICK,

The Holy Ghost appears
to Wystan in Schrafft's
to me in the San Remo
wearing a yellow sweater.

. . . .

New York, 1952.

In 1979. All you boys dead. And, I'll bet, eating your hearts out for my long beef on rye.

.

"This little Bay, called Castor Bay, took my fancy at once, indeed, there was an inviting air about it that seemed more than was natural, as if my steps had been guided thither ..."
Let's stop right there. Who guided D'Arcy Cresswell's steps hither? Come on now. And why were they thence guided? Who, beside ourselves, has heard of Castor Bay? Who, come to that, has heard of D'Arcy Cresswell? He is not taught in universities, here and abroad, he is not taught in the schools, he has never been mentioned in the NORTH SHORE TIMES ADVERTISER. But, for all that, he is Castor Bay's first poet. He continues "...and as I climbed up a pathway from the beach, where the poplars and willows strewed the ground with their yellow leaves among the unchanging dark tree-ferns and native shrubs, I felt this was where I must come, and where I should find a home of some kind if I looked for it." He will be glad to know the poplars by the path are in leaf again and tower now over Mrs Heard's bach and our own. They teem with strident cicadas. The willows weep at the foot of Mr Ross, the road-marker's, garden. Cabbage trees scent the air, and violets crack up the concrete in our yard.

.

AT THE BACH

A table, worm-eaten, fetched across the water from John Harris's place, did for a desk.

On it was the Thesis, Fourth Draft, in progress, never published, and a preserving jar with flowers, fresh-picked from the Stronach garden. A copy of an Admiralty report on 'unnatural practises' in the British Navy.

Over it, one of two small bookcases contained Yeats' WINDING STAIR, R.A.K.Mason's NO NEW THING(with pages with poems which might cause offense to Elsie lightly glued together), Lawrence's LETTERS, LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER(unabridged) from Lady Ottoline Morrell, Gibbon's DECLINE AND FALL, Hassall's DEVIL'S DYKE, from Eddie Marsh, A PASSAGE TO INDIA, from E.M.Forster, and VERSE ALIVE, from Denis Glover. The other, which was on the wall above the bed, held his classics in translation and Shakespeare, as well as a small vase of flowers and his tobacco tin.

Next to it: an old coal range, and a small wooden bin, full now winter was coming on. Actually, there was an easterly blowing and because the place was open to the elements above the eaves, it was already bloody cold and damp. He'd lit the range early. On it was a tin kettle and one of those round brown teapots with the yellow stripe. Rain rattled on the iron roof, shivered the building paper that did for the ceiling. He was thinking about how it would be cosier at Gleasons.

Behind it: a large woven flax mat(on h.p., Far' ar's' Trading Co.) tacked to the wall and tacked to that galleys of LYTTLETON HARBOUR and EENA DEENA DYNAMO. From a nail above this mat hung his shopping bag.

Level with the top of the range, and adjacent to it: the foot of the bed. Simply a mattress with blankets supplied by Sir William Goodfellow's good sister, Elaine, it rested on a wooden platform supported on ironbound sea trunks. Another doubled as both head and bedside table; on it a candlestick, ashtray and Jane Mander's brass oil lamp.

On the wall behind it, a framed colour print, NICOLO SPINELLI, by Botticelli. During the day the bed made shift as a couch. Four ample cushions, two at the foot, two at the head, and the bed neatly made. The whole place, in fact, was neat and tidy. As it was, more often than not, in the colder weather. Not like summertime, like last Xmas, for instance, when those four coal miners motored over after closing time with three dozen in the boot. God what a mess! And next morning, the shock the holiday crowd got when the five of them hared down to the beach decked out in D'Arcy's Y-frents and singlets and he showed them his water-cure for hangovers.

On the Persian rug was a cane chair with upholstered back and seat. Here's where he sat for this portrait. Cushion at his back, coat collar turned up, slacks, leather slippers, pipe

in one hand, pen in the other poised over some pages of the Thesis on his knee. He was reading:

Be it known then, my ear in the matter is neither faulty nor misinformed; but it begs leave, knowing well what it does, to adhere to a different taste from that wherein the last hundred year's of English criticism have instructed us. It is not all for music nor satiety. It welcomes the rustic furrow of Emerson's verse. It delights in the few first green shoots of Whitman, though these are yet without indolent fruits, and so few of so many that fell on stony ground. It prefers these Spring trials to an autumn prolonged now to the pitch of rottenness

.

What am I to make of this D'Arcy Cresswell? I'd a friend once who wrote a thesis on him, but I paid no attention to him before coming here. He comes with the place. Also, we were about the same age, coming back from the Centre to the same Eccentricity.

No use talking about his poetry. It is no use. Nothing to be done with it. Talk about his nerve, I reckon. How he came here, how he sighted the Gulf, and knew, straight off, the coast was clear: "... the gateway to the boundless expanse of the southern pacific, stretching across almost half the modern world." How, "... stimulated by the sea waters and that memorable outlook I was soon ranging the globe at enmity with all modern discovery and concealment ..." How here there are "...greater risks and profounder issues than ever London had given me." He had a nerve, and, yessir, Castor Bay was a place from which to launch it.

D'Arcy was a flat-earther. Rejected telescopes. Believed in the innate depravity of the internal combustion engine. A male-chauvinist homosexual poet who bludged off old ladies, fellow writers, dogs. Right through the Depression. That is disreputable. But good though. I mean the time'll come when we relish the romance of it; how our literature was raised by queers, juvenile delinquents, crazy ladies. Yes, and philtering Social Creditors, Marxists, drunkards (remember GLEM-ORA?) The point is D'Arcy did have ambition. And though he knew too many titled types, too many successful old farts for my liking, he knew too something about the odds he'd stacked against himself. The rank outsider — he's the one with the real ambition. The outsider outdoors. Because there was no underground here. Never was. Never has been. The outsider outdoors, in a bach by the sea. Or, cruising the docks, eh, D¹Arcy?

D'Arcy could entertain an idea. He said: "... for a ship to sail away to the West and return again from the East proves only how fond men are of their homes." That is (nod of the

head) good. Had to discredit Copernicus to say it, but what does that matter? Ideas are neither here nor there. Didn't Keats think poets the least intellectual of men? UNMUZZLED OX asks Allen Ginsberg if there are certain aspects of Eastern religion in which he doesn't believe and he says: "I don't particularly believe in re-incarnation." Nor does our cat. Ginsberg adds that he wouldn't put re-incarnation out, though. That is just not his concern. That's good. There's no reason why you should particularly believe in ideas which are not your concern.

D'Arcy didn't think. He had no ideas. Ideas had him, pretty much for the asking. He had, for instance, a thing about metamorphosis. There were, you see, these beings in the world: Gods, poets and heroes, men, women, animals, vegetables. And in that order. One sort could, he thought, change into another but only lower sort. These beings would fall in love with one another; poets with Gods, men with poets, women with men, animals with women, and so on. And since it's nice to be loved, poet's returned the love of men, men returned the love of women and women, presumably, returned the love of animals. So if your Tom's on heat in the flower-bed - don't sweat, it's in the order of things. And metamorphosis explains why some poets lower themselves to having it off with women, some women with zucchini, and so on. At which point D'Arcy claims he doesn't propose to measure "the depth of love and bring its ways to order." "This (he says) I never sought to do, but to show the cause of one thing only, why poets love men above women." Oh, well, then ... we say. Or, so that was his concern. And as for queers who are neither heroes, poets, men nor metamorphs of same, we guess they can invent their own explanations. And that's not so good. Keith, Keith Sinclair, reviewed THE FOREST reckoning Cresswell retreated "from the ills of the modern world into an intellectual junkshop." An end, he reckoned "symptomatic of almost all writing in New Zealand and indeed of the recent literature of the western world." We are led, I suppose, irresistibly to the conclusion that the disorder of modern art reflects the disorder of modern life. Jesus! The world's mental! Well, modern poetry, abstract art, "non-tonality", Surrealism, were aberrations in D'Arcy's book. Deepening the divisions, as he put it. And so. And so. What I wanted to say here was that Keith missed the point. That the intellect's done for. It's your junk against mine. What you want it for, and whether you need the stuff at all.

There's reason to believe in ideas which are your concern. And these rocks, the self-same, waves breaking on them, D'Arcy sat on, forty years ago, writing sonnets. LYTTLETON HARBOUR. Watching the waves, thinking of Christchurch's harbour, dormant volcano, inundated crater. And this book: THE POET'S PROGRESS, Faber and Faber, 1930. My father's copy, his name in it. Ursula Bethell's bookplate in it. And Mudie's Library, est. 1842, 95 Southwark St., S;E;1 - their sticker in it. Thinking of that father, in Christchurch, thirty years ago, choosing from these sonnets for his anthology, thinking of his own Lyttleton youth, of how he took me there once or twice. Fishing and a shandy at the pub. Thinking, no use talking about THE

POET'S PROGRESS; That here's this D'Arcy, this self-styled cowboy poet from Christ's, busting are to metamorphose himself into some gentleman-amateur man-of-letters. That that was his concern. No use.

.

TALKING WITH DON STRONACH THE OTHER DAY

("Castor Bay is my life. It's been my life, and probably it shouldn't have been. I should've got out of it. I came here when I was four. We camped out there — we came back from Aussie, and we camped out there. I can remember that distinctly but I won't tell you why. And next year they built, or within two years they built. And I lived with my grandpeople, oh I suppose half my life, or up till I was about eighteen.")

D.S. D'Arcy used to come up, you know — I always thought he was a lazy bugger, because I was a kid and all he did was lay out the fire for grandmother and Elsie, chop the kindling wood and lay it out.

W.C; He talked about helping because the maid left or died...

D.S. Well, we never had a maid, we used to have a help come in occasionally, and do the ironing, or something like that.

W.C. He said that he often helped around the house.

D.S. Yeah. Yeah? I always thought he was a lazy bugger, but still that's only my opinion and ... He sort of — he was good to them because they were interested. I was out boating, messing around, swimming, all that sort of thing. They were very interested and he used to read to them a lot, which was — well, Elsie was quite keen on literature and that was why. Well, she had Jane Mander — all of them, you know.

But the most refreshing change to me here was to find myself almost a part of my friend's household, and yet with the same freedom and solitude, when I required it, as I enjoyed before. Their house was only a few yards above me, with a fine view of the sea and overlooking my roof; and often of an evening I would go up to dine with old Mrs Stronach and her daughter Elsie (indeed this became an arrangement) or to read aloud to them from the poets or from Greek mythology, or to play chess. As the old lady lost her maid, without finding another, I somewhat repaid them for my quarters by giving them what help I could, Elsie Stronach being away at business all day and the old lady now alone, which I had been happy to do as a neighbour in any event,

and soon a friendly routine of light labours and pleasant evenings reading PARADISE LOST or Greek tragedy aloud to them (as I needed to do for my broadcasts) took all the time I could spare from my private affairs.

PRESENT WITHOUT LEAVE, 224.

D.S. She took them under her wing in that bach down there.

W.C. That would've been after D'Arcy used it?

D.S. Yep, yep. But it was during D'Arcy's reign, shall we say, that Elsie got interested, got to know Jane Mander, the circle they sort of worked in. They used to sit in the little lounge — living room — over there and the fire going, they used to talk about this and that, and Jane Mander, or Robin Hyde — she used to get stuck into her. They'd all get stuck into D'Arcy, and D'Arcy'd get stuck into them, you know — they'd sort of argue the toss about the rights and things, youknow, which was above my head.

Since my coming to live in my new quarters a lively circle of artists and writers, Jane Mander, Robin Hyde, Frank Sargeson, Roderick Finlayson, Lindsay Fraser and Allan Barns Graham and his wife had gathered about the Stronachs, and on more than one occasion I read aloud to them round the old lady's fireside as much as I had done of THE FOREST, and many times we discussed Mrs Salter and in what manner the play must conclude. All my friends thought it by far the best of my writings, and all urged me to conclude it, ...

PRESENT WITHOUT LEAVE, 250.

W.C. They actually occupied the bach from time to time?

D.S. Yeah. There was D'Arcy Cresswell: D'Arcy. There was Robin Hyde, R.A.K.Mason, and the idea, well, the family used to go down to Taihape to my aunt's place 'Lone Hand', for Xmas and the holidays and she'd sort of let people into the house or into the bach. But the bach, it wasn't rented, but it was available to them. And prior to that they used to rent the bach to Jim Burrell down the road. His people used to move in there and rent out their house. In those days there was only forty to fifty families here, well, there wouldn't be that. The social centre really was in that house next door. Which was the Church — they used to have services, they used to have WEA readings, plays, and all that sort of stuff.

At the time of our meeting Cresswell was also living in a bach, and one that I no sooner saw than I envied him as it was roomier and more convenient than my own; also by strange chance it was

located a few miles further up the coast at the attractive little bay where I had spent my childhood Christmas holidays; and to cap it all was pleasingly tucked into a hollow on a hillside of trees and scrub. I made my decision to visit the man without any accurate knowledge of his present circumstances except that he lived in a bach. ... It was summer and I arrived late in the afternoon after walking barefoot along the beach and over the rocks. And Cresswell was polite and stiff: and although I felt more at ease after noting his own bare feet and makeshift clothing, he seemed not to relax ...

Frank Sargeson, MORE THAN ENOUGH, 79.

W.C. Our landlady, Mrs Denny ...

D.S. Oh, Mrs Denny, yeah.

W.C. ...says when she was a girl her family rented your house for the summer holidays. That would've been in the twenties.

D.S. 1923 they built the house.

W.C. Ah, ha. The Dennys subsequently built a little house that was next to the Quintals down on the beach. She remembers the Stronach house as the one with all the books. She also remembers Frank and May Stronach.

D.S. Yeah? They were my uncle and aunt. And they lived near Dennys.

W.C. But the bach - this house isn't on the site of it?

D.S. No, it was down there, just out there. You can't see. See that white spouting? That gable? Well, that just about where the bach was. And it was made out of car cases. Originally. Then they got the veranda extended and that made for more sleeping accomodation.

.

I lived in Castor Bay for eighteen months, whereas D'Arcy was there for four years - those between 1934 and 1938. For a lone man for whom all jobs were odd beside that of writing, he never did much. But half the Cresswell there is got written here. LYTTLETON HARBOUR, MODERN POETRY AND THE IDEAL, EENA DEENA DYNAMO, and most of PRESENT WITHOUT LEAVE and THE FOREST. Add to that a 70 page MSS, the ill-fated "Thesis", and some amazing letters. It had been the idea. His patron, Edward Marsh, said D'Arcy'd been partying too much, he'd better go back to New Zealand and get some peace and quiet. And get stuck in, you hear? Eddie did get impatient sometimes. D'Arcy got pissed off. High-horsed it, but came back anyway. And here wrote out his fate. His failure. Which, as we all know, was awful. More so in

ve promises he made. Then he took himself at his word
bmdon, where he finished up a nightwatchman and would
ncis hair.

.

nd to the shores I know not,
st to the dirge, the voices of men and women wreck'd,
hale the impalpable breezes that set in upon me,
ocean so mysterious rolls toward me closer and closer,
ut signify at the utmost a little wash'd up drift,
ands and dead leaves to gather,
and merge myself as part of the sands and drift.

.

ive I have not really understood anything, not a
single object, and that no man ever can,
here in sight of the sea taking advantage of me to
dart upon me and sting me,
I have dared to open my mouth to sing at all.

EBB'D WITH THE EBB OF THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

THew. The dog Bess slept. D'Arcy sat in his bach typing
oite Whitman poems on his borrowed typewriter. Gave cop-
icends. An<3 I'm at home with him again. Whitman! Who'd
hilt it? OnNew Year's Eve, 1933, he'd spoken of him on
tlss - calling his listeners, my dears, warning them:

oets are shown out of the front door of public life,
merely come in at the back. And public life can't
n two places at once, anymore than my landlady can.
e it's watching the front-door of the mind, where
Great Organisation business goes on, it can't be
hing the back-door of the body; and that's where
man and D.H.Lawrence have caught them bending.

W<be bugged ... Good though. The trouble is D'Arcy
w<in two places at once.

Th/as warm, still. Apart from dance music wafted round
fUrate Shippe. D'Arcy was by himself and didn't know
wlink of. Gleason's? The Queen's Ferry? London. Oh,
L<Arcy sat in his bach working on the bloody Thesis.
Ncid, "no less than an attempted synthesis of Paganism
aiendom, as the two great stabilised or poetic systems."
Kit the front-door. But you can't come in. A huffin and
arthat he'd do with peace and quiet, roam the globe at
aid so forth. Ideas had him and he'd stop at nothing.
Ait take him seriously anymore.

Ong the water from another night's boozing and balling,

he couldn't wait to dunk his heated body in the Bay. All giddy with freishas and seaweed, disturbing the dog, early morning water cooling, cleaning, washing away ... There was the need, as he put it, to harmonize the higher and lower affections. He was living "to the full stretch of (his) desires and feelings in two worlds at once." After-hours, back-door man. "My passions do with me what they will." Thinking of Whitman, writing to Ottoline, Lady Morrell, this:

I am surrendered to Nature. My passions do with me what they will. They scatter away my writings and efforts like straw. Then the sea and the wind sound in my very ears. My whole body is like an echoing reverberant shell to the air and the water and the earth. New writings spring up. Green and new. I realise now that nothing I ever will write, nothing that matters, will be written by me. Where to hide from this whirlwind? (But I feel strong, not weak). And what's the use? I and this are as one.

or, to Roderick Finlayson, this:

I have been a good deal in town. Where "I oughtn't to be." It's no good, I can't write with just a pen. I must write with people's bodies and language and looks, and with Ferry-boats, labourers, with shovels, and dark and later hours and all kinds of things. The actual writing is the least of the business really.

