

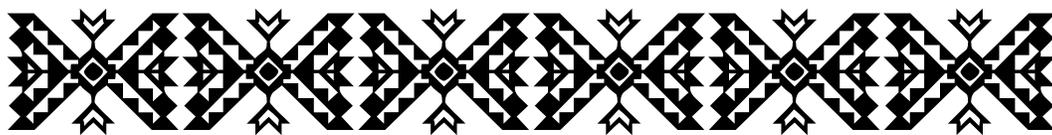


Atārangi Whenua – Shadow Land

Poems of the exhibition

Doug Poole & Penny Howard

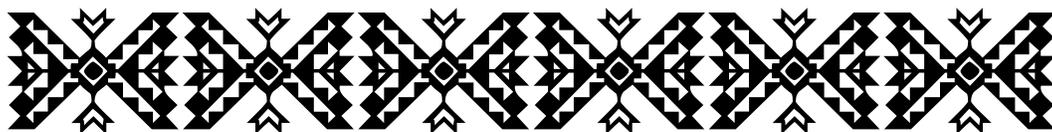




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Doug Poole & Penny Howard



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Introduction



Kia Ora, Talofa Lava, Welcome indeed,

Penny Howard and Doug Poole first collaborated for the inaugural “Metonymy Project” in 2008, which joined selected Visual Artists with Poets. The project ran for 6 weeks, the only brief being for the visual artist and poet to work together in creating a piece of art.

Penny invited Doug to view her exhibition “*Souvenirs from my Monkey Mind*”, at Letham Gallery in Ponsonby, Auckland. This meeting introduced Doug to Penny’s art and the Buddhist teaching of the “monkey mind”. Doug responded to Penny’s art producing a poetic work he entitled “P I C T U R E C A R D S”, endeavoring to create cinematic stanza’s the “monkey mind” can explore and discard for the next. Penny responded to Doug’s poetry, creating a series of 12 paintings incorporating her own dialogues throughout the work. The connection to family ever present, Penny included her daughter Sybella, son Finn, and Doug’s daughter Waipapa in the work. Families are of importance within Penny’s art, as are the flora and fauna that live within it.

The work produced became “*Atārangi Ahau – Shadow Me*”, the collaboration was highly commended and shared first equal as the best collaborative project of *Metonymy*. Judged by an esteemed panel of judges, who were John Pule, Evan Woodruffe, Simona Albanese, CK Stead, Genevieve McClean.

The work “*Atārangi Ahau – Shadow Me*”, was purchased by Dr Renee Liang and generously donated to the *Waitakere City Council*, and is on display on the first floor of the Waitakere City Council building.

This second collaboration “*Atārangi Whenua*” continues the dialogue and creative process employed in the first collaboration. The concept, a conversation, a meeting of two cultures, became a meeting of many, Maori, Samoan, Irish, Scottish, & English.

The works produced both poetic and visually are an expression of two different artist's dialogue of finding ones cultural identity. A dialogue of Whanau/ Aiga, Whakapapa/ Gata are expanded in this second collaboration "*Atāurangi Whenua*". The works are a voyage in the Va and follow a continuum of time. Commencing from an unknown date somewhere early in the history of the pacific and pulling forward into the present time.

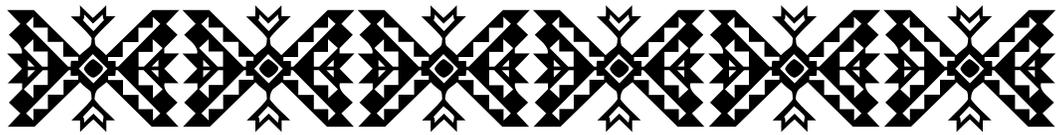
Penny and Doug's dialogues explore the loss and longing for ancestors and grandparents. Explore family histories of each artist discussing early ancestors, effects of the pacific Diasporas, colonisation, a murder ballad and lament the war in Samoa of 1899. The series of painting and poems trace very personal memories for each artist and attempts, metaphysically, to reconnect the past to the future.

