

WOMENS
art·mag
AZINE
ISSUE 1
1976

805
SPI



Editorial :		2
Contributors :		
Geraldine Harcourt and Jan Emetchi	Themis	3
Helen Rockel	Still Life, Distance Linocuts	4
Rachel McAlpine	Three Poems	7
Alison Mitchell	Woman's Art essay	9
	Self portrait drawing	15
Jacqueline Fahey	from a letter to Alison Mitchell	16
Stephanie Sheehan	Value Five Blue, Audience. paintings	18
Patricia Godsiff	from Playback three poems	20
Rhondda Bosworth	Photographs	24
Riemke Ensing	Poems	29
Alison Laurie	A Danish Vignette	35
Elizabeth Smither	Poems	37
Joanna Harris	Our Hidden Heritage review	39
Anna Keir	Two Monoprints	42
Lauris Edmond	Poems	44
Zusters	Drawings	17&48
Correspondence.		50

Editorial

Artists have much to struggle with - women artists have also centuries of history and literature founded on a male supremacist culture.¹ Most of us are told and many of us begin our careers internalising the judgement of the reviewer who wrote: "It is not just male chauvinism to say that in the fine arts few women have achieved anything".²

That women have achieved is the remarkable consideration. And women artists and historians searching for work neglected by male colleagues are finding it.

Is there some incompatible difference of outlook between women and men which should be equally valued? Does it automatically rank women below the prevailing male concerns?

I could wish to disagree with the conclusion Joanna Harris arrives at,³ to say this painter shows greatness in psychological penetration, that one in daring compositions, another in conveying the subtle intimacy of relationships; particularising attributes of greatness so that women can share its mana.

But perhaps, Alison Mitchell suggests, we need to redefine greatness.⁴ Its components of integrity, innovation and endurance are not lacking in women's work. Should we continue to take as models traditional male-centred projections, or by withdrawing from male-supportive roles find our own properties of strength and charisma and find them neither incongruous nor unwomanly?

This alternative premise is the basis of SPIRAL. We have become separatist to become ourselves: to grow past conditioning, to test assumptions of roles and capabilities, to resurrect rights neglected or suppressed through centuries of male hegemony - beginning in Greece and Rome, solidifying with the spread of Christianity.⁵ Inevitably we will re-examine supposed feminine attributes: perhaps rediscover a Goddess-centred theology that values the girl-child for potential wisdom, spirituality and leadership rather than for her reproductive function.

As we can no longer be excluded from education, responsibility, property - and thus power - we are finding new forms: social, political, artistic. Many women, like Robin Morgan the American poet, can not separate their political and artistic consciences.⁶ SPIRAL begins as a showcase of obvious talents and will continue as an opportunity for women to reach beyond their nurturant heritage to express a new consciousness. We are choosing our herstory.

1. See 'The First Sex': Elizabeth Gould Davis, Pub. Pelican, outlining reversal of matriarchal into patriarchal structures and tracing women's subsequent fate up to the 20th Century.

2. Christchurch Star: 3/7/75.

3. Spiral pp. 32

4. Spiral pp. 11

5. 'The First Sex' and 'Mothers and Amazons': Helen Diner, Pub. Doubleday.

6. 'Monster': Robin Morgan. Pub. Herstory Press.

Themis

I am Themis, eternal goddess of Justice,
harbinger of return to Matriarchy;
My deity is the moon, menses interlocked
through the caverns of time,
REVOLUTION is the essence of our rhyme.

Yea sisters, from the earliest mercy to men
we have been wooed, wedlocked, wounded and wronged
but t'will not be long
before each of us is as strong as Hera's horse.

REMEMBER, each of us carry the blood
of a thousand woman-souls
to the four corners of our earth,
in full circle each month
under the moon's tide.

The stars of Amazonian splendour
may seem to have paled,
but our nature is INDESTRUCTIBLE:
it simmers on and when the time is ripe,
t'will break out of it's obscurity -

Fear not, our bloom will not be brief
for we are mooted in the four seasons themselves
and what we did make as ancient law,
can be dissolved by no man;

For it is WOMAN who is weaver of change;
and from bombarded nerve fibres
we do follow the strands of struggle
to clothe a new civilisation upon Earth.

WE are centrepiece and circumference of creation,
WE shall evolve our spirits beyond reach
to restore the true balance of birth: UNTO OURSELVES.

AS it was in the beginning,
each sister to each other
our wombs to the moon,
SO IT SHALL BE,

for when above the heavens had not been formed
and the earth beneath had no name,
TIAMAT brought forth them both,
TIAMAT, mother of gods,
CREATOR OF ALL.

Written by Geraldine Harcourt and Jan Emetchi.

HELEN ROCKEL

Two Linocuts

My work has always been primarily concerned with people, initially simply as beings affected by light and space. As ideas developed, space was used to suggest the depth of the human mind, or the forces of time and experience which link people together. I began to deal with general themes such as 'life' in which I showed people and things relating to one another within this spatial field. I am very interested in the way people must relate to one another. The people in my work are often shown in varying size within the same painting indicating the degrees of importance they assume for the central figure. Other ideas I use in my work involve such abstract elements as 'thought', 'Death', 'memory', and 'awareness', where I try to produce a

visual answer to these problems.

I do not like to restrict the media in which I work. My ideas are derived from actual incidents I observe, or photographs which catch my attention in some way, or they simply occur to me as random thoughts.

On Women as Artists:

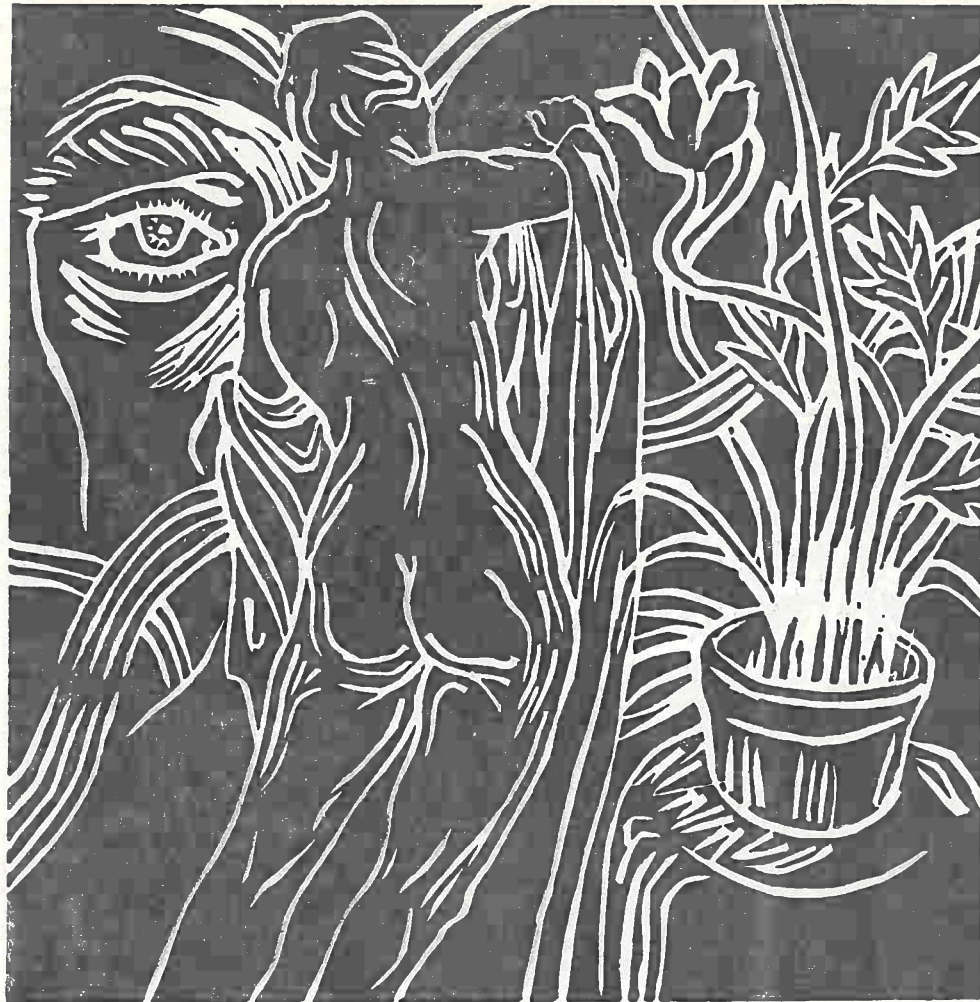
The overworked argument:
'Look to the past'. How many women are to be seen among 'the Greats'.

The unconsidered element:
'Look to the Past'. How many women have been free to pursue an interest in earnest and with encouragement?

Born, 1949; Wanganui. Attended University of Canterbury, School of Fine Arts. 1968-71. Hons. in painting. Taught art for two years, now painting full-time.



Still Life
1975
30cm by 30cm
Linocut



Distance
1975
30cm by 30cm
Linocut

Spring Safari in Ontario

the land is a lioness locked in brown
and men rip her skin with their ploughs
for miles the gentle woods
are brown

all over Ontario
women are waking
women are telling their men
I know where you keep the key

there are lions and cheetahs
in Rockton, Ontario
fourteen feet of steel
keeps them in their place
domesticates
their power and their grace
the sun warms the toothy rocks
and the ragged trees wait

now I hear the branches throb with sap
now I hear the leaves jump from the trap
now I see the green rush in like the tide

while a cheetah
well equipped
with the head of an aristocrat
with staunch hips
delicious skin
and clever claws
ponders her next move
in Toronto



I was born in 1940, I'm married to Grant, have four children. I've been writing for two years, my poems have been accepted by 12 New Zealand publications, and my first book "Lament for Ariadne" (Caveman Press) has just been published. I'm a part time English teacher; I'm involved in a local community learning programme; and I'm currently leading an intensive "awareness" group for nine women.