So the gas cocks are open. I'm thinking of Miller now and — what would D'Arcy've made of him? It looks like bad taste was what did D'Arcy in, but there is Whitman, there is Lawrence. Why not Miller? These the 1930's. This Paris — "The world's capital of artifice and chicanery," D'Arcy called it. And these his forties. No book to his name, but revising CANCER, reading Lawrence as a matter of fact, working on BLACK SPRING, and writing to Anais Nin: "The gas cocks are open." Baby. City words, what's on hand. Energy underground. No turning it off; light it now or there'll be an explosion, Anais. "Something snapped in me last night." "With the arrival of your note I've thrown everything on the floor. What I once thought was the material of a book lies about me, not in fragments, but in shreds. It would take a wizard to put it together — and I am that wizard!" He was, too. Because when the myth the writing will make blows up in your face, it's the life that's laid the charges, pressed the plunger. And you are strong with it, not weak. The coast is clear. So D'Arcy did have his chance. To be a wizard. To write with people's bodies, language, and looks. To be at last a going concern. But he never took it. D'Arcy was found several days dead of carbon monoxide poisoning in his London cottage in February of 1960; both gas cocks open, one alight, one not.

We're in the Gobi at last. Only the chorus is left. And the elements: helium, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, et cetera. Time rolls away. Space folds up. What is left of man is pure MAN. As the old fades away, Station WJNZ of Auckland can be heard playing, "It's a long way to Tipperary!" Varese sneezes. "Allez-ooop," he says, and on we go ...

Henry Miller, THE AIR-CONDITIONED NIGHTMARE, 1945.

.

The distance between me and London is coming to have a kind of strength to me, a kind of nipping winter, but growth underground. ... when daily and hourly I hear and look on the sea, watch those fortuitous ships slipping in and out to and from Europe and America, and think what a little time such things have to continue their ways, before this great distance of waters rises again in its might and mystery and divinity, and the hills shake free, and the forests besiege the walls of the cities once more and happy men again hear the wolf and the lion in the night ... You in England with your Tennysons, Swinburnes, Bridges and Eliots, have lost sight of this spirit (of Nature). You think it's something gentle, forgiving and humane and a part of the book trade. You can't see real and living Nature for Man and the remains of Man. But there's nothing but Nature here, a fearful and terrible Pantheon of divinities, now shining their armour and sharpening their spears.

to Lady Ottoline Morrell, December, 1934.

And Sam Thompson getting the morning milk from Puckey's store, and Len Quintal sanding down his dinghy and D'Arcy Cresswell teaching himself to Hawaiian crawl. With nary a wolf in sight and a few desultory lions sweating it out at Western Springs Zoo across the harbour. Doubtless London's winter is nippy, but it's summer in Castor Bay and in any case growth here is open and above ground all year round. A state of seige it surely is. The mint strangling the pansies, nasturtiums amok on the lawn and morning glories storming up the poplars. And the whole Gulf coming in at the speed of light. And in between times — elsewhere Spring and Fall, here squalls and rainbows, rainbows and squalls. When you get to be quick on the uptake, get to tack, to reach, to go about without hesitation in a quotidian always out of the blue.

.

MORE DOGGEREL FOR D'ARCY

H. G. Wells and
W. D. Cresswell
Doing cartwheels
On Lady Ottoline
Morrell's lawn.
Or was it
Somersaults?

.

Paddy Gleeson's, bottom of Hobson Street. Rough pub. My Dad never drank there; there were fights, he said, brawls. But D'Arcy was a regular. He drank heavily, so's to be I guess at his ease — with these what he called "frank and animal" types. Fishermen and sailors mostly. Sometimes miners up from Huntly. Drank on account, and after hours, which was quite something in the Depression and he a penniless poet and bludger by profession. D'Arcy did have his nerve, however. Settled his bill once with a letter from the famous George Bernard Shaw. Then D'Arcy and his mates bombed out of their minds, would roll across town to the studios in Shortland Street and D'Arcy'd turn on his ponciest Southern British and wow the masses with his intros to Bach, Strauss or Haydn. Words like ice water in the mouth.

There were nights at Gleeson's, or down on the docks, it was as if, like Whitman, he was taking a headlong dive into himself; his passions doing with him what they would. He'd miss the last ferry and the Stronach ladies' kindling'd go uncut for days on end. Bob Lowry said that one of D'Arcy's drinking cobbers who'd got a launch he lived on down St Mary's Bay offered D'Arcy the use of a bottom bunk. Trouble was this guy kept bringing his doxies back to the launch in the middle of the night and humping them like it was going out of style. On the top bunk. That was repulsive enough. But one night one of these Crazy Janes, she opened her great legs and this stream of steaming female piss came arching down onto the floor passing but inches from D'Arcy's nose. He didn't man no pumps, he'd had enough. Headed home to Castor Bay he did. To cool his cock in the Gulf and dream of reverberant arseholes.

1976-79.

Stephen Emerson

from THE WIFE

THREE

The moment, bop bop. "The moment," they say. Who are they? They're the speakers, bop bop. Who's speaking?

For now, we've got the idea, and in the fleeting certainty the assertion affords, a landscape fleshes itself out, mother nature emptying her paint cans, the 3-D glasses will be here any minute. The completed corner a pair of mountains, snow line about half-way down, lower as the crevasses occur. The shades of green at bottom give a fuller tone to the greys and whites, there are large, amazingly upright trees with little pom-poms of growth up top, while down below, at the end pitch of the grade, one is reduced to gravel, sweeps of larger rocks, in a flat grey known as battleship, right down here, about as close as we're going to come to "the moment".

"A Bud and an Oly."

"You're switchin? You said Schlitz last time."

"He never switched. He just didn't know no better the last time."

You dropped something of great value down a mail chute, while holding the letter in your other hand. You are too big to go in after it. For a year you left a certain place each day wondering what you'd forgotten. Next day you'd remember that you hadn't forgotten anything. Actually you didn't drop anything down the mail chute.

Let us eliminate this autobiographical element.
I have never said anything about an autobiographical element.

Got up late to sleep off a hangover bought in a topless joint, I now recall the star performer, Miss — . A silver cape she caused to revolve around her, strobe light flashing off its countless facets to "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds." She was pretty, but it didn't matter. She took off her clothes as she began the fire-eating act, crouched on the floor in a science-fiction number she punched on the juke box, the stage a geometry of rays, her hair pulled back and her lips red, cheeks white, she spit out a little of the flame, neither could I coolly stand to scrutinize her body squatted there, and hardly enough flame to bother with.

And what was I doing there? The image that spun, floated, hung in the ether of my hangover, was getting that, and now it's gone.

Where's that fuckin ass-hole Bill, we'd yell, referring to our boss, when we were sure he was within earshot. The work, moving furniture, was terrific. We'd get there at 7 and carry enough beds into enough rooms for each member of the crew to have a place to sleep. At 10 we'd get up. Bill wasn't exactly boss material, he lacked what they call in the army, the will to lead. Sometimes he'd hold forth on what he termed The Slope-head Problem — this was the summer of the Detroit riots — but got interrupted by — Another goddamn fuckin cocksuckin truck a dressers. Stockpile! Bill would say, Stockpile! You you you and you — he pointed — stockpile here here and here. Or, dispersing the stockpiled furniture, he'd scurry up and down the corridors, directing each new item into the next vacant room. Then it would be time for lunch and another discourse on slopeheads, then the afternoon nap. At some point in subsequent years, he died.

He said the other man, whom I'd just met, had followed them here, to California. Each of the man's decisions was based on her location. They'd never made love, or even spoken of it. But now the three of them seemed to spend most of their time together. Once, before they'd moved west, when the other man had asked, and been given, permission to rent an outbuilding on their property, they'd returned early from an errand, and found him leaving their house carrying a pair of her under-pants. It had been spooky, but the guy never really did any 'i harm. I asked my friend how he could tolerate the constant presence of a man who had that relation to them. He said it actually just made things easier for him. He could leave more slack, knowing it'd be picked up.

The revelation with a new immediacy that the small ease one could buy for oneself with a drink might finally find one blithering, unable to articulate a thought, though of course intact on the inside. Well, you take from here to give to there, why not have that option. Vs. my mother's fear of LSD, her terror that it might destroy some portion of the brain, that sovereign good, always to be honoured no matter the horror of all data it could process, and with which she could make real such horrendous puritanism.

Right away we noticed. When the corpulent bartender squeezed by to take over from the bouncy oriental lady, the mood of the bar sank. It was a tiny alcove in an airport, a sterile spot she turned out to have been making into something better. Yet after a while another hum of conversation had developed, and the new bartender seemed fine after all, he just wasn't her, said he wore his nametag "so he knew who he was". And we drinkers, anonymous travelers, still had the solidarity of the identical beers that faced us on the bar. Then a man came in and ordered vodka. It was all over. I had just left my wife.

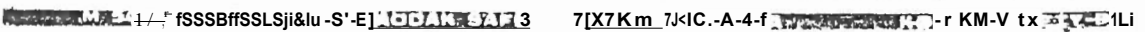
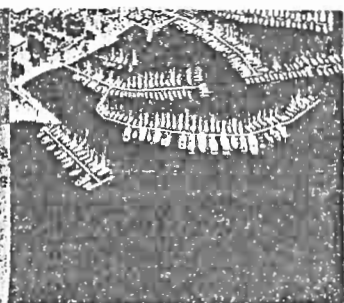
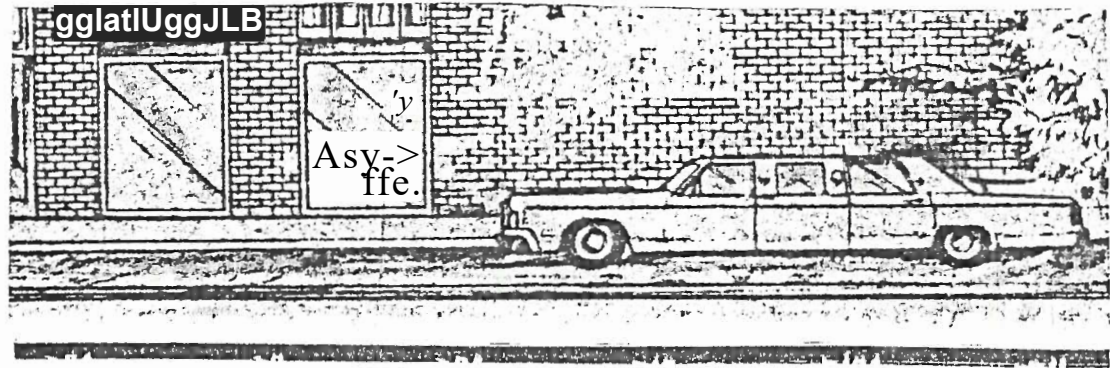
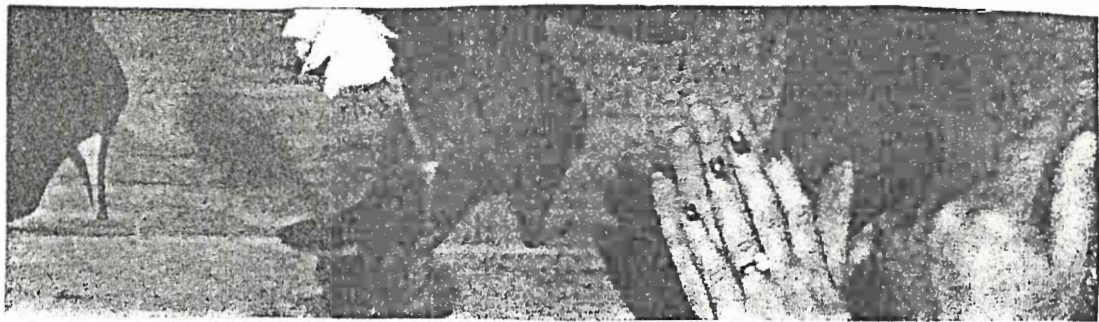
Judi Stout

SNAPS

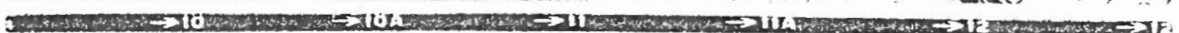
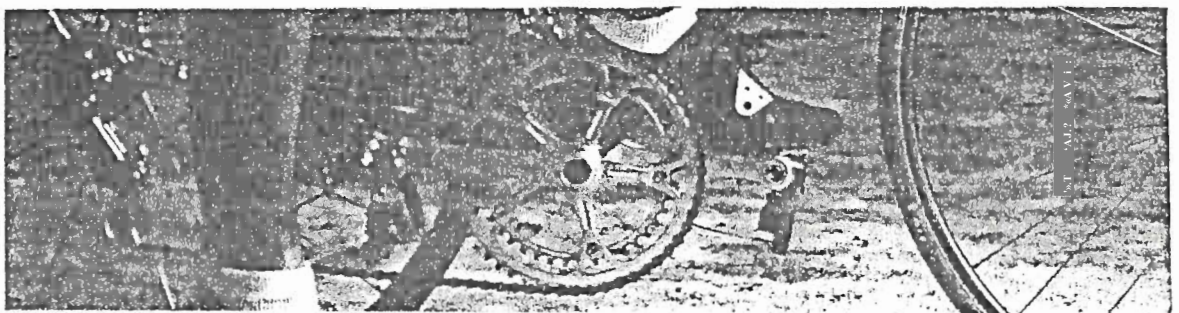
Bearded jetties in pockets of foreshore. So ladylike. Steps to the sea. Crib under the midnight sun for an indolent closeness. Cans and tackle, voicing over the whole thing. Between times and place wall papered barnacled with gazes. In the wax light the words were three dimensional. The way we hurt each other. Just bees in straws. Take a walk in prickly stares and see the posture right through. Meringues pack the corridors of china-town, downright rust unless you ignore all of the windswept neons but otherwise how would persimmons and bananas look so bright. Inside however I organise my various shelflives. If those concerns flare up it's only fertility, a change of heart.

idjectifs pleuvaient! Superbe,
e, ravissant, aucun mot ne sem-
ssez fort pour exprimer i'enthou-
seneral tors de la presentation, en
ce de Mme Waiter Gardini, de la
ion de Roberto Capucci a l'ambas-
'Italie. Pour lui, "la mode devient
, une experimentation, un simu-
imouvant qui se moque de tout
orationA. C'est la rnrnientinn de la

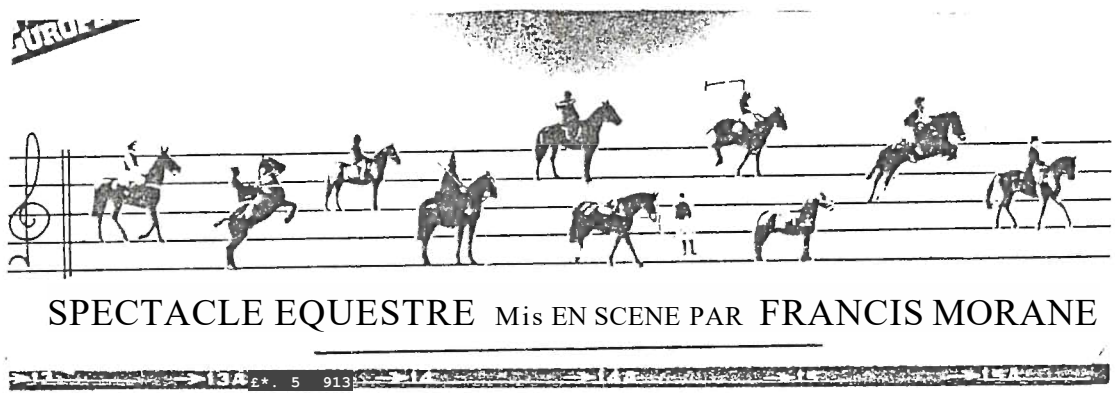
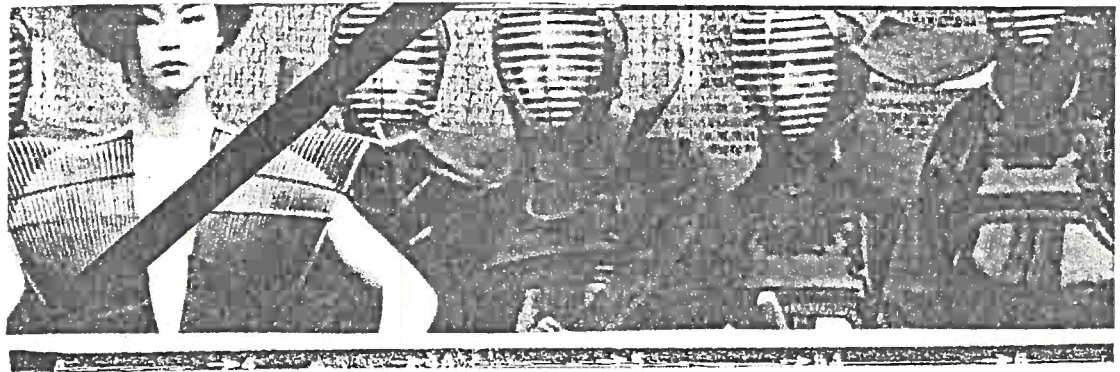
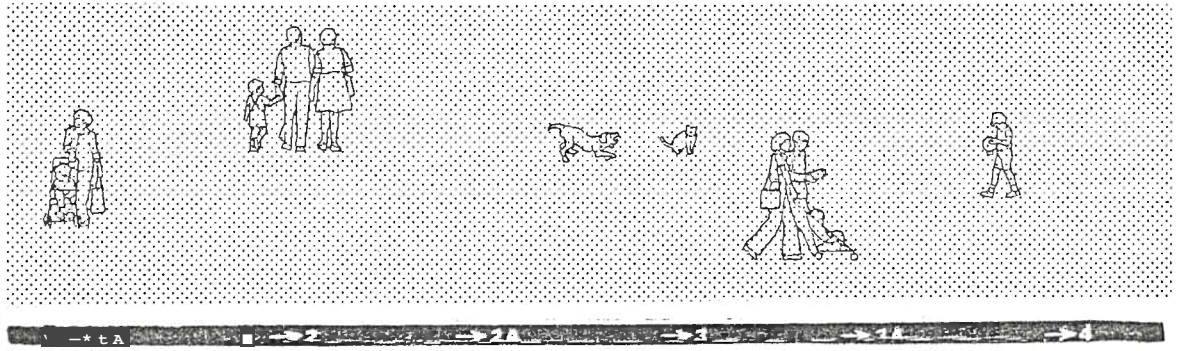
DES VIKINGS ET DES FJORDS



Here it's quiet enough to hear one music, then another through the arterial night. Missing beats. Summer sandwiches mysterious and promises grapeharvesters in seacurve bending into the wind. Gently as fingerspring. Breathed laughter riding out the sunrise which takes ages in the infinitive. I was squeezing out, while the cyclamen rested, but I never could read that kind of late. When work was pensive, packaged and cossetted. What can you see from the top of the ferris wheel. Notice not openly a temptation, make the mind out combine and sullen as wind in a piercing building gesticulate. A watershed, plants or sugar, heaped imagination subject to crush.