Penny Howard is a qualified and experienced arts practitioner in fine arts, her technique of painting on cut out silhouettes is innovative. Penny places images on metaphoric silhouettes. Folds within the "Va" (the spaces between us all) to launch from. Recreating the emotive forces of memory & reality; metaphor & motion.

Doug Poole's poetry speak of his "place to stand", his Aiga and his unique view of "Afakasi Culture". Being labeled an "Afakasi" (half caste) his journey is to validate the stories and deep love for all things Samoan. Doug's poetry uses a mix of poetic and prosaic form to tell his unique stories.

Penny Howard would like to acknowledge, Chief Moka Te Kainga-Mataa, Marea Kuri Te Wao Moka, Tom Cassidy, Molly Hewitt, and very special thanks to Barry, Sybella, Finn. Special thanks to Brad and Karina.

Doug Poole would like to acknowledge, Peter Christian Ulberg , Edwina Ulberg- Stowers- Poole, Sogafai Ulberg, Henry Ulberg, Peter Ulberg, Caroline Ulberg and Albert Fries. Very special thanks to Anja, Jarah, Waipapa, Parone. Penny & Doug would like to acknowledge the support from Kathryn Tsui & the team at Artstation Gallery, Sandy-Lee Bell & team at APT Gallery & Okai Oceanikart Gallery, Marilyn Kohlhase, Bridget Marsh and Jen Fuamana & Brent Kerehona.



Poetic Works



A pacific conversation of ancient remembering

Atārangi Whenua - Shadow Land

Ahiahi, sundown

The hanging-up of weapons and transformation to Taonga

Change, shape shifting, slippage, stutter,

The space between

This is the space of dreaming, nightmares, pouliuli,

Te po roa (the long night)

Anchor and drift - haiku and tere

Rest and restless

The monkey mind

The surfacing of past and mingling of future

Shapes in the shadows

Portals for Va and Ma

Bloodlines

Loss and longing, a grandmother's wisdom

Pre-dawn promise

The first gulls cry

Follow the red thread...

Penny Howard

Manu Tukutuku o Tangaroa

It is *te po rua* - the long night
Tangaroa takes his message to Ranginui
he will visit his father, rising as Hinewai's mist
On the wings of Manu Tukutuku

Inga wa o mua, we must remember
We must teach our tamariki
It is the past which will guide our future

Gather up the bloodlines
Fight for them, as gulls would
Reclaim them, pull them from
the dark recesses, our bones, our teeth

As dawn alights internal middens
quietly wait to be transformed into Taonga

Waka Tipuna

He stood,
ranting in the living room
they were having one of their white minded debates
'why should Maori kids get all these grants,
and especially these ones that are 1/16th,
they are so watered down"

and I sat there 1/16th
watered down
but feeling my great, great grandmothers anger
welling in my chest

send me my Waka Taua

I felt it as a kid
before I even knew my history
I had chosen my mountain
Pataua Mountain
an ancient Pa with magical places
and cold dark Tapu ones
that chilled my bones

It watched over me as I grew
we sat under it in the dingy
and fished for sprats
I felt it breathing, it cried when I did
its cicadas sung for me

send me my orange dinghy

I applied for the grant
to go to art school
at the office I naively explained
we lost our link
my nana died when I was born
I know, but can't prove where I'm from

they smirked at me
freckled and looking more Irish
I wanted to send in my brother
he has the brown skin
doesn't look as watered down as me

I paid off my student loan 10 years later

send me my Whakaponotanga

When I was lost in the big city
I went to Goldie's room in the gallery
Ena Te Papatahi and I have a connection
she draws me in
it's with her image I sat
and sought solace
I thought maybe she is my Tipuna

I took Barry there when we met
a test
he picked out my painting straight away
this is the man for me I thought

send me my Waka Marena

The judges notes said

Maraea Katiti was a good woman

but it was not a good idea to get her angry

'she was a naughty woman,

she killed her husband'

Katiti became Cassidy

Watered down

Watered down

Watered down

send me my Waka Tipuna

**Penny Howard
& Doug Poole**

Moka

I

Sound the Putatara
my bloodlines carry me tonight

My Mother Te Auparo
My sister Te Karehu

Grief lies in the barrel of a musket
silver tears for you

I will rain them hot and heavy

tiaha, toki, mere
hold more Mana than you deserve

I hide in Hinewai's mist
Ahi Ahi

a bonfire in my chest

a Kotare I attack
fearless and sudden

II

I watch the enemy
Breathe, sleep, pray

Fortify their hearts fertile ground
bones hung from spiritual trees

Utu breathes like soil, blood, skin
why fear immortality; fear mine.