Making Faces

I do not have a face
 I draw one in the empty space
 the wrinkles written
 with good cause
 each a baby
 or a bruise
 are known as flaws
 so I anoint my pores
 this is one of the local laws
 I paint my eyelids blue
 my lashes too
 they make a pretty view
 to smile and pout
 as I have learned
 I make a mouth
 red as a burn
 I believe
 I believe
 it is not enough to be clean
 I curl my pubic hair
 I wear mascara there

History

little grey man
 you have a blunt crayon
 you scuttle around libraries
 looking for history
 books to deface
 you look for a space
 to place your name
 little grey man
 little man in grey serge
 you have a purple lipstick
 and you come to me
 you have an urge to decorate
 but your lipstick melts
 and you cannot handle it
 and the heat is to blame
 little man
 little grey man
 you are already dead
 and I am Mother Earth
 and I offer you a grave
 and a stone with your name engraved
 but your flesh decays
 too fast
 and you scribble on the grass

Some thoughts on woman's art

A basic premise needs to be established in order to understand the notion of a woman's art: That is, that while there is in this country at least, as yet, very few stylistic differences between New Zealand women and men painters there are a great many cultural experiences and socio-economic factors that make them quite different. These differences explain to a great extent the smaller scale of and output by women artists: (See 'Some Observations on the history of Women Artists notes' by Alison Mitchell for the Robert McDougall Art Gallery Exhibition 'A Survey of New Zealand Women Artists 1974').

The struggle to pursue an art career amidst being a wife and mother has to a great extent disallowed many women a professional pursuit of their career. Jacqueline Fahey, Auckland painter, comments: 'Perhaps what women must guard against is overdoing the housework and bending over backwards for the children to silence those who might send one up as a poor housekeeper and or inadequate mother, 'the arty slut in fact'. The myth of the plain eccentric woman artist dressed in homespun cloth, sandals, flies and squalor is tolerated by conventional people because they can ridicule her. Her fate is not good. Her intellectual husband usually leaves her for something younger, better organised and conforming. As far as her talent goes the intellectual husband makes sure she is the hand-maiden to his talent. He needs both his ideas and hers. There is no escape through the liberal male as Katherine Mansfield discovered. A woman artist is on her own. Who was the woman politician, who, when asked what she missed most as a woman politician replied 'A wife'?

One does not need to look far for the many talented women artists who no longer paint/pot/sculpt because their husbands are the full-time artists of the family. Traditionally, by virtue of a 'male only' attitude in most pre 1900's art institutions, men were the only people who could

pursue painting professionally. Women who did so before this time were mostly the daughters, wives or sisters of artists and often used their father's, brother's or husband's signatures to achieve recognition for their works. Since then women have been admitted into the art world but still today are left mostly unacknowledged in historical or current art dialogues, poorly or not represented at all in art gallery collections and mostly "met with a mask of non-comprehension on the part of male art critics" (from Judy Chicago 'Female Imagery in Womanspace Journal U.S. 1973).

Current surveys in Australia, England and America indicate an alarmingly large proportion of galleries showing an extremely low percentage of women's art. (See 'Survey in Women's Art Movement, Newsletter 2). When women 'achieve' they do so according to the male critique, and often with much conflict.

In respect to Women's sense of achievement or non-achievement in art, it is interesting to note the observations of Harvard University's Matina S. Horner who has researched quite extensively to understand achievement-related conflicts in women. She has noted that her data along with other researchers show 'young men and women tested over the past seven years still tend to evaluate themselves and to behave in

ways consistent with the dominant stereotype that says competition, independence, competence, intellectual achievement and leadership reflect positively on mental health and masculinity but are basically inconsistent or in conflict with femininity.'

'Thus', Horner says 'despite the fact we have a culture and an education system that ostensibly encourage and prepare women and men identically for careers, the data indicate that social and, even more importantly, internal psychological barriers rooted in this image really limit the opportunities to men.' (See 'Toward An Understanding of Achievement-Related Conflicts in Women' Horner. Journal of Social Issues. Vol. 28, Number 2, 1972.)

A review by Eric Ramsden in the Auckland Star 1972 concerning Grace Butler's work spoke of it as having masculine attributes - the implication being that there is an incongruity between a quiet female who is also a resolute painter: "Mrs Butler is represented in the Auckland Gallery by one of her characteristic mountain studies, painted with that resolute masculine strength which is in such striking contrast to her unassuming personality." and "There is a virility in her work which is redolent of the out-of-doors." She is bestowed by the reviewer with male (achieving) attributes and in so doing joins the boys.

To know what these psychological barriers are, and what exactly the image is, who put it there and why it has such a devastating effect on women's sense of achievement we may look back through 5,000 years of patriarchal domination but we may also look into our present decade and find pretty much the same sorts of oppression, evident as much in the visual arts as in any other field.

The notion of femininity we should give a sound reappraisal as well. Even with the advantage of intelligent research such as Horner's, many will still read these findings as being evidence that women are in some way 'lacking in something' and are unable to see that what needs to be examined is those conditions which are generally conducive to 'Great Art'.

The argument still persists that women cannot be great artists because biologically it is 'not in women to be geniuses'. Freud, Rousseau, Nietzsche, not to mention many contemporary male teachers have undermined and discouraged women from creating 'great art'. Rousseau said 'Women have in general no love of any art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius'.

If we see these disparaging remarks debilitating the climate of women's individual creativity for hundreds of years it is not hard to understand why much of

women's art work is unsigned; illuminated manuscripts, tapestries, the birthday cakes, flower arrangements, lacework, embroidery and household things, the anonymity relegates the work as 'lesser art'. (See, Feminism as Therapy, 'Essay on Art').

Meanwhile women have looked again into the notion of 'great art' giving it a feminist reappraisal. Evelyn Reid has noted that 'women's place' is not the result of biology, but has been shaped and reshaped by changing historical conditions. Women have remained outside the scientific mechanical culture created by men. They have remained mostly in family servitude, and woman's work (outside the home) has not been found by her or her patriarchal culture to be central to her identity. It is central to the male identity - from the time a boy is five years old he is encouraged to make it in the outside world.

Trevor Moffitt in his July 1974 press review of the McDougall New Zealand Women Painters Exhibition, suggested that 'Artists, be they men or women, are in part shaped by their environment and in part driven by human capacities to transcend these circumstances'. He comments that 'it is that ability to transcend that becomes the mark of greatness for women no less than men'. Unfor-

unately, the idea of greatness has been given preference to a collective consciousness and pride found mostly only in white, preferably middle class and above all male artists.

For the woman artist to transcend the circumstances of her environment she has to do without the magical aura that artistic mythology equips man with, as the Great Artist. (See Linda Nochlin's article, 'Why have there been no great women artists, Art and Sexual Politics'.) And, it is perhaps without this 'individual-glorifying and monograph producing sub-structure on which the history of art is based (Nochlin) that women are finding alternatives to oppressive conditions and are reaching expansive new areas of expression that have the beginnings of a revolutionary art critique. A critique that is supportive, not based on rivalry, creating art that is not simply the homely, patriotic, non-threatening, non-sexy; exploring woman's vision, woman's sexuality. The wealth of woman's art literature is encouraging. Unfortunately it is not to be found amongst the glossy Art Masters' books in our local bookstores.

In 1971 Linda Nochlin commented 'in general, women's experience and situation in society and hence as artists. is

different from men's, and certainly an art produced by a group of consciously united and purposefully articulate women intent on bodying forth a group consciously of feminine experience might indeed be stylistically identifiable as feminist if not feminine art'. She said, then; 'this remains within the realm of possibility - so far it has not occurred.'

Since then, perhaps with Nochlin's encouraging paper heralding the way, women have been consciously moving in these directions. One of America's leading young artists, Judy Chicago, is a pioneer in the development of a feminist point of view in art. Chicago's theories are the product of a personal odyssey and it is largely through her own development of a feminist theory of art that many of her ideas have become concrete in the founding of the Feminist Studio Workshop.

The workshop is one of the landmarks in women's discovery of their consciousness. She has been helpful in establishing a female audience for the arts, eager to see its life experience revealed and reflected. Of her art, ranging from a Menstruation Room, an environmental situation to sculptured forms and screen prints, Chicago has made the following

comments about the development of consciously female forms.

'I was developing colour systems which made forms turn, dissolve, open, close, vibrate, gesture, all those sensations were emotional and body sensations turned into form and colour. I was pushing at boundaries, internalising the idea that a woman could shape values, shape culture, upset society. I wanted my work to be seen in relation to other women's work, historically as men's work is seen.'

'For me,' Chicago says, 'the real crux of chauvinism in art and history is that we as women have learnt to see the world through men's eyes and learned to identify with men's struggles and men don't have the vaguest notion of identifying with ours. One of the things I'm interested in is getting the male viewer to identify with my work, to open his eyes to a larger human experience.'

'I couldn't express my own sexuality directly but only by inventing an image that entombed it. That is basically a feminine posture, and I don't think it was possible before the development of abstract form. And only by exposing the most truly human inside use will we be able to reach across the terrible gap between men and women which is

5000 years big (the years men have been dominant over women).'

