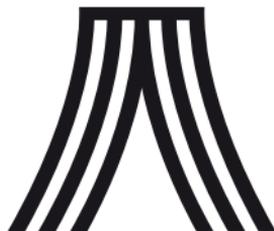


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Most societies organise their literature into collections of what is to be remembered. But we value the way the works in this anthology resist conscription into historical narratives. Within the book our selections—and, through them, our authors—argue, dissent, decline to conform. And above all they converse.

JANE STAFFORD and MARK WILLIAMS
from the Introduction

In his 1999 poetic sequence *Star Waka*, Robert Sullivan uses the image of the waka as a container for the freight of history—personal, familial, tribal, national. The waka, he says, ‘is a knife through time’, connecting the pre-contact past with the urban present and sailing on towards a possible, if fancifully configured, extraterrestrial future. The waka morphs as it travels, from primeval first fleet to space ship.

To read this anthology of New Zealand literature is to embark on a similar voyage. A knife through time, the collection traverses the centuries, from Te Horeta encountering James Cook in the 1760s to the latest graduate of the creative writing class in the 2000s. Like a waka, the anthology contains, preserves and transports a multifarious collection of crew and passengers, not always at ease with each other, sometimes in overt contention, often in intense conversation, always amazed at the new landscapes and new landmarks on the way. Where have they come from and where they are headed? And what is the purpose of their voyage?

This book records more than two hundred years of contest and accommodation, during which imagined homes meet already inhabited ones. In the mid-twentieth

century a commentator described New Zealanders as ‘hungry for the words that shall show us these islands and ourselves; that shall give us a home in thought’.^{*} In fact, as we record in this anthology, New Zealand became the site not of one such home but of many—some generous, some inhibiting, all invented. If there is a persistent focus throughout the two hundred years covered in this volume, it is the way in which writers have fashioned their surroundings into imaginative language.

[...]

This book, then, contains a history of literature in English in this country since contact, which begins in sailors’ chants as well as scientific record, and which is continually visited by external influence—cockney slang, Scottish dialect, Australian vernacular, American hipster cool, Pasifika inflections. Māori and English conjoin, fly apart, and progressively insinuate themselves each into the other. The languages of commerce and technology compete with those of the educated, the self-educated and the altogether uneducated. We include works constructed out of the language of money machine messages, of racing slang and the aberrantly creative names of race horses, of the idioms of Māori factory workers, and the bickering of a married couple in an Indian corner dairy. Conversely, and to mark the two most commonly owned books in New Zealand households of the late nineteenth and early

twentieth centuries, we include as ‘found poems’ a recipe from *The ‘Sure to Rise’ Cookery Book* and an exposition on the quality of soil from the *Yates’ Gardening Guide*. There are romantic treatments of sublime nature and gothic versions of suburban life. The domestic world is excoriated in the 1950s and 1960s by James K. Baxter and Louis Johnson, and subject, by Jenny Bornholdt in the 1990s and 2000s, to an almost reverential contemplation—an understated romanticism of the familial and the ordinary. As Katherine Mansfield wrote in her notebook nearly a century ago of her childhood home in Wellington:

Oh, I want for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the old world. It must be mysterious, as though floating—it must take the breath. It must be ‘one of those islands’ I shall tell everything, even of how the laundry basket squeaked at ‘75’’

Our purpose is not to present a canonical view of New Zealand literature. Rather we seek to register the work in its time, allowing for the different ways in which it has been seen. Alfred Domett was admired in his time (by Tennyson, Longfellow and Robert Browning, for example) and denigrated or ignored thereafter, both positive and negative estimations being widely and strongly held. James K. Baxter seemed for a time after his

^{*} E.K. [Eric] Cook, *Canta*, 9 May 1932.

^{*} 22 January 1916, in *The Katherine Mansfield Notebooks*, ed. Margaret Scott, 2 vols (Wellington: Lincoln University Press and Daphne Brasell, 1997), vol. 1, p. 32.

death to have suffered a similar fate. His reputation now is more nuanced, able to accommodate the vertiginous contradictions of the man and his work. A fluency of estimation has replaced fixed principles of evaluation.

The word 'canon' is ecclesiastical in origin and we are mindful that when Bishop Pompallier arrived at the treaty-signing at Waitangi in 'full canonicals' he represented an authority regarded as false and dangerous by the British signatories, and a threat to their power over Māori. To announce a literary canon as something authoritative, unchanging and linear is no longer of use. But the idea of the canon still has purchase and value so long as the works assigned canonical status are continually subject to objection, insurrection, assimilation by the opposition. We need to read with sympathy though not with complicity the unfashionable rhetoric of the nineteenth century. Leggott's tradition of 'singing women' is very different from the Fairburn/Curnow/Glover line of the mid-twentieth century and we can listen to both sides of that difference with pleasure. The tradition of those singing men from the mid-twentieth century has not disappeared or diminished because other ways of writing have established counter claims to our attention. In the 2000s, an age where the building of a national literature gives way to participation in a global literature, we may enjoy the increasingly complex way that place is registered. What is important is the effort of open attention.

From the outset New Zealand existed as much in the hectic imagination of poets and fiction writers elsewhere as it did in the sober recordings of explorers and travellers who had actually been here. Seen in absolutes, it was the furthest, the strangest, the most savage place to be imagined.

TE HORETA ['TANIWHA OF COROMANDEL']
RECORDED BY CHARLES HEAPHY
from 'Cook's Visit', 1852

We were at Witianga (Mercury Bay) when the first Pakeha ship came. I was a lad then (pointing to a boy apparently twelve years old) about his height.

