



Cover

Earl of Seacliff Christmas Surprise

Featuring new works by:

Michael O'Leary (Godfather, Editor in Chief)
Brian E. Turner (Technical Editor)
Mark Pirie (Friend of the Family)
Niel Wright (Friend of the Family)

**Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop
Paekakariki
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Michael O'Leary, Brian E Turner, Mark Pirie,
Niel Wright

The cover shows a work entitled 'What a scream' from the Earl of Seacliff's exhibition 'A Helen Clark Retrospective' held in 2002 at One Eye Gallery, Paekakariki. The Earl is seen holding an original Edward Munch painting signed by Helen Clark. The photograph appears courtesy of the Dominion newspaper.

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Number51..... of fifty

*You may be a boy and you may be a girl
You may be bald or you may have a curl
You may dance a jig, waltz, or do a twirl
But wherever you are in the world
Its Christmas Surprise from the Earl*

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Michael O'Leary

Night of the Morepork (From work in progress:)

My memory may be unreliable, but if I remember rightly . . . the train of Janet Frame wound its way on Saint Valentine's Day around the southern hills through Parimoana towards Oamaru like previous savage journeys from the cradle to the grave! The enemy within is about to make its final assault, it has captured your bowel and established its position on the peninsular of your liver, the cancerous shock-troops are preparing for the next invasion. Beware of falling debris after the storm at the beautiful place we lived in. Seacliff seems a world away now, even though I carry it with me wherever I roam, but I remember the Slow Train Coming and you eulogised that, my virtues. Well, old Comrade it looks like that train will be stopping to pick you up soon, in fact I can almost hear its lonesome whistle blowing, up around the bend, coming through the Cliff's Tunnel above Blueskin Bay . . . and we are all beginning to fall.

Towards and beyond Kapiti my eyes are straight to the horizon and he stands suddenly beside me. He gives me a distant, yet easy blessing. The beach towel over my shoulder becomes his korowai as a koha. So, the great man who haunts this coast has visited me in friendship and aroha, and when I look away, he is gone but I will not cease, I will Not Fade Away because I was gonna tell ya how it was gonna be . . . she was gonna give her love to me . . . now she is gone, I feel I might just fade away into the nothingness whence I came for without her . . . I am no longer tied to papa, no longer earthed, rooted, fixed. And the juices she invoked no longer flow. I am light and dried up so the wind will blow me away, Aue! Aue! Aue! Every time my uncle came and touched me 'down there' when I was young I turned again into a girl and went looking for her ancestors. And somebody spoke and she went into a dream . . . the man himself, cork in hand, in the way of his incestors PISSIN' it up again' ta wall, agin it all here he is now moving to the left, moving to the right, moving through that dark soul of the night . . .

**James Brown Writes it Down: just goes to
show a blue man can sing the whites**
*(Music Legends the Blues Brothers Sequel 20
years ago to . . . Get Up, Get On Down!)*

Get up, get on up!!!
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do do
Get up, get on up!!!
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do do
Get up, get on up!!!
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do do
Get up, get on up!!!
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do do

Get on the scene
Like a six MacSheen (Jimmy)
Get on the scene
Deus ex-machine

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
I feel it comin' on again . . .
(time to write a pome)

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

A poem is an' or gasm
An' I just gotta write it down

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

My hand's havin' a spasm
An' I just gotta write it down. Somebody help
me, yau'll . . .

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

I'm V1 and V2 Schnieder
Such a Low German earnest name like Ida

Get up, get on up!!!
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do doodle bug
Get up, get on up!!!
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do doodle bug
Get up, get on up!!!
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do doodle bug
Get up, get on up!!! (As my ole daddy said 'I'm
as happy as a dog with two doodles')
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do doodle bug

Let's get obscene, you know what I mean
I'm a man who's abreast of the scene
A French kiss means a 'non en-titty'
'He's just a lad in Seine'
Suck and suck, OOOHHHH my little kitty
I can say what I like, I'm so pretty (you're
so pretty)
The State House Rent Boy on the other side
of the city
Coefficients of penetration (Another sneer
at the realists.)
Play rummy with your Weltinnerraum (If it
still exists.)

