

broadsheet

new new zealand poetry

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Editor: Mark Pirie

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Anthony Rudolf's memoir extract
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Please Note: At this stage no
submissions will be read. The poems
included are solicited by the editor.
All submissions will be returned. Thank you.

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Basim Furat: 'Students of Hondori' from *No Boat May Allow Drowning to Vanish: New Poems* (HeadworX, 2010).

Bill Manhire: 'Crime Scene' from *The Victims of Lightning* (VUP, 2010).

Anthony Rudolf: Poem excerpts taken from sequences first published in *Zigzag* (Carcenet/Northern House, UK, 2010).

Madeleine Marie Slavick: 'When He Said' from *Delicate Access* (Sixth Finger Press, Hong Kong/London/Toronto, 2004).

Parts of Mark Pirie's preface first appeared on his blog, *Tingling Catch*, as an article entitled 'Anthony Rudolf – UK poet with a cricket interest', October 2010 (<http://tinglingcatch.blogspot.com>).

Preface

This issue of *broadsheet* features distinguished British poet/translator, Anthony Rudolf. I first met Anthony last year on one of his now yearly visits to New Zealand to see his daughter and grandson in Dunedin.

I kept in touch with him, and asked to feature him in *broadsheet* after receiving a copy of his new poetry book, *Zigzag*. *Zigzag*, Anthony's first new book of poetry for over 30 years, is released by Northern House/Carcanet in England. It's a slim but very substantial collection of his poetry/prose sequences. The book includes a noteworthy sequence about his grandfather Josef Rudolf.

The sequence, 'Josef Rudolf, my Zeida', owes something to American poet Charles Reznikoff's two powerful books *Holocaust* and *Testimony* and covers autobiographical territory relating to his grandfather's life. Written in the colloquial tone of his grandfather, it conveys with insight and detachment his grandfather's life as a Jew. Anthony includes himself in the poem as "AR" interjecting and making comments in italics throughout the poem like a film documentary.

Elsewhere, in *Zigzag*, Rudolf returns to his Jewish childhood in London (after Schumann's piano suite *Kinderszenen, Scenes from Childhood*). The title sequence, 'Zigzag', written while Rudolf was teaching autobiography at Metropolitan University in London is compulsory reading for anyone studying biography/autobiography with all its zigs and zags. I've featured several extracts from it in this issue.

The book concludes with a minimalist sequence 'Mandorla', while the opening prose sequence 'Kafka's Doll' uses its conventions of children's stories for adults. Overall, a very rewarding and engrossing read. The book is available online from Amazon UK.

Rudolf was a friend of Ted Hughes. Hughes's critical comment features on the back of the book: "*Every poem like a new geometry - of surprises... A sort of sewing of a hyper-active intelligence to hypersensitive skin...*" Anthony published Sylvia Plath's translations of the French poet Ronsard through his Menard Press in London. Rudolf is himself best known as a translator, including translating French verse by Yves Bonnefoy and Claude Vigée.

Anthony tells me he has played and also has an interest in cricket, and I sent him a copy of my cricket poetry anthology. He has met England great Jack Hobbs and played with and against Mike Brearley in schoolboy cricket. I'm pleased to feature an extract on cricket from Anthony's new memoir.

broadsheet 7 also features a wide range of current poets emerging or established on our literary scene along with NZ-based Madeleine Marie Slavick (USA/Hong Kong). There's a song lyric from Bill Manhire (also a friend of Anthony's) and new work by Jan Kemp, Anna Jackson, Janet Charman and Graham Lindsay among others.

Mark Pirie
Wellington, May 2011

SACRAL

In this story the song is
sung last. And it's like an
apricot in my chest. My
heart the brown pip my
mother cracked in half
with a stone for the kernel.
The ridges of it ride my ribs.
The meat of it dropped into
jam. My pelvis made of
gingerbread melts against
the beat of you against
me. Molasses. Molasses.
In the winter it is cold. In
the cold my eyes ache and
you don't say anything to
me. I am hidden. Alone.
I play quarter notes. I play
crotchets. The string wound
around me bodily. I am tied
in the bowing of a cello
in the crowing of a crowd.
The crowning of your head
the cawing of you crawling.
You open your eyes and say:
"What magic is this?" And
there is no answer. There
is an answer. The answer-
ing is from and up to you.

HE SAYS

He says. He says. She is, he says.
Rolling back her sleeves. Taking off
her elbows. She says, he says. She is.