The ship anchored off Purangi (Oyster River), and after a time three boats were lowered into the water, and the white people went all around Witianga, and to every settlement. When we saw the men paddling with their backs to the way they were going, we thought they must have eyes behind their heads.

They bought everything from us that we had to sell, and every day our canoes went alongside of the ship to trade. Now trade was carried out for nails and pieces of iron, for axes—there were very few axes—for knives and for calico. When I was grown up this was the way of the traders,—I do not mean Cook, but those who came in whale ships. Baskets of potatoes were piled on the beach, side by side, and two or three baskets high—as high as they would stand; and then a piece of calico was unrolled and stretched along the wall of potatoes, and cut off at the end of the baskets, and that piece was the *utu* for all the potatoes.

But we had not potatoes then. Captain Cook gave us potatoes for seed—he gave us two handfuls. My father

planted some and they were *tapu* for three years, when we had a feast to eat the first potatoes. Other potatoes were soon brought for the Bay of Islands.

I was afraid at first, but after some of our people had been on the ship, I went with the other boys on board. Captain Cook spoke to us, and put his hand on my head. He did not speak much; he gave me a spike nail. His officers made charts of the islands about, and to the entrance of Witianga; and our men, at his desire, drew on the deck with charcoal a chart of all the coast: we drew the Thames, and Cape Colville, and Otea, and on to North Cape. Captain Cook copied this on paper; and asked us the names of all the places, and wrote them all down, and we told him of spirits flying from the North Cape, from the cavern of Reinga to the other world.

The white people ate many strange things which they brought with them. Of all that they gave us we liked the biscuit most. Some of our people said that the salt pork was white man's flesh; others thought it was the flesh of whales, it was so fat. We had no pigs then, but we got some many years afterwards.

[...]

It was many years before another ship came; I was a man when the next ship came, and it was between those times when I heard all this talked over. But I remember Captain Cook well, and how he gave me a spike nail, which I wore for many years hanging round my neck; it was very good for carving. Many years afterwards, I lost it between

Pukuo Island and Koputauaki, when my canoe upset.
I dived to look for that spike nail, but I could never find
it. When we told Cook that our land stretched over to the
Thames Gulf, he said he would go there in his ship, and
after a time he sailed away towards Moehau.

We crossed from Witianga to Wangapoa, and on to
Coromandel, and then we went to the high land at Arapaua
(Coromandel Heads). On looking over the sea, we saw
Cook's vessel. There was but little wind, and she was
standing up in the Thames Gulf, off Waimate Island, with
a boat towing, and two more boats were a long distance
ahead of the ship, sounding the depth of the water.

The ship stood on, and anchored off Waiomo and Te
Puru, where the water becomes a shoal; and we heard
that Captain Cook and his Pakehas went ashore to the
Kahikatea forest at Waihou. After this we saw no more of
Cook.

ANNA SEWARD

from 'Elegy on Captain Cook', 1780

While o'er the deep, in many a dreadful form,
The giant Danger howls along the storm,
Furling the iron sails with numbed hands,
Firm on the deck the great Adventurer stands;
Round glitt'ring mountains hears the billows rave,
And the vast ruin thunder on the wave.—
Appal'd he hears!—but checks the rising sigh,
And turns on his firm band a glist'ning eye.—
Not for himself the sighs unbidden break,
Amid the terrors of the icy wreck;
Not for himself starts the impassion'd tear,
Congealing as it falls;—nor pain, nor fear,
Nor Death's dread darts, impede the great design,
Till Nature draws the circumscribing line.

‘Maoriland’ writers look, not always successfully, to the ways in which writing here might be different from elsewhere. And they register the difficulty of doing so. The landscape, in particular, becomes a focus—sublime and rapturous, dark and forbidding, odd and intractable.

**‘GENERAL HINTS ON GARDENING’,
*from Yates’ Gardening Guide for
Australia and New Zealand, 1897***

The best soil is a deep light friable loam, but any ordinary soil can be made into a good garden with ordinary care and attention. Heavy clay land should be dressed with air slaked with lime, say two tons to the acre or one lb. to the square yard, a good dressing of ashes, old mortar, or sand, should also be applied; where none of these things are available burnt clay, which can often be made on the spot, especially if timber is plentiful, will do as well. Care should be taken not to work this kind of soil in a wet condition, and whenever any portion of the garden, say either the winter or the summer is likely to remain vacant for any length of time, it is a good plan to roughly dig it, and leave in lumps exposed to the wind and rain. This will soon ‘mellow’ the clay, and make the soil friable and easy to work, more especially if it has had a good dressing each year of rotten horse dung, than which there is no better manure, especially for heavy soil. Very light soils are best manured with cow dung, where it is available, and should, if possible, have a good application of strong loam. Where the soil is poor or worked out, there is nothing better than an application of fresh soil taken from the top ‘spit’ of an old pasture.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

from 'The Woman at the Store', 1912

All that day the heat was terrible. The wind blew close to the ground—it rooted among the tussock grass—slithered along the road, so that the white pumice dust swirled in our faces—settled and sifted over us and was like a dry-skin itching for growth on our bodies. The horses stumbled along, coughing and chuffing. The pack horse was sick—with a big, open sore rubbed under the belly. Now and again she stopped short, threw back her head, looked at us as though she were going to cry, and whinnied. Hundreds of larks shrilled—the sky was slate colour, and the sound of the larks reminded me of slate pencils scraping over its surface. There was nothing to be seen but wave after wave of tussock grass—patched with purple orchids and manuka bushes covered with thick spider webs.