You have become mine
You are not my people: Tangata Whenua

Foraging, evading, exploiting
Quiver little sparrow,

mine is utu; mine is near

Moka's Utu

I

Sound the Putatara
Bloodlines carry me tonight
My Mother Te Auparo
My Sister Te Karehu
Grief lies in the barrel of a musket;
silver tears for you
I will rain them hot and heavy
tiaha, toki, mere
hold more Mana than you deserve
I hide in Hinewai's mist
Ahi Ahi
a bonfire in my chest
a Kotare I shall attack
fearless and sudden

II

Watch the enemy
breathe & pray to
fortify their hearts
Anger is the fertile
ground beneath
the hanging tree
Utu breathes within
Soil & blood & skin
So my enemies, why fear
Immortality; fear mine

You, who are not my people
Quiver little sparrows
For I am the Kotare &
mine is utu; mine is near

III

Taua!
take the musket
take the powder
tonight we launch
the waka taua
at dawn we strike

Hear the warriors breath

He haa - Ha haa-
He haa- Ha haa-

Taua!
Gnash your teeth
Roll your eyeballs
We attack on the last
of dawns chorus
& have our revenge

Hear the warrior's breath

He haa - Ha haa-
He haa- Ha haa-

IV

Treaty me this, treaty me that
what is a people, without sovereignty

Here is my musket, powder

Treaty me this, treaty me that
what is an iwi without land

Here is my order, here is my power

Treaty me this, treaty me that
what is a man without limits

Here is my fury, here is my answer

V

Waitangi, February 5th 1840

Moka stated:

Let the Governor return to his own country:

Let us remain as we were.

Do not say, the lands will be returned.

Who will listen to thee, O Governor?

Who will obey thee?

Who indeed? Where were *Baker, Clendon, Mair*

Buying Maori land in spite of Hobson's Proclamation?

Hobson stated:

*All lands unjustly held would be returned; & all claims to lands
However purchased, after the date of proclamation, would not
Be held as lawful.*

Moka replied:

*That is good O governor, That is straight. But let me see?
Where is Baker, where is the fellow?
Ah, there he is—there standing!
Come, return to me my lands.*

Baker spat:

Will it indeed return?

The Treaty of Waitangi is worth nothing
& Moka signed nothing in return.

Moka replied to Baker & Hobson:

*There! Yes, that is as I said.
No, no, no; all false, all false alike.
The lands will not return to me*

Today the voice of Moka Te Kainga-Mataa resounds within the living distance to the
past

Let my lands be returned to me -- all of them --

Kowhai

I see you in the yellow room
watching birds
listening for your old red Toyota
well set up for kids
with ball bearing puzzles
and silver tin of lollies

I arrive to your outstretched arms
hungry for conversation
escape from your deep grief

The seemingly impossible happened
your other half departed first

So we talk about
fashion in the big city
and art
and Smith and Caugheys

On the day of your farewell
a fantail came knocking on that window
I knew it was you
on the other side

Penny Howard
& Doug Poole

Molly's Tide

You float on 21 wishbones
arthritis caught in a sprat bottle
you float on by delirious
the swift current yours alone
& snorkeled shrieks of joy

Was our job to tell you
your going past the bridge!
as sore & heavy limbs
pulled against the drag

You told us of a big Parori
schooling sprats; a smile
young & wide; whilst Granddad
minced with Beatrice inside

Returning in April the
sand shifting under foot
each displaced grain the
pull of Molly's tide

Did you see me? My beautiful
children; Sybella, your namesake
Finn, has your twinkle. Did you see?
We left sunflowers on the tide