His face when he crunches apples, his
face when he's about to laugh, he says.
She is, still like a leaf, still like a tree.

She's away, long gone, gone long been
back here this week for a long time later
she says. He says. She is, he says.

This is his face, she says. He says this is
her back bone, ribs, star on her forehead
she's not a horse, he says. She's a fish.

This is, he says. This was he says. She says
this is a wish, to kiss, to take his hand she
says. To take his hand, she says. This is

a wish. He says with feet, he says with a
hand full of fingers with a hand full of
teeth. He says. He says. He says.

MAORI BATTALION, C COMPANY

Happy boys with sepia teeth.
Their smiles tile the walls,
boxed in identical wooden frames.

The Maori Battalion were famous.
C Company were called unbeatable.

After their bodies were sent home to family
the tangi lasted three days. Women cried
like gulls caught inland.
The returned soldiers told stories
and blessings were held.

Years later the country was canvassed,
interviews recorded, photographs gathered,
and their yellowed edges filed between tissue
that made me think of his broad, weathered hands.

When my Grandfather was imprisoned,
he was starved and beaten,
he was cut with a wire,
he became a woman,
and betrayed himself with a wash girl.
When he was finally released
we never spoke of it.

IMPROVING THE HUMAN

like a flooded river
humans have to rise higher

to improve its development potential
he clears all the vegetation from his section

like a dog watches for a new direction like a river in a new
course
an arc of tension

humans need improving
so the police give her a beating she's never forgotten

while they queue for subsidized spectacles
she gets down on all fours to find her contact lens and he has
the laser operation

she greases her breasts hoping to reduce the stretch marks
– this little human drinks as if his life depended on it

humans need improving
the way truffle oil takes this cassoulet to fragrance central

human lies in bed human hand positioned under neck
when he says what he did tears make themselves felt

you so far off and yet what you write i'm reading in my own
language
as if somehow you were lost in this room

how we fall apart
– our breath

to improve humanity
he sold everything he had but not a lot of what he sold
belonged to him

rain grain fruit milk meat
down the rift valley argument starts a long walk to the fire

this pole dance supposed to form around the genome
my improvements: the aerial the burial – all directed to draw
you close

there is a dark table at the centre of my house – friend
come sit at my table

STUDENTS OF HONDORI

Translated by Abdul Monem Nasser

Edited by Mark Pirie

Hondori lies in the womb of the city.
In gift paper, history is sold;
philosophy is displayed on questioning shelves
and memoirs are open to all.
The cries of sellers there
awaken in me an adoration for an ancient land
where jewels are words, river water is sold in jars
and sea scent covers the stalls.
Here fields are awake, waiting for mouths, vast as a desert.
Numerous temples yet to be consecrated by monks
are for sale en masse
bringing tranquillity to homes.
The samurais are dolls for kids,
their swords are stadiums of rust.

In a small cage
the Emperor sits with his wife.
I take him home with me.
For a small price you can buy any prince
and an entourage too.
Creatures from the past are stuffed in baskets and balconies,
tiny ships forgotten by pirates
and pirates small as the palm of your hand.
Miniature kingdoms exist and empires, armies and invaders,
while lovers feeding love with their blood
give the rivers their totem flames
for commemoration of the dropping of the bomb.
Pillars pregnant with notices seduce the wind.
Pictures cover walls and shops
with traces of histories not wiped out by rain as yet.

Words cover walkways
and at its waistline
Rome stands
its armies lost, glories vanquished.
Now its retreat is a kitchen.

Overhead, a model of
an atomic bomb retires in shame.
Great masses of people are still
unaware of the hell it spewed 62 years ago
while down below, skyscrapers rise high
confusing you, with their architecture
like Assyrian bulls guarding their city
from the reckless typhoons of September.

In the morning students enter Hondori.
At midday they court, have fun, and join in matrimony.
In the afternoon they carry their kids to shop or pray.
In the evening they walk with sticks,
their teeth are like rolled cigarettes,
revealed by the lips of their mouths as they smile.
At night they carry their dwellings on their backs
picking up what oblivion gives away...

Hondori, a market,
unrolls its dreams in the heart of Hiroshima.
A rainbow conceals it from the sky.
Passers-by are unaware
that the god of light discharges its medals onto them.
The rain above stretches and rests till lasting drowsiness.
Hiroshima's God made it his eternal morning,
a lantern for lovers and a gate of hope for the lost.
Doorsteps are blessed by its dust.
Every corner of the city points towards it.