Get up, get on up!!! Doodle, doodle, doodle
do do doo Doodle, doodle, doodle do doo
Get up, get on up!!! Doodle, doodle, doodle
do do doo Doodle, doodle, doodle do doo
Doodle, doodle, doodle do do doo Doodle,
doodle, doodle do doo (funky fade-out) . . .

Brian E Turner

reflexions 1

the end of the beginning is not of
narcissus the beginning of the finish
or otherwise reversed or retarded or
visceral versa and whether the circu-
larity has one or another is a matter
of debate for the circle has a scenter
which nose the difference between
the middle and the outside and so is
measured by a pear of callipers
whether beheld by mighty wind-
blown-bearded man in clouds of
thunder or otherwise so consider
that the snake consumes its tale and
hence the story continues forever
and on without increasing or de-
creasing or otherwise and as a result
resumes at the beginning of the end

reflexions 2

at the moment of reflexion from the
calm and unruffled perfect silver
mirrored surface the light returns
from source to source for decay
shall bloom and wither goeth or
wither cometh or whither rank or
parsomionious as dust goes to ashes
and ashes go to dust we determine
that what is given is taken and as the
measure of one is taken the measure
of the other is given and hence all is
in balance and the light returns by
reflexion from the silver mirrored
surface back to whence it came

reflexions 3

it be so that a surd numeral as defines rational conception is deified as being divisible by remainder without leaving sufficient quota and oftentimes commencing in the middle or thereabouts the locus describes a prescribed location whether imaginary virtual or actual before being inscribed with inevitable certainty and supplied with a prescription which is in no way proscribed whether required by logic or not and having begun at the commencement the direction of the line proceeds in a orderly fashion from the preceding procedure until meeting the final conclusion forming a figure which may be circular elliptical rhomboidal irregular or not whatever the case may be

His Exegamination of Poelemtics as Addressed to the Audience

One should beware that one should deliver a logical exegamination to please the acacopopleptics and endear creativity to the insensate sensual sapiens and embalm thought in the mould of the slippery surface of the shape of the world.

The conventional cast of thought lies on the skin creating a logical construesion bisected by the fin-triangular, diametrically supposing the choppy waves on the silver, on the silver top, for therein belies the inevitable incarceration of the ineluctable modality of the invisible.

The current lacklustre performance of the prevalent artistic theories can be put down to the etiolated visages of the personnel involved and to no other reason, for without sufficient illumination there can be no light and hence a general lack of effulgence will pervade and as a result this enervating attempt at innovation is bound to have disastrous consequences.

In the pursuance of our final conclusion we must pass through various trials and tribulations, highs and lows, plusses and minuses, wives and mistresses, cakes and ale, drains and swills, all praise be, for the piece that passeth shall come to pass and we shall on to our final consolation, so be it, and in reclusion let me reiterate that when I have finished there shall be no more, but do not get up and leave just yet for the recension is yet to come, as it shall be evermore, words without end, for our coming up and our going down are the same sun and we are unapprehensive about the former but not so about the latter and when we see that blazing glow of the noonday there shall be no hereafter, or there may be one according to the referee's decision, which is certain to be biased in favour of the home team, so help me dog.

That is all.

Mark Pirie

Images From a Coffee Shop

For Tony

That man, lying on the park bench.
I think he needs haircut. But that's the least

of his worries. Why doesn't he have one, even so?
Yes, a woman says, get his hair done like us.

The clothes, too. Are they, do you think, 'befitting'
a person of 'his age'? No. The lady beside me
doesn't think so.

The sun is hot today, she says. Why doesn't he
come inside
and take off his jacket? Does he really like his
bench?

Do you think he has friends?
If he does come inside, he will be more like us,
she says.

Oh, someone, please don't cut his hair, I want her
to say!
The bench has already grown in appeal.