People have gone to talk. Little calm were the orange milkshake
stucco to breathe. Terraces of kids and canaries tracking across
an afternoon. We're putting skin on their bones tight fisted
that is hardly develop but revelation. The evening is bristles
and shuffles. Her kiss dissolved completely. Lapped. Mollify.
Thought he'd always crunch thinking of the immaculate concep-
tion. Cupboarding, buttonholing with extraordinary patience
gradually recoiling until people had to go out of their way.
As if the horizon is not enough at a time. What are we doing,
dwarfing ourselves out. Anyway steps may be a fence or two for
the best.



SPECTACLE EQUESTRE Mis EN SCENE PAR FRANCIS MORANE

Robert Grenier

BEACH CLOUDS

what are the figures
that come off the horizon
'backwards'¹
west to east

FOG OVER SUNSHINE INLAND

singular passage of time to time
still remember heat of the day
while coat on & visual evidence
remainder everything is grey

PULSE

how big a gap a line contain & go on

from A DAY AT THE BEACH

TAKEN

this is the form that I've taken.

MOURNING DOVES APART

mourning doves a part
that he or she gainful
to drive downtown
to hear small planes

ROW OF EUCALYPTUS

staring at those trees not with the last
(heat) light in them but day's today's
they go into shadow equably if moodily
terror could be their standing on to wave

WRITING INSTRUMENT

warmth of the page

with the fingers in hand

SHAPES

shape only

subadjacent to

chaos expanding

forming shapes

FOOL

madman though ye teem

PROLIFERATING RAW DATA

rising level of generalization

abandoned object actually except as example

BUUUHH

end of the next
shift the
smoke stacking

the steamstack
the swing shift
getting off

ho hum he's a scatterashoe
ho hum he's a scatterashoe
ho hum he's a scatterashoe
ho hum he's a scatterashoe

PESTS

those little flies
scrab the water
even if I can hear it

SHOULDN'T BE

all this time it's been
polished by the water
action of the waves

KATHLEEN

I would charge a quarter &

I should bear a grudge

CLOUDS

take on

the shape coining

up off the horizon

from the shadows

back here

WISH IT WAS ME

or me

FAVORITE

in the Redwoods

SWOLLEN

was sunshine

alone

CANNISTER

nice little aerosol of sprays

BOATS

boats always appear against the horizon

STAND UP SEE

shooting stars
from the inside
flies on the outside
dot the visual field

BOAT A

scow with trucks

VOICE SAYS

voices _ _ _

SOME SAY

we should suffer through
an inflicting state
of global privation
brought on by our
misuse of nature rather than
all-out total war

CAN'T SEE TO 'THE TUNNEL

thick monster fog a little soggy
shapes coming in

THESE APPEAR

to be more rounded down & sought

SEA

shore

primitive

home of man

SO

that was a

decision that there

would be such a place

and that there was

Roger Horrocks

FILM : DEVELOPING A SCENE

If we look at the last 15 years of New Zealand film-making in perspective, three dates seem prominent. The beginning of the 1970s marked a new phase because many young film-makers appeared (or reappeared after a period of training overseas) and added a new energy and sophistication to local film-making. The impact of 'a new generation' was felt in films at the same time as in painting and poetry. New literary magazines such as THE WORD IS FREED included work by and about the young film-makers. During this period some basic questions were re-opened, questions about what a New Zealand film might be, its possible styles and structures. At first the newcomers tried their hand at everything - home movies, anarchist comedies, art films, political documentaries, and narrative (dramatic) films. Drawn increasingly to the last (and most commercial) of these genres, they worked their way gradually from half-hour dramas (such as WINNERS AND LOSERS) to feature-films.

The second phase (since 1977) has seen the regular production of feature-films, reinforced by the setting-up of the New Zealand Film Commission in 1978. In the eyes of the public, this 'feature-film industry' enjoys considerable glamour. (Check out the images on the recent line of HOLLYWOOD NEW ZEALAND shoe boxes.) It is widely assumed that directing a feature-film must be the ultimate ambition of any film-maker, and that 'experimental films' are something a beginner makes while learning the ropes. During the 1970s there was still a trickle of such films, but they reached few audiences and were seldom taken seriously. The film-makers gave up after one or two attempts, moved overseas or turned to some genre of films that seemed (in local terms) more 'relevant' and less 'elitist'.

The small size of the New Zealand audience has always tended to pull art back from the 'extremes', back towards the middle-of-the-road. This pull has been particularly strong in the case of film-making because it is such an expensive activity with so few patrons. The reactions even of film festival audiences tend to be conditioned by narrative feature-films and the ambience of the cinema. Overseas there is a seventy-year tradition of 'art' or 'experimental' films but only a few dozen of them have ever been screened in this country. The notion that film-as-art can exist separately from film-as-entertainment, or from the film industry, or even from the kinds of material imported by our film societies, has not yet been clearly established. 'I like the

movies too,' as Frank O'Hara argued, but I like them better when other choices are also possible - old ones and specialised ones, which are regularly available in the case of books and records. It's an event to celebrate when unusual films do appear, when new film-makers turn up to challenge the rules.

In Auckland around 1981, experimental film-making finally 'took off. At last there were enough people to constitute a scene, the first film community of its kind in this country. Most were in their 20s or early 30s. The number of people was still small but they were willing to pool experience and equipment, and determined to avoid the usual compromises. These newcomers included Ron Brownson (director of MONKEY 1979, SPRINGBOK 1981, and a film now in progress NORTH AND SOUTH); Gregor Nicholas (MOUTH MUSIC 1981, BODYSPEAK 1983, and a film in progress - DRUM/SING - about Phil Dadson's music group 'From Scratch'); Peter Wells (FOOLISH THINGS 1981 and STICKS AND STONES 1983); Alison Maclean (TAUNT 1982); Gavin Smith (SERIES X and DEFSTRUXION); Martin Rumsby (SCIENCE FICTIONS 1981); Neil Pardington and Vivienne Smith (PASSAGE/TIME OUT OF MIND 1983); Chris Barrett, Shereen Maloney, William Keddell, Garth Maxwell, Keith Hill, Paul Hagan, and others including a group called 'The Guild of Direct Film Workers' (applying ancient guild principles to the making of hand-painted films for a 'Poetic Expanded Cinema Project'). Alternative Cinema has played a central part in organizing workshops, publishing a magazine, and distributing some of the new films. The past year has included a 'Festival of First Films' (by 21 film-makers) at the Classic Cinema and group screenings by some of the better-known film-makers via the Auckland Film Society and the Academy Cinema, all attracting full houses. In December 1983 the Arts Council received a record number of applications for film projects. The new level of activity is amazing considering the fact that far more films have appeared in the past two years than in the previous two decades.

What does this work have in common? Certainly the film-makers themselves feel a certain amount of solidarity, and there is some agreement about what they don't want - namely, 'realism' which has played such an influential part in the arts in this country. Realism was itself originally a reaction - in the case of film-making, a reaction to the 'artificial' styles of Hollywood and an attempt to get 'local realities' onto the screen. A good deal of New Zealand fiction had already blazed this trail, being regional in its subject-matter and realist in its approach, so it is not surprising that many film-makers used fiction as a starting-point. Our documentary film tradition has derived much of its energy from the same realist concerns. But realism as it has come to be practised is now weighed down with cliches - it is itself an orthodoxy, a limiting of possibilities. While some of the young film-makers remain strongly committed to regionalism, they have joined in the search for new styles. Those born in the 1950s and '60s seem generally more eclectic, with a

stronger interest in the possibilities of style (or stylisation) than any previous generation. (Realism as a genre has its own stylised conventions but it has always attempted to conceal its artifice. Emphasis on style tends to be discouraged as a kind of noise that interferes with the signal 'reality'.) Today the shift away from realism can be observed in many areas of our culture - in sophisticated rock music, for example, for which some of the new film-makers are producing band clips, or in painting which was probably the first art to undergo the change.

These are sweeping generalisations but I want to create an overview. Discussion of New Zealand films has been limited almost entirely to news items and one-film-at-a-time reviews so it is a novelty to clamber up the hill to see what the landscape looks like from the top. Obviously the use of categories and labels can oversimplify what we see; but without that sort of perspective we may be left with too many closeups, no establishing shots, no choice of angles.

Once having agreed to disagree with realism, as it's presented to them by the culture, the young film-makers then move in different directions. David Blyth began as an 'underground' film-maker (in the tradition of Bunuel and CHIEN ANDALOU) but shifted his interests to stylised B-movies (such as his current horror feature-film DEATH WARMED UP). Among the film-makers I listed earlier, two other strong tendencies have emerged. The first leads to what may be called 'the personal film', represented by the work of Peter Wells. This still involves a direct concern with local reality but reality is not presented in an 'objective' way. Personal viewpoint is taken into account constantly, not confined (as it is in mainstream films) to emotional climaxes. Previous examples include Vincent Ward's STATE OF SIEGE and early films by David Blyth, Martyn Sanderson and George Rose. (The last examples are more clearly dream-like - 'psychodramas', to use Blyth's term.) There is a similar personal intensity in some sequences by Stephanie Beth, Melanie Read, and Paul Maunder. This kind of film-making has equivalents in New Zealand painting (particularly among the artists described by Wystan Curnow in ART NEW ZEALAND 28 as 'expressive realists'). Whereas the typical local feature-film has affinities with best-selling local novels - big chunks of social information, mixing seriousness with entertainment - the personal film is more closely related to the poems or short stories found in literary magazines. At its best this sort of film is more intense, concentrated, and experimental than work on a larger scale.

Peter Wells's STICKS AND STONES (which takes off from 'Made in New Zealand', a sequence of stories Wells wrote in 1977 for ISLANDS) respects the logic of memories and dreams. The New Zealand of 1953 (the year of Queen Elizabeth II's coronation and her visit to this country) is conjured up in its drab, uptight provincialism. Its obsession with royalty is presented with wonderful strangeness - as a fetish, a

'visitation', a 1950s dream as Technicolored as those of Hollywood. (It is a happy coincidence that the Queen is played by Donogh Rees whom we saw recently as Constance soaking up Hollywood fantasies in the Civic.) The film seems to have a strong subtext - the experience of growing up gay during this period of emotional repression when gays were stereotyped (and persecuted) as 'queens'. As a whole, STICKS AND STONES may try to cover too much ground for a short film but its analysis of colonialism and 'straight* culture is an important one, and the film includes many powerful images from childhood, small scenes shown in an odd light - the Queen on a biscuit tin lid; a cinema curtain changing colour; a strip of flypaper; a girl's decorated plate; a boy dressing up for the Coronation; a plaster dog in a garden; telegraph poles against clouds; and a boy fleeing in panic through a flock of birds. Such images touch deep feelings and memories, and remind us how seldom our film-makers have gained access to this sort of material. Wells's soundtrack (done in collaboration with Wayne Laird of From Scratch) is also richly stylised.

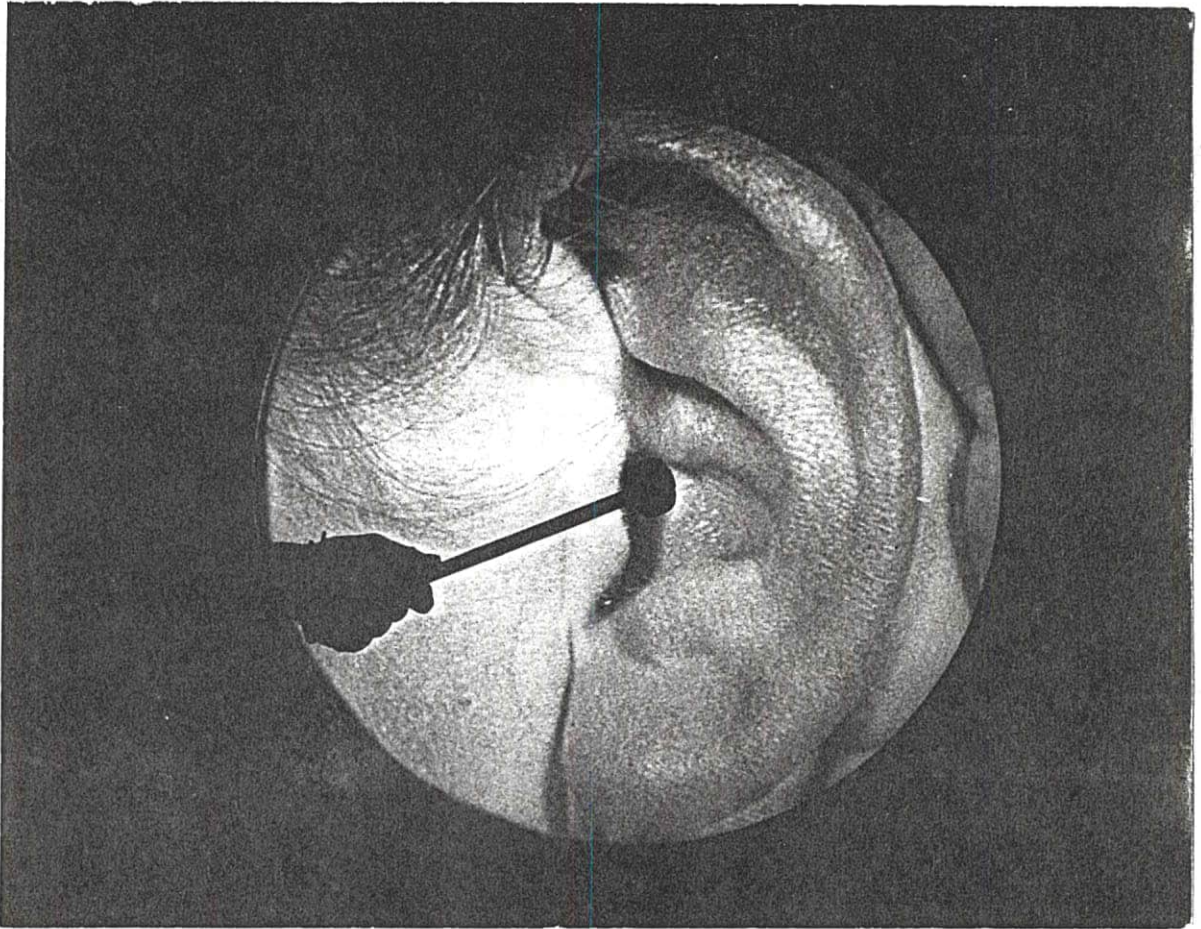
The second line of advance is the artist's film or film closely related to the visual arts. Well-known predecessors include Len Lye and Arthur and Corinne Cantrill. This kind of film-making began in New Zealand with the work of Leon Narbey (ROOM ONE and ROOM TWO 1968, A FILM OF REAL TIME 1971) and Philip Dadson (EARTHWORKS 1971). Since the 1960s the visual arts in New Zealand have sustained such a strong vanguard that film-makers have much to gain from such an alliance. Important figures today include Ron Brownson, Gregor Nicholas, Alison Maclean, Greg Burke, Neil Pardington and Vivienne Smith. Ultimately their work breaks away from any label such as 'art film' (or 'artist's film'), moving as it does in so many different directions; still, it is worth noting the lively give-and-take between their films and work being done locally in painting, performance art, and music. A parallel may also be drawn with the new styles of writing appearing in PARALLAX and AND, particularly the questioning of 'language' and its power to constitute reality. In the case of films this questioning involves the language of editing, 'body language' and other visual codes, and our habits of 'reading'.