My habit is to take refuge there,
while the dew of golden domes clings to my forehead.

Hiroshima, October 2007

Author's Note:

Hondori, in Hiroshima, Japan, was prior to the dropping of the atomic bomb in 1945 the main shopping street of Hiroshima. Today it's a major covered shopping avenue.

STAND TOO CLOSE

Take it from my waist
and tie it around your neck,
like a ribbon around a tree.
Now do you remember me?
Then tie it around my waist – loosely,
as if I were bigger
than me.
If this were a room
in a Vogue magazine
it would hang loosely over a chair,
as if I had just come in
and then walked out again.
If this were a room
in a Vermeer
it would only be here
if someone was wearing it
or if someone was tying it, or if
someone was using it to scrub the floor
down on their hands and knees.
Not me.
Stand too close
and I will look past your ear
till the background noise recedes
and only the rest is here.

LUCKY

When the turning album on your stereo
was the only turning away,
before you turned away from me and also
before I turned away from you,
before the music started even,
when the hissing sound was the only sound
in the room,
or perhaps when the music started
and the hissing vanished (like D. H. Lawrence's snake
suddenly gone and replaced by a poem)
and we lay with a song in the room,
maybe, even, with you, lying beside me,
having some idea of the feeling for you I was holding in
and which the music was all about –
that was when we were lucky.
It was also a long time ago.
And the song ended, leaving
the only sound in the room the sound of the needle,
drawing lines around us sto, ste, sto, ste,
and around every other object in the room,
lines that still remind me how to see it now,
exactly the way things were.

CORNISH HYMN

i.m. Charles Causley, poet

In the years before I knew
I too will die

you put me up showed me
round that place your sky –

under round plaques you walked
blue heritage with gold

your trim sailor's cap profile
blue jacket caught in the light

against a rocky wall, stone house –
your look shows you knew

how short-spanned all time
how taut the line we ride

how splendid the harbour
our boat tours – you telling me

all possible stories me scribbling
them vainly on the sun. I think of

your utter aloneness your being kin
of kind – you are your belonging

what you loved & gave: Mrs Soddy's
guesthouse Bodmin Moor Tintagel

the cliffs the coast the sea.

P O R T R A I T

Remember when you took my photo
in the window seat at my house?
There was green, white, sunlight
and the neighbour's brick exterior.

I smiled awkwardly so you took my hand
and made love to me
surrounded by duvet and cushions
on my sheetless bed.

Later, you would say
drive safe, come home to me.
and I would try not to linger
on the colour and crash of waves.

But after the photo you took a day off
brightening the shadow on my face
cast by the open window
and air-brushing the hair from my eyes.

PERSIA

Cats do that, said the vet –
crawl under the house to die.

Except it was a shoebox under Granny's bed.
We looked everywhere,

then the box meowed.
Her veins had collapsed,

her kidneys had shrivelled up,
she was gone before even half

the dose was injected.
Life's all about turning a blind eye, said the vet.

Granny's cat came home
with one blind eye open.

PENELOPE DREAMING

He made this bed you know,
crafted first from the aged olive,
then joined to its hoary brother –
its leaves still sing
of winds no longer blowing;
I feel it stir, murmur
in that phantom breeze
when I lie here, as if in your arms
my husband, my beloved, my lover,
waiting for the first light
to ambush me, waiting...

I hear your voice sigh
out of the deep ocean, and sink
with it, down to where you hide,
an apparition spun out of leaves,
silvered bark and light, gnarled
and twisted as Old Man olive,
timeworn, shifting to every wind,
forever slipping away
from my outstretched arms,
my eager touch,
elusive as leaf shadow, dappled
chimaera of heart's longing.

STAR MAN

Long way out.
Long way.

Just me
and the blue disc of earth,
floating against black...

Never have much to say
when I'm down there –
always too many folk
ready to tell me
how it must *feel*
being up here.

Let 'em talk, I think.

If they *knew*
you'd see it in their eyes:
the aloneness wrapped
around their teeming millions
– billions now –
their going to work and
going home, putting out rubbish,
watching the jabber
on TV...

Aloneness, yeah,
just that one blue dot
in the centre of black
on more black
with a billion pinpricks
gleaming through...

You can't count 'em, the stars
– you'd go crazy if you even tried –
though I do sometimes
when there's nothing better to do...
count until my mind's cold
as the vacuum outside
this tinfoil they call a hull –
and wonder.