Molly's Tide 2

Molly's towel swoops the tide
Penny Pops the apple of her eye
Scuba masked & snorkeled takes
a lungful of Grandmother's pride
Dad's steady bone knife hand
flattens, shucking pipi's & cockles

alive alive aue, alive alive aue

Penny Pop's a little sparrow
forages the shore for bones
& teeth taonga, a necklace
strewn by Tangaroa. Mangrove
seeds from the estuary, memory
& sand; mortar of *Molly's* history

Molly's Tide 3

The Piwakawaka's haka
is no portent or superstition
for you would curse a staunch
defender, who with the owl
took to sea birds,
kahore.

hiwaiwaka, tirairaka, tiwakawaka

Aue, restless little bird
envoy, guardian, matriarch
vanity perhaps, rather
playful reflections the
window merely the
Piwakawaka's distraction

Molly's tide 4

White horse
bring me luck
white horse

And weel may the keel row

Black dog
find the
black dog

And weel may the keel row

Fingers crossed
arthritic but
fingers crossed

And weel may the keel row

Pink elephant
we find a
pink elephant

Molly's Tide 5

Based on the traditional song "weel may the keel row"

As I came through Pataua,
Through Pataua, through Pataua,
As I came through Pataua,
I heard a lassie sing.

O, well may the dinghy row,
The dinghy row, the dinghy row,
O well may the dinghy row
my Lassie is in.

She wears a blue swimsuit,
Blue swimsuit, blue swimsuit,
she wears a blue swimsuit
A dimple in her chin.

& weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row
She splashes & sings.

Posala and Gogosina

Father is a high chief. He would
entertain the governor and us girls
would hula for them.

I am a Samoan Princess.

Tuaoloa and I would go by fautasi
to Savaii to visit Tuaillemafua
only I would go, none of my
sisters wanted to.

He slapped my face and told me to
shut my big mouth, I told him, you don't
know who you are talking to, & don't
you touch me.

I told him to stop pulling my hair
told him & told him over & over, so
I turned in my chair & slapped his face
hard. The manager sent me home.

When he asked me to take the cable car
to Tusitala's grave I said, no! He cried and
stomped his feet, so I said to him
Hey! You stop that.

Here he is, my Father Henry & Uncle Uti
buried on top. He was in his 90's when he
died. He would walk all over Devonport

waving Talofa to everyone.

My father was a Manager. Me and my Sisters would walk to Apia to see him at work, once we rode home in his buggy while all our cousins ran behind.

I am Gogo'sina, & you, my grandson are Posala, they don't know who we are & where we come from.

Posala and Gogosina 2

Gogo'sina, my love, save us from the light;
gospel of an arid land. Our stories live,
spiraling ever forward, ever back

Gogo'sina, my love, high on an updraft,
journey to the infinite pouliuli
Our religion collides with the light

Gogo'sina recite the story of my Aiga,
the high chief Tuaillemafua, the name
of the fine mat

Gogo'sina, on my death, will I be shrouded
in the fine mat, laid to rest upon Loto Fanua,
outlined with the black stone

Blow low notes, forever within my heart;
until we meet again in the children

Posala and Gogosina 3

There is a gecko in our room
it watches us every night so
I cover my underpants
with an ie lava lava, 'cause
you never know it could be
a relative or someone
we don't know
Gogo'sina says, it is
good luck to have her
I think to myself it looks
Like a boy, 'cause he just
stays there all night
hiding from the flying
fox who hangs upside
down outside our window

On the underside of a breadfruit
leaf is a white tree snail
listening to the flying fox
dream; memorizing the
genealogy escaping
as sleep talk, but
Gogo'sina says
it is just the breeze
coming in through
the window
The chickens sleep too &
I wonder if they know

we are leaving next week?

Gogo'sina says go to sleep

We're shopping in Apia tomorrow

Posala and Gogosina 4

Gogosina boards *Matua*
gogolo wind taunts
palagi treat you as a
high titled woman where
you are going?

Passing sailor
seems to whisper
lucky you have aiga
palagi don't let fale
to pacific islander.

The twin screws
unfurling wail
Posala awaits me
that is my dream,
I saw him by Hibiscus

& he saw me.