'What has prevented women from being really great artists is the fact that we have been unable to transform our circumstances into our subject matter, unable to step out of them and use them to reveal the whole nature of the human condition.'

In conclusion, and heralding the beginnings of a new art critique for the artists of this country these comments from a Roman feminist photographer Suzzane Santoro are appropriate: 'Each need for expression in women has a particular solution. The substance of expression is unlimited and has no established form. Self expression is a necessity. It is easily accessible if authentically desired. Expression begins with self assertion and with the awareness of the differences between ourselves and others.'

Written by Alison Mitchell for the Woman's Art Exhibition, McDougall Art Gallery 1975.



Resources and Bibliography

Linda Nochlin Art and Sexual
Politics
Why have there been
no great women
artists?
1971 (Collier
Books)

Women's Art Movement
Newsletter Number
Two
Sydney

Anica Vesel Mander &
Anne Kent Rush
Feminism as Ther-
apy
1974 (Random House
Books)

Eleanor Tufts Our Hidden Heri-
tage
1974 (Paddington
Press)

Suzanne Santoro Per Una Espres-
sione Nuova
(Towards a New
Expression)
Rivolta Femile
Roma

Manuscript Letter from Jacq-
ueline Fahey to
Alison Mitchell
January 1975

Judy Chicago talk-
ing to Lucy R.
Lippart (Ramparts)

Refractory Girl
A Women's Studies
Journal
Sydney

Off our Backs
September 1973
(American Femi-
nist Newspaper)

Towards a Revo-
lutionary Femi-
nist Art
1973 (London
Women's Art Move-
ment Newsletter)

Woman in Sexist
Society
1971 (Signet Books)

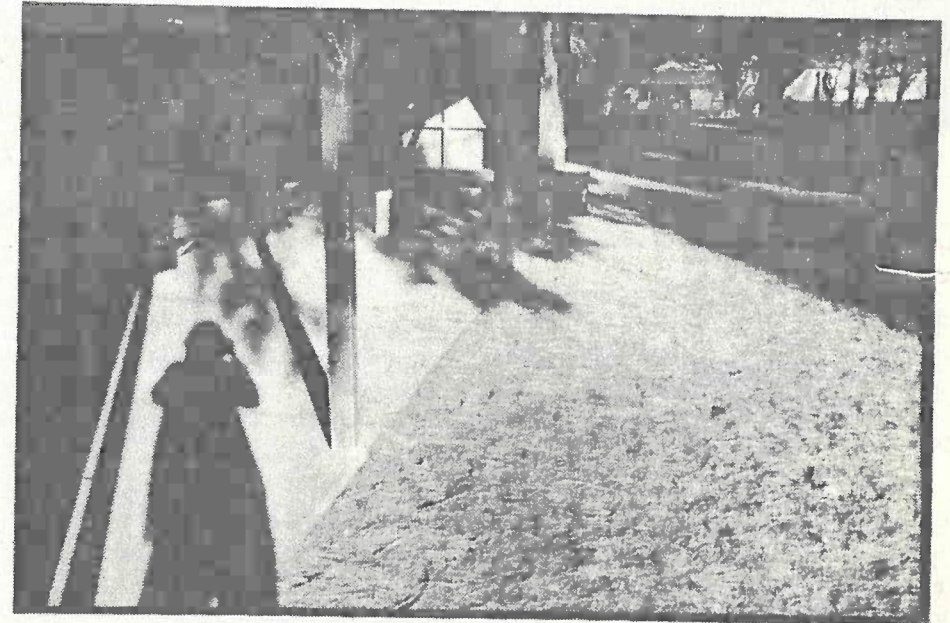
The New Woman's
Survival Cata-
logue
1973 (Berklev
Publishing Co)



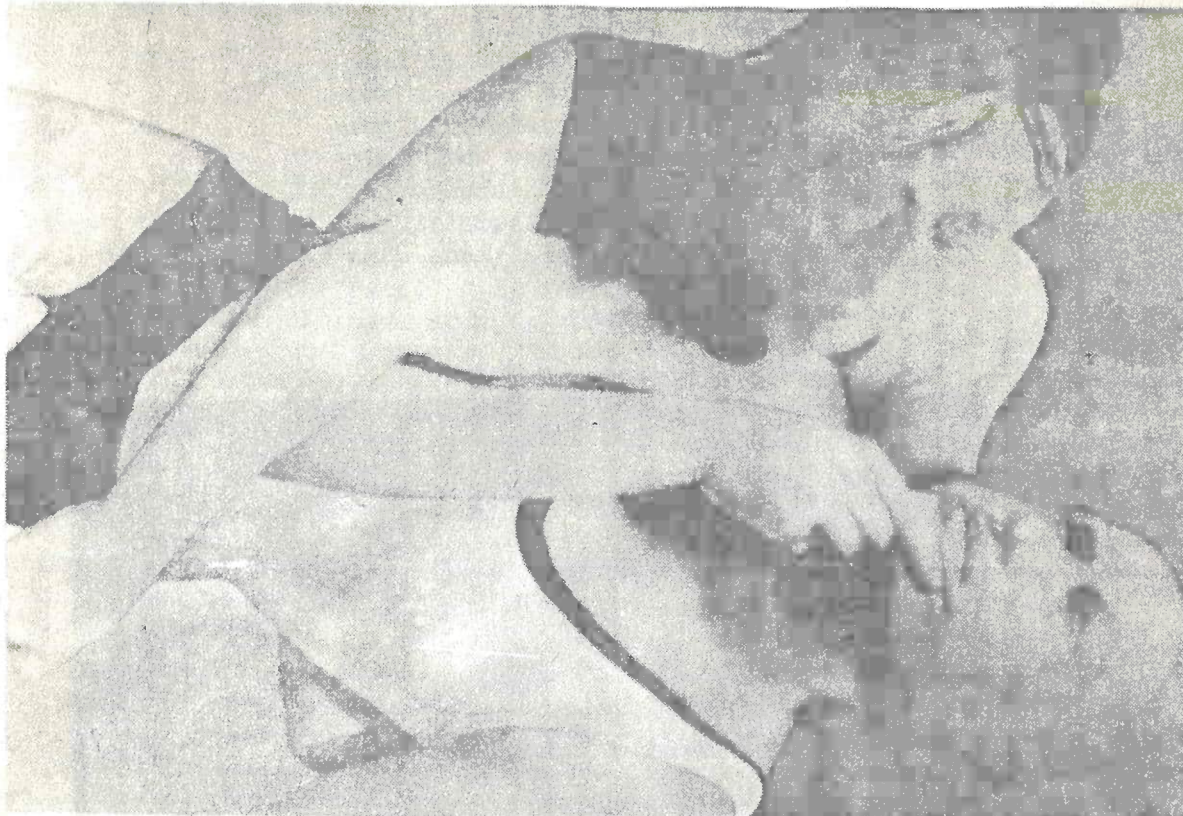
Self Portrait
1974
66.04cm by 40.64cm
Graphite

I read somewhere lately - 'Men are not called sluts'. Accustomed to having accommodating mums the average man expects wives and girlfriends to do it for him. Men who are tidy and clean are unusual and what's worse in our primitive role oriented society their masculinity is suspect. Mind you he is likely to have more spiritual things on his mind like the next drink or rugby game. Domestic order is her business. Traditionally an unkempt house is a reflection on her. The wife is below par and the man is to be pitied. Never any question she might have something better to do and she might like disorder. I myself don't like dirt - it might lead to infection but I do like disorder - creative disorder. My painting is based on the juxtaposition of objects - trivial, profound, beautiful. The surprising ways people will abandon a loved object on a table next to a plastic toy and flower-like hand of a child. A broken into birthday cake and a packet of cigarettes and yet I will tidy it all away to please guests. Perhaps please is not the right word - placate might be better. Now a male artist's disorder would be sympathized with and there would be real efforts to understand. As a woman artist these are the greatest threats I have to fight against. All this sounds as if I cared too much about what others think but in a small country where so many of us know so much about each other we are all fall guys for role play. We can't escape into special groups of our own interests and we are continually being challenged to conform.

Jacqueline Fahey . . . letter to Alison Mitchell 10/1/75.



Zusters
 Untitled
 1976
 12cm x 8cm
 Photograph



Value Five Blue
1975
60cm by 92cm
Acrylic on canvas

Stephanie Sheehan

Two Paintings

Statement:

Recalcitrant words.

(1) Orange. To make of words some clear and easily supported notion usually entails a desperate frivolity; lightweights balance no better than the heavy.

On Women as Artists: ♥

Armed with the flaming sword of truth - woman. Back bent buckled with the agony of man - woman. It has been generally accepted

that woman has been a slave too long; unfortunately a slave mentality is imposed on us at birth and to express oneself truthfully involves throwing off more chains than one was aware of carrying. I have ceased to paint men's doings. My paintings are an extension of myself, as a woman I think.

Born, November 1949; Christchurch. Diploma Honours, 1974, Canterbury. Special thanks to Yvonne Rust for extra support and encouragement.



Audience
1975
151.14cm by 151.78cm
Acrylic on canvas

GENETIC QUESTION (from Playback)

Have we ever
 forgiven our mothers
 for evicting us
 from the womb,
 the dream-module, furnished
 for the perfect ego-trip:
 world scaled to size,
 cozily designed to house
 an emergent vertebrate
 coiled in repose.
 The sleeping tenant knows
 neither love nor gratitude.
 My own identity alone
 grows single, self-engrossed,
 from the undemanding substance
 of the carnal rose.