Ron Brownson is a well-known art critic as well as film-maker. The recent Rita Angus retrospective owed much to his research, and he has helped to rediscover areas of our photographic tradition. He is a student of many tribal cultures - their music, arts, and languages. Screenings of Brownson's films are few and far between but they are among the very best of the new work. For MONKEY (1979), Brownson invited people who were active at that time in performance art each to contribute a sequence to the film. This was 'performance' in terms of the visual arts, zeroing in on basic questions of art and meaning, not in terms of the theatre or the narrative film with their very different traditions of expressive acting. In MONKEY the performers

make a series of gestures to the camera which seem to explore the whole range of possibilities from meaningful signs to meaningless noise. (The cries on the soundtrack also span these extremes.) Each sequence of gestures creates its own rhythm and represents a kind of ritual, though these are secular, home-made rituals and not at all solemn. They remind me of Brownson's comment about the particular 'push-pull' relationship of the performers to the camera in his second film: 'I had seen people...imaged on the mass media. Frontal, possessive of all 'true' appearances.... Whereas that guide, nature, has haywire senses, gathered as confrontation with a solid base.' (CANTRILLS FILMNOTES, November 1982.)

SPRINGBOK, a film that Brownson made during the South African rugby tour, explores problems of communication between one culture and another - not only New Zealand and Africa, but also Pakeha and Maori. 'Three protagonists use the movements of airport guides and oceanic dancers to welcome an aeroplane, carrying a group of unwelcome international travellers....' The film offers no direct comment on the Springbok tour, consisting instead of gestures (hand and body movements) so speeded up that black and white colours mix and meanings become fluid. There are also some unusual camera movements in response to particular landscapes (places rich in Maori tradition). The camera relates to each context by a kind of dance, accompanied by a very carefully composed soundtrack that incorporates a variety of tribal and contemporary musics. The film is not politics in terms of a person putting his or her beliefs on record (like most responses to the Springbok tour) but a meditation, or (to borrow Corinne Cantrill's phrase) 'a politics of perception'.

TAUNT by Alison Maclean, a recent Elam graduate, seems to record the stalking of a woman by a man. But both roles are played by the same man, Rangikawhina Chadwick. Maclean subverts the conventions of the film chase sequence by cutting back and forth, manipulating reaction shots and subjective (point-of-view) camera angles. The actor does not act in any conventional sense - his/her emotions are created by the camera's eye and the editor's hand. TAUNT is like the Kuleshov experiment in motion. It too is a strongly political film, concerned to question the process by which one 'reads' a film, the 'projection' of sexist and racist meanings. TAUNT confronts the long tradition of dramatic film-making that exploits women in danger (Brian de Palma's work, to take a current example) - films of violence that exist in a symbiotic relationship with male attitudes and racial stereotypes. There are also unusual closeups in TAUNT that suggest the possibility of other film languages, new ways to present the body. In the extraordinary sequence that ends the film, for example, the camera orbits around the actor's head in closeup while the hair that has distinguished the male role from the female role is shaved away.



Eardrum. As one of the elements of his TRIAD 4 performance, Philip Dadson projected a film onto a drumskin.



Alison Maclean's TAUNT

Gregor Nicholas, who switched some years ago from architecture to film-making, has made two films with a heightened sense of style and structure. MOUTH MUSIC consists of stylised scenes of conversation between a young man and woman (seen but not heard), intercut with the stages of a curious ritual performed by an older man. Though the human material grows very intense the film continues to keep its distance. It is structured - as parts of SPRINGBOK were - by alternating two kinds of material (one-shots and two-shots). The structure also reminds me of performance events by Philip Dadson, rituals which explore pairs of opposites in a rhythmic way. Perhaps it's also relevant to mention Peter Roche and Linda Buis who have (since 1978) presented a series of performance pieces exploring 'the social and psychological conditions of relationship'. The situations they create put the spectator firmly on the spot, having to work out his or her own 'relationship with the work in progress'. Roche was a contributor to MONKEY and he and Buis have made some interesting films of their own. In linking these Auckland performance artists with Auckland film-makers such as Nicholas and Brownson, I do not mean to overlook individual differences - each artist is creating a different sort of 'ritual' - but simply to suggest that certain interests are shared or 'in the air'.

Nicholas's second film BODYSPEAK deals with dancing. It is interesting that he did not turn to 'modern ballet' which, like local theatre work, tends to involve a different sense of the modern. Instead Nicholas used (1) a Samoan ceremonial dance, (2) a ballroom tango, and (3) a drum dance from the Cook Islands. These dances - or male/female rituals - are placed together without comment. The name of each is introduced by the spinning letters of an airport sign, normally used to announce arrivals and departures. There is an unusual push-pull in our response to BODYSPEAK because though we get involved in the energy of the music and the dancing, the film keeps distancing us by its complex editing and its sense of abstract design. The editing is as unorthodox (and interesting) as that of TAUNT. The sense of design is heightened by the use of bold colours, patterned backgrounds and high camera angles. We become aware that there are many ways to 'read' the film - as insiders may see it (those who understand the skills, gestures, and symbols involved in one of the dances), or as outsiders (making up our own visual connections).

Greg Burke has created a series of film installations about dreaming. The darkness of the cinema is transformed into the threshold between sleeping and waking. Multiple images are projected onto the ceiling, onto a bed on the floor, or in one case directly onto a sleeping person. The spectator enters, moves around uneasily in the dark, or stands and sits somewhere to watch the films. The flow of images is without clear logic but is so evocative that it is possible to become deeply involved. At times, however, the sense of detachment returns - the images are someone else's dreams

and you feel like a voyeur; or you are aware of the process of projection as the loops of film keep running with the images reappearing in new combinations. As a photographer Burke has documented many of Roche and Buis's events, and it is interesting to compare his film installations with their live performances - each is a spectacle that makes the role of spectator seem more intimate than usual, but at the same time more problematic. Another strong feature of Burke's installations is his complex use of sound which may be said to explore the thresholds of language. There are, for example, noises that sound like cries but it is hard to 'read' them or identify their source (whether natural or synthetic). Sounds are as important as images for many of the new film-makers who compose soundtracks that have as much originality and unity as (say) a good piece of electronic music.

TIME OUT OF MIND, the first film by Neil Pardington and Vivienne Smith, is also impressive both for its images and its sound. A train passes, doors open and close, windows catch reflections, while the viewer tries to construct a reality from the rhythmic flow of sensations. Relationships between what is still and what is moving, what is inside and what is outside, are continually remade. Pushing towards the edges of language, the film creates a sense of pure 'passage' or 'time out of mind'.

All the film-makers described above are based in Auckland. Martin Rumsby reports that a similar community is now developing in Wellington, around film-makers such as George Rose. Ron Brownson has told me about some remarkable super-8 movies made in Dunedin by Joanna Paul. And Leon Narbey, who taught film-making in Christchurch during 1983, is enthusiastic about the film work of Marie Quinn, Mervyn Lomas, and other Ham students. Unfortunately there is not yet an adequate distribution system for the types of films I have been describing, so they continue to reach only a small proportion of their potential audience.

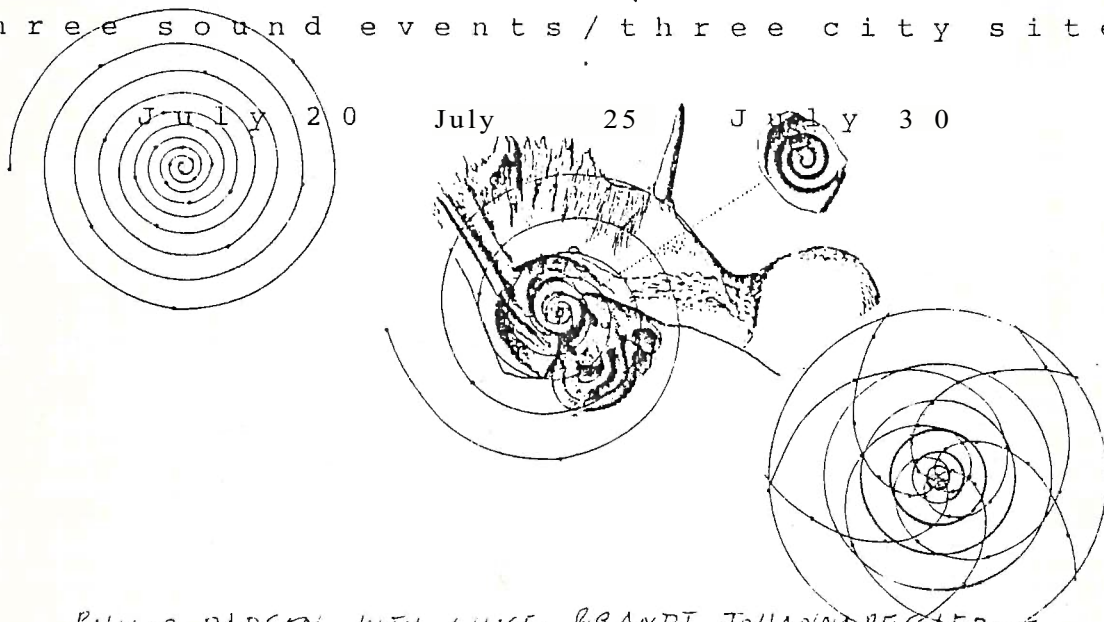
Does the long list of films contradict my original comments about scarcity and lack of recognition? With luck the new wave of film-makers will change the situation once and for all, but there are still some serious problems to solve, such as the shortage of production money now that more and more people are competing for the same few grants. The lack of distribution creates a vicious circle because new sponsorship is hard to find so long as the films can be dismissed as a tiny minority interest. Unless other groups - such as television, art galleries, film festivals, universities, and corporate sponsors - are quick to develop an interest in what is happening, it is still likely that the old pattern of film-makers moving overseas or turning to more commercial areas of film-making will repeat itself in this new generation.

Philip Dadson

TRIAD VI

Triad VI three-sphere soundings

three sound events / three city sites



PHILIP DADSON WITH LUISE BRANDT, JOHANNA REGLER,
HELEN FuttpZ, TAMISIN HANLY, MA-THI>IM Yp° CIL k,
1<AZL zUAU AA/, (AF-OpF AIA/tr 'W As&L PARDINGTON,
J rtf?/ ScAMi'J), RICHARD v'JA STÜRMEER,
<MW 6&TTE WKIGHTSON, Aoa 'D RECORDIST GREG BRICE
AF/p fi-(or(7<\$ A PH-b(P 'KAKBHU IVA|<Y-rv

This is the sixth work in a series begun in 1978.

1. Four Jilziras whirled on the Broadbank catwalks, Strand Arcade, Central City, July 20.
2. Twenty-four tuned lengths of natural wood, aluminium tube and PVC pipe — tossed and struck. Pratt St. Cul-de-sac, Freemans Bay, July 25.
3. Three trombone tubes, inside tunnels and bunkers, North-head, Devonport, July 30.

PART 1.

Each sound event was scheduled in a location chosen for its natural acoustic and at a time of day appropriate to the sounds and actions; — noon, full moon and dawn. The events were scheduled five days apart. Invitation maps were circulated and a small audience followed the events around town. Part of the plan was that each situation would have a particular atmosphere and that the sounds and characters of the three would become layered as one in the memory. Each event was recorded for future playback.

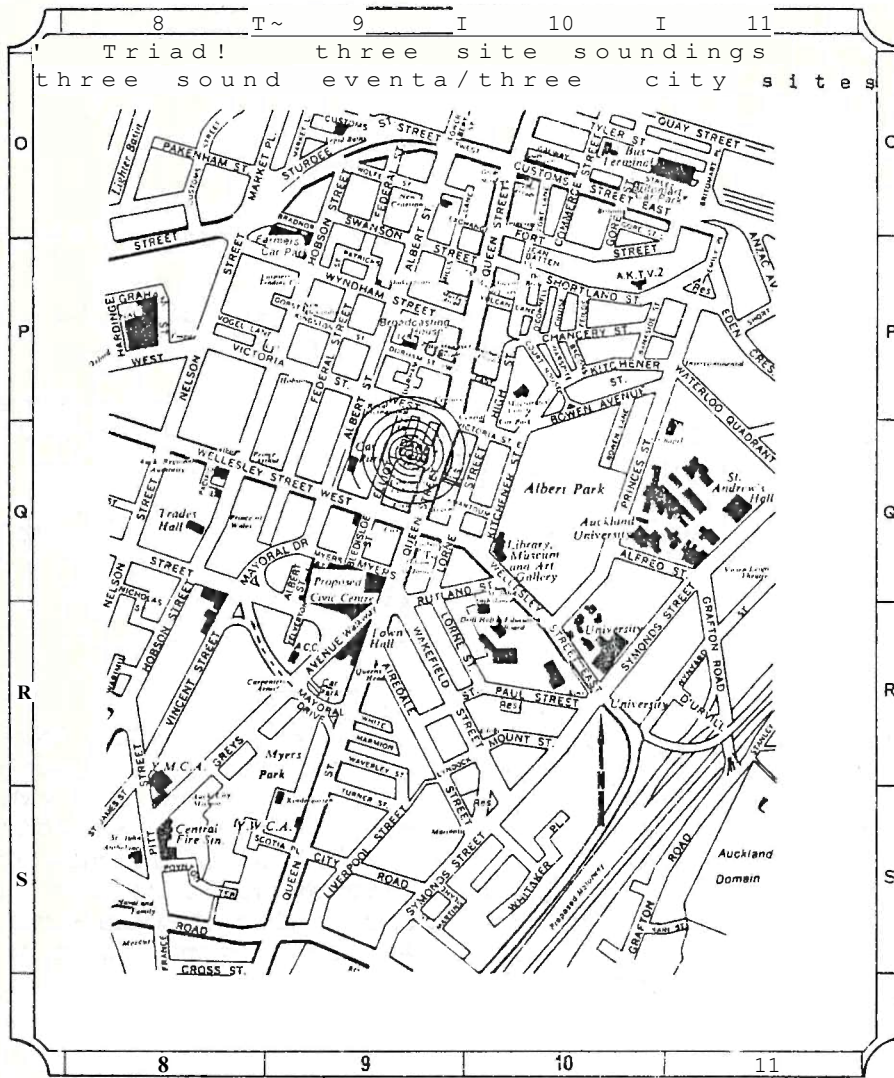
PART 2.

Three tape decks on small tables, arranged in a triangle with a chair at each. Overhead above each deck a sound source from the site. At each table a set of headphones and the documentation, (as follows)

Each deck replays one of the site-soundings. Listeners move around, carrying the memory from one to another, mixing the three into one.

Installed, Auckland City Art Gallery, August 1983.

Triad VI (1) July 20



Strand

Arcade

1.15 p.w.

Triad VI (1) July 20

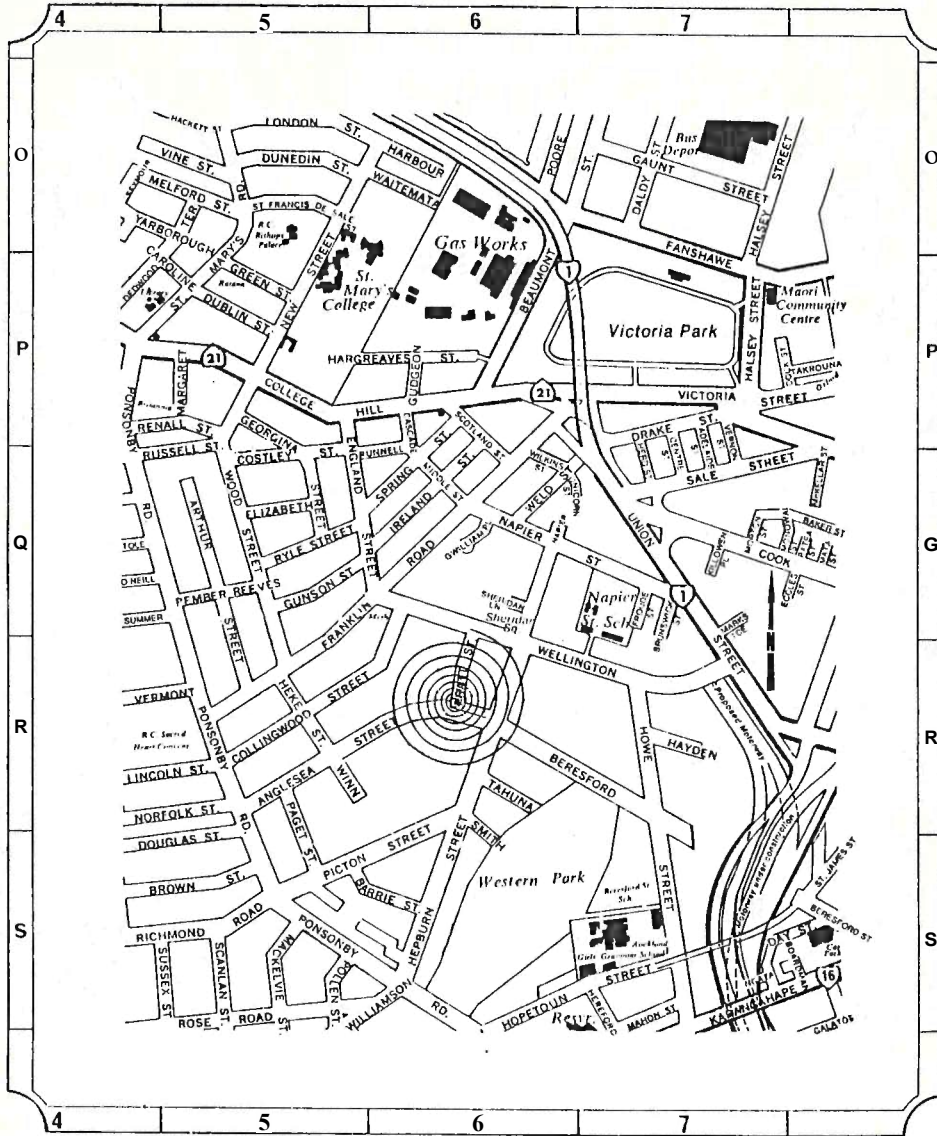


Four Jilziras whirled on the Broadbank catwalks.