James

"yeah, is that you?
is James about?"
"I think you've got
the wrong number." *"aw, sorry!"*

could happen to anyone
it happened to *me*
on a Friday morning
at 5 a.m., right before work

is James about?
and who is 'James'?
a poet, a singer
your friend, a rugby player?

take your pick
somewhere 'James' is about
out and about
at 5 a.m. on a Friday!

who knows what he's doin'
who knows who he's seein'
who knows who he's hurtin'
who knows why he's not sleepin'

but, I'll tell you this much,
at 5 a.m., on a Friday,
right before work,
the 'dude' won't ever be *here*.

Note to the Poet Who Never Entered

I think I've
said this before:

"The Judge's decision
is always final,
and as you'll be aware
no correspondence
shall be entered into."

SALT BREEZE

(For Andrew Fagan)

Out past Evan's Bay
the salt breeze follows us
through the Kilbirnie streets
out towards Lyall Bay.

'Smell the salt air,'
you keep saying.

Thinking back
I remembered as a young poet
how I once tried
to use your salt rhythms

instilling your sea breeze
in my words.
Now, older, I catch my own winds
hoist my own sails

set my own course,
always remembering the way
to steer the rudder
first came from you.

Burnshaw

Another day expires,
another poet dies:

Stanley Burnshaw,
a man who once
quarrelled (famously)
with Stevens.

Friend to Frost
and his biographer
but best known,
we are told,
in the obituary,
for his critical prose
than for his poetry.

Such is the fate
of those in this
game of climes.

I remember too one
who left Lyttelton,
hoping to make it big:
like so many others,
their sonnets and rhymes
released to the vagaries of Time.

Niel Wright

THE DREAM V

Decades ago I dreamed a dream
Of buildings marching up the Terrace,
Multi storied in the extreme.
Decades ago I dreamed a dream
Now true; where vehicles and people stream.
Most canyon like of city streets,
With rays low down its whole length straight
The morning sun still penetrates.
It was the worst of terrors.
Decades ago I dreamed a dream
Of buildings marching up the Terrace.

BASSE UPDATE

Under an unnamed grave
And verse paragraph ;
Four centuries has Shakespeare lain ;
Still unmolested but alone ;

With butcher like to sight,
Wall high early on site
A carved marble half bust
And plaque of highest boast.

A knot garden manures
The space ; where twenty years
Lived ; at least holidayed
Shakespeare ; and where he died.

AMOURS DE VOYAGE

Let me depict as my last duchess
The classic Sweede,
Too formidably hard and sweet
For painterly touches.
Just one communicative smile
Acknowledged a few signals small.

By candlelight a woman's looks
Improve by years and years ;
As manners with the taste agree ;
And appetite sees ; what it likes :
Blonde hair instead of grey.
By candlelight a woman's looks
Acquire the glamour ; woman lacks,
Mature in manner staid in style
By daylight ; notwithstanding still
In undraped thigh ; and covered
bust ;
Her body passes for robust.
Such was the case with yours.
By candlelight a woman's looks
Improve by years and years.

MARE NOSTRUM

Ours is the oldest ocean,
The biggest ; though decreasing ;
A wonder of creation.

Ours is the oldest ocean :
A place of recreation ;
Rent by subductory creasing.

Here trade and travel routes criss cross.

Ours is the oldest ocean,
The biggest ; though decreasing.

The southern ocean circulates
The weather of the world
About a landmass oculte.
The southern ocean circulates
In systems hard : to calculate ;
Air streams together whirled ;
Currents together swirled.
The southern ocean circulates
The weather of the world.

SINCE 1885

At desolation dogma made ;
Reason obeying ;
There gurus sink into despair.
Here prophets of an age go mad
At desolation ; dogma made.
Witnesses to a novel mode
Of human being :
Lie dead the streetwise pair.
At desolation dogma made ;
Reason obeying ;
There gurus sink into despair.

From ancient sands and ancient jars
Old texts have come to light in volume ;
With novelty that stirs ; and jars.

From ancient sands and ancient jars
Ascend angels and messengers :
A dark age to enlighten.

From ancient sands and ancient jars
Old texts have come to light in volume.