

the never never

I am the white of a
seventh
and a feather none
worship
I am their music
and my mouth is silent

I am the dirt thrown
aside
and the scent of the
dirt
I am the grave
I am without tears

I spit and I am
bleeding
I am the gentle few
who love and do not
need
I am the need for
affection

I am the ache that is
gone
I am ferocious
I am a knot of
geometry
that is alive and
moving

I am dying for my
children
I am a distant summer
I am thunder
I reflect the sun

I am the parade of
light
raining in winter
that will bring me
home
I am dancing

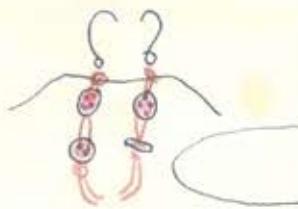
*Nathan Crombie is
a Masterton poet*

ART

THE MIRACLE ROOM

4 wakefield street, featherston

mazzola jewellery
& gallery



open saturday afternoons
north entrance
featherston

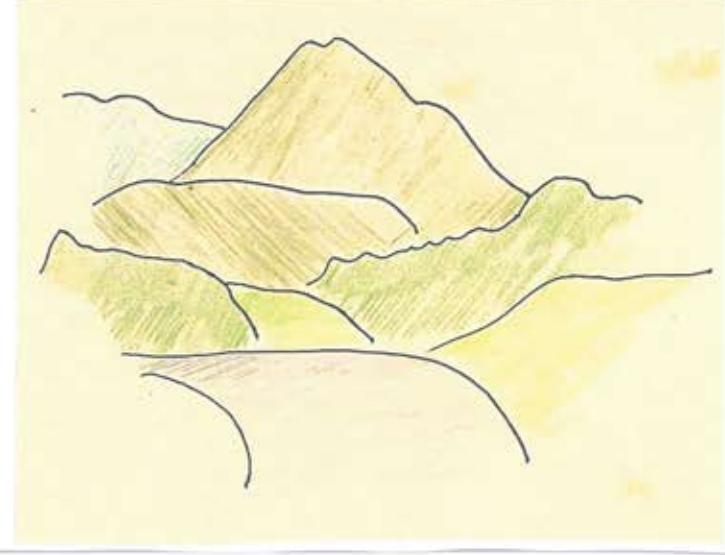
The Watson Gallery

2 Perry St
Masterton
021 1667 129

harryletterbox@gmail.com

Kotahi Aroha - The History of Reggae in Aotearoa
A photographic exhibition Hau Kainga, 15 Queen
St Masterton 10am - 4pm Wednesday to Sunday
Ends July 24. Saali Marks is a Featherston musician.

Aotearoa has had a love affair with Reggae music since the genre first flew from its spiritual home of Jamaica, in the form of ska, in the mid-1960s. Our first taste of ska came in the form of the irrepressible "My Boy Lollipop", sung by Jamaican singer Millie Small, a record which became one of the top selling ska records of all time. Local singer Dinah Lee was inspired by the Jamaican rhythm, and in 1965 released "Do The Blue Beat" on her debut album, backed by fellow Aotearoa musicians Max Merritt and the Meteors, probably the first Jamaican influenced recording to come out of Aotearoa. By the mid 1970s Bob Marley was a global superstar and Reggae music was being embraced the world over. In Aotearoa, Maori in particular resonated with its messages, seeing South Pacific parallels in their fight for justice over Te Tiriti o Waitangi, racial discrimination and a history of oppression by colonisation. It is interesting to see the development of the form in Aotearoa, from The 12 Tribes of Israel, arguably Aotearoa's first true Reggae band, through to current crossover bands such as L.A.B. Two things struck me as I took it in: the preponderance of artists with an association with Wellington, and the lack of women. I also noted that Reggae bands in Aotearoa appear to have become less activist as the years passed. Although the information and photographs chosen were relevant, I felt an opportunity was missed to present the context - the "why are we telling this story".



waiViews

Arts Culture Society

Issue 2: Mid-Winter 2022

FREE TO A GOOD HOME

*Matariki Concert, Featherston Booktown
June, 2022 Ellen Rodda is a Featherston poet*

I was given free tickets to the Matariki Concert at Anzac Hall in exchange for arranging flowers to be gifted to the musicians. Mid-winter and without my own garden this became a creative foraging acrobatic test, a little thwarted by the brief of 'boy flowers'. What are boy flowers my fellow florist and I wondered? Thankfully Featherston's often footpath-less streets have unkempt gardens spilling on to that which could be called public land. This in-between space has got me into trouble in the past so I ask permission, but where the shrubs obscure walkways I nip a sprig or two in the name of pedestrian flow. I happened upon a creatively cut hedge that allowed a flowering tea tree to pop through. Tucked beyond the hedge I saw the rare sight of a man tending his garden with hands, not a chainsaw or round up. I asked if I may take a few sprigs of tea tree. He encouraged me to take anything, anytime and to throw away the brief 'boy flowers'. I returned before the show to wrap the flowers in the foyer. I tried to swaddle the kicking screaming flowers and was privy to the rehearsal. INCREDIBLE. The magic of individuals working together to create beautiful full sound without electricity. The audience who joined me were unlikely youth with sparkling eyes beneath their hoodies... perhaps hearing an orchestra for the first time, several waves of them drawn to the magnificent sound in the old hall. I whispered that they could stay if they were quiet and opened the door for me and the flowers. They obliged. Both the experience of berm foraging and the foyer audience reminded me of the fertility of liminal spaces.