Yeah, there's a lot of time
for that, the wonder...

CRIME SCENE

I see the bodies on the bed
The eyes are staring at the sky
There's nothing that we could have said
There's nothing that we could have tried
The crime scene doesn't yield a clue
It's just a phase we're going through

They say that wisdom comes with age
Our bodies make us insecure
I don't know why we're so clichéd
The killer's walking out the door
The lighting goes from black to blue
It's just a phase we're going through

I've been the one who waits and waits
I've been in pain beyond repair
The ambulance accelerates
I guess that's why I need to stare
I think I'm something you outgrew
I'm just a phase you're going through

The prison bars are made of smoke
The murderer begins to run
I hear the gasping in his throat
He tells me that we're having fun
I'm hurting like you want me to
It's just a phase I'm going through

I wonder who you're seeing now
I wonder who's been hanging round
You promised you would show me how
To soar beyond the speed of sound
But I'm just a bird that never flew
Just a phase you're going through

CEDARS

It's time

to fly,
to fly,

it's time
I love the altitude, below me,
a golden, cartography,

So I, obscure the national front, I say
in a play station me high...
way

easy now,
so easy,
easy, like summer,
easy like sun
easy like summer, all in blue and gold.

If a breeze plays,
I might go over there,

Now I
see planes,
see planes,
fly,

Now I
I'm in a regiment I don't know, I
I know,
I'm not dressed for this.

Here comes the queen,
all in gold and green

Now is the day, to play, and I, fly.

In Summer
bees come
through sky and eyelid

So easy now
so easy,
so easy now
 If it stays like this
I might go over to the cedars,

I might go over
 to the fields... and over

REVENANT

Time's called.
The tables wiped and the windows latched
and the cellar trap door closed and bolted.
He lies still in his bed.
Headlights from passing cars arc across the wall.

Time's called.
He walks on the stair and does not feel
stair underfoot.
He waits by the fireplace in the function room.
He waits and he waits for what?

Time's called.
Upstairs he finds a party, all talk
hushed whispers at the oak panelled door
as if a reading or recital is about to begin.
He turns to talk as streamers and balloons fall.

Time's called.
There's only a girl with braided hair
and her back to the window pulley. Then nothing.
What was the question he wanted to ask?
Where is your mother? Where's sleep?

Time's called.
He hears laughter downstairs in the snug bar.
A match struck and the tinkle of glasses
after closing. Outside the weather
improves. The wind drops. A woman's
laughter falls between shadows.

Time's called.
He is not quite nothing, his memories
housed in frames. He flickers
like a daguerreotype in an old man's dream.
The party downstairs is over.
He is not yet ready to leave.

From SCENES FROM CHILDHOOD

The Poet Speaks

My son, my daughter
alone by the sea
run, run to the end
of what they are.

Nearby, I shiver
in the wet sand,
the sun also
at its nadir.

The cold wind blows
Hard on my head.
I run, run to
The beginning

Of what I am.
I raise up my eyes.
The lowly sun
Has disappeared.

This place is called
The headland.

From ZIGZAG

2) Zigzag

The best writers are
the best readers. Writing
is the most intense
reading of the world.

It teaches us to tell
truthfulness from truth.
Our life is lived in zigzag
or concentrically.

It is not lived as story
but told to ourselves
as story, therefore
the text of the story

can be linear
when written, although
you must be aware
of the logical fallacy

known as “post hoc
ergo propter hoc”.
You’re the main character,
a fictional construct

and your text has to live
as writing, that is,
in language. Only then
can it be trusted,

despite its display
of feeling, its mask
of candour. As you go
along, you are making

sense of your self,
not describing a known
quantity like
an I (or a thou).

In this very making,
In this very sense,
the self is the world-
history of your soul:

it is what is told.
This is telling.
Make sure an errata
slip is inserted

but even the careless
can tell us a truth
about what it is
to be human. Therefore

why not write fiction
instead of the other?
Later, we shall
return to this question

for truth is non-causal
or multi-causal;
truth is provisional:
performative, cognitive.