The lease is brief,
 enough to fit for life,
 no more . . .
 Then rending, blinding light -
 strife, anguish, trauma -
 Darwin's war
 with no cease-fire
 each against other.
 And wombs,
 like rooming-houses,
 have other occupants -
 O my perfidious Mother!
 And other lip-like
 foetal cells will sip
 the overflowing nectar
 from the rose.

Only the serpent-phallus
 transforming the tree
 explicitly understands
 the esoteric secret
 etched in the genes
 where Genesis begins.
 The dispossessed
 have called it
 Generation Gap -
 that necessary void
 between the cervix
 and the surgeon's hands.

ORGANISM and ENVIRONMENT (from Playback)

I was conceived
 and born in Utopia
 (to coin
 a land-agent's phrase.)
 And so it was -
 if easy living
 is the answer.

There was no winter
 in my infancy:
 all I recall
 is summer *in aeternum*
 Voices vibrant and warm,
 sun forever overhead,
 trees flaunting tempting fruit,
 roses reassuringly red.

Then consciousness
 of system-builders
 hammering a scaffolding
 between my skin
 and the benevolent sun.

But the begonia-life
 was not for me.
 In a single thrust
 I burst the frame,
 ruptured the protective panes
 in a grim paroxysm
 to be free
 for a quick trip
 all over the map.

At the meridian
 of adolescence
 the hemispheres
 turned upside down.
 I was adrift
 among the bergs,
 appalled to find
 so many temperatures
 existing below zero.
 A shrill cyclone
 blew from above.
 Conformers withdrew their love
 back to its frigid core.

Utopian frost
 is quite phenomenal.
 I am still waiting
 for the thaw.

MAYOR OF UTOPIA (from Playback)

The Mayor
was an upright man.
Every year in Advent
(white-surplice-camouflaged)
he intoned the tenor solos
in Handel's Messiah,
echoing that stern
authentic tone
of civic censure
authorized by Amos and Isaiah.

In leisure time
he shot discreet
nude photographs
of willing subjects
to circulate among
the privileged few
who drank his whiskey
and shared his interest.

When I had stumbled
to the brink of puberty
he challenged me
to pose for him
under a water-mirrored willow
at his week-end place
(ours was next-door).
Being prudish about nudity
the family refused
in unison.

So he settled
for a cotton nightgown
and bare feet.

I can still feel
the gentle pull
of current as I stood
balanced against it
on moss-glossy stones.

The finished prints
were a surprise.
Something lyrical
had filtered through
the inquisitive lens -
some truthful statement
about youth and summer
that caused quick tears
to flick the eyes.
My mother stared
then turned away
to hide the fact
that she was moved.

Perhaps like Myron,
Michelangelo or Henry Moore
the Mayor saw body
as a medium
for higher contemplation.
I like to think so -
with a certain reservation.

Memorandum on the muses

When I timidly proffered my first book of poems to Denis Glover his verdict was immediate. "Your function is to be a wife and mother: the world can do without your little posies of flowers."

I was flattered rather than subdued by the floral metaphor with its implied cycle of flower, fruit, seed, germination, reproduction - the perpetual programme of conservation of the species.

She-poets are cast by nature in this role. The Muses were not men, but immortal sisters "all of one mind". They inspired not only Homer, Hesiod, lyrists and dramatists, but historians, musicians, dancers - the whole creative clan. More important still, it was their privilege to gladden the heart of father Zeus on Olympus with their definitive songs proclaiming things that are and shall be and that were of old.

Muses are the daughters of Memory whose inventive forms and rhythms are linked to psycho-somatic storage patterns used by human minds in learning from experience. So I hope that C.K. Stead is wrong when he pronounces "the nine girls gone". Unless New Zealand literature is bent on spending its future in "darkest amnesia", sans memory, sans tradition, sans everything but the latest trend.

The Muses liberated women from trendy triviality centuries ago. Their message is still valid now. What are we waiting for?

Written expressly for SPIRAL 22/6/75.



Patricia Godsiff

Born 21.8.15
Listed in International Who's
Who in Poetry.
Also reviews, broadcasts, teaches.
M.A. Hons. University of Canterbury and Victoria. Has contributed to numerous journals and anthologies, has an extensive list of memberships, honours, awards, etc. Now working on her fourth book of poems from which the present selection is taken.



RHONDDA BOSWORTH

Photographs

Statement:

Through my camera I record my experience. I photograph relationships in progress and for me making images is a natural response to being with people. Photography enables me to express very directly what I perceive and what I project.

I can express more of myself this way than I have been able to do with either words or paintings. When I left school at 16 I worked as a journalist. This taught me economy with words, but newspaper reportage was a skill that left me cold. I went to art school when I was 25 and had two young children. I had been a housewife for six years. My only accomplishment during that time was voracious reading, as an outlet from a life style that did not extend me. I saw art school as a means to an end - being able to support myself. Photography as a creative

medium was not understood at art school - but it was occasionally conceded to be "a valuable tool". After I left I bought a Pentax and began a long struggle to understand the technique of photography. All my friends photograph and we teach ourselves, and each other. I feel a particular affinity for the work of Dorothea Lange and Emmet Gowin, both Americans. Both have an intimacy and directness that attracts me.

Women as Artists:

I cannot separate being a woman and being an artist. It was a long time before I could assert myself positively but after having dammed it up for so long - out it all comes!

Born, July 1944; Takapuna.
Diploma Fine Arts in painting,
University of Canterbury.
Teaches art at a Catholic Girl's
School; lives with her two
children



Rhondda Bosworth
Untitled
1975
22cm by 14.5cm
Photograph

RHEINHOLD WISSEWORTH
Photographs



Untitled
1975
21.5cm by 14cm
Photograph



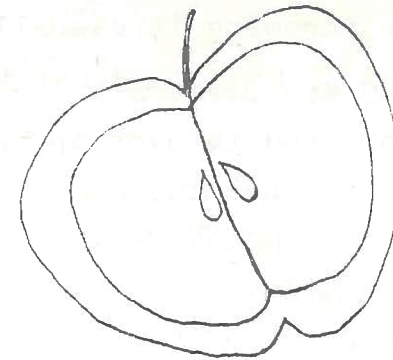
Untitled
1975
16.8cm by 11cm
Photograph

Association Game –
Apple



Untitled
1975
21cm by 14cm
Photograph

to die by WATER in the FALL without REDEMPTION, SALVATION, REGENERATION and PIPS.
The APPLE threw ADAM and EVE and Granny Smith OUT from EDEN onto EARTH to BITE on BITTERS and dance with Jonathan and SNAKE round the TREE of DAMNATION



Riemke Ensing

**NZ Paintings; Lecture with slides
Microphone and other paraphernalia**

Slide one

BLAM!

BLAM!

cartoon comic style
tight fisting each word
HOME to a point in the

AIR grasped

BLAM!

oh so adroitly
finger-clicking
cleverly out of the thin
and then throwing it casually away.

BANG BANG New Zealand!

(a minor crudity overlapping

gulls helmets

trees soldiers

diametrically

(you will observe)

opposed!

SYMBOL (of course)

begging our complacent

CLICK! CLEAN! YES

CLEAN as KLEENEX

agrarian arrogance.

PHEWWWWW...

**Slide Two; I'm gonna git on m Honda
and drive down to th sea**

indifferent people

random placement

familiar worlds on the street/

walk in October.

but in the fold of the shirt

his anxious fantasies

panicked away the surroundings

and left the magical routines

improvised

INCONGRUOUS

on the footpath.

WATCH OUT FOR THE BUS!

Part Two ; Voice one (the same as before)

ANY SHAPE WILL DO.

DONT TALK OF GESTURE

in a climate of passivity

where colours BLIND the eye

and glasses sport the yellow sun

all reflective and boxed

at closing night time in the coffin

YES this IS RUBBLE

Perspection interprets the tiger

(I suspect Blake)

.... LAUGHTER....

disembowled
 click/ finger / mid air/
 disembodied
 wheels
 eyes
 torso
 toy tiger
 'and probably dust
 which IS our environment'

Four Hardedged Abstraction Rejected

HARD EDGED ABSTRACTION rejected
 for the skin of coloured paint

TURN THE LIGHT OFF!

There's a shadow on the blackboard
 and light under the door.

POSSIBILITY disturbs the peace

and I'm supposed to go to

Mr. Bellamy the outline of whose's
 trouser leg is NOT CONTINUOUS.

I see a woman dressed in garments of the thirties
 (was there ever another age?)
 and LUCIFER'S motto
 bright in predominant RED

VIOLENCE is MORTALITY.
 (or -- what the clock taught us.)

Australian Myth

FULL MOON

You lay old in the sky,
 full-blown,
 a tired gold coin
 worn from a lifetime of passing hands.
 Aged and haggard
 you lived your life out
 in hovels and down streets,
 walking night-long
 in the deserts of desire;
 a tarted-up vagrant
 looking for gold
 to make-up the pox on your face.
 Full-bellied you looked
 desire in the mouth;
 despair at the edge of thought
 screamed wide open
 where words no longer mattered.

Had-it after a night of high-heeled tottering,
 you threw your red bone
 down and drowned in blood;
 the syphilitic sore
 round yellow in your loins,
 melted in pain.
 Your bone in the red wind,
 drowned down to gravel beds
 in waves strong green with lust.

