

Stout Centre forum

Medicaments

Kyleigh is reading *Devils, Drugs & Doctors*.
She has photographs of fetishes, shrunken
heads and skulls. A golden speculum,
amputation set, scarificator, canopic
jars. The leg of the Marquis of
Anglesey; how to open the skull
19th century style.

She builds an enamelled medicine
cabinet, fills it with cures for demonic/
drug possession. Breath of Young Women or
Breath of Duck, read the 8th
Psalm three times over. Juno Drops and Anti-
Fat, how to restore hair
before a full moon. Hamlin's
Wizard Oil, a recipe
to ensure conception: syrup of stinking
orach, piths of three ox-backs... three pints
of good ale. Rub, gargle, drink, or bathe.
Let nothing disquiet you, at least be very cheerful.



"For Everything There is a Nostrum". Exhibit by Kyleigh Adrian, 1995.

Arum

She smells the bruise of purple flowers
sometime after rain (irises,
violets, agapanthus, each one
broken, delicately, beneath the skin);
surely she traces
an imprecise
memory, pulling inward
to the womb, holding tight
a layer of skin— her death
petal, a yellow tongued quality of bone.

ALISON WONG

The Roundalay

(... an extract from *Finn's Quest, a children's novel*)

EIRLYS HUNTER

... A steep staircase led them to an attic which was crammed full of once-precious objects. There was a whirr of wings and a pigeon flew in through a hole in the roof and perched on a bed rail to watch them as they rummaged. A trunk full of brocades and silks fell to dust in Finn's hands and Gala disturbed a colony of mice nesting in old King Bendigan's court records. A whole orchestra of musical instruments lay in a heap, eaten away by rust and woodworm, and a stack of portraits of sad looking men rested against a pile of moth-eaten carpets.

Finn found the roundalay hidden under a canvas sail. It was a model of a town, shaped like a cone, nearly as tall as he was, narrowing to a single roof with four chimney pots at the top. The streets which wound between the houses were the slots for the marbles to race down. There was a bakery, a blacksmith's, an inn, a church, a school, grand houses and little cottages, gardens, fountained courtyards and a fairground. It was perfect.

Gala pulled a knob on the base and a small felt-lined drawer slid open to reveal two marbles. They dropped them into two of the chimney pots. There was a clatter and the marbles popped out of two doorways and rolled round and down through the town. The bells in the church chimed twice; the ponies on the fairground roundabout bobbed up and down. Some people paraded out of one door, crossed the road and went in at another. Two men met on a street corner and bowed to each other. Water poured out of a jug and into a goblet all by itself on a table outside the inn, and a trumpeter put his trumpet to his mouth as the marbles rolled past. Near the bottom there was a field. As the marbles went by, cows and sheep raised their heads from the painted grass, as if to look at them, and three miniature red hens bent to peck.

"Hens!" shouted Finn and Gala together as the marbles dropped back into their drawer through a slot at the bottom.

"If it means taking it apart to find the crown, I can't bear it," said Gala fiercely. "I don't suppose it seems so special to you, as you live in a place where stories fly into houses and people fly through the air. But I think this is magical."

"I do too," said Finn. "Honestly. It's the most wonderful thing I've ever seen."

"Really?" Gala beamed at him.

"Really, truly."

They put the marbles into the other two chimneys. It seemed that each chimney led to a slightly different route. This time a tiny cat chased an almost invisible mouse, a dragon popped its head out of its lair and a woman pulled a bucket from a well. Then the hens bent to peck again, and as they did so there was a click. Slowly, creakily, the roundelay divided in half and the two halves swung apart, like a book opening. They

gasped. Like magic, the secret insides of the town were revealed. There was a man in his bath-tub, a family sitting round a table, a choir singing in church, a cow suckling a calf in a cow-shed. A man had his arms round piles of gold, the baker was taking bread from the oven, two women were bent over a clothes-trough, and soldiers were lolling around the inn, drunk.

Finn and Gala couldn't take it all in. There was a girl curled up, lonely, in an attic room, a monk writing a manuscript, a band playing for a dance in an elegant, circular ballroom. And then, hanging down from the ballroom ceiling over the dancers, Finn saw the crown. ...

Reviews & previews

BOOK REVIEW

Swedes and Finns in the history of New Zealand immigration

From the Midnight Sun to the Long White Cloud. Finns in New Zealand.

Olavi Koivukangas. Turku: Institute of Migration, 1996. 397 pp, illus.

Reviewed by Rolf W. Brednich

In the current debate about problems of contemporary immigration it seems helpful to consider that New Zealand has always been a target for non-British settlers from overseas, especially from Europe. Some of the different European groups of immigrants who arrived during the 19th and 20th centuries have already been the subject of a series of scholarly studies. We could mention works on German (Bade 1993), Italian (Ballara 1975), Yugoslav (Trlin 1979), Polish (Pobog-Jaworowski 1990), Scandinavian (Aminoff 1988, Bender/Larsen 1990), and Swiss (Weber - de Candolle 1967) immigrants.¹

These publications have recently been augmented by a new work by Olavi Koivukangas, director of the Turku-based Institute of Migration. Koivukangas has already contributed three books to the study of Scandinavians and Finns in Australia.² In 1991 the Academy of Finland granted him a fellowship to study Finns in New Zealand, which enabled him to spend some months as visiting fellow at Massey University. There he was supported by Andrew D. Trlin, a specialist in South European immigration to New Zealand.

New Zealand's Finnish minority does not form a particularly prominent nor outstanding group of immigrants. One could even ask 'Are there any Finns in New Zealand?', a question to which the author of this book would



answer 'You can hardly find a place on earth where there aren't any Finns!' – a stereotype which could be applied as well to Dutch, Germans, Italians, Scotsmen or Irishmen. But, indeed, there are quite a number of Finlanders who have chosen New Zealand as their destination. With great care and devotion, the author has investigated their times and lives. Most of them will find their names and family records printed in the current book, and some lucky ones even additional family photographs and other facsimile documents. The photographs are evidence of the author's thorough research, and positioned well in the text. Special care is taken with well formulated captions. Most of the photographs are attributed to the Institute of Migration in Turku, but unfortunately not to their original sources in New Zealand. The comprehensive Name Index of Finnish immigrants to New Zealand before and after 1949 (pp. 299-397) will be a boon to genealogists. Our task is to concentrate on the results of the present study for emigration research in general.

Above: The Finnish Sauna in New Zealand is a symbol of Finnish origin and lifestyle (Kawerau, ca.1960). Photograph: From the Midnight Sun (1996).