Posala and Gogosina 5

We sit together supping on tea, cake and chippies
you tell me I will go bald *like your father*, we laugh
so you tell more superstitions swept from
the kitchen floor. I close every draw, stamp on every knife
await a dark stranger at our door. We remind each other
we should have gone back to Apia one last time
it just makes us cry so you talk of happier times,
our hands spilling salt into Satan's eyes.
Ioe, we will laugh once more, walk Upolo's rosary shore.

He Manu Aroha Te Miromiro

I

Oh seven years hard labour
sent off in '22 for the
the life I knew gone for
theft of a fattened swine

Oh seven long years
in a demon land I knew
one day would leave
for a burgeoning colony

Oh seven years hard labour
now free of servitude
I take my leave, bid you
farewell aboard the chantey sea

Oh seven years hard labour
Has come to pass, my hands
are calloused & my brow
remains proud

Oh seven long years
No longer do I yearn
father & mother or lover
fear the death of thee

II

So she went on her steed
As swift as she could flee

Should he go, he is to come home to me

quiet *miromiro* who asked thee
scout, take thy leave from me

Oh will young hunting return?

She waited in the *pohutukawa*
beneath the darkest bough and braved

Young hunting another fairer than thee?

oh come to my hand & feed
I shall crush tūtae out of thee

oh what has become of thee my lover?

Trudging home drunk and weary
Beneath a dark bower she waits

oh where is young hunting?

was the last load upon her track
swore he shall never be seen

look by the river, look by the track

Oh foolish bird, he had it coming
damn *young hunting* to hell

Should he go, he is to return to me

III

She was plain to behold, to be sure
That lady of mine had a heart of gold
Though I was a drinker and philanderer
I loved my wife, loved my family

*The little ones growing strong and true
What harm can it be, no harm to you*

She was fiery when driven to a rage
Her passion glared as she spoke of the cage
I had placed her countenance and true
The other woman just something to do

*The little ones growing strong and true
What harm can it be, no harm to you*

She waited beneath the darkest bower
Beyond the muddy track in darkest hour
Blame her not, for it was mine,
I loved my wife, loved our time

IV

Haere takū miromiro

Look beyond the black
Bring me home my lover
Bring my lover back

Haere takū miromiro

Torotoro the muddy track
Bring me home my lover
Bring my lover back

V

Black veil tied
around her neck
solitary woman
by sodden track
she wails to the *miromiro*

*Swear you have been true to me
& I will take you back*

The eyes of *miromiro*
she decrees to follow
young hunting to town
& should she find
he is untrue will
lay her lover down

*Swear you have been true to me
& I will take you back*

miromiro is the love bird
so the saying goes
but love and death
are realms only
the women knows

*Swear you have been true to me
& I will take you back*

miromiro lit down on
young hunting

landed on his head
said: Tom you must return
or find your love is dead.

*Swear you have been true to me
& I will take you back*

if your love has been
untrue, a spade pulled
from the sward, will fall
upon her countenance
will fall upon you all

*Swear you have been true to me
& I will take you back*

The War of 1899

The following is written transcriptions of evidence given by Sogafai Ulberg, Henry Ulberg, Peter Ulberg, Caroline Ulberg & Albert fries. Interviews were conducted around the early 1900's.

I

When you went back what did you see?

The doors and windows were smashed, there was nothing in the house broken furniture lay around in the yard, all my clothes were gone. three sewing machines, one foot treadle two hand were gone I found only Broken chairs and boxes. They cut down a few coconut trees

When did you see the place after the war?

The end of may 1899. All the windows were broken, it was very dirty, not quite empty. There was a little broken furniture, lying around; the furniture was either gone or broken. Some of the posts were cut with knives. I didn't see any stock around.

Where did you live in march, 1899?

With my father in Tulaele. On march 15 1899 I heard cannons firing. I was working in the plantation & then came to the house. Toward the next day my mother, three younger brothers & sister started through the swamp for Sogi. They were afraid of the bombardment and the Mataafa warriors. All the doors and windows were gone. There was nothing we could use. All the green and ripe coconuts were gone. 100 fowls, a lot of pigs,

two breech loading guns one mine, one my brothers. All of our furniture was destroyed. I had to go to work to make more. All the cooking Utensils were smashed up or gone.