Jo rode ahead. He wore a blue galatea shirt, corduroy trousers and riding boots. A white handkerchief, spotted with red—it looked as though his nose had been bleeding on it—was knotted round his throat. Wisps of white hair straggled from under his wideawake—his moustache and eyebrows were called white—he slouched in the saddle—grunting. Not once that day had he sung 'I don't care, for don't you see, my wife's mother was in front of me!'... It was the first day we had been without it for a month, and now

there seemed something uncanny in his silence. Hin rode beside me, white as a clown, his black eyes glittered, and he kept shooting out his tongue and moistening his lips. He was dressed in a Jaeger vest—a pair of blue duck trousers, fastened round the waist with a plaited leather belt. We had hardly spoken since dawn. At noon we had lunched off fly biscuits and apricots by the side of a swampy creek.

'My stomach feels like the crop of a hen,' said Jo. 'Now then, Hin, you're the bright boy of the party—where's this 'ere store you kep' on talking about. 'Oh, yes,' you says, 'I know a fine store, with a paddock for the horses and a creek runnin' through, owned by a friend of mine who'll give yer a bottle of whisky before 'e shakes hands with yer.' I'd like ter see that place—merely as a matter of curiosity—not that I'd ever doubt yer word—as yer know very well—*but...*'

Hin laughed. 'Don't forget there's a woman too, Jo, with blue eyes and yellow hair, who'll promise you something else before she shakes hands with you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.'

'The heat's making you balmy,' said Jo. But he dug his knees into his horse. We shambled on. I half fell asleep, and had a sort of uneasy dream that the horses were not moving forward at all—then that I was on a rocking-horse, and my old mother was scolding me for raising such a fearful dust from the drawing-room carpet. 'You've entirely worn off the pattern of the carpet,' I heard her saying, and she gave the reins a tug. I snivelled and woke to find Hin leaning over me, maliciously smiling.

'That was a case of all but,' said he. 'I just caught you. What's up? Been bye-bye?'

'No! I raised my head. "Thank the Lord we're arriving somewhere.'

We were on the brow of the hill, and below us there was a whare roofed with corrugated iron. It stood in a garden, rather far back from the road—a big paddock opposite, and a creek and a clump of young willow trees. A thin line of blue smoke stood up straight from the chimney of the whare, and as I looked a woman came out, followed by a child and a sheep dog—the woman carrying what appeared to me a black stick. She made frantic gestures at us. The horses put on a final spurt, Jo took off his wideawake, shouted, threw out his chest, and began singing, 'I don't care, for don't you see' The sun pushed through the pale clouds and shed a vivid light over the scene. It gleamed on the woman's yellow hair, over her flapping pinafore and the rifle she was carrying. The child hid behind her, and the yellow dog, a mangy beast, scuttled back into the whare, his tail between his legs. We drew rein and dismounted.

'Hallo,' screamed the woman. 'I thought you was three 'awks. My kid comes runnin' in ter me. "Mumma," says she, "there's three brown things comin' over the 'ill," says she. An' I comes out smart, I can tell yer. They'll be 'awks, I says to her. Oh, the 'awks about 'ere, yer wouldn't believe.'

The 'kid' gave us the benefit of one eye from behind the woman's pinafore—then retired again.

'Where's your old man,' asked Hin.

The woman blinked rapidly, screwing up her face.

'Away shearin'. Bin away a month. I suppose yer not goin' to stop, are yer? There's a storm comin' up.'

'You bet we are,' said Jo. 'So you're on your lonely, missus?'

She stood, pleating the frills of her pinafore, and glancing from one to the other of us, like a hungry bird. I smiled at the thought of how Hin had pulled Jo's leg about her. Certainly her eyes were blue, and what hair she had was yellow, but ugly. She was a figure of fun. Looking at her, you felt there was nothing but sticks and wires under that pinafore—her front teeth were knocked out, she had red pulpy hands, and she wore on her feet a pair of dirty 'Bluchers'.

'I'll go and turn out the horses,' said Hin. 'Got any embrocation? Poi's rubbed herself to hell!'

'Arf a mo!' The woman stood silent a moment, her nostrils expanding as she breathed. Then she shouted violently. 'I'd rather you didn't stop—you *can't*, and there's the end of it. I don't let out that paddock any more. You'll have to go on; I ain't got nothing!'

'Well, I'm blest!' said Jo, heavily. He pulled me aside. 'Gone a bit off 'er dot,' he whispered, 'too much alone, *you know*,' very significantly. 'Turn the sympathetic tap on 'er, she'll come round all right.'

But there was no need—she had come round by herself.

'Stop if yer like!' she muttered, shrugging her shoulders. To me—'I'll give yer the embrocation if yer come along.'

'Right-o, I'll take it down to them.' We walked together up the garden path. It was planted on both sides with cabbages. They smelled like stale dish-water. Of flowers there were double poppies and sweet-williams. One little patch was divided off by pawa shells—presumably it belonged to the child—for she ran from her mother and began to grub in it with a broken clothes-peg. The yellow dog lay across the doorstep, biting fleas; the woman kicked him away.

'Gar-r, get away, you beast . . . the place ain't tidy. I 'aven't 'ad time ter fix things to-day—been ironing. Come right in.'

It was a large room, the walls plastered with old pages of English periodicals. Queen Victoria's Jubilee appeared to be the most recent number—a table with an ironing board and wash tub on it—some wooden forms—a black horsehair sofa, and some broken cane chairs pushed against the walls. The mantelpiece above the stove was draped in pink paper, further ornamented with dried grasses and ferns and a coloured print of Richard Seddon. There were four doors—one, judging from the smell, let into the 'Store', one on to the 'back yard', through a third I saw the bedroom. Flies buzzed in circles round the ceiling, and treacle papers and bundles of dried clover were pinned to the window curtains. I was alone in the room—she had gone into the store for the embrocation. I heard her stamping about and muttering to herself: 'I got some, now where did I put that bottle? . . . It's behind the pickles . . . no, it ain't.' I cleared a place on the table and sat there,

swinging my legs. Down in the paddock I could hear Jo singing and the sound of hammer strokes as Hin drove in the tent pegs. It was sunset. There is no twilight to our New Zealand days, but a curious half-hour when everything appears grotesque—it frightens—as though the savage spirit of the country walked abroad and sneered at what it saw. Sitting alone in the hideous room I grew afraid. The woman next door was a long time finding that stuff. What was she doing in there? Once I thought I heard her bang her hands down on the counter, and once she half moaned, turning it into a cough and clearing her throat. I wanted to shout 'Buck up,' but I kept silent.