4) *Innocent of all Charges*

Use prose as a matrix
for poems, or use
poems as a matrix
for prose. Who am I

to write the self
if the self is
a coalition of
mini-selves or

sub-personalities?
Sure, the identity
of the self is
narrational and

the sun also rises,
our daily bread.
This too is a story.
You don't have to be

wake-minded to know
we do not possess
an ultimate self,
a self that is master

and yet, all the same,
of the self one can say
it's the whole thing *there*,
for objectivists are not

(as I once wrote in error)
metaphysical.
Let us not mock
the post-modernist for

discovering that she
or he runs on the fuel
of selfhood if
at stake is a pension

or court-room verdict.
We are, are we not,
our stories, are spoken
by a character

actor. The self is
a palimpsest. Writing
leads to thought and
memories; memories

and thought do not lead
to writing, not in
that way of course!
Once in a while

we ask ourselves what
the writer left out.
For the most part
we don't mind. What we

have to go on
goes on in language
for fiction can only
privilege what's virtual.

It's not (yet) a crime
to think about a crime.
Facts are events
under description.

The imagination is
innocent of
all charges. We are
haunted by the lives

our parents did not
lead. And what of
the stories of all,
for whatever reason,

lacking a voice?
These beg to be told —
we trust that the tellers
do their inventing

only in language —
while autobiography
speaks the story
of the voice that is heard

telling a story
reborn, re-remembered
in life on the page,
enchanted by virtual

accuracy.
Yes, “it is the life”
as we don’t say
in English.

5) *Not in front of the Children*

This we discovered
late in the day:
“Straight” facts are not
the name of the game

in fiction. Fit out
your wholly invented
characters with
true details taken

from real people:
mix and match, trick or treat,
and, some would say,
on with the motley,

invent the whole lot.
But nothing will work
unless you confront
fear and shame: which is not

to say fiction is
an exercise in
morbidity or
Narcissus on screen.

This does not imply
that writing is psycho-
therapy in
the guise of another

discourse, cross-dressed.
In fiction, kill off
other selves, other others.
The real: project

as desire, desire
project as the real.
Is it true that forbidden
feelings are better

dealt with in music?
If that is the case
do not write about
("in front of") the children

if you have any sense:
no poem or story
is worth it. *Nicht wahr?*
Certain dark thoughts

shall remain in the darkness,
afloat in a sea
of self love, in a night
mirror, a foetus

safe in its mother's
belly. Remember
once the story is told,
it loses potential,

the virtual is gone
for good, as it were.
If poetry is
vertical then

fiction must be
horizontal. Between
memory and language
falls the structure.

SKYTRONIUM

almonds roll off
my tongue
I fall hopelessly
in love

with your hands
give me
your touch
a child's giggle

dipped in almond oil
the blue of your eyes
your palms
slipping over

my naked back
flips me
sideways
I land

upside down
in your skytronium

slip into my glove
compartment
taste my almonds

WHEN HE SAID

I
remember
when
he
told
me
my
face
was
different
every
day
and
in
that
moment
I
thought
he
knew
how
afraid
I
was
of
the
end
of
our
togetherness
how
strong
I
tried

to
make
us
every
day
and
then
he
kissed
me
as
if
to
say
he
was sorry
he
still
loved
me
and
another
day
came
like
a
victim
until
we
did
not
recognize
each
other
anymore

**From A VANISHED HAND:
MY AUTOGRAPH ALBUM**

A cricket scorecard pasted into my album, which I have successfully unpasted to read the reverse side, is rich with possibility, although I no longer remember whom I went with to the second day of the final Ashes test of 1956, held at the Oval. Doubtless I did not go to the Lord's Test because, unlike the Oval, it was in term time. Possibly my companion was Paul Rochman, definitely not Michael Pinto-Duschinsky who had a skin condition preventing him from being in the sun. I wonder if the former Prime Minister, John Major, later president of Surrey, was there as a schoolboy. Born in March 1943, he is six months younger than me. Evidently Major and I look or looked alike because, while he was Prime Minister, I was quite often stopped in the street: "Are you the Prime Minister?", asked some schoolboys. "Would I be walking around North Finchley in a tracksuit if I was John Major?" My nearest and dearest could not see it, but I could, and all those strangers thought so too. Vox populi, or what. The cricket gave me an excuse to write to him about our physical resemblance. I told him about the schoolboys, enclosed a photograph of me, and also a photocopy of the scorecard. Eventually a reply came from his Chief of Staff, Arabella Warburton: John Major did attend the Test match on the first day, when Compton played his last Test innings. There was no comment from him on the alleged likeness and she herself saw none.