NEW MOON

A nautilus lies straddled on its back,
 looks wide-eyed at the sky
 and sees you hang / surprised
 in the shy door of the night;
 pale, drawn, too thinly clad and shivering
 tightlipped and nervous / smiling.
 A first-night actress
 frightened of her lines.
 Your slender body,
 thin with too much dieting
 begins to curve
 already sensuous.
 A virgin with a lamp.

Another week will tell your foolishness.

An attempt on Hans Otte

Imagine, if you would, a sheet of paper
30 x 45 inches
folded in three equal parts down.
This is the score
consisting of a title page ('piano piece with taperecorder'),
notation (of a kind),
and explanations (as a crossword to be deciphered).

*The wind draughts under the door
and snatches at drapes
mourning the closed black stage.*

This music stonies from the grave
where pebbles fall hard
splintering pine,
exposing the corpse
(dead these twelve minutes)
stark in the sullen earth.

This sound no music sings to me.

The hollow keys clang back
the arid tape recorded.

In this desert no flowers grow,
no hills curve meaning over time and space,
no flash of light will suddenly surprise
and show the shadow scorching underneath the rock.
Only the wind gusts.
Only the sand shifts,
and acrid sun whips open stones.

*Otte, I don't like your sounds.
Perhaps you'll like my sort of music.*

DANISH VIGNETTE

Alison J Laurie — 1966

The Jewess with the sad eyes, named for the Ruth of her religion but called Root in this land of Northern gutteraks, the Jewess with the lake and parlour window wide, over-looking trees and grass expanse before the lake, she sits in a sadness by the window and watches the light shade upon glass, as sun reflects a chequered understanding. The trees in her garden are 100 years old, they are Danish beeches. To cut them down she must ask permission from her Government, but who will help her pick apples in her orchard, or sell them by the roadside on a misty Sunday at five pounds for five or ten for nine. Only the blue-eyed child in the raincoat, speaking English to the Danes who speak of apple-specks and cannot buy, or the old woman in the shawl, sucking her teeth against the wind, and huddled behind the apple crates for warmth. Other orchardists sold apples too, the blue eyed child wept in the gale force wind and bought leeks and flowers from the competition, later to imprison the flowers in vases where central heating will wither leaf, fade bloom, and ja, the blooms will die.

The sadyed Jewess cannot die, she must sit in her picture window and remember. It was her son who died, youngest of three, in the summer after the heat.

... a big child, this baby, great in his 9 lbs of heaviness, inside my frame, lugged and carried till his birth, flush into daylight, and welcome emptiness in my womb. Heavily he grew, solid and happy in the sunlight, laughter among these trees and the love of older sister, mother, brother. Father was the man who left me, glided from among his people, slithering in false public caresses until finally he brought her to me, his new wife, his girl of half my age, to leave me in sorrow I will not speak of and cannot grieve, for my love for him was hate in his dominance I needed, and now ashes of my hate unfulfilled, I sit only sadyed for my son. Yes, loved was my son, peace and treeclimb in short-life, and then the eye-strain. Glasses you need I said, and to the eyeshop we went. But they told me of the thing that sat upon the eye-nerve, crab inside his head that clung and furrowed into young brain cell. Cut it

out, knife it away and so they did, but hole in head and lying in his ward, sad only for itch from scar he might not scratch, my son grew tired. He felt to live, and in his 10 year wisdom asked the question, and would have fought, but then like every child tired and irritable by the annoying day, he said "I'm sick of it" and died. Which is a good death, except now must I sit sated and ask why, rationalize often and spit my own answers at the mirror-face until round and round in the head I too am tired but cannot die, in my picture window, not until the trees are felled and the Government have drawn their pounds of 9 lb flesh, with or without

the blood they promised would not be spilt.... The sated Jewess closes the folio of frozen leaves upon her lap, wafts the tight-bound wadded feet to movement and pokes stiff-freedomed in the exploration game of house and food and feeling in the air-filled vacuum she takes space from.

Dust settles over the lake and even Mrs Hathaway, had she been, could not answer what have they done with the rain, nor you either Bob Dylan, for the rain would have been easy.

This dust is too reasonable, too rational, to live with, the pain among the beech trees too terrible.

If we could only see the dust.....



To a patron

There's that photo in The Dancing Times:
The prima ballerina perfect as a swan
Lowers her eyes over the adoring child
Hands on the well-darned shoe;
So you, at the right time handed down
The daisied words, well groomed
To fit the need the child had
But never knew until they came.

A lithograph by Durer

Here's the lion and the jackal and in the corner
Nearest the light St. Jerome writing close to
The window whose latticed light is darker than
The light around his head. Do they not see it then
These saints, the light like a miner's lantern
There on a day of recognition but casting
No shadow perhaps? Perhaps it is the lion
That sees and now keeps one eye on the door
And the jackal listening and smiling in his
Sleep. Certain only a German could know
So much about furnishing. The pumpkin with its
Pig's curl hanging from the rafters, the best quality
Slippers, rich cushions and the bareness
Overwhich the concentrated head bends and glows
Like a clock in a dome with its workings visible.
The precise mind, the semi-asleep lion don't fool anyone
There's danger here: dark words and darker
Schisms that press against the frugal light.



Elizabeth Smither. Born 1941.
Lives and works in New Plymouth,

Good poetry is enormously hard to write and I don't believe I've written any yet. But I say 'yet' in the way I once said to a school inspector who asked me to show him what I considered was my best work and I showed him the latest page, saying I think this is the best so far.

It is the poem that is just

about to arrive that interests me most and absorbs all my attention. It is this poem that is always being written sometime before it is written down. Where and how this happens is very hard to say and in any case this is no business of the poet. His business or hers (because poet seems to me a term without a gender) is to be ready to put it down and to be constantly in practice.

A writer of detective novels

He thought that later on the 999th death
 Of his knuckled hero whose characteristics read
 Like a passport eaten in a customs shed -
 When Interpol fortuitously kills him or he goes
 Like Holmes and Moriarty over the top followed by
 About a ton of boulders or dies instead
 Of the girl on his wedding night - then will be
 The time to draw in what the critics missed
 Downtown New York, the seediness, the spite
 Trampled by this knucklehead and the philosophies
 He utters in quite a prettier mouth will be
 Profounder then and sadder. They could have told him
 Wiser ones, how on the last adventure the juices died
 And he had to resurrect him for the popular demand
 In the finish, limping half his head torn off
 Paralysed in his left side, but trailing, always
 Trailing like an aching shadow those sayings
 Cliches closest to his heart that without his hero
 One Spring day in the Bronx would not survive.

Lunch with the examiners

She was very blond and always had lunch with the examiners
 An adopted child unexpectedly brilliant she played
 On three instruments carefully. Her touch they said
 Was perfect, quite robust for a girl. She reminded one
 Of a tortoise, outstripping everyone else, holding the pedals
 For just the right length. And then this hotel lunch
 Every year in the vast dining room with the white
 Cloths that touched the floor, smiling over crystal
 Slyly as a little Curie with her maths master.
 A perfect face, always between a woman and a girl
 A dead face really. The only time she ever showed
 Impatience, the tiny fretful lines, was when her mother
 Peroxided the long hair each week and she was sent
 To sit and dry it, the gold notes dropping in the sun.

Our Hidden Heritage FIVE CENTURIES OF WOMEN ARTISTS

Elizabeth Tufts; the
 Paddington Press

The dedicated research of Elizabeth Tufts has drawn twenty women artists from obscurity into the 'main stream of history'. This no more and no less is the aim of her book *Our Hidden Heritage*. Deliberately she passes over some familiar artists - Mary Cassat, Berthe Morisot and those still living - in order to restore others whose names are better known than their works; Angelica Kauffman, Rosalba Carriera, and others whose contemporary fame has passed into total obscurity: Sofonisba Anguissola, Lavinia Fontana, Levina Teerling. The author is a lecturer at California State University, and within the limits of the discipline of art history this is an excellent book. Concise accounts of the life circumstances career and contemporary repute of her chosen artists as well as the characteristics of their work are simply and freshly given, with accompanying black and white plates. While this is a book of facts and not theses some general patterns emerge. Before the nineteenth century foundation of art schools for women in Europe and America, those women became painters who were by fortune the daughters of painters. A rare exce-

ption, Sofonisba Anguissola, was dedicated by her parents to an eminent career. The five sister painters include Minerva and Europa...

Some were born in circumstances favourable to women: Lavinia Fontana in Bologna, a university city where women lectured in law, and where twenty-three woman painters are recorded in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; Levina Teerling in sixteenth century Flanders where women were prominent in commerce and industry, and Rachel Ruysch, only one of many female genre painters in seventeenth century Holland. There is little evidence of conflict between marriage and art. A majority marry and have children. Some absorb the talents of a lesser colleague who minds the child, administers his wife's business affairs, obtains frames. A few achieve an equal partnership with an artist husband. Of the fifteen artists discussed before the present century, fully eleven enjoy royal patronage and are well able to support a household. Lavinia Fontana, palatine painter to Gregory VIII is credited with 130 paintings and eleven pregnancies. Only in the bourgeois society of seventeenth century Holland did the output of Judith Leyster noticeably decline with domestic duties; but then Vermeer, running a hotel, produced few works. No signal obstinacy or revolt is recorded; that

these women painted was part of the order of things, and in general their painting is a harmonious celebration of that order.