'Good Lord, what a life!' I thought. 'Imagine being here day in, day out, with that rat of a child and a mangy dog. Imagine bothering about ironing—*mad*, of course she's mad! Wonder how long she's been here—wonder if I could get her to talk.'

'COOKING HINTS'

from The 'Sure to Rise' Cookery Book, 1914

Cakes should be baked as soon as they are mixed.
Raisins should always be stoned.
Candied peel should always be thinly sliced.
For nice pastry, always sift the flour.
For scones and rolls, always use a very quick oven.
For buns and small cakes, a moderate quick oven.
For large cakes, not quite so quick.
For sponge cakes, a moderate oven.
Test the oven before baking—don't guess.
Before baking, have everything ready, and suitable fire.
Never slam the oven door when cooking, it spoils cakes,
pastry, and puddings.
Two breakfastcups of flour piled up equal lb.
Wooden spoons are better than metal for all cooking.
Always rub butter or lard into the flour with the fingers, not
the palms of the hand.
Currants, sultanas, raisins, or sugar equal lb. in barely level
breakfastcup.
A cake should rise before browning to its full height,
especially sponge cakes.
You can always guess amount of butter to use in cooking by
dividing the lb. squares.

**Between the wars writers
inhabited a complex world
of expatriates and voyagers,
moving among worlds both local
and international, Māori, Asian,
familial, amatory, and those of
the scattered 'godwits'.**

LEN LYE

'Dazing Daylight', 1938

Out of the dim paleface past a continual daylight mind has given us an alibi for reality. The age old eye check double check on surroundings to ease our doubts. So now reality you don't bogey us we bogey you with a ten out of ten tag everytime. All's set in the world with a visual chamber in broad dazing daylight.

URSULA BETHELL

'Time', 1929

'Established' is a good word, much used in garden books, 'The plant, when established' . . .
Oh, become established quickly, quickly, garden
For I am fugitive, I am very fugitive -- --

Those that come after me will gather these roses,
And watch, as I do now, the white wistaria
Burst, in the sunshine, from its pale green sheath.

Planned. Planted. Established. Then neglected,
Till at last the loiterer by the gate will wonder
At the old, old cottage, the old wooden cottage,
And say 'One might build here, the view is glorious;
This must have been a pretty garden once.'

R.A.K. MASON

'Song of Allegiance', 1925

Shakespeare Milton Keats are dead
Donne lies in a lowly bed

Shelley at last calm doth lie
knowing 'whence we are and why'

Byron Wordsworth both are gone
Coleridge Beddoes Tennyson

Housman neither knows nor cares
how 'this heavy world' now fares

Little clinging grains enfold
all the mighty minds of old

They are gone and I am here
stoutly bringing up the rear

Where they went with limber ease
toil I on with bloody knees

Though my voice is cracked and harsh
stoutly in the rear I march

Though my song have none to hear
boldly bring I up the rear.

ROBIN HYDE

'The Last Ones', 1934

But the last black horse of all
Stood munching the green-bud wind,
And the last of the raupo huts
Let down its light behind.
Sullen and shadow-clipped
He tugged at the evening star,
New-mown silver swished like straw
Over the manuka.
As for the hut it said
No word but its meagre light,
Its people slept as the dead
Bedded in Maori night.
'And there is the world's last door,
And the last world's horse,' sang the wind,
'With little enough before,
And what you have seen behind.'

F.S. [FREDERICK SINCLAIRE]

from 'Notes by the Way', Tomorrow, 1934

We inhabit a land of dreadful silence. New Zealand is the country in which no one says anything, in which no one is expected to say anything. It would be pleasant to believe that ours is the golden silence of a people brooding mystically on some aspect of eternal reality, the preparatory silence of strength collecting and marshalling its resources. But for any such flattering belief there is no evidence. It looks as if we are silent because we have nothing to say. The hope is that our voices have grown rather thin and husky only from long disuse. We have not been encouraged to use them, except as echoes. Semi-articulate voices are indeed heard from time to time among us. The voice of anger rises now and again from the patient ranks of our growing army of the dispossessed and hopeless. Fitful and incoherent, it has its elements of courage and honesty: it is a cry for justice and decency. In our present plight, it is perhaps the only evidence left us to show that we possess at least the remnants of a soul. If this suggestion seems extravagant, where shall we turn for better evidence? To our leaders in politics, in industry, in commerce? To our intellectuals? They too—these leaders—have a sort of voice. It is the voice of 'optimism', less coherent, less manly and honest than even the voice

of anger. Anger destroys, but the official 'optimism'—the unwritten creed which is the standard of orthodoxy in New Zealand today—weakens and corrupts, and its catchwords, as they gain currency, are turning us into a community of knaves and cowards, hardening our hearts and softening our brains, and undermining our manliness. If anger will not heal our diseases, still less will a policy of dodging and evading fact, and of playing with pretty phrases. The appointed end of such evasion is that state of moral bewilderment in which the realities of good and evil, of justice and injustice, of truth and falsehood, are lost in a fog.