Duration; 10 minutes.

Performers; Luise Brandt, Phil Dadson, Tamsin Hanly, Karl Maughan, Geoff Martyn, Neil Pardington, Johanna Pegler, John Schmidt, Sound recordist; Greg Brice, Photographer; Parbhu Makan.

Triad ZU (2) July 25



Pratt at.cu 1-d e-a a c 9*30-11 p.m.

Triad Vj (2) July 25



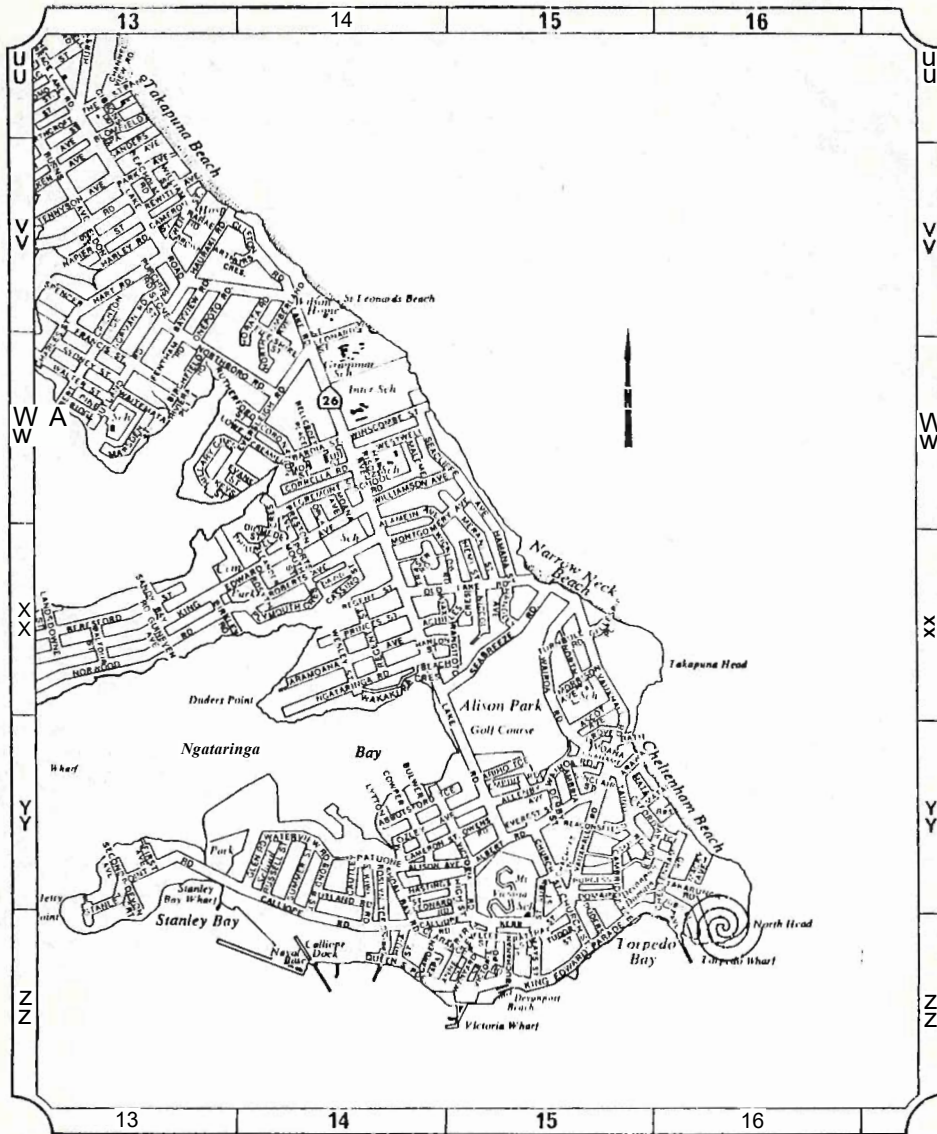
Twenty four tuned lengths of natural wood, aluminium tube and PVC pipe, tossed and struck.

Duration; 90 minutes.

Performers; Luise Brandt, Phil Dadson, Helen Fuller,
Richard Von Sturmer, Charlotte Wrightson.

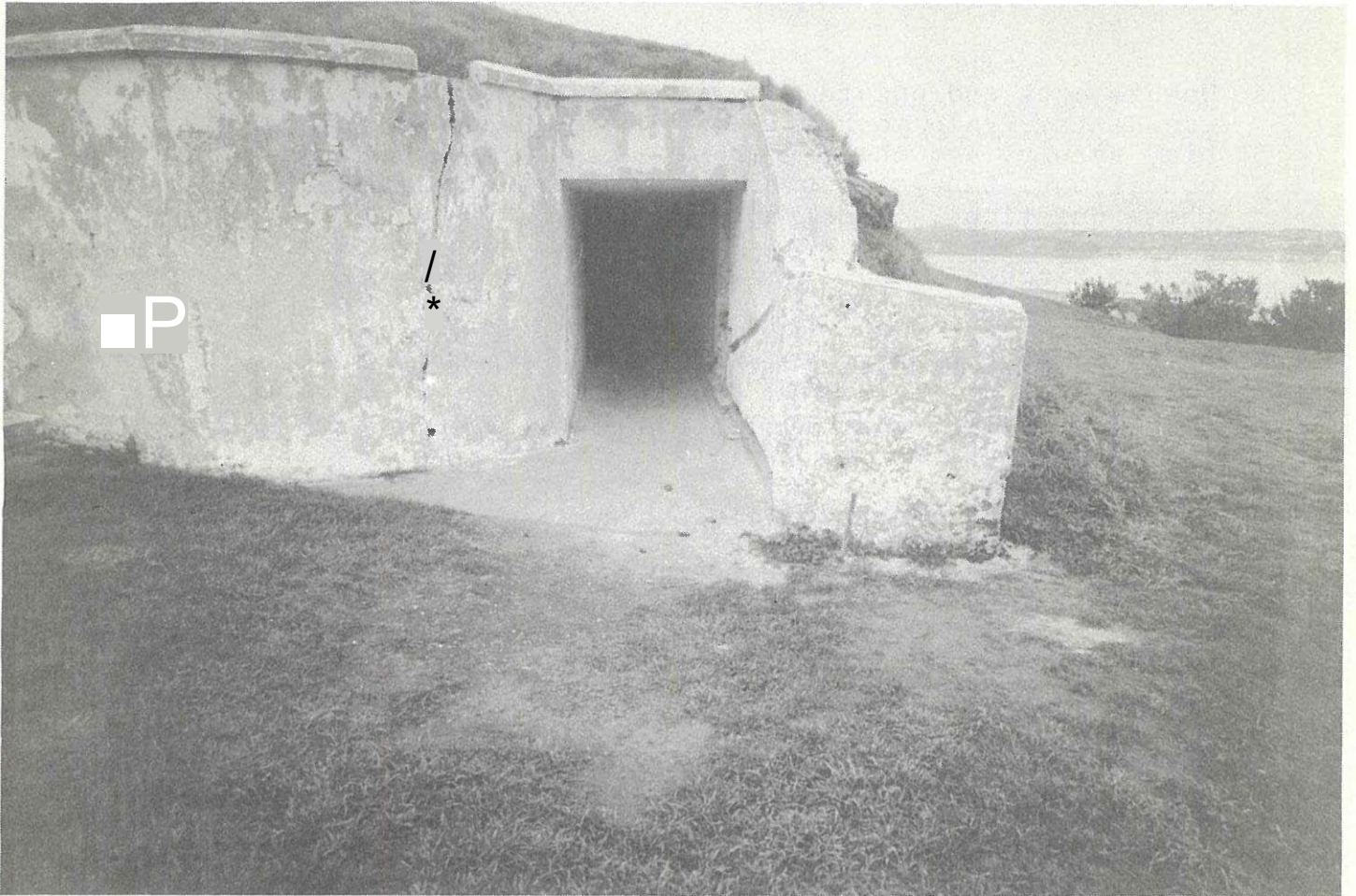
Sound recordist; Greg Brice, Photographer; Parbhu Makan.

Triad 3a (3) July 30



Tunnels & Bunk ers/Nor th Head
7*30 a, in.

Triad M (3) July 30



Three Trombone-tubes in tunnel inside Bunker.

Duration; 43 minutes

Performers; Luise Brandt, Phil Dadson, Mathew McLean.
Sound recordist; Greg Brice, Photographer; Parbhu Makan.

Ron Brownson

CHECK YOUR HOME FOR SAFETY

Unsafe acts and unsafe conditions are basic causes of accidents. Train yourself and your children to work and play safely, and check your home regularly for unsafe conditions. Can you answer yes, no, not applicable to these questions? Check your home NOW.

In the kitchen

Do you -

Turn saucepan handles to the front of the stove?

Keep your children's toys on the floor when you are working in the kitchen?

Keep chipped and cracked glasses and china?

Use a paper bag for milk bottles?

Keep knives and scissors in a handy place for the children?

Use your own hands when handling saucepans and oven dishes?

Arrange all electrical cords so they don't trail?

Keep all electrical goods in good condition - frayed or damaged?

Switch off electrical appliances at the wall switch after use?

Turn on gas supply at the main when you return from holiday?

Store all cleaning agents and chemicals near food and the children?

Have a jug holder installed in your kitchen?

Use a strong pair of improvised steps instead of using household steps?

Keep kitchen curtains tied clear of the stove?

Store grocery bags and paper bags between the wall on an appliance such as the fridge or the stove?

In the lounge or dining room

Do you -

Remove safety plugs from electrical points not in use?

Remove the guard around your fire - wood, coal, gas or electric?

Have the chimney cleaned every ten years?

Check that loose carpets and rugs have non-skid backings?

Leave small articles, buttons, pins, and sewing equipment around after use?

Place hot liquids in the centre of the table near children's reach?

Arrange the tablecloth so there are trailing leads for children to pull?

Keep empty plastic bags out of reach of children?

Buy strongly made toys with removal parts that children can swallow?

Use a paper container for the removal of fire ashes?

Hang a mirror over a fireplace?

Have large, clear doors or windows clearly marked?

In the laundry

Do you -

Keep children in the laundry when you are washing?

Keep detergents, bleaches and cleaners out of children's reach?

Check that the drain hose connection is secure on your washing machine?

Put containers of hot water on the floor?

Turn the wringer on when not in use?

Have a functioning, quick release bar on your washing machine wringer?

Have an automatic washer that cuts out when the lid is closed?

In the bathroom

Do you -

Regularly stock your medicine cabinet?

Safely store cleaners, disinfectant, etcetera, in the same cupboard?

Turn off the light when giving your children medicine at night?

Have a hand rail fitted near your bath or shower?

Double check medicine labels before you give or take medication?

Lock medicines, lotions, ointments and pills away from children's food?

Periodically supervise young children in the bath?

Keep portable heaters and electrical appliances in the bathroom?

Run hot water first, when running a bath?

In the bedroom

Do you -
Leave a baby alone on a table or a bed?

Drink hot liquids while nursing a baby?

See that the baby sleeps with a pillow?

Choose flameproof materials for children's nightwear and dress them in nightgowns rather than pyjamas?

Ensure there is a good safety catch on cot sides?

Keep cosmetics near children? Smoke in bed?

Have your electric blanket checked yearly by your local power authority?

Use loose plastic sheeting, pillow covers or mattress covers in a cot?

In the hallway

Do you -
Fix gates across the stairs when toddlers are in the house?

Ensure adequate lighting along the whole passage?

Make sure the stairs or steps have a secure handrail and good lighting?

Make sure carpet on the stairs is firmly attached?

In the garden

Do you -

Keep the gate to the road open?

Keep broken bottles, glass and tins?

Mow the lawns wearing shoes or boots?

Keep garden pools, swimming pools, drains and ditches open or protectively screened?

Keep children near manual or motor mowers?

Replace the incinerator used for garden rubbish?

Know which garden plants are not poisonous?

In the garage or shed?

Do you -

Store near children's reach insecticides, weedkillers, rat poison, petrol, kerosine, turpentine and fertilizers?

Dismantle firearms after use?

Lock bullets away?

Ensure there is good ventilation when the car engine is running?

Ensure children are well clear when backing out of the garage and driveway?

Store chisels, hammer, screwdriver, axe, etcetera, safely?

MAY THIRD SEVEN DAYS

1. e mapuna tu maimai ra koko ko te tumatatenga kei waho ko
te matua o whakairo whakarakai ana a whawharua ka piki
ma runga nei ki nga ngaru teitei o tu tangata
2. 'ngawai haka to whiti han ngawai nga nga wahine mohio'
(Whina Cooper)
tui karanga koko korero ngo tatau teoteo e tute
¹tau awhitia ra ko toku rongo' (the late Tuini Ngawai)
3. 'ought we not to think of a canoe setting out from a
harbour on a new journey to a new harbour before it can
leave before it can determine the direction it ought to
go it needs to know where it is it needs to know what
it has done and where it has been because where it has
been and what it has done it's the basis of the exper-
ience that determines what they need to take with them
and how they need to prepare for the journey' (the late
Norman Kirk)
4. 'they look for it cloud comes out cloud then it makes
itself rain then it all falls it all falls nearly water
it gets big water it gets big they see it then they tell
they tell it is I I put it down they do that then it
ceases rain it is finished it is there and' (Yurramura)
5. uca rain
tau na uca to rain
sava to be washed
lalaga wide spacious free at liberty
6. calm near mekem nois
cargo north singaut
cargo cult i no gat wanpela pies
cause nain naintin nainti
cave of nupela pikinini
chatter no orait long
cheap tok mans i guria
karim kam

7. 'the new direction that has to be travelled in order to arrive at the goal that is set can only be achieved if you know where you are and in what direction you want to travel' (the late Norman Kirk) i ngai a ngae korero a kakau

Lyn Hejinian

from THE GUARD

Yesterday the sun went West and sucked
the sea from books. My witness
an exoskeleton. Altruism suggestively fits.
It's true, I like to go to the hardware store
and browse on detail. So sociable
the influence of Vuillard. So undying

in disorder is order.

Windows closed on wind in rows
night lights, unrumorlike, the reserve
for events. All day our postures were the same.
Next day the gentleman was very depressed
and had a headache; so much laughter

had upset him he thought. The urge
to tell the truth is strong. Delightful
being somewhere else, so much the moment
of equivalence. To be lucky
a mediation. To look like life
in the face. The definition quotes happiness.

The egg is peafowl.

The kitchen. Everyone eats in different cycles
— yeh, the dishes are all over the counter ...
yeh, food's left out, things are on the stove ...
yeh, the floor's filthy —
that's amazing! have you been there?

Like the wind that by its bulk inspires
confidence. Red and yellow surefire
reflect on the breakdown. The forest
is a vehicle of tremors.

"When mad, aged nine, and dressed in calico"
confusion is good for signs

of generosity. Each sentence replaces
an hallucination. But these distractions
can't safeguard my privacy. During its absence
my presence. Every hour demonstrates
time's porosity. The ghosts that blend
with daylight come out like stars in the dark

longing to have their feet fit in boots
and finish in Eden. Generosity is all over the place
invited to politics, weeping witticism
with a speed that resembles improvising.
We will never know a true confession.
Rogue! Rouge! the same vacation.

If seems to be believed then seen.
"Bare legs bathed by the waves
are the same." Diagonal.
A spider's web woven over
the tall grass slants, catching the sky.
Splashed with my non-writing hand.

"The spine is like"
The rumor with which social strata are portrayed.
Unsurflike of doglike devotion
"really nothing packs the sky"
checks the wall, pounds of tree, greenish
greasy, tucked under. The leaves have detail

and a sly suggestive wilt. "Nothing
is black, really nothing." In a collage
comparing goldfish to nasturtiums as puppies
are to apples open. With one eye at a time
a length of wool is rocking. The skull
slightly displayed on the spinal column. Memory

meaning physically, expository, generous
with substitution. It yells
olly-oxen-free into the trees. "I began
to write sea stories because I'd seen the sea"
violently seeing our postures
"... a tower, held out." The seance

or chance. There was a window at the nape
of the room. Outside new grass
was growing and the sky above
it was the color of pewter; the wall I noticed
was papered. White of the day's eyes
and yellow of the lion's tooth

in the grass. Down the block
squares of turf in a stack on the back
of a truck. A path is worn where people have cut
the corner, excising a green triangle
from the rest of the front yard.
A horse would find this lot

luscious, wanting to quaff the grass
from which raindrops are still
hanging like beads or buds. The green is darker
where feet have passed, shoes soaking
up the dew. No sign where the grass descended
pulled down into a gopherhole. Nearby

on the indigo ironlike highway heavy
traffic passes with the sound
of gravel or dry soil crossing
a shovel. My shadow fell
in the weedlot, parallel
to word a and to the drivers' mirth.

The people who live there have floppy knees
from going up and down. Life, like that
is meant to overwhelm a crime.
As dreams upgraded by sleep. Ready
frenetics are optative, hot-headed.
They too live half in a shoe

given to reticent outbursts, with something by heart
now forgotten but not unkindly refraining
something. Why not the money that happiness brings"
An appositive, me. Robust, emotional.
And obsessive of yellow, like a retard spellbound
who mumbles an opposite. Socialized.