The acclaim of these early women is extraordinary. Sofonisba Anguissola is called to Spain by Philip II and remains court painter for twenty years. Levina Teerling is 'King's Piantrix' for Henry VIII and the three following monarchs. The paintings of Rachel Ruysch get a better price than Rembrandt's, and Levina Teerling commands a higher salary than Holbein, Rosalba Carriera dazzles the court of Louis XV with her new pastel portraits, Angelica Kauffman, admired by Goethe and Winkelmann, is enshrined in the Pantheon with Raphael. Elizabeth Vigee-Lebrun sings duets with Marie-Antoinette. Far from being an obstacle, their sex enhanced the prestige of women painters in the age of court and salon. 'Women reigned then', said Elizabeth Vigee-Lebrun. 'The revolution dethroned them'. Even in the nineteenth century, royalty persist in dropping in at women painters' studios - the Queen of Spain surprises Rosa Bonheur 'in masculine attire'. The anomaly is reflected in her work. A desire to break shackles issues in unconventional subjects - 'Horsefair', and a portrait of Buffalo Bill - but in no deep rethinking of stylistic conventions. Another interesting anomaly: Edmonia Lewis, half Indian, half Negro, work-

ing with other American sculptors in nineteenth century Rome; her native intensity is imprisoned by academic conventions in a marble 'Hiawatha'. If women in the preceding centuries experienced in an exaggerated form the prestige accorded the artist, in the twentieth century the fact of being a woman adds to the problems of the artist cut off from society. Yet the consequent flux of styles allows women to develop their own vision: Suzanne Valadon, a fore-runner, Gwen John, Paula Modersohn Becker. This book is most valuable in confirming these women. It also arouses a need for the fuller presentation of their work ... the publication of Gwen John's correspondence with Rilke perhaps, the translation of Paula Becker's diary. Elizabeth Tufts provides the context of thought and experience which clarifies the work of the sculptor Germaine Richier, and shows the theoretical abstractions to have a concrete source: the light of the Sahara desert. Women painters continue to journey as they did, formerly at the beck of kings, popes and czars, driven now by frustration and war. A new pattern emerges: of women who are intense, serious, austere, even recluse, making sacrifices or living in penury to practise an art of corresponding inwardness and depth. They represent in extremis the plight of the twentieth century and their plight is moving ... (the

bereavement of Kollwitz, the exile of Gontcharova, the cancer of Richier, the isolation of Gwen John). Many women now fight the circumstances of their origin in order to become artists. Some loose comparisons may be made; Artemisia Gentileschi with Tintoretto; Gwen John with Bonnard; Valadon with Lautrec; Paula Becker with Gauguin; Richier with Giacometti. But these artists' whole subject matter and approach is informed by the fact that they are women. If Elizabeth Tufts generalised the attributes that recur: casualness delicacy quietness psychological nuance intimacy - she would be approaching an area of cognition we are becoming aware of and free to express. While her book redresses real gaps in art history, a study of woman's art as a function of woman's consciousness remains a real need. Another area to be explored: the avenues in which woman's creativity ... diverted in the centuries of the Artist ... has kept alive the most ancient

Reviewed Joanna Harris

Women as Artists:

As a woman painting is not a job, not even a vocation. It is part of life, subject to the strains, and joys, of domestic life. I cannot paint unless the house is in order. Unless I paint I don't function well in my domestic roles. Each thing is important. The idea that one sacrifices other values for art is alien to me, and I think to all women whose calling it is to do and be many things. To concentrate all meaning and all energy in a work of art is to leave life

tradition of making ritually meaningful things.

The question is invoked in this volume by one deviation from the fine arts - the graceful and fanciful etymological studies of Maria Sybilla Merian. Elizabeth Tufts takes the question: 'Why are there no great woman artists?' and poses her own: 'Why is so little known about the great woman artists of the past?' She generously compensates for our ignorance but fails, unimportantly, to validate her premiss 'greatness'. These women on their showing are good not great, even Gwen John whom her brother claimed the greatest woman painter ever to live.

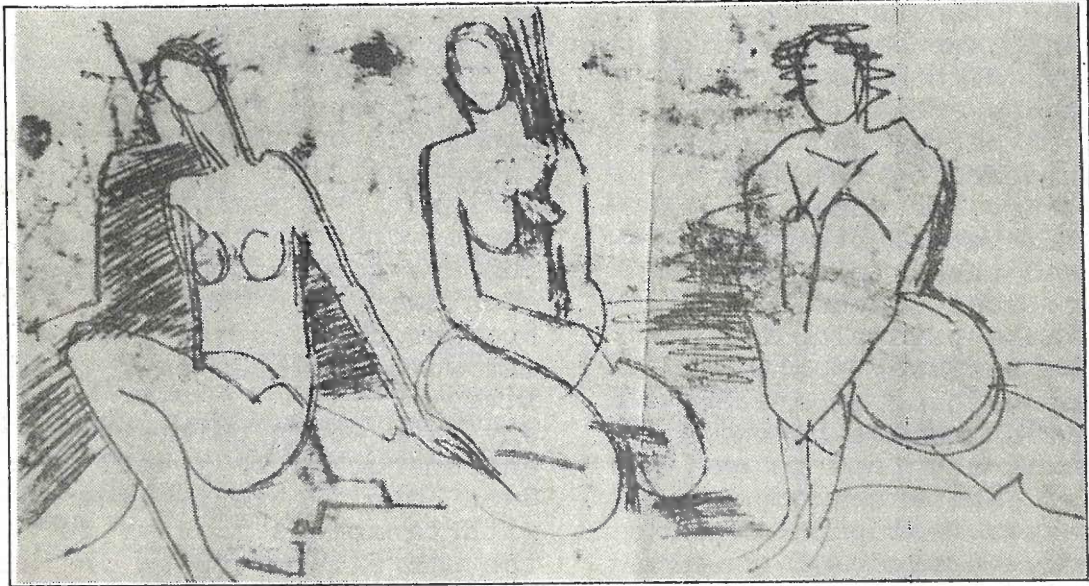
Why have women painters chosen not to be great? Gwen John's gaze is lowered with tenacious modesty to the umbrella standing in the corner of her room, a vase of primroses in a stream of sunlight. Another question: what things have the beams cast by the ego of the great artist, obscured?



dry and banal. I don't wish to separate the significant and everyday actions but to bring them as close as possible together. It is natural for women to do this; their exercise and their training and their artistry is in daily living. Painting for me as a woman is an ordinary act - about the great meaning in ordinary things. Anonymity pattern utility quietness relatedness.

Born, December 1945; Hamilton. Diploma Fine Arts, Elam B.A. Now living on Banks Peninsula.

Monoprints



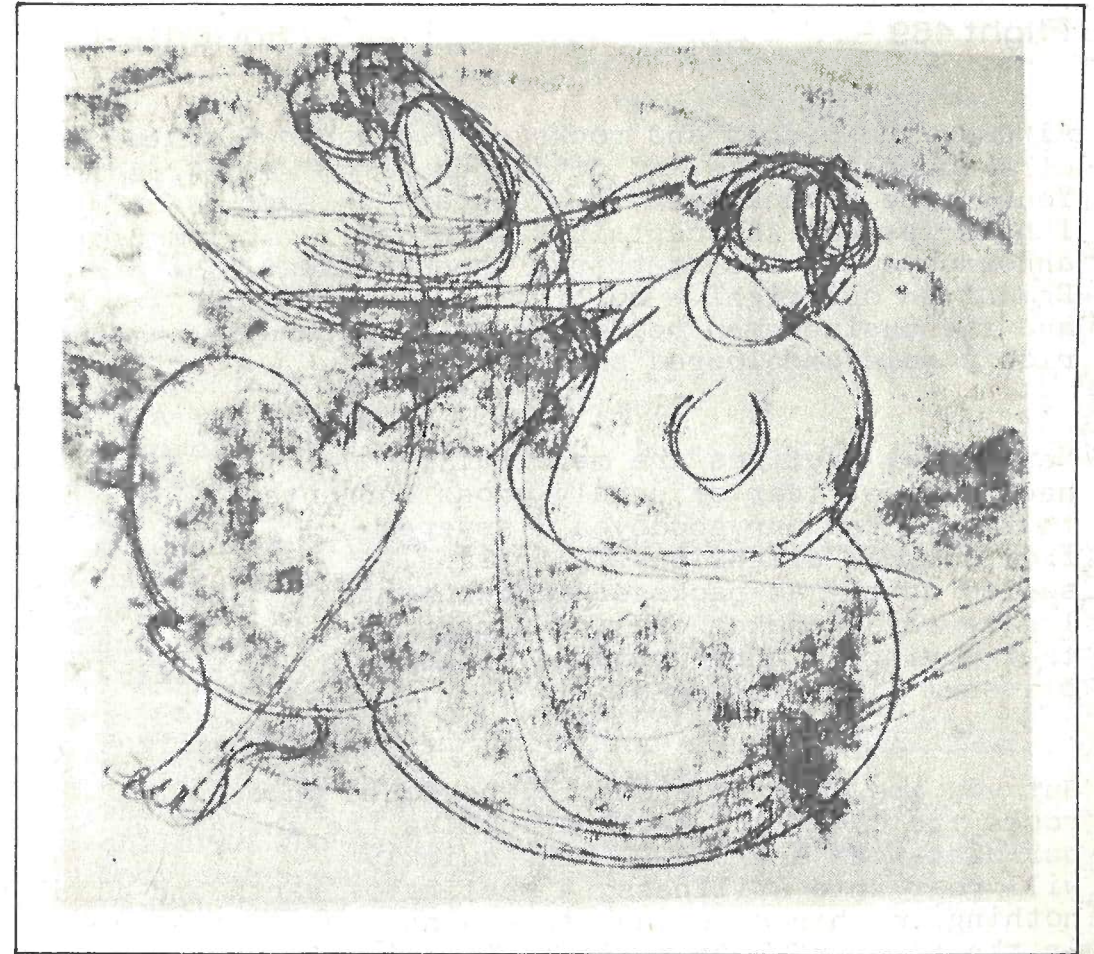
Untitled
1972
46cm by 26cm
Monoprint

ANNA KEIR

Two

Born Wellington 1951.
Ilam Art School 1969/70 -
1972/73.