*

As yet the fog has not settled irretrievably upon us, and, please God, it never shall. . . . The purpose of 'Tomorrow' is to play its part in the arousing of those splendid energies which for the most part lie dormant in New Zealand today. We have no dogmas to thrust down the throats of our readers. We have nothing to sell them. We appeal to them to help us in breaking the uncanny and ill-boding silence. Let us see if we cannot in New Zealand get up an argument about something else besides sun-bathing and body-line bowling.

The New Zealand voice, especially the voice of the outsider, is still central in the 1960s, but who a New Zealander is and how that identity might be defined are questions that are shifting and unstable. There is increasingly a sense that new ideas, fresh challenges to the status quo, will need new forms of literary expression.

IAN CROSS

from The God Boy, 1957

I didn't want to go home straight away after school. I went with Joe Waters and Sniffy Peters up to the top of that small hill next to the school. It was a fine afternoon, the hot of the day wearing down till all was nicely warm and drowsy. We decided we would sit on top of the hill and talk. Sniffy was almost as good a friend of mine as Joe was, even though he was too good-looking. He had curly black hair and skin like a girl's, long eyelashes and the rest, and he was always clean, no matter what. Even after a mud fight, he was tidy and neat and, darn me, he never got any muck under his nails, either. Yet he wasn't sissy, and didn't run away from fights. We called him Sniffy because his mother made him carry two handkerchiefs, and not because he sniffed any more than the rest of us. I wouldn't be surprised if he sniffed less.

'What was wrong with you today, Jimmy?' Sniffy asked as we climbed up the hill. 'Sister was looking at you all day and I knew you would get it if you didn't watch out.'

'You showed her,' Joe said. 'You didn't even blink. Only trouble is that from now on, instead of giving us two bangs with the old strap, she'll give us three, because she'll think two is not enough.'

'For all I care,' I said, 'she can give me fifty bangs.'

‘Gee,’ said Joe, ‘fifty bangs would make you sit up and take notice.’

‘I could take fifty bangs without blinking,’ said Sniffy. ‘Think of what you would have to do to get fifty bangs, though. That would be the really hard part. You’d have to murder somebody.’

We reached the top of the hill quickly as soon as we were clear of the pine trees on the slope, and lay down on the ground. We could see the whole of Ragleton on one side, all the houses and even the shopping centre, looking lazy as if it was sun-bathing beside the sea. Behind the town we could see the wharf, with a few boats tied up alongside, and one man up a mast, painting. I wasn’t sure, but at one end, in a shadow, I thought I could make out Bloody Jack, fishing as usual.

Joe grinned, and boy, with all his teeth, when he grinned you really knew he was grinning.

‘Dopey Sniffy,’ he said. ‘If you murdered somebody, they wouldn’t give you the strap. They’d hang you or put you in jail for always and always at least.’

‘Well, what would they give you fifty bangs for?’ asked Sniffy. ‘What’s the use of Jimmy saying Sister could give him fifty bangs if there isn’t nothing she could give him fifty bangs for?’

‘He could break all the windows at school and saw her desk in half, that might do it,’ said Joe. ‘Even then, I daresay, he’d get the bangs on the instalment plan, as they call it. My mother says that if something is too much at

once they give it to you on the instalment plan.’

‘I just mentioned murder as a metaphor or simile or one of those figures of speech,’ Sniffy said. ‘Nobody would be fool enough to think I really meant it really, if you know what I mean, it was just an expression.’

There we were, the three of us, in our navy-blue shorts and shirts, Joe with his teeth and ears and hair sticking out, and Sniffy looking like an angel, and me, all sitting there and not knowing a darn thing. Me, what did I look like, I wonder? My ears stuck out like Joe’s, I admit, but my hair was tidier. I was not as thick as the other two were. Not skinny, no sir; lean was a good word for my condition. I was the smartest, too. That’s why I got tired of the conversation first, as I could see what goats we were in our short pants and all, talking such stuff.

‘Shut up, both of you,’ I said. ‘You don’t know what you’re talking about.’

‘Well, what should we talk about?’ asked Joe. ‘You mention something else, because you started us off before with your skite about not caring about fifty bangs and now you say shut up. You start a new subject then.’

‘Wrestling,’ said Sniffy. ‘Let’s talk wrestling holds.’

They were both looking at me, waiting for me to give the word.

‘Let’s talk about our mothers and fathers,’ I said.

You should have seen them. They didn’t react at all. You would think they were still waiting for me to speak.

‘What?’ said Sniffy.

‘Mothers and fathers. Parents,’ I said.

‘What do you mean, mothers and fathers?’ said Joe.

‘What I said. Let’s talk about them.’

‘What is there to talk about?’ said Sniffy. Honestly, the pair of them were looking at me as though I was loopy. I nearly couldn’t even see Joe’s teeth, that’s how serious he looked.

‘Don’t you ever think about your parents?’ I asked, trying hard to get them interested. ‘What they are like, and how they go on.’

‘You usually have pretty good ideas, Jimmy,’ said Joe. ‘But this beats the band. Parents? There’s your mother and father and they’re . . . well, they’re there. What is there to talk about?’

Sniffy’s face brightened, and he said, ‘You mean about what our fathers can do? Like Heck Simpson’s father being a footballer once. You mean about fathers, don’t you? Mothers are mothers, they are, but fathers do something else besides.’

‘No,’ I said. ‘Mothers and fathers together, I mean.’

The pair of them lost interest there, and didn’t ask me anything more. They were good friends and didn’t like to hurt my feelings, I suppose, especially as I had got the strap that day.

‘Forget about it then. I don’t care. It struck me as an interesting subject, that’s all, I thought you might have something interesting to say, that’s all.’