Hugh Tayfield and Crawford White, the two signatures on my scorecard: my old Cambridge friend John Barrell did not need the following explanation when I consulted him, though non cricket fans or cricket non fans among my readers should be informed that Hugh Tayfield was a famous and distinguished South African off-spin bowler. All the same, I am not sure that it wasn't Crawford White whom I recognised first. He was the cricket correspondent of the now defunct *News Chronicle* which we took at home along with the *Times* and it is possible his photograph was printed alongside his by-line. According to the *Guardian* obituary of White in 2000, "his most difficult job was ghosting Denis Compton's column". The previous Test at Old Trafford saw Laker take nineteen wickets (eat your heart out, rival Tayfield), a unique record to this day. I consulted John because I wasn't sure if I attended the Oval on the first or second day, and accuracy, as in left arm spin bowling, is of the essence. At first I thought that I picked up the scorecard — which shows England all out for 247 and Australia 13 for three wickets — at the end of play on the first day but John Barrell writes, consulting his memory and

the 1957 *Wisden* which he owns: “if memory serves, Compton was out for 94 after six o’clock on the first day, and, in failing light, May decided to send in Lock as night-watchman. But he was out first ball to Archer, and so Washbrook had to come in. He averted the hat-trick but fell before the close, also to Archer; Evans immediately fell to Miller, and England ended the day at 223 for 7, having been 222-3 half an hour before.” The score on my card suggests that the printers on the ground were late in bringing it out on the second morning or, less likely, brought out a second edition quickly. I seem to remember we had our own cricket books on whose blank templates we could keep score, but mine have not survived the passing of time.

Cyril Washbrook was aged forty-one and was one of the England selectors. The first four England batsmen on the scorecard are listed as P.E. Richardson, M.C. Cowdrey, Rev. D.S. Shepherd and P.B.H. May. The rest of the England team was Compton, D.C.S., Lock, G.A.R., Evans, T.G. (keeping wicket of course), Laker, J.C., Tyson, F.H., and Statham, J.B. Note the initials: the first four England players were amateurs (“gentlemen”), the last seven professionals (“Players”) and the convention, which I touched on earlier in respect of John Warr, was to identify them by the position of their initials. On the other hand the entire Australian team have their initials first. John Barrell explains: “all the Australians were adjudged to be amateurs in those days. If memory serves, and it does, there were only five teams in the Sheffield Shield at that time, too few to justify their paying professionals, and they played only over long weekends, but not on Sundays.” The match was eventually drawn. England won the rubber and the Ashes. Barrell very kindly scanned the *Wisden* match report for me. The scorecard cost me three old pence, has its own individual number 171011 (or is that the number of the edition?) and an advertisement for “Shell with I.C.A.”: “Only Shell has both high octane and I.C.A”. I emailed Shell’s customer service to find out what I.C.A. stands for and received no reply. Perhaps they think I am an anti-pollution activist. Odd how John Barrell was the only person I could turn to, given that a few weeks earlier I asked him if he could tell me the name of the anonymous author of an 1816 article in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Anthony Rudolf

(*Coda*: A recent obituary of the Middlesex off-spinner Fred Titmus refers to a loudspeaker announcement at Lord’s concerning the scorecard: “For F.J. Titmus please read Titmus F.J.”. Apart from calypsos, the only song that I know of which refers to cricket is on an album called *Back in the DHSS*, made by the Indie group Half Man Half Biscuit, “Fuckin’ ’ell, it’s Fred Titmus”. Sadly, unlike the lead singer, I never met him to obtain his autograph).

Notes on Contributors

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GRAHAM LINDSAY is living in Essex, writing and working part-time.

BILL MANHIRE lives in Wellington and teaches at Victoria University. 'Crime Scene' was written for Norman Meehan to set to music, post their *Buddhist Rain* collaboration. Try humming it.

GENEVIEVE McCLEAN emerged as a poet in the early nineties in Auckland, and subsequently her work has developed to uphold experimental performance, improvisation, and sound-poetry, and has been heard all over the country and in a few others.

HARVEY MOLLOY is a Wellington poet and teacher. He is currently working on his second book of poems.

ANTHONY RUDOLF, born in London in 1942, is a poet, translator, autobiographer, literary and art critic, and publisher. He visits New Zealand once a year to see his grandson and family.

ILA SELWYN was an MC for four years at Poetry Live in Auckland and left to run *rhythm & verse*, a mix of poetry and music, which is in its third year at Lopdell House in Titirangi.

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