More recent painting based on
hill or tree form but increas-
ingly moving away from reality.
Trying to use smooth surface,
detail and colour where the
"dark surrounds the light" to
make something strange/religious/
magical - at least to its
creator.



Untitled
1972
31.5cm by 28cm
Monoprint

Flight 469

Already the ridges and rocks of two hundred miles
of a mountainous island divide us.
Your voice shrank fast to a distant whisper ;
I hear instead the captain's monotone
announce we cruise at thirty thousand feet,
Egmont on our right - so, I
and the businessmen reading evening papers
ride a cold uncoloured sky.

Mechanical routines are merciful ;
here I rise clear of unruly cross currents
that buffeted our goodbyes ; severed
from natural dimensions of feeling,
sealed neatly as packaged refreshments,
I gaze ahead shaken only by wonder
that moving at three hundred miles an hour
can seem like sitting still.

But you are walking alone to the house where wind
rocks the cliff and the sea tumbles the shingle :
our distances are real. Mine quickly
will roar into stillness, a meeting of earth and illusion -
nothing to shield me then from wind through the dark ;
in the blue and bitter light of a night landing
I will know not to wait for your recognising cry
in crowds in any fretful terminal.



Lauris Edmond

Have lived for years in country
towns, busy with a large family,
writing verse in a sporadic and
disorganised way; now, with
children grown up, or nearly,
I write more and remember to
send work to editors and pub-
lishers (my first volume of
poems has been accepted for pub-
lication by the Pegasus Press).
I am an editor myself, of the
Post Primary Teachers Journal;
have an honours degree in

English and have taught secon-
dary school English and French.
Currently preparing the letters
of A.R.D. Fairburn for publi-
cation.

My experience tells me that the
greatest problem women artists
face is that of reconciling
their creative impulse with the
claims of personal, especially
family, relationships. There
are solutions, but in my case
they took many years and a good
deal of struggle to find.

Katherine

I am shocked at your
mid summer
mid morning
mid adolescence
no - sense
judgement

things fade when exposed
to a harsh light too soon
before the colour is set
in poems or people
do not go
my child my furred bud
little green orange
not ripe yet for picking
bud-scent and blossoms
still in your hair.

Putting her hair up told your great-grandmother
life was beginning - one year older
than you she carried the first of the twelve
children who buried her, tiny child-woman,
body devoured by its secret bleeding,
barely twenty years later ;
all the years afterwards empty as air
that has lost its green leaves and bright oranges
after the tree is cut down.

Girl I leave your hair down
brown curling round
the white wax of your skin
in the sun
in the morning
Katherine stay home.

Late Starling

Yes yes of course I am hard to please -
 yet I can see this quiet sky
 with the evening in it
 and that poised drop of darkness
 the late starling
 that comes to the dead peak
 of the old pine. Yes, and taste too
 the tart smoke of the leaves,
 ghost of the year's green,
 observe Turtle the cat
 slow-stepping across
 the darkening grass,
 and the single golden pear,
 huge and alone, that hangs like a yellow
 lantern on its bare branch.

Once we would have stood, my hand in yours,
 quiet too, and full of wonder.
 Was it spring, perhaps, those other evenings ?
 I have forgotten.
 I only know that we have come
 to quarrelling, and not even this
 communicable peace
 can speak to us now.

Ponies

This morning out early I was confronted
 by horses - two, then four -
 coming from nowhere, head-high
 along the street, their rhythmic pacing
 and muscled sheen of hips and hocks
 making patterns - dance drama
 with sunlight - shrinking houses and hedges
 till the whole block burgeoned out
 into foothills, ranges and tussocky plains.

Behind them came the shadows
 of little long-ago ponies,
 noses into the wind, rough-coated
 brumbies wearing their last freedom
 galloping down ridges and away
 over the wind-whistling plateau
 of Tauranga-Taupo, more than
 half a hundred years ago.

The Affair

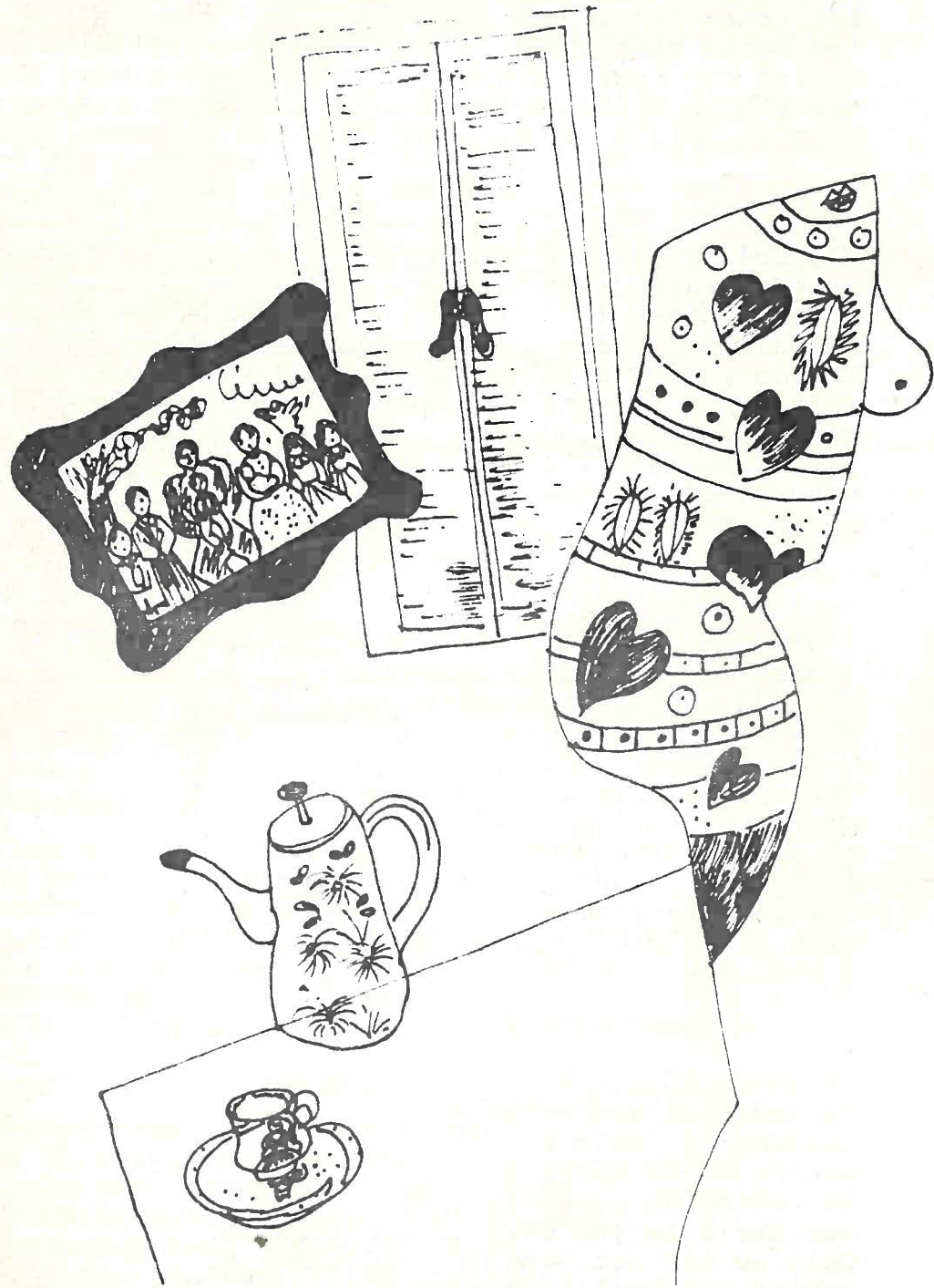
We discuss important matters
 but naturally do not speak
 the words that shout
 behind our eyes ;
 everything would be too little
 to say. Or too much.

Why are we not astonished
 at ourselves ?
 at each other ?
 Why are we always making adjustments ?
 Why do we not admit
 that great dragons with heavy-lidded eyes
 come up out of the sea
 and stand over us, weeping
 when we laugh softly
 in the darkness - ?