‘What about war?’ said Joe. ‘Let’s talk about war, and

what it would be like to be shot or blown up or gassed or hit on the head with the wrong end of a gun.’

‘OK,’ said Sniffy.

‘OK,’ I said.

We kids must have sat up on that hill for an hour talking away, and in that time the weather changed. Big black clouds came bowling in from over the sea, the wind grew cold, and we could see the whole town starting to shiver. We came down as soon as it began to spit with rain, and ran back to the intersection where we split up and went our different ways home. It was well after four o’clock when I got home. Of course I was worrying whether Mum would blame me for making Dad get into such an awful temper in the morning. Going inside was a bit like going to school the day of exams. But Mum didn’t notice me; she was moving around the house with a duster, wrapped up in thought, as they say in books. So without saying anything I put my boots on, took my raincoat from the bedroom door, and went off to see Bloody Jack.

As I got near the wharf I could see him sitting there staring into the water, the collar of his old coat right up and his head pulled down so far into it that I could only see bits of dirty white hair sticking out the top, and the end of his nose sticking out front. The only other part of him that was showing was his thumb and finger sticking out of his sleeve holding his fishing line. And the wind was bashing the water into the piles of the wharf, with spray kicking up everywhere, and outside the harbour the sea was sucking

and heaving away as though a million mad whales were underneath. I had to admire Bloody Jack for sitting on there even though he didn't have a dog's show of getting any fish.

When I got to him, though he was huddled up like that, I could see he didn't have any more clothes on than usual, as he always wore the dirty old coat. When I asked him why, it didn't seem to worry him that this was the first thing I said to him. He told me he was wearing two sets of underwear.

'Close to your skin is the place to lick the cold,' he said. 'No use at all messing around trying to keep the elements out when your clothes are already on. You make a burden of yourself to carry around, that's all.'

I sat down beside him. My heavy boots dragged on my feet as I dangled them over the edge of the wharf. Jack's fishing line was swinging up and down in the swells. Little bits of spray were sneezing up from the water into my face. It was a heck of a time to be there, really.

'You're a funny mite,' said Bloody Jack. 'I'm a funny old chap but I got the right to be, but you're a funny young chap and that's different.'

'What do you mean?' I said, a bit flustered. 'There's nothing funny about me, nothing funny at all. There's nothing funny about you, or either of us.'

'Don't get on your high horse, boy,' he said. 'I was thinking of how you're always wandering around like a lost lamb, and like to sit and talk with me so much. I like you to sit and talk with me, and then I think, is it good for you like?'

'Other boys talk with you.'

'Sure they do—for a while. Then they drift off when they've had a good look at me, and don't worry me any more.'

'Would you rather I didn't bother you then?'

The lower part of his face, covered with all that black fuzz, moved as though it was going to twist up around his big hooked nose, and as his funny dim old eyes peered down at me big drips of spray ran over his forehead.

'Don't you talk no damn nonsense,' he said. 'No damn nonsense now. I like you hanging around, but what does your Dad and Mum think, eh?'

'They don't care what I do. They don't worry.'

There must have been something in the way I said that because he pushed his face down a little closer, as if to get a good look at me, and said, 'What's that now? You don't get along with your Mum and Dad?'

'They don't get along with each other,' I said. 'They don't get along much at all.'

There was such a gust of wind then, stinging wet, and I shivered closer to Jack, and got a whiff of his khaki sweater, a mixture of fish and tobacco smells, and the wind was like a whip banging near my cold ears, and the wharf shook slightly beneath us. I got a loopy feeling that the sea and the wind and the sky were God shaking his finger at me for telling on my mother and father, and I yelled out 'I don't care.'

The wind dropped, and Jack said, 'You've got troubles the way I didn't expect, young'un,' he said. 'You mean your

Mum and Dad fight? Throw things at each other and the like of that?’

‘No, they just talk back and forth, and sometimes they shout and I feel terrible.’

‘Like what for instance?’

‘I don’t know,’ I said. ‘Dad drinks, you know, and Mum gets iffy. It’s been going on ever since I can remember, I suppose, but these last two years it’s worse. Dad keeps saying she dragged him down, and she says back that he never was up. Dad’s halfway always talking about how he hasn’t got on in the world the way he should of, and it wasn’t his fault, it was hers, and the depression’s. They go on like that and I can’t understand, really I can’t, what it’s all about, and yet I feel terrible.’

I took a deep breath then, and realised that still the wind was keeping down, and the splattering of the sea had stopped, and that even a sea-gull was hanging over the water, wings way out and not moving, and the wharf was steady as a rock, as if everything was keeping quiet to hear me talk. I didn’t care, though. I went on.

APIRANA NGATA
from ‘Maori Songs’, 1949

My introduction to Maori poetry came through a fancy, which grew with the years into an obsession, to learn the songs which pervaded the life of the Maori people living in the Waiapu Valley. Here, let it be emphasised, the chief and the almost fatal obstruction was the course of education to which the policy of New Zealand committed the children of both races. That policy was enthusiastically approved by the elders of my tribe, Ngati Porou. Indeed Rapata Wahawaha, one of the fighting leaders of the tribe in the Maori wars of the 60s and one of the most accomplished men in things Maori, pinned his faith to Pakeha education for the rising youth of the race. He was responsible for the Waiomatatini and Akuaku schools planted, characteristically, among the sections of Ngati Porou to which he belonged immediately after fighting ceased. For many years these two schools catered for the Pakeha education of the youth of Ngati Porou. A determined man, whose word was law among his numerous kinsmen, all the young folk of my generation were herded into the schoolroom to begin with the rudiments of the monumental wisdom of the Pakeha.

