

that in this sudden vortex of self-sight
I do not separate myself from these,
but burrow swiftly back
and shade my eyes.

To hide, beyond revealing,
in some new unsuspected recess of the mind,
translating the edges and surfaces of experience
into half-memories of moonslip,
magnetized into docile progression upon the tides,
ghosting behind ferries, bunching and exploding
under the clotting light; releasing only
those vestigial that are not Self;
placating or evading, never being.
Becoming only.

REBA GOSTAND

GARGOYLE POETS 4,5 and 6.

**(Peter Annand, *The Long Distance Poets' Entry Into Heaven*;
Antigone Kafala, *The Alien*; rae desmond jones, *Orpheus With a Tuba*. All published by Makar, 1973, \$0.50 each).**

When will someone write poetry to set the readers' jaded sense buds tingling, to force him to exclaim as he leaps from his chair "I never thought of that before"? The miracle is still a non-event, despite this latest flurry of activity from Makar. To be sure, one feels vague, gratifying twitches of the limbs when reading rae desmond jones, but after reading Annand and Kafala one can only comment favourably upon the competent workmanship: pleasures with which to while away the hours, but containing nothing memorable.

Peter Annand would seem the most 'public' poet of the trio, least likely to plumb the introspective depths, preferring to record the machinations and entertainments of society. I would question the inclusion of the title poem "The Long Distance Poets' Entry into Heaven", a confusion of expression and intent, desperately requiring simplification and balance. Likewise I would also question "Battle Before Their Time" and "Exhibition", the former too trifling, the latter an aimless piece of description fluctuating between overstatement and insignificance. Eminently more enjoyable, "Cattleman Taken by Crocodile" and "At an Art Exhibition A Fly", the latter betraying one of those rare traces of poetic humour. In brief, a varied selection of verse, some good, several pointless, but worth reading to "gobble the sweet water".

"The Alien", an apt title perhaps for verses of Antigone Kafala; born in Rumania of Greek parents, now living in Australia. A personal, introspective poet, seeking refuge in

"--- a land where hills and trees
are of the purest gold, where glass birds sing,
and where the air, fine powdered crystal curtains
hanging from a still blue sky, chimes in an unfelt
breeze."

(‘Holidays in the Country’)

There is danger in a static retreat; one hopes the "fine powdered ... curtains" will not stifle poetic outburst.

In these poems a certain delicacy and tenderness, a developing insight into reality, a warmth which may prelude a fiery climax. Worth watching.

Finally, rae desmond jones and "Orpheus with a Tuba" (a competition for remarkable titles?) Original in thought and expression, although the short lines jar in places - perhaps Milton's motorbike did have hiccups. A model of word economy and understatement but not trading flexibility for an artificial style; surprising this should be his first published book of verse. One hopes for more.

All praise to Gargoyle Poets and Makar for producing 'first published books of verse', although I consider Kafala's 16 page contribution a little small to be accorded the rank of 'book'. For 50¢ each these publications are worthy rivals to the more established 'Paperback Poets' and provide a useful bridge between the little magazines and quality publications. Despite any gripes I may have over content (personal anyway), the Gargoyle Poets series is a most worthwhile venture fully deserving support and acclaim.

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