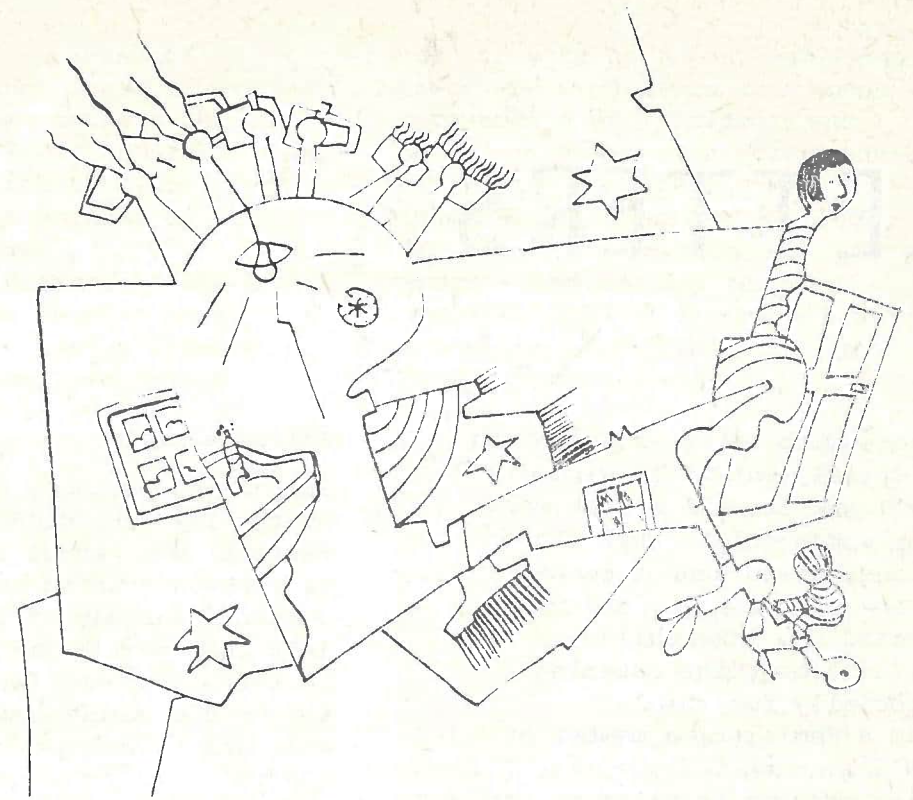
I wish we were not so sophisticated,
 I wish we could make scenes
 be badly dressed, argue,
 have no taste in wine ;
 I am full of screaming
 but my voice is low and elegant ;
 when the moonlight falls
 on your carved face
 there is a sound of birds singing
 outside the window
 when you close the shutter
 I know how to conceal my terror.

We have grown small
 as jewelled crustaceans
 holding to our rock
 making imperceptible
 but charming gestures ;
 our style is the envy of our friends.
 Only we can hear the echo of caverns
 behind our brilliant eyes
 as the wind cries along the shore.

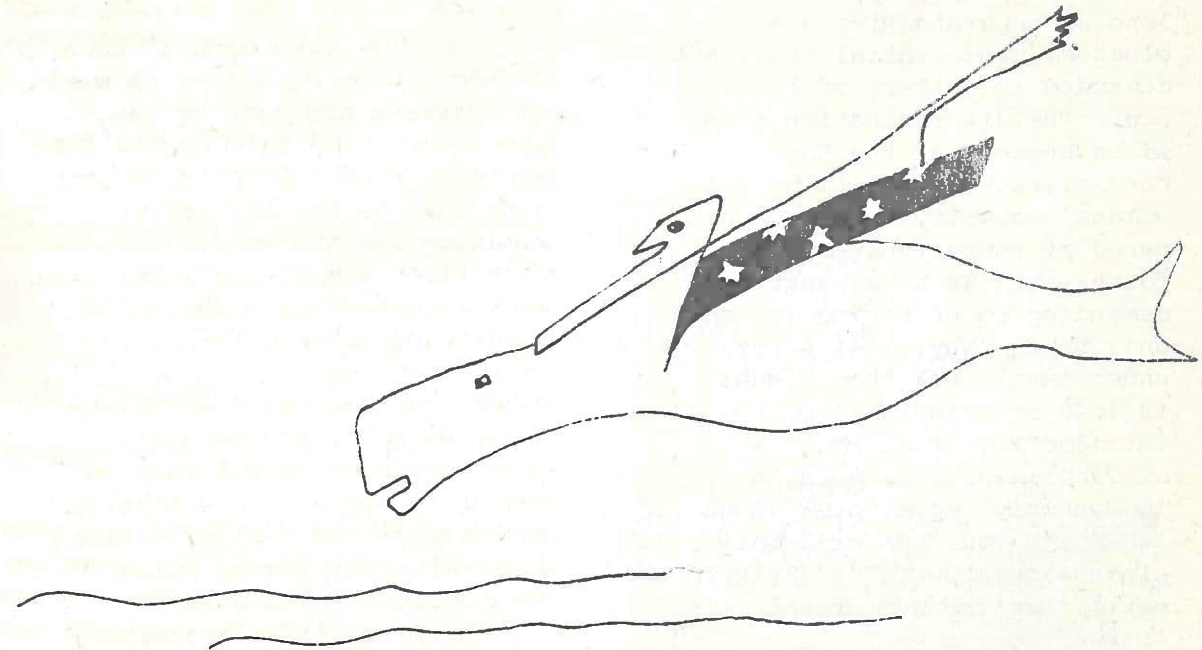
ZUSTERS Drawings



Untitled 25cm by 20cm
1975
ink drawing



Untitled 15cm by 13cm
1975
ink drawing



Untitled ,... 16.5cm by 10.6cm
1975
ink drawing

LETTERS

I note with interest the birth of Spiral, but it is with dismay I see it will accept work from women only? Why? Is it because women cannot compete on the open market, and must be coddled, like children, by having a magazine catering especially for them.

I am a Feminist, a member of NOW and do what I can, without being extreme or militant, to further equality and stop discrimination of women, and also racial discrimination.

The cause for Maori equality will always be hampered as long as separate M.Ps are elected, preferential treatment demanded in matters of housing etc. The discrimination persists because of the Maoris themselves, and the fight for womens' equality is also hampered if women themselves foster it. We have fanatics demanding to be served in 'men only bars' (why, I'll never understand), but their cause is lost in principal, by the introduction of other forms of discrimination, such as 'women-only' magazines. Good luck with your venture, but please accept work on artistic merit, not the sex of the artist.

Sincerely yours,
Kristine M. Amon.

Editor's reply:

Spiral was probably conceived at the 1973 Christchurch Arts Festival when about 20 young male poets read to an audience composed largely of women. I left that particular reading at half-time, having found most of the poetic voices indistinguishable and frowning over the question: Why were there no women? This year's readings - because of International Women's Year? - did include women, the ratio approximately one in three.

The "open market" is a misnomer when decisions on merit or interest are made by men. Last year I was told by the former editor of a literary magazine that he had advised a woman to use her initials rather than first names when submitting work to magazines - she would thus stand a better chance of being accepted. Other instances of discrimination, personal and general, have convinced me and many women of my acquaintance that we must support each other - like other minority groups raise our voices to each other.

"Moreover, if you consider any great figure of the past, like Sappho, like the Lady Murasaki, like Emily Bronte, you will find that she is an inheritor as well as an

originator, and has come into existence because women have come to have the habit of writing naturally"¹ I cannot agree that "discrimination persists because of the Maoris themselves".

"Preferential treatment" may be correct, but as housing is an economic issue, better housing for an economically deprived minority group is at least an immediate boost toward economic equality.

Withdrawing separate parliamentary representation before a consistent parity of Maoris is elected to pakeha seats could leave Maoris with no representatives at all - women know how repressive this can be. As for the "men only" bars - they are areas in public houses which should by definition be open to all members of the public. Maoris challenged such discrimination successfully back in 1959-60.

Thank you for your letter and wish for success.

1. Virginia Woolf: "A Room of One's Own".



Biography

Riemke Ensing.

Born May (when all the birds lay (an egg). SPRING/HOLLAND 1939 - WAR - (very upsetting to have a birthday now at the beginning of winter - all that delightful symbolism gone - except for the dark sombre stuff of course which lingers on - ie war and puritanism - bad things to have

been brought up in/on - whatever. Came here when I was 12 - never recovered - still bite fingernails - classic case for psychoanalysis. Went to school (DARGAVILLE) Teachers' College, ARDMORE. Taught a couple of years - and decided to go to varsity. Did MA in English and got a job as tutor which I still have. Have a son aged 3 called James. Am in the process of getting a house built and breaking in a section three-quarter acre - best I could do - would have preferred 10 acre block and retirement but nobody around to be a patron or daddy - and getting an anthology of women poets (NZ) ready for publication. Have been published in LANDFALL, ARENA, FRONTIERS, MATE, CAVE, NEW ARGOT, NZU ARTS FESTIVAL YEARBOOK, ORPHEUS, POETRY/EAST-WEST (INDIA) and something in Britain but I can't remember - WORKSHOP I think. READ for Auckland FESTIVAL in 1969.



Editor Heather McPherson
 Design and
 Layout Kath Algie
 Typesetting Patsy Keene
 Cover Design Phil McLean
 Illustrations
 pages 1, 2, & 34 Kath Algie
 Photographs Copied
 pages 5, 6, 14, 16, 17,
 40, 41, 46, 47, 50 .. Zusters

Published and distributed by Spiral Collective
 Printed by Herstory Press.

Acknowledgements are due to:

Pegasus Press for poems by Lauris Edmond
 published in "In Middle Air" (1975).

The editor's opinion is not necessarily that
 of the contributors nor the contributors' that
 of the editor.

We have material for the second issue which
 is now in preparation. Deadline for copy for
 the January 1977 issue must be received by
 October 31, 1976.

Graphics, drawings, photographs should be on
 good quality paper.

Mss should be typed with double spacing.

At least six poems helps the editor to decide;
 please send s.a.e. for reply or return of
 material.

Spiral cover poster is for sale:
 size 38cm by 20cm
 price 75c.

Orders to: Spiral Collective
 P.O. Box 21069
 Edgeware
 Christchurch.

Subscriptions Single issue \$1.50
 Yearly (4 issues) \$6
 including postage from:
 Spiral Collective
 P.O. Box 21069
 Edgeware
 Christchurch.