Thus began the process of absorbing knowledge by eye, by reading on blackboards or in books, by associating

sounds with letters by making all calculations in writing. But our teacher, a Mr Green, who achieved great success at Waioamatatini and at Waikouaiti in the South Island, resorted now and again to the ancient Polynesian method of teaching through the ear. We sang the multiplication tables up to twelve times twelve, in chorus. The singing or recitation worked to a climax, so that passers-by, our parents and elders, suspended their work or journey, until the crashing finale: Turo tamu turo a hanarete who te who! English songs and hymns were taken in our stride, the words perhaps imperfectly and the airs toned down as a compromise between the short intervals of the native music and the wider and rigid intervals to the tonic-sol-fa scale. But the English songs were new, were of the new type of knowledge we were supposed to acquire and they came most readily to the ear. And on many evenings we were assembled in the long, low wharau to demonstrate the new songs for the entertainment of the elders and the children not yet of school age.

The result? In my case my education in the music and singing of the songs of my own people was short-circuited. The years that followed at Te Aute almost completed the suppression of any taste or desire for prized accomplishment in the society to which my kin belonged and in which I was predestined to spend most of my life. But there came an interruption in the years of schooling, when my father decreed an interval of two years, during which I knocked about at home in the Waiapu Valley or in

villages along the coast where relatives lived. There was a period of eight months my younger brother and I spent with our parents at Otorohanga in the King Country, with occasional visits to Waikato and Auckland. Those two years remedied many shortcomings in my education as a Maori in the things that belong to him, including its basis of acquiring knowledge through the sense of hearing and retaining it by the faculty of memory stimulated by the lack of resort to written records.

I learnt one outstanding feature in the education of a Maori, that he must know a thing in one lesson; in two lessons, if his teacher is indulgent. To learn a song in one lesson, words, air and all its graces seemed an impossible feat. But it was demonstrated in many cases within one's knowledge. There were illiterate elders among my relatives in the sense that they read with great difficulty and could barely sign their names to paper. But they could memorise genealogies, land boundaries and strange songs with ease. They took no written notes, showed in fact from the commencement of any narration or recitation that they were committing to and holding the matter by an effort of memory. In that way they acquired the expression, the intonation, the rhythm, all the graces which reveal the meaning of the composition in its many shades. Words received their full signification from the stance of the bodies, the play of the eyes and the movements of the heads of the singers.

There were the song leaders, who attained to that position by a process of selection in practice. A fundamental

feature of recitation or singing in Maori is that there must be no hitch of any kind. So a leader must not only know his matter, but must also remember it in all its phases. A fault was an *aituā*, a presage of ill-fate, even of death. Then the leader must lead in a way to bring out the most pleasing volume and best interpretation from the group he led. This meant that the note he pitched must be one to suit the average of the many voices in his group, a pitch he would normally strike to suit his own voice, and with which he could devote himself to the expression, the acting it might be and the many graces of the most agreeable singing. And withal he would have the other gifts of leadership, personality, inspiration, and the quality of evoking the best in those he controlled.

Ngati Porou in those days had a great reputation for their singing, a flame which went far beyond its tribal limits. The hapū or subtribes with whom I was immediately connected were not surpassed by others. Indeed the Whanau-a-te Ao of Tokomaru and the Whanau-a-Rakairoa of Akuaku were accounted amongst the sweetest singers, especially of difficult airs. My father was a first-class singer with a very extensive repertoire, and my mother, a member of the Whanau-a-Rakairoa hapū, sang in a pleasant voice the songs current in the district. As a young child, before entering school, I lived and was nurtured in an atmosphere which favoured the development of the song complex of my kith.

[...]

What may seem to be an overlong personal note is deliberately given here to preface the investigation into Maori poetry that follows. It explains the case of thousands of Maoris, old and young, who entered the schools of this country and passed out, with their minds closed to the culture, which is their inheritance and which lies wounded, slighted and neglected at their very door. More and more the economic circumstances of the day demand mastery of Pakeha knowledge; more reading of books, more writing of notes, more dependence on the eye, less on the ear to transmit information to the mind. And so the ear of the Maori has become less and less receptive to the notes of his native music, less discerning of its scale of quarter tones and more inclined, if that were possible, to be satisfied with the songs and the music, which the races of the world, except his own, serve out to him *ad nauseam*.

There are no wise elders to suspend their excursions into the field of Pakeha education, none at least with the power to enforce such a course. But here and there are Maoris, men and women, who have passed through the Pakeha *whare wānanga* and felt shame at their ignorance of their native culture. They would learn it, if they could, if it were available for study as the culture of the Pakeha has been ordered for them to learn. For such the journey back to the social life of the Maori race is not so far, or so difficult. And it may be learnt and loved without any compulsion to live it. It is possible to compromise with it as many of us did sixty years ago, to select those elements

in it which should be as satisfying and elevating as the art, the crafts, the music and the literature of the Pakeha while living according to the material standards of the Pakeha and joining with him in the work of the country. It is possible to be bicultural just as bilingualism is a feature of the Maori life of today.

PETER CAPE

'Down the Hall on a Saturday Night', 1958

I got a new brown sports-coat,
I got a new pair of grey strides,
I got a real Kiwi haircut,
A bit off the top, an' short back and sides.

Soon as I've tied up me guri,
Soon as I've swept out the yard,
Soon as I've hosed down me gumboots,
I'll be living it high and hitting it hard.

I'm gonna climb onto me tractor,
Gonna belt 'er out of the gate,
'Cause there's a hop on down at the hall, and
She starts sharp somewhere 'bout half past eight.

Look at the sheilas cutting the supper
Look at the kids sliding over the floor
An' look at the great big bunch of jokers
Hanging 'round the door.