It is a long time ago and I don't remember.

II

Were you in Apia in March, April & May 1899?

I was a salesman for the German firm PG & DH; in charge of retail. That was the time of the hostilities between the combined forces of England & America & the Mataafa Party.

About when did hostilities start?

I think March 15th when the first bombardment started by the English and Americans. It continued for four or five weeks After the bombardment started; I was downtown and was Prohibited from going back to the place.

Did you remain on the place during the war?

About noon of that day my brother Henry sent my father and I out a note. When the note came my father & I were hiding under the river bank To keep out of the way of the shells. I had trouble to get my father to go; finally that same morning we came to town. A Chinese neighbor was going to town with a wagon I got him to take my father. I rode on horse back myself.

What did your mother and brothers take with them?

Nothing but what they had on. Because they were afraid, they did not know if they would make it through; father took nothing but what he wore. Because I had locked the house the Mataafa were all around, I knew If I unlocked it They would run in and steal. We had notice to leave at once and did not have time to get our horses, which were out in the fields.

Did you then return to your house?

We left as soon as the bombardment started; went to Sogi, Apia & stayed until the war was over. When we returned we saw just the empty house, the copra house was broken. Some of the posts were cut off and the floor smashed.

The big Samoan fale was burned down.

III

Do you know where his naturalization certificate is?

Lost in the war. It was in a little box which he left in the house, and the box was gone when the war stopped. He and his brother arrived in the states about the same time.

[The witness submits a paper, under the seal of William Churchill, United States Consul, Apia Jan 7th 1897.]

It is my certificate of registration as an American Citizen

What is your fathers name?

Peter Christian Ulberg; born in Norway
He died June 11th 1899. He lived in the states a while I think. He was an American up to the time of his death. Peter arrived in Samoa on a vessel, he stopped off & he remained.

What was your husbands name?

Peter C. Ulberg; he died just after the war of 1899.
We lived on my land in Tulaele.
A dwelling house (Papalagi), a copra house, kitchen & a large Samoan house.
Tables chairs, don't remember how many; one big mirror, two big clocks & lots of other things. Three bedsteads, boxes of clothes, wash stands; some fine mats, but only two were taken.
It was all lying about broken and destroyed, so was the crockery

No, I don't remember any more.

IV

When did you leave your fathers house during the war?

The next day after the bombardment I went to see
The American officer in charge of the land forces, Lansdale
by name & told him my parents & brothers & sisters were out at
our place, which was in the midst of the bombardment, & he
gave me permission to go out & bring them to town.

On that morning my mother and youngest sister had come to town,
with nothing but the clothes they wore. I then sent my brother Olaf out to
bring my father and brother Peter to town. The pass from Lansdale said
they must come immediately. My father and brother arrived in town
my brother on horseback, my father in a wagon with a chinaman.

Is there anything more that you care to say about the case?

No; except that after the war the land was in bad shape for
want of weeding and care. A lot of copra was lost by the
fact that the nuts were not gathered at the right time, & some
perhaps were stolen by the Samoans.

State whether your father took any part in this war, for or against either side?

No, nor my mother, brothers or sisters.

When we stayed in Apia during the war we all stayed in a one room house,
it was very uncomfortable for my father, who was old; some nights when
they were going to shell the town we had to board the man o war and sit on
canvas chairs all the night.

When we got back home, father was so worn out by what he had suffered; he was so heart broken by the sight of the wreck of his house that he immediately became sick. He died in about a month and a half.

Is there anything further you care to say about the case?

No.