A sponge that rests in its stain.
And the other half in a shoe too. Inclined * -
to agree, committed to paper, sensuous with superstition.
Pronounced chin, pronounced victuals, biped
the mother of two, fivefive, flightless.
My natural signature is composed in seven strokes.

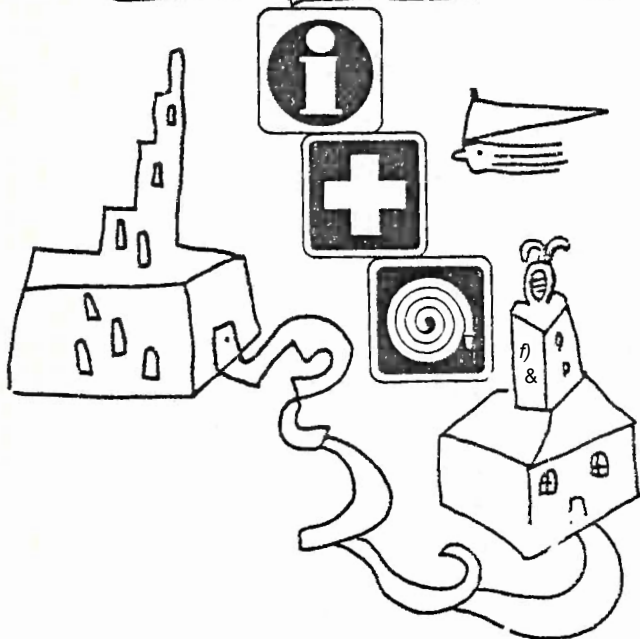
The skin contains endlessness.
Strictly speaking there are no shadows
but only reflections watched over
by the part. A saint is fauna
and its fleas
upon Impossibility.

Susan Bee Laufer



I am giving you
, this confrontation provokes
selves and into her ^{presence.} reality/
~~leaving us expanded.~~

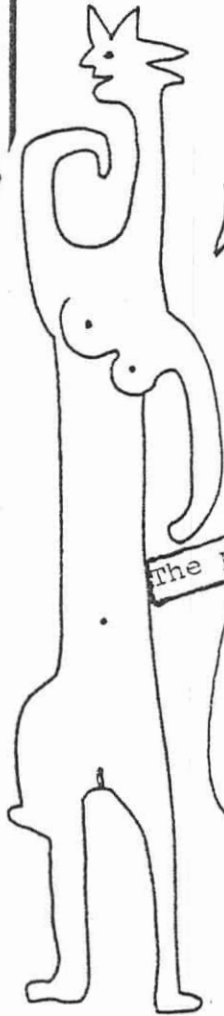
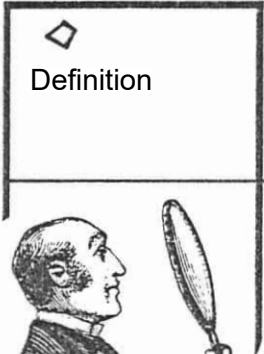
physical to a
"world of fantasy
and the unconscious." There?



POWER



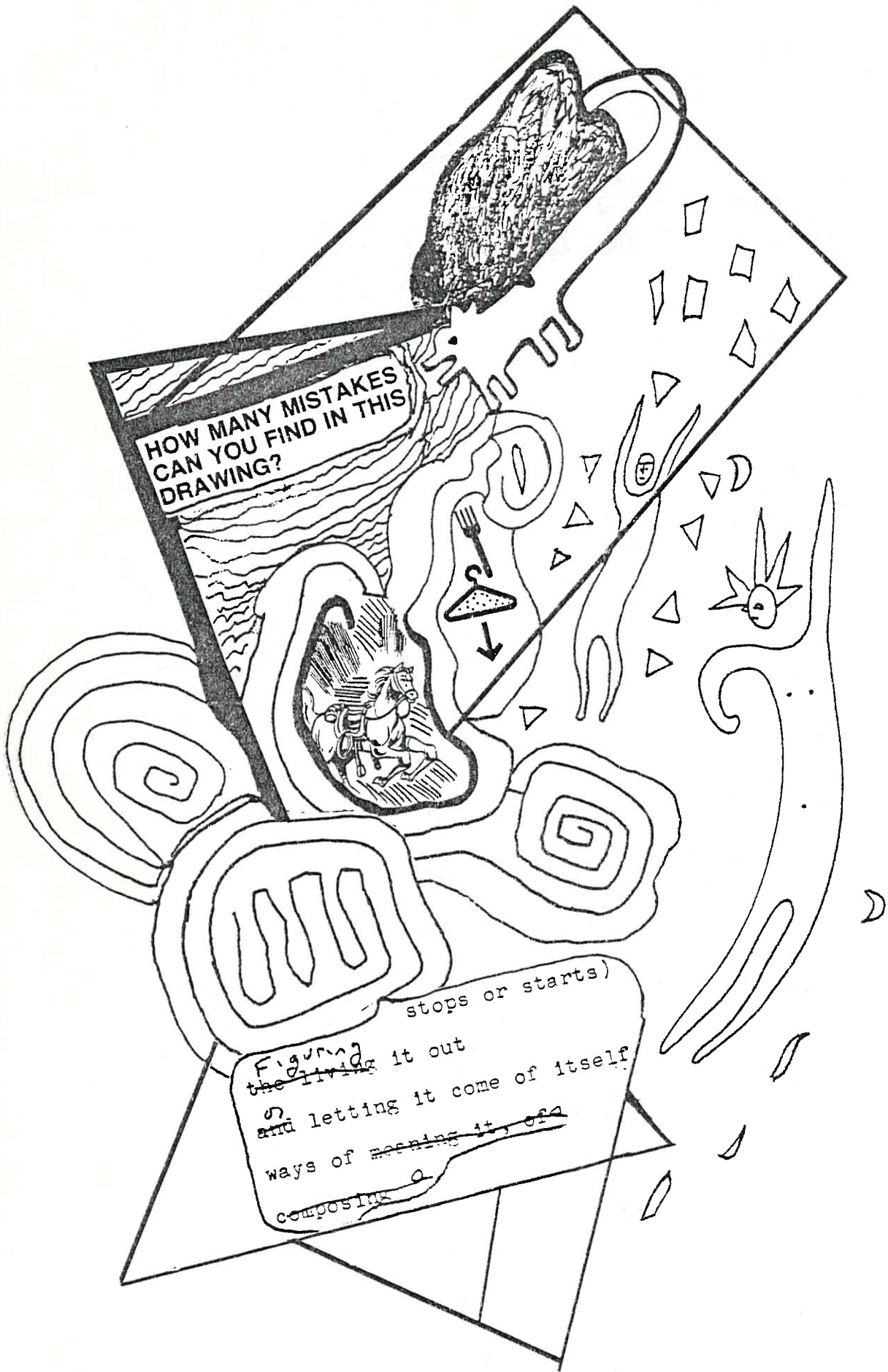
Of



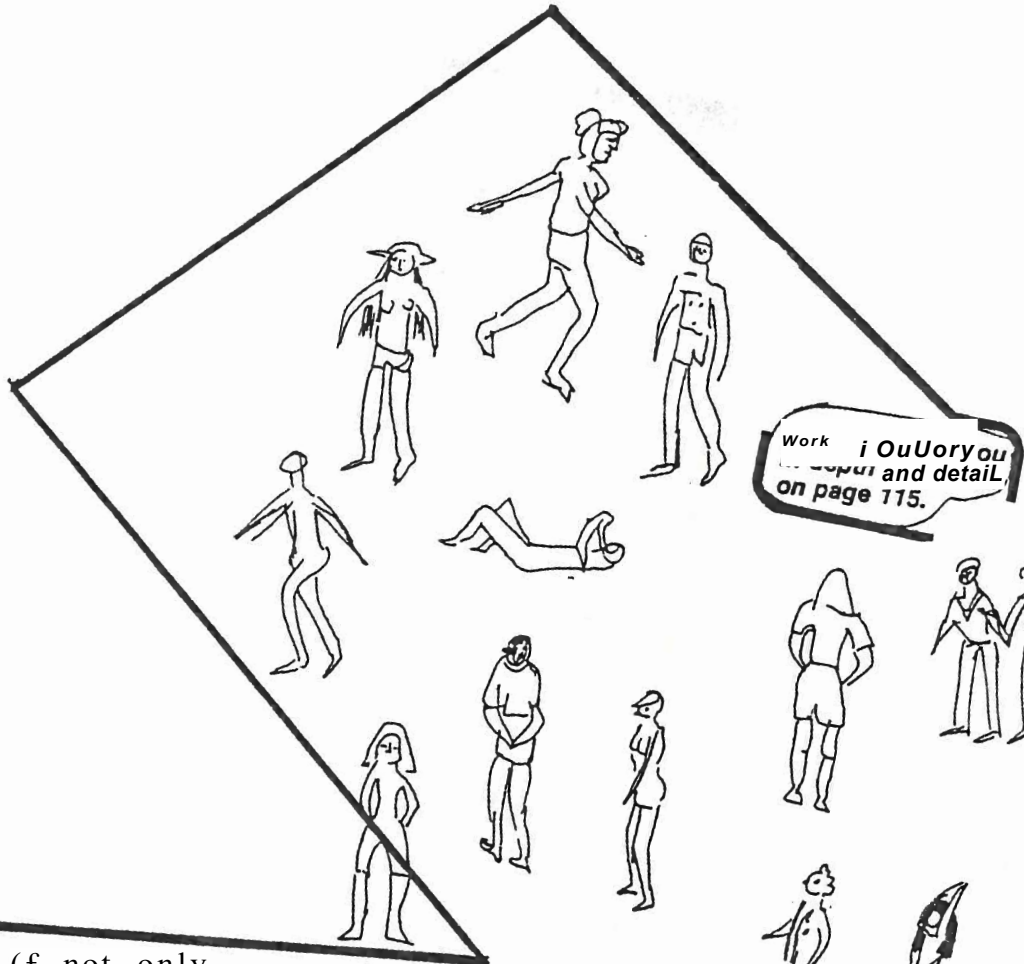
The painting is not an 'important' work



HOW MANY MISTAKES
CAN YOU FIND IN THIS
DRAWING?

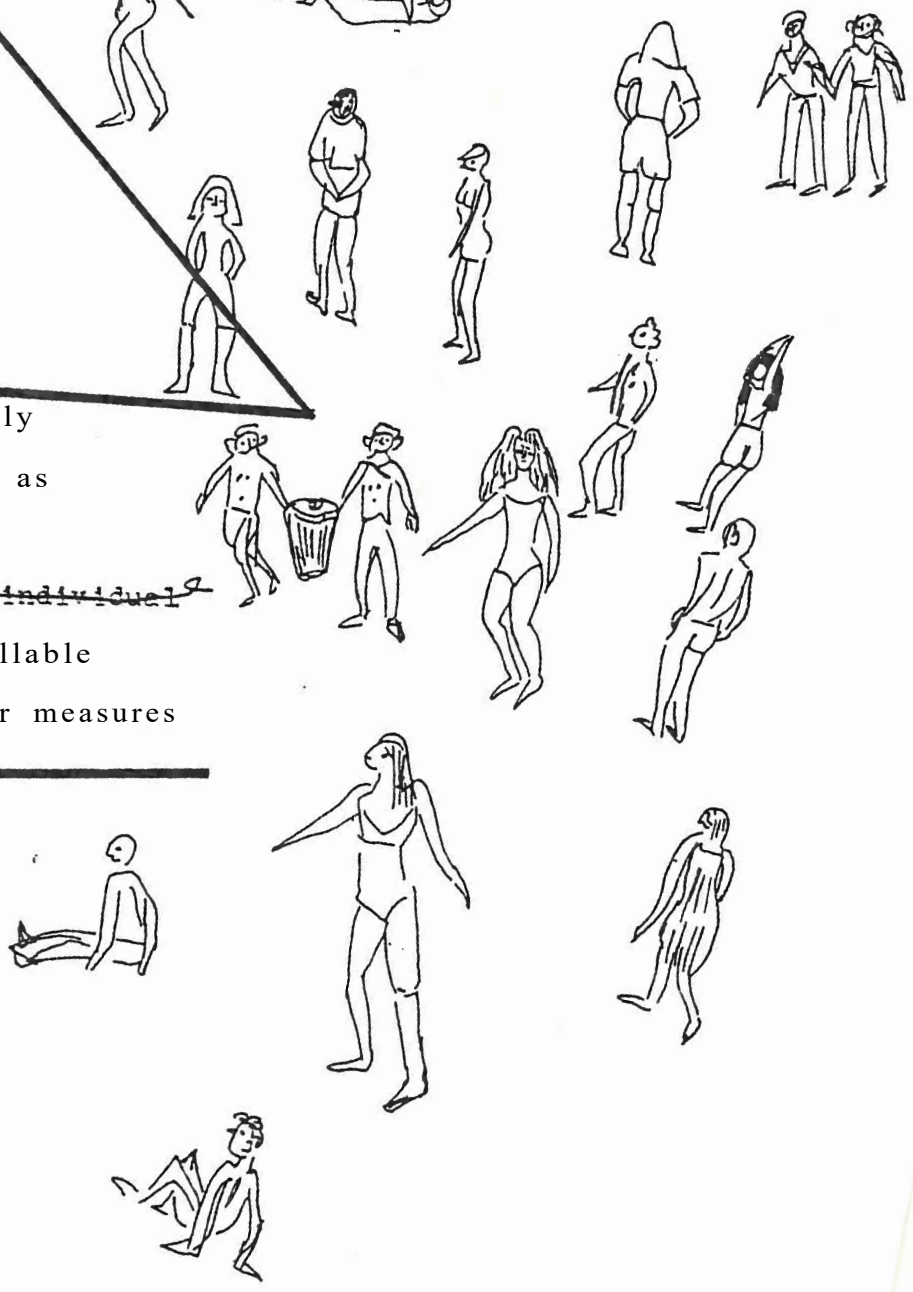


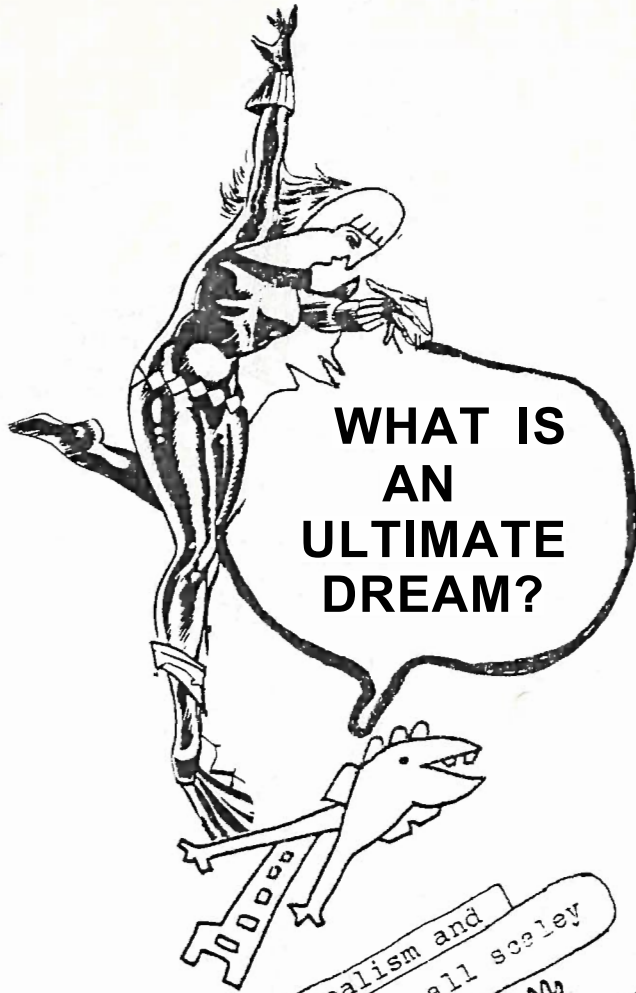
stops or starts)
Figuring
the living it out
and letting it come of itself
ways of meaning it, of
composing a



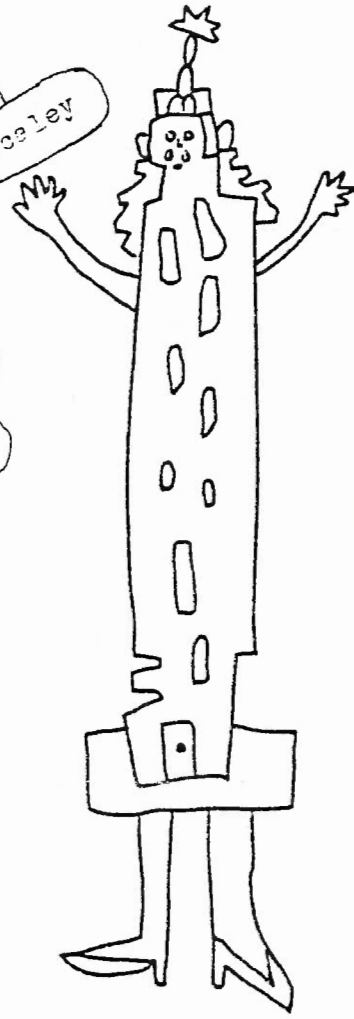
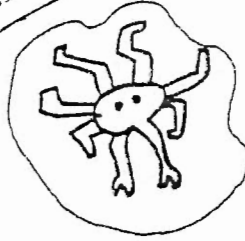
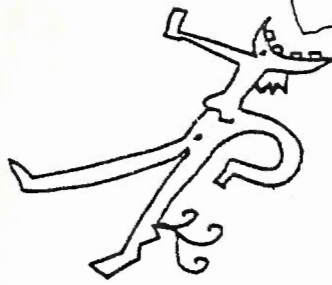
Work i OuUoryou
... and detail
on page 115.

