

not of themselves engender literary creation. They can only watch and pray, and present opportunities to the talented writer when, and if, he appears. Literary production is a matter for individuals, and literature in North Queensland, such as it is, has so far owed its existence to individual writers who have been completely unaided by the local literary magazines.

Cheryl Frost

GARGOYLE POETS I & 2

(Graham Rowlands. Stares and Statues; Alan Wearne. Public Relations. Both published by Makar. 1972. \$0.50 ea.)

Congratulations to Makar for producing something with the avowed aim 'to foster new poetry, by providing a modest, inexpensive format with the assurance of a reasonably wide circulation'. Such an aim re-affirms one's faith in the 'little magazines' of Australia, but one is left wondering initially at the title of the series:- the title may well be startlingly original yet the actual word is too much.

Brisbane-born Graham Rowlands is an exceptionally competent young poet, even at times brilliant. Nevertheless his poetry is patchy - some of the stuff in Stares and Statues would have been better unpublished (e.g. 'Elusive') but the collection taken as a whole is good value at fifty cents, and damn good value when one considers such poems as 'Prickles' (Shakespeare himself would have loved the pun) and 'A Birth', or the too-satiric political 'humour' of 'Zarathustra in a Jet' and 'Loyalty'. Mr. Rowlands may not be cutting society to the quick with his poetry, but he speaks in a voice we can all understand, and in part, agree with. One point well worth noting and all-too-easily overlooked in a reading - despite a certain amount of technical experimentation, not one technical fault to be found. This is all the more appreciated with the spacious and accurate layout the edition affords. Bouquets to Makar for a job well done.

With all due apologies to those concerned with the impressive list of newspapers and journals to whom acknowledgments have been made, and with some deep questioning of both my sensitivity and intelligence - what the Hell is Alan Wearne up to? Somewhere in all that esoteric imagery and technical flim-flam there must be some poetry lurking, there must be something I'm just failing to see. But it's not for lack of looking. There is not one striking image, not one unique technical action that displays a justification for the attempts at novelty. Neither the words nor the punctuation are working for the poet, and, as far as I'm concerned, that rules the writer out as a poet. The good layout is entirely wasted. Brickbats to Makar, for a bad choice.

One can but with bated breath await Gargoyle No 3.

DAVID FOOTT.