Art Exhibition

Whangarei:

Art Promotion trust (Northland) - Whangarei
Saturday 10th October – Wednesday 28th October 2009

Opening Night: Monday 12th October 2009 5.30pm till 7.30 pm

Official welcome 6.00 pm *sharp*

Arts Promotion Trust (Northland)
The Old Library Building . 7 Rust Ave .
PO Box 959 . Whangarei . New Zealand .
Phone: +649 430 6432 Fax: +649 430 7475
Email: info@apt.org.nz
Web www.apt.org.nz

Auckland:

Art Station - Ponsonby Road, Auckland
Wednesday 11th November – Thursday 26th 2009

Opening Night: Tuesday 10th 5.30 pm -7.30 pm

Official welcome 6.00 pm *sharp*

Art Station
1 Ponsonby Rd,
Newton, Auckland
Ph +649 376 3221 Fax +649 307 7645
Email: artstation@aucklandcity.govt.nz
Web: <http://www.aucklandcity.govt.nz/whatson/arts/artstation/default.asp>

Biographies

Penny Howard (b. December 1973) in Whangarei. Penny is Ngapuhi, sub-tribe Mahurehure, canoe Ngataki-Matawhaorua and ancestor Rahiri. Also of Irish and Scottish Descent.

In 1992 Penny left Whangarei to study at ASA school of art in Auckland. Penny was in the first group of students to receive their Bachelor of Visual Arts degree (majoring in painting). Throughout the 4 years at ASA Penny exhibited regularly in the ASA gallery, in various group exhibitions. The two tutors who influenced me most over this time were John Reynolds and Julian Dashper.

Employed part time at Auckland Regional council as an illustrator and graphic artist. Her role at the Auckland Regional Council became Creative Director and after a few years she took on the roles of Sponsorship and Internal Communications Coordinator, during this time she was also selected for an Emerging Leaders Programme.

Penny worked at the Council for 7 years in a team that created groundbreaking environmental campaigns for Auckland. These include 0800 Smokey campaign, Enviroschools and The Big Clean up Campaign.

In 2005 Penny held her first solo show titled “My Monkey Mind” at the Auckland Botanic Gardens Visitor Centre, ‘Hua Kiawaka’.

In 2007 Penny held her second solo show. “Souvenirs From My Monkey Mind”, held at Letham Gallery in March 2008.

In 2008 Penny was a finalist in the Waitakere art awards and one of 6 finalists in the Walker and Hall National Two dimensional Art award.

In 2008 *Atāurangi Ahau* (the work produced for the Metonymy project) was bought and in 2009 it was gifted it to Waitakere City council, it is now hung in the council as part of their permanent loan collection.

In 2008 Penny's journey has led her to become represented by Marilyn Kohlhase's "*O'kai Oceanikart* gallery" in Auckland.

Her passion will always be family and Art. She is keenly interested in finding the stories from her own family history and the effect of colonisation on the pacific, both environmentally and politically.

Doug Poole (b. 2 November 1970) is of Samoan and English descent. He is descendant of the Ulberg Aiga of Tulaele, Apia, Upolo.

Doug is the creator and editor of [blackmail press](#), an online poetry journal. Which he has self funded and produced since June 2001. His journal Blackmail Press has become a highly regarded online poetry journal.

Doug has been featured in poetry journals around the world, the most notable being, Trout issue 11, Stalking Tongue Volume 2: Slamming the Sonnet, Fugacity 05: nzepe feature, OBAN 06 – nzepe feature, Paper tiger media world poetry CD 3 and published in print *Niu Voices: Contemporary Pacific Fiction 1*, Huia Publishers 2006.

Doug has performed his poetry at Auckland City Library, Samoa House. Read at Auckland Universities *Strata 7*, and *Translate3*, series of readings. Performed at Poetry Live, Montana Poetry Day, and been interviewed on Radio Bfm, Kiwi FM and National Radio.

Doug appeared with Selina Tusitala Marsh, Serie Barford and DJ Kamali at the Auckland Readers and Writers Festival in Auckland 2007, as part of Niu Voices, Contemporary Pacific Writers discussion panel.

Doug's latest projects include:

2008 *Atāurangi Ahau* (the work produced for the Metonymy project) was bought and in 2009 it was gifted it to Waitakere City council, it is now hung in the council as part of their permanent loan collection.

2008 "POLYNATION" a CNZ Funded, (from the Pacific Arts Committee) performance poetry show that headlined at Queensland Poetry Festival (QPF), August 2008 and Going West Readers and Books Festival, September 2008.



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