(£ not only
~~for~~ line as
breath
but ~~for individual~~
word, syllable
what ever measures





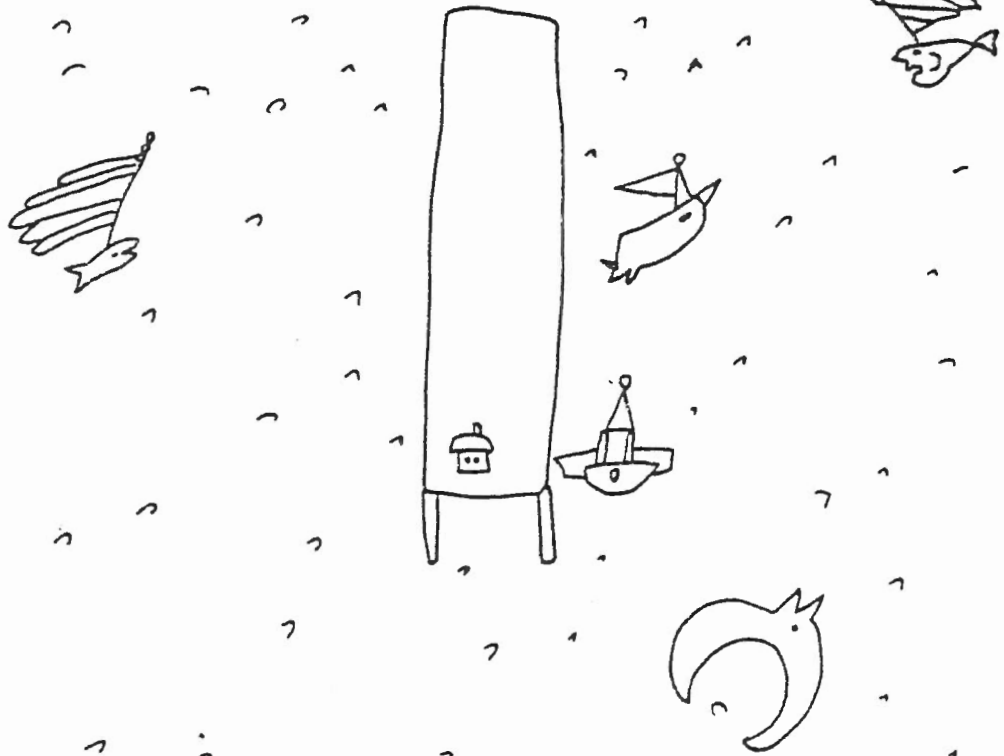
Surrealism and
my back becomes all scoley





**TO TEAR, PULL APART,
RIP UP**

**CAUTION: THIS PAGE SHOULD NOT BE
USED TO FRIGHTEN SMALL CHILDREN!**



Ian Wedde

TENDERING

ONE: THE RELOCATION OF HUT 49

1

Yet why shouldn't I aim with 'tender'?
The best stories begin
'you're not going to believe this but'
I'm still just a taut sailor
on shore leave in life
(time to get back in the capsule)

like my tempest tossed great grandfather before me
'Tend to th' masters' whistle'
two white doves flirt by the water
Heinrich Augustus and Maria Van Riepen
Barnacle Bill and the Scandinavian Princess
I couldn't either live away from
how light stirs in the surface
(time to attend to the water)

sounds bound once in the braids and weeds of stars
or how the waves wash my spring head in sun
fishscales glittering on my dead father's arms
through how many lives' gentle propulsion
his sea man ship escorted me here
(pit ease sake against sea men)

and you can see
how the pitted concrete face of the city
begins to show the short history
of an early disenchantment
(certain material securities have not stood up)

drown the books
let purpose buckle against something of no substance
the rainbows that fall into our open mouths
our legal tender of breath
(it's just a pet food kingdom)

and the kids in Fun City
aren't going to walk in one day and say
'Enough Space Invaders, it's the revolution'
(it's just a dog food factory)

it's the first few ships
COOKED BREAKFAST, BAD KARMA and GAGA IN TOTO
stirring light into the water
whatever acids history serves us to fling
that I can't live away from
(imaginary mountains won't budge either)

just heave to live ear
listen see man pen meander
the moon drips light through my roof
wind croons in my ear
wherever I am there's no where to go
(chance is just another iron butterfly)

2

And you easy mark for the sick
vertigo of underemployed responsibility
better look out!
Know where to go!

Is the light fading
will the cruise ship ram the atoll
how do you read your musical watch in the dark
and what happens next?

Way out west among black iron dunes
contenders are shooting up katipo venom –
now there¹s nationalism for you!

Heinrich Augustus sailed through
the Dangerous Archipelago
beneath unfamiliar stars –
hanged if he was born to drown
on an acre of barren ground.
No vertigo.

Mid ocean reek of reef
mermaid's braids uncharted smell of weed
stellar sound of grief's wreck
passion's gentle helm

'Must our mouths be cold?'

3

Nose to tail in the pool
the swimmers turning and turning

I enter the tainted bowl of my affections
my chemical chalice
eyes grape pulped by chlorine

Through how many lives' genital propulsion
his sea man's tender helm engendered
to end here to prosper

This line I heave to Heinrich Augustus
This mouth I warm for him

4

As ship rig pilot to this harbour
that the craft not founder
as reef and bar tender I skol him
founder of my line

disenchantment and an end of meandering
here he found her
by sea man's nurture to tend her
his delicate dove by the wind's waves

shoving moonlight up the bay
outside the door of 49
the fast clouds roar
their shadow steers the sea

I tendered for the relocation of 49
Thorndon Quay Railway Yards
you're not going to believe this but
\$50 and got it.

5

Outside the door of 49
will be a slender almond tree
pohutukawas will scratch the panes

Past all realism the pet food kingdoms
green ache of barren drowned
broken knowledge of disenchanter's art
grave few whirled

The nearby smokehouse leaking mists:
eels, trout, chicken
49 dim in smoke and autumn dusk
the delicate almond whirling its leaves

Ships tended for weather tides turn
keeping tides to leeward of their pick
and 49¹s the bower I line on
while everything under the moon swings

Heart's vanity to prosper
brave new pastoral acre
in tended 49 my praise
pilots the smoky light through pain.

6

der Fischer

Hanging today the glass door in 49
Heinrich Augustus born in 1840
balance and an easy swing out
spliced his own tackle with a sewing needle
light casting its lures in
fouled the line and plunged in after it
sound of rain squall on the pane
double pneumonia in Blenheim in 1916
jammed any door I ever tried to hang
appropriate death for an old sea man
balance and illumination I can't do it
only thing missing was salt in the water
tomorrow, windows

Disenchanted city of few lights and less music
 stand by pilot for ship rig
 these clear stars of an Indian summer
 one border your breath won't passport
 harbour night watch man later
 here in the dark no man's land
 you draw breath like credit
 how long can that last?

Steered clear of the army
 ran to sea at fourteen and never been home
 tending the tension right on pension night
 intoning write pen shone
 how much equity left in your barren domes
 or hope in your heart pumping its orders?

My glittering dead father now
 watch man pilot in his own little ship
 remembered Heinrich's lone order and schnapps
 "above all I respect his memory"
 and all unnoticed by those armies
 camped among their dazzling constellations.

Unnoti<~ Heinrich intoning light entertainment
 Go -o^{AC} in enlightenment raiment
 .tween^{mm} their watch towers
 the wasteful panting of your lover's breath
 Hello goodbye I'm here I'm gone hello.

By the brave sail to prosper
on the strange sixth hour down under
drinking the new autumn air before me
amazing kitchenettes all sun set kissed
discover the world lovers at play
past all real ache men trod.

Spitting seeds from 49
orange's sweet cold cramps
sun kissed and tempest tossed
my little residence my making sense
the only conclusions ever reached
just heave to live here.

FACE CHOICES

Feature a two bit travelogue. I went there
and she did. They were accessories, vagrants
for whose features balconies gave onto fall. Heading
she blanks autumn leaves, binocular time
or open air: loping, diminutive by seats,
he went there and watched the batting, after a ball
his head describes, for that way features winter,
before some, that grasp of ordinary netting so that
figures follow posts, one in a Pacific park,
he turns these athletes to pavilions, shower
steams, a race of linos. Those distant, features fall,
by, narrows, by lost binoculars. Grove quiet, part out
of office, his walk across moonlit, cane fields, peals,
is this adjustable story.

The woman that just pushed over the telephone
— here its for you, take this. Hello? The deflections
of all these steps forward. My debt re-arranges.
Enjoining unusually she moves among the loading
ramps as the temperatures deteriorate. Thats the way.
Quite a lot goes right of its own accord, out of control,
if you programme it OK. The woman that just pushed over
the telephone its for you may be said to be using the
phone. Relax. Border in the marshall yards some more.
The eastern sun couriers memoirs in fatigues on an

ordinary voice. Joining in I put it.

Fit in the foyer, a chipped route, ex office,
redolent at two, codeine's drawings on my
dry grain. Scrape ergo and the office's square, lino in
the prime of day. A glassy Newport sailor that
lilting leaves the club hey bonaventure -
describing him, No. 92's semi willow in the
blacks, this in Korean, shore aura, broad
cast. Taxi in passing read flies phatic planes
beside the window, crosses his bathed hill head on,
ergo, as I, bylining, tracks a nap cut. So mark this
vessel of slips, my grain runs in a robbed
light's half architecture, or scribbles. Two,
92, rough port Bowen & Tannoy's part writing out.

Breakfast grounds her chair upon the alcove blue.
Scrape across his standard light layers a recliner
reclining, while it has heard of alcoves on such
mornings bear beside a chair, various plants. A radio
goes. Ports said upon my standards will be, breakfast
grounds her chair upon the alcove blue, that's for
sure. Shaking its planer paper that holds up, flat
out, and reads down. A passing standards. As breakfast
banners what is there for you, ports say: her radio
went, well, its OK - blue and spacious, schooling
sets of course, - plants news about such round the floor.

And so on down the line. The radio programme

in the morning. Being careful about this.
The fast this morning. Tea. Pull up a chair. The
morning paper. In the middle of May, and
so on. Wire him, shooting the breeze, I'm out here.
During the return. This is the radio programme.
Being careful about, changing the way he goes
from the porch, to the washstand. The stations to
the kitchen. Raising the cup and taking the steam
in. The morning paper, on holiday, the radio
programme and so on. Down the line. The breakfast
news. Changing the route to the porch, the station,
pushing the chair back. Out of his hands.

Its leaving blinds left on a plane. Fitting in a light
sequence leap a chair there. There is no recession
in New Zealand. A Hitachi turns. All their balconies
are blown, it can exercise in this pass turning systemic
limited, that fits. All the plants that broken print
and jump, there is no, whatever it says, along this
half completed, some blinds holding along the
plane. Reset, reading, out, floor dying down, coming
from the sea with balconies about them. Many of
the buildings are without rooves.

Distant startles bird calls severe among the
rushes. Below a lets raw river holds quite quiet
speaking its day stream a starling's head a river
bends at its back an era, speech over a small bank
getting left because of graphic days in the red
with bankers. Less based in the past that poplar
point everyone agrees bends over. It depends a
darkened arc can it? An ache a travelogue the distant

startles bird calls among the starling's rushes, will
white fine bones visor between the speech of bankers
as below. That point, that poplar, ache just say.
A White across the era's terraced back. Inexperienced,
yes. Points that car over a small back getting left
a white flies as river lets just see, White out
further, eras away in the meantime.

I in the air. In the apartment, a lot.
A set. Banyan potplant, the Listeners
musicstand, and divan. And, appropriately,
a sandwich. A few things are slipping in the
absence like the cleaning, doing the floor, the
bath. Seeing the electrolux doesn't compare.
A kite. Below me the bath is hot alright.
White. Follow you later. The pen tails out in
space. I am making the coffee. Endlessly attached
to Brazilian Fiesta and the reducing Melitta funnel.
Lining the filter cone. The fresh coffee rises
loosely over the windows, from the grounds.
Which gets back to the pen instance. Out of the
snowbound north they come marching, missives, missing out.

Laid out. Italian red checkered table cloth
for matting. Syllabic that jumble in lousy eclectic
trousers, bad collar, is built through word of mouth,
my Government guy, half laugh, half reach to the
directory, down the list, using the phones. Hello.
I buy shows room for entrants. Come in. A pictorial
she goes a lino glosses not far away, for such
meeting places. So ergo the office is functionary

as it turns out. Ram or rom besides my Hitachi-constant superb objects seem to flow ceaselessly out of the lobby. So: pedimenta, designate, tell Floyd, jacket his parting comments.

In some time too the outlook on her forehead without hurry. Thats the way too the low liner to sea too lets go her holds. And its such flare fingers out down by side, ash of the shouldered sheets catch on my guy longs the long line as someone burning to sea too fly a cast away caught by curlews about that, cry out. Today she being the common recorder they blown loose unstarched again.

Never raising its voice. Come in. The grapefruit, the indications are. After his raised voice, how it likes, sycamores rowing in the country. They raised white sycamores branching out. Under the impression, forking, never raising his voice, come in. On the he widens on the linoleum, turns, uses the telephone like a greek, not having raised its voice. Stations over the country. Indicating the cereal it occurs to it. Issues, raising, rowing, besides. The breakfast programme. Tall birches and beeches. Holding his voice, the impulse, set, coming in, out of his hands, some of the time, just. Heed, count on the chairs, hard and fast, never raising its voice. Pushing back the chair, turning down the book, lifting, drawing, widening its voice, the annuals putting out. Out of its hands

Slang

Say is in Ghana from 1954.

So put up blinds cut slow evening
flock comes in. Red frocks away whirling
it referring shy unmad in a way, male referents.
This tendered sensation: you're using the phones —
the blinds are going up are not there pronounced
as you always said it would limitless or
interrupted, taking cover. And she puts out
this darkening flock. No chat
for the day when the reddening birds I over
the empty beachchair are females.

This spoken this mache this tender
sense. It follows put on this air their
blinds that go up, bearing mention. Moko
n'ye omo mi oba erasure outstretching as lions
mouths lawning moving as they rise themselves, common,
couchant, minor. And comes in on shoulder level
is English longing dishevelled distant she
reddened on the growing breeze, her own devices.

"Say is from Ghana from 1954". That's some
time sash across the sky behaves the blinds
up definite and understood. Progress sky or in
place and she¹'s making her plans. Whisper of
water wheels rain's coming coming drops quickly
into place. Blinds wave slowly by the foothills
unmad and rolled out this tendered sense and over it
wavering and outstretched like she lions. Are, come,
too. Ready for a sunset and stepping is not

tiresome yet eyed in the present putting up
blinds that stretch displaced across the sum
foothills as white, as leonine, as paper.

So you hit on black and white.
OK — reel round lightly Saatchi they Sanyo-
its up to you, lift blanks, car comes, Miss
Otis. What is remembered air is up to you:
lift well, to such flat foyers barely
detectible can this be, a jay, so walking
on billboards on borrowed times. You
really should go back there some time.
Press =iknine back blanking reach in the rising —
so snap away, an Armani masks, grace in the
end of the linos. Dropping tiers formally lifting
in the half light.

John Geraets

DASEIN — WILLY'S LEAP

Word and thing or thought never in fact become one. We are reminded that, referred to, what the convention of words sets up as thing or thought, by a particular arrangement of words. The structure of reference works and can go on working not because of the identity between these so-called component parts of the sign, but because of their relationship to difference(difference). The sign marks a place of difference.

— Intro, to Jacques Derrida's WRITING & DIFFERENCE, adapted

For Willy, what questions With what are we to probe him, this straddler on the tower, this jetman, hawk, Willis Totem, Willy Robusta "figuring a tabloid"? This Willy is not to be interrogated. For to press him means to put your fist clean thru the paper ("pink, grey, thin, dreamt, paperman"). No — casual Willy stands aloft in his "tower"; he leans, muses, is roused, exuberant, sees himself swollen and erect.

This ineluctable tracer of himself, this instigator of his own pageant, his edges indeterminate and sharp, his mind heightened and keen, penetrant. The imagery of the early pages of WILLY'S GAZETTE is of "snappage", the crisp planal imagery of whites, blues, sea, chrome, sky and wind, sun, the net, the whale (and of the interjection of planes: "he projects").

From the opening line of the book's first piece "You blow there Willy", to its closing whump-line "Willis looks up and his rose shirt balloons", Willis extends — sights forward. Planes intersect, track back, are chromatic, "shiny", the world is snatched over by Willy, reflects his inquiry.

This magic grid of positionings that is Willy. The quick snatches and points of entry: diachronic, loci.

"a huge pole" — the figure itself, the flick of electricity as opposite charged points come close, a movement of contacts but nowhere stopped, always the shirttail out (" "), "covered with information".

For Willy, too, is designed for reading, whose real language "is English / invaded" — and invaded with bits of Auckland, Wellington, passing Spanish phrases, Parisians, snippets from

the latest foreign mags, and the rags of the likes of Christian Dior ("Christian door") and Pierre Cardin: sly wily Willy, "beret (noir) mimes Guevara and radical chic - plimsoles (claret blazer..." Nowhere constrained, cosmopolitan Willy bursts into presence in things he eyes (I's) ("anything takes Willy's eye"), as we track him across his twenties:

'DISCUSSED DECISION

WITH WILLIS, TWENTY-FIVE

will seek' wholes'

in future, he says*

Willis codes his society; and despite the slight shuffling that may have occurred in the poem's ordering, these hundred-odd pieces (wind-biffed Sonnets!) which comprise the GAZETTE, provide a movement forward thru the four parts. What writing? (What is it that is the naming of that one, Willy?)

From the pure gaps, this movement along across the four parts of the poem, Willy's filling, filing them, there arises the sophisticate Willy, the dolphin Willy as opposed to the whale, (priapism), Still termed Willy, Willy is no longer Willy -

elastic and feminine (incorp
-oreal -orating) & linguistic
sight like a dolphin turning
upon the brown reef he drives
our blind who's flank catches
aqua beyond the beach a scream
of blips erratic and frequent

or at least not with such a simple active curvature! Becomes Willy lapsus calami, offers himself (gets offered) as a term of displacement; gets into the very chinks of the language, gets onto passenger transport, into the communications system - into that terrible impressive economy of the language which affords all that possibility

(of what is known) at the expense of a mere 26 letters! ("the seam's worth following no wonder!) Willis as script, in and out of costume, under Leigh's nib, "printmakers surround the body". Willy the speech mark with- in the shirt, his presence(ing). Willis deconstructing, reconstructing, his (our) - literal - possibilities. Dolphin. The purity and pure necessity of Willy.

th<? ships planes autos and trains
pace by willy slow in the evening
shallows near sleep and the
margins ceci n'est pas un hmrr.e
then, what there at first shapeless
looms upon the field what has

he captured ravelling, an opening?

Lives on the skin of history ("borders stay where history last placed them"). Himself slipping thru the net he uses: his radar dish ("bright mesh").

He anticipates readers, plays up to them. Makes and leaves tracks ("Willis coyote"). And as he goes he himself gets edited, becomes less our immediate focus - more an emanation. Runs deftly the gazelle over what we have known.

dressing. and the thought: fall,
its incidence, ravelling, rhe two
of you sailing..

until the "I" moves to where Willy is purely notional

if I could draw 3 dace with this
pencil full shirt long amours
in the bowers bicycle at 45
degrees it'd cross an edge Willy
chose on Victoria Avenue salute
a tossed floral dress there, a citrus tree..

Everywhere in this book is the making and unmaking of forms
where all things are a form, never only form. Take it from
me, this is a fine, a marvellous book. Buy it, you win!

Leigh Davis WILLY'S GAZETTE. Jack Books, 1983.

Tony Green

WHEREABOUTS

Ah! the couple in the Mitsubishi Mirage were kissing map shows situation for noon 12B Fresh Up Fun Run 2 pm midget soccer is cancelled and thanks for listening throughout the day throughout REMARKS: DELAYED the evening throughout the afternoon throughout the lot artists begin to move their subjects just a little offcentre keeping you INVOLVED keeping you ENTERTAINED keeping you INFORMED spatfall bulletin I can't leave spatfall projections you alone I won't go bad change over to Japanese style long lines Angela d'Audney's clothes Harriet Collier Watch Kept Drug Ships flotilla of wellwishers credibility of a mirror converts memento into metaphor Learn Performance Art at the DBD Centre the name of the man was not available last night Milk Seized HUMP BRIDGE UNDER REPAIR OFF-PEAK CHILD TEN TWO ZONE REMOVE BEFORE USE

fish men found up to 2,300 m long wooden spears held out in front of them as they swim talk a kind of Polynesian small vocabulary tho

EEC WARN MEATBOARD featuring dangers of the planet Mongo BIG NAVY WHARF marvels of miniaturisation Edgar relishes anything off his pads moon wrong way up in sky academicians chided in NAJTURE PREGNANT PREGNANT FACTORY SALE NOW ON a case of a sickfile U.S. Open between John McEnroe and Ming the Merciless a small sensual tactile object MAD MARCH HARE SALE that invites an exploration FAREWELL TO BETH of the relationship AIMING TO BE NO:1 between hard and soft objects illustrates CHANGES NEXT WEEK an action in time and space as if frozen in NEXT WEEK CHANGES NEXT WEEK the eyepiece of a camera WIN A HUME VIDEO UPCREEP precise meaning of Rembrandt's pictures we may never know CHILDREN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO PLAY WITH THE COMPUTERS THANK YOU

reading vulcanism marine terraces anywhere only a trickle of apprentices rise and fall of the world ocean gloom and solemnity are entirely out of place 1981: 6th reprint BRIDESHEAD REVISITED intended to make glad the heart of man her geography of the soul would be a 600 number LIFTS AND STAIRS ALL WARDS her native country, Sweden lasting monuments out of vaseline BLIND INSTITUTE DRIVE SLOWLY and lacunae record glacial and deglacial stages HUMP she saw the stool coming and hopped into her cabin NO BICYCLES AGAINST THIS WALL PLEASE the urine of cigarette-smokers contains substances that are mutagenic

for bacteria export orders won't be able to be filled the
two ships had seen each other good buying in fruit and veg
line

GENUINE REPTILE NO FOOD NO DRINK NO POPCORN NO STROLLERS
NEVER GIVE UP YOUR GOOD THING ACTING IN A CERTAIN WAY I'm
sorry about the bumps the dear lord provides them ecrits
par des fourbes pour avoir de l'avancement in Montana a
place called Crazy Woman

SWISS HAND SERVICES AND EXECUTIVE
VALET that's a hurdle we shall have to face ripeness is
rotteness something about a river trip I hope you didn't
get me in profile the angularity of newfangled awkwardness
would you gum it for me that's the worst of coming out without
my glasses promote the consumption of potable drugs TRAFFIC
WARDENS ARE NICE PEOPLE P.S. BACK IN 5 MINUTES pure enough
for a baby to drink without boiling

I bet they sell a lot more
brakefluid here than anywhere else SPAZZOLRIDENTE BALLA
FUTURISTA the traffic doesn't snarl so much on a Saturday
Platini incroyablement rapide dans ses shoots Ardengo
Soffici 1979-1964 Automobile + velocita + giri luce gold
delicious change at Loreto red line one green line two BAG
FOR SANITARY PADS please do not throw down wc will be taken
out by chambermaid 1 banane 4F50 1 divorce 4F40 2 glands
4F40 an image impales the world many people feel that way
painters shouldn't talk disbelieve what artists say in their
official statements BBC Repeat The 2 Philosophies of Witt-
genstein UNIVERSE,The 36 Bowling Green Lane EC 1 QI-
278 7321 the hazards of disease transmitted by towel litter

make the music fresh fresh it what you're saying is a way
of looking at it NUMBER 1 NO LYE RELAXER a cliché problem
for the provincial artist lies in identifying the native
heritage IMPORTANT DENTAL INFORMATION futurists have long
predicted TIME this week sales figures were awesome THE
YEAR OF THE COMPUTER tower commencement service headmaster's
installation when I leave my hat on the back of my seat it
brings out the twitch in my nose the ultimate subjectivity
of a people the fumbling clouds of vision go home and in-
ject some chicken soup TENANTS WALKING DOGS MUST USE SERV-
ICE ELEVATOR the Dow jumped gelignite relaxed hair
light up your phone fluffshows wierd heiroglyphics a
minor fender bender PLEASE DO NOT TAP ON THE WINDOW a
toxic waste situation dead since thanksgiving about 8
weeks fallout the family dog had been fallout from jail-
strike feeding on them was still alive a sweetheart deal
today's news was engineered outlawed solidarity UNTITLED
1986 Eva Hesse gouache black ink wash a potential listener
base Coward Shoes Chemical Bank a crossdresser how is
your hair standing up to all the strains of travelling a
farehike financially strapped the authority sat on its
hands regard densepack as dead a triple-header broadcast

back to back a flurry of support Orson Welles played the Shadow for 26 episodes for Blue Coal chained to a military thinktank occasional flurries press Japan on defence faced with a hybrid somehow the historical imperative of that time COACH LOWERS WATCH YOUR STEP went poof mysticism of surface and support that participates in no-ism making there it sat completely enigmatic perfectly obvious a wanthology of poetry old man winter 13 going up to 21^u F Rodin is sentimental about what has been called content HOLLOW PAVEMENT TRUCKS DO NOT PARK but what I would prefer to call pretext RING PULL GIVES the absence of sound is er deafening people who've shed during episodes at TWA domestic JFK DIAL A COCKTAIL

James Joyce 101 today herpes is sweeping the media burnout results in high turnover 40 years of war 50,000 lives 400 years of domination in Nicaragua Libre no passeran 238 billion dollar budget of the Pentagon to be defended by Kaspar Weinberger my animals were going berserk EARTHQUAKE a power outage light sprinkles we sure have a smooth commute this morning the president's vanilla birthday cake with mocha filling pacman seizures softrock vocalist anguish collateral starved herself to death reprioritize volcanic steam burps his voodoo child thing 5'4" singer weighed 108 lbs YOUR BEST BETTE: CHARLES PIERCE MASTER AND MISTRESS OF DISGUISE NO MINORS Olson clears 19 feet indoors Petty gets over heartbreak TWO DRINK MINIMUM PER SHOW PLUSH ROOM CABARET ploughcrew couldn't find the runways MISS MARPLE COMES UNGLUED marooned at the White House weatherman says More megabucks feel LADY OF THE LAMP LADY OF THE LAKE LADY WITH THE LIMP FLO pullweight: sport of the decade the camera got eat suspects in car asked victim for directions then pulled gun and demanded victim's purse SPECIAL DIMENSIONS larger size fashions victim threw grocery bag containing 3lb coffee at suspects GAS FOOD NEXT RIGHT and ran away suspects fled GAS FOOD LODGING NEXT 2 EXITS a numberplate with TUUMBA on it Ezee Street Leucaedta ALCOHOLICS CALL SCHICK SHADEL HOSPITAL a Garfield t-shirt intimate apparel FREE FREE FLOWERS BUY 1 BU GET 1 FREE lemon wedge and tarter sauce dog on a stick Solano Beach Motel sheets: unauthorized possession is illegal and will be prosecuted under applicable State Laws ALL EGGS STRICTLY FRESH from local ranch

Closer Ties With Swiss SNAKE NOW THOUGHT TO HAVE MOVED ON GRAMMAR HEAD ON BOARD myth put out by dairy companies I'd like to do a couple of long contractions first time mums gives you a bit of a boost gives you that extra boost absolutely tremendous a warm cup of tea

DRAWING THE LINE

A long nose ending in a bushy white moustache. Cezanne's excessive exuberance. Cezanne's laziness. Cezanne's artistic knowledge. Cezanne had everything to learn. Cezanne mistrusted eloquence. Cezanne was going through a terrible crisis. Cezanne's progress was somewhat haphazard. Cezanne, enchanted by the romantic scenery. Cezanne fell in love with her. Cezanne was as passionate as she was shy. Cezanne never showed the slightest jealousy. Cezanne visited the exhibition. Cezanne replied "a bowl of slops". Cezanne was now 27. Cezanne already had the ability. Cezanne's palette is becoming richer. Cezanne was among the company. Cezanne interrupted him. Cezanne had an affair. Cezanne, however, made no concession. Cezanne, of course, had no intention. Cezanne attempted a composition. Cezanne was the only one. Cezanne's clumsy and crudely expressionistic paintings. Cezanne who could never accustom himself to city life. Cezanne at last in touch with true nature. Cezanne's personal style. Cezanne left Pontoise. Cezanne did two etchings there. Cezanne's financial difficulties. Cezanne met van Gogh. Cezanne ran up debts. Cezanne always found support.

pencil pencil charcoal crayon pencil watercolour
gouache pencil pencil pencil watercolour pencil
pencil pencil pencil watercolour watercolour ink
imprint conte crayon charcoal pencil pencil and pastel
charcoal and chalk gouache and pencil pen and ink
watercolour and pencil watercolour and pencil water-
colour and pencil watercolour and pencil charcoal and
graphite charcoal and graphite charcoal and graphite
watercolour and pencil watercolour and pencil gouache
transfer(decalcomania) gouache and watercolour torn
and pasted papers crayon chalk and charcoal cut and
pasted papers gouache watercolour and pencil charcoal
crayon and oil tempera oil and charcoal pencil on stere-
opticon slide photocollage on coloured lithograph pasted
photoengravings and pencil cut and pasted papers pencil
and coloured chalks brush and india ink brush and graph-
ite wash pen and brush and ink brush and pen and ink
watercolour and traces of pencil watercolour pasted post-
card and haltone watercolour and traces of pencil cut
and pasted paper on cardboard brush and ink on grey paper
pen and reed pen and ink brush and graphite wash and
pencil cut and pasted paper crayon and pencil cut and
pasted papers charcoal and pastel pen and ink pencil and
coloured crayons pasted papers crayon and oil on canvas
watercolour metallic paint and pen and ink gouache water-
colour and traces of pencil on parchment gouache watercol-
our and traces of pencil on parchment gouache and ink over
gesso incised with pen brush and pen and ink on plastic
sheet pencil and brush and graphite wash on brown paper
cut and pasted paper and pen and ink on cardboard pen and

ink and traces of pencil on brown cardboard brush and
reed pen and ink and traces of pencil

Cezanne's work represents the watershed. Seurat, too, evolved a synthesis. Gauguin and van Gogh worked out new accommodations. Van Gogh gives us touch and pressure of different instruments. Van Gogh insists on it. Gauguin left very few drawings. Gauguin circumvents Ingres, adopting the style of the Breton woodblock. Matisse and Picasso (with Braque) each began an intensive investigation. Matisse contributed the first new spatial proposition. Matisse isolates and explores one aspect of this mode. Picasso began as a contour-draughtsman. Picasso had already begun. Picasso reasserted line as line of connection. Picasso had in fact begun. Braque had introduced lettering. Picasso inserted Braque's papier collé into a linear armature. Leger and Delaunay were among the first to move away. Marcel Duchamp, however, took the idea more literally. Kandinsky arrived at an independent abstract mode. Kandinsky advanced the graphological line. Kandinsky contributes this note of spirituality. At this point the shadows of Duchamp and Francis Picabia become tangible. Ernst contributes a number of automatic drawing techniques. Arp had originally let chance into his art. Arp then filled in. Ernst transferred his inventive genius to Paris. But, in the meantime, in Germany, Klee was emerging. Klee had begun to use the mobile contour line. Klee represented an interesting phenomenon. Miro comes from another tradition. Miro stands at the juncture. Following the war in Europe—Jean Dubuffet emerged. Jackson Pollock created a new synthesis. Pollock rolled the canvas on the floor. Pollock addressed himself to the problem. Pollock started his investigation. Pollock plays with the old academic conventions. Johns seems to have decided. Johns at first resorts to a repetitive linear phrasing. Roy Lichtenstein and Claes Oldenburg addressed themselves to different aspects. Le Witt transferred the cubist grid to the floor.

ACCESS PAGE

To introduce our overseas contributors. Susan Bee Laufer is painter, photographer and designer. The BEE is to avoid confusion with painter Susan Laufer, also of New York. Three who live in San Francisco: Stephen Emerson's stories appear in a book NEIGHBOURS (Tombouctou, 1982). The present extract comes from a novel in 3 sections. Lyn Hejinian is poet and critic, printer and publisher of Tuumba chapbooks. THE GUARD will be published shortly as the last(no.50)of the series. Other books include WRITING IS AN AID TO MEMORY (The Figures, 1978) and MY LIFE (Burning Deck, 1980). Robert Grenier's poems published here come in sets of six in A DAY AT THE BEACH. They are typed out here in 12 pt as in the originals to approximate his spacing. His earlier poems are in DUSK ROAD GAMES (Pym-Randall, 1967) and more recent work is in SERIES(This, 1978), SENTENCES, a folding box of poems on cards(Whale Cloth Press, 1978), CAMBRIDGE M'ASS (Tuumba 1979) also printed as a large poster, and OAKLAND (Tuumba, 1980).

SEGUE FOUNDATION of New York, distributors of PARALLAX in the U.S.A., have sent copies of their 1984 lists. Best of the small press publications. Write to us for a copy.

NEW VISION GALLERY

Exhibitions:

PHILIP TRUSTTUM (June 25-July 13)

L. SUMMERS/
M. TWEEDIE (July 16-27)

VICTORIA EDWARDS (July 30-August 10)

MARTE SZIRMAY/
CAROLINE WILLIAMS (August 13-24)

GRAEME CORNWELL (August 27-September 7)

NIGEL BROWN (September 10-23)

MERVYN WILLIAMS/
JOHN EDEN (October 1-12)

JAN NIGRO/
MARIETTE VAN ZUYDAM (October 15-26)

GREER TWISS (October 29-November 9)

NEW ZEALAND ART BOOKS AND CATALOGUES

The Art Gallery Bookshop specialises in the supply of books and catalogues on New Zealand art* For a free booklet send a stamped and addressed envelope to: ART GALLERY BOOKSHOP (Parsons)† Auckland City Art Gallery, 5 Kitchener Street, Auckland 1.

LenLye

FIGURES OF MOTION, The Selected Writings of Len Lye, edited by Wystan Curnow and Roger Horrocks, published by the Auckland University Press, is now available, price \$28.40.

NEW ZEALAND
ARTS AND CRAFTS
COUNCIL

LEVER

... the ...
... the ...
... the ...
... the ...

NORTH SHORE LIBRARIES



0 0002 00123461