We've got the teacher to bash the pianna,
And Joe from the store on the drums.
We're as slick as the Orange in Auckland
For whooping things up and making them hum.

I had a schottische with the tart from the butchers
I had a waltz with the constable's wife
Had a beer from the keg on the cream-truck
And the cop had one too, you can bet your life.

Yeah, it's great being out with the jokers
When the jokers are sparking and bright,
And it's great giving cheek to the sheilas
Down the hall on Saturday night.

With writing by both Māori and women, there is a new engagement with the everyday—the reality of life of the whānau and its negotiations with the Pākehā world; and the task of making the language of both poetry and prose malleable enough to reflect and accommodate the familial and the ordinary—the earthly.

ALBERT WENDT***from Sons for the Return Home, 1973***

—
Mind if I sit down?

No.

Why didn't you help that man? Was it because you didn't want to get involved with the police?

Yes, but not just the police.

Who then?

With anyone. You get involved if you help people. Or hate them.

Or love them.

Yes. Or love them.

But what about your parents?

I am involved with them. But only them and my own people.

Then you do feel something for someone.

Yes.

What about all those other two-legged creatures outside your chosen circle?

Would you like a sandwich?

What about those other people?

They can take care of themselves.

Is it because most of them are white—pakeha?

That has something to do with it.

Racist.

True. Very true. They turned me into one.

God, how you must despise me. I'm pakeha, in case you're colour-blind. What an idiot I am. Here I am throwing myself at you and all the time you're laughing at me!

I'm not laughing at you.

Then you must despise me?

No.

Then what?

What do you mean?

What do you feel about me?

I just don't want to get involved, that's all.

Then it's goodbye, man. Enjoy your self-righteous detachment. By the way, here's my phone number just in case you want to abuse some pakeha bitch over the phone.

He didn't ring her for five days, and he didn't go to the cafeteria. On Saturday night, after getting drunk with his brother at a friend's flat, he rang her from a phone booth and told her he liked her but he didn't want to ever see her again.

Two days later, on his way home from university, he met a woman on the crowded bus. She rubbed her belly against his flanks as they stood in the aisle, holding on to the ceiling straps. He followed her out of the bus to her dingy room.

The woman locked the door behind him. The walls of the room were covered with numerous photographs of her. Some showed her nude and much younger. She stood in the middle of the room and started undressing. He

noticed that she wasn't looking at him but into a full-length mirror on the wall in front of her. She examined her profile, then her hands and shoulders, all the while crooning softly to herself. She took off her bra and, caressing her sagging breasts, white like stale milk in the light, she closed her eyes, and her hips moved back and forth almost imperceptibly. 'Aren't they beautiful?' she murmured, holding up her breasts.

He started towards her. She motioned to him to stop where he was. She slid off her pants and, gazing into the mirror, caressed her hips and flanks and between her legs. 'Wouldn't you love to do me?' she moaned.

She tried to move away as he came and pulled her into his arms and pushed her up against the mirror. 'You love pakeha women, don't you, boy? Don't you?' She stank of dried sweat, and her thick makeup was flaking off her face to reveal wrinkles, pimple scars, and a network of bluish veins.

Her flesh felt flabby and cold against him as he made love to her.

He found himself thinking of the girl.

Where have you been? I've been looking for you everywhere. Even tried to find your address. No one in the university seems to know.

Been around.

Where?

Trying to forget you.

Did you succeed?

Did you want me to succeed?

No.

I didn't. I even made love to another woman to try and find out whether I—whether I liked you.

And what did you find out?

I like you. And I do want to get involved.

By the way, who was she?

Who?

The other woman?

Just someone I met.

Did you enjoy it? Never mind, don't answer that question if you don't want to.

I felt sorry for her.

Before or after?

All the time.

Was she pakeha?

Yes.

But I thought you didn't want to feel sorry for us pink people!

6

After her late English lecture they walked out of the central building into the evening which had risen from the harbour as though it had been born out of the sea's depths. He held her hand and they talked softly as they walked.

Gnarled pine trees guarded the steep eastern entrance to the university grounds. Under them lay old, moss-stained graves—remnants of pioneer settlement. At

university, whenever he wanted solitude, he sat on one of the graves and gazed down at the city, at the houses and buildings, which reminded him of mausoleums and which rolled away from under him in rows of terraces.

The air was warm and smelt of rain. It was the beginning of summer.

Her hand trembled in his; he held it protectively and it grew still. They stopped under one of the pine trees. He embraced her, bent down and kissed her for the first time. She held him tightly.

'I want you to make love to me,' she murmured into his neck. 'Now.'

They moved into the shadows under the pines. He spread out his duffle coat on one of the graves. Before he embraced her again, he smelt the odour of pine sap and damp earth in the air. 'Hold me,' she whispered, shivering as if she was cold.

They lay down on the warm lid of the grave. The pine trees hummed above them.

Afterwards she told him that he was very good. He got up and started picking up his duffle coat. 'I'm sorry,' she said. She stood up and buried her face in his chest. 'I didn't mean to sound so clinical. I suppose it's my very pakeha way of trying to tell you I feel a lot for you.'

She straightened her clothes. He gave her satchel to her, and with arms wound round each other they went down towards the inner labyrinths of the city.

She told him that many men had made love to her. How

many? he asked. She couldn't remember. Ten? he said. About eight. Why did you have to tell me about it? he said, trying to free his arm from round her. You asked me. They walked in silence for a while.

'Did you enjoy it with them?' he asked.

'I wouldn't have made love to them if I hadn't enjoyed it.'

'Did you really enjoy it with me?'

'I told you I did,' she said. He pushed her away and continued walking alone.

'You want me to lie to you? Tell you I didn't enjoy it with the others? Is that it?' She gripped his arm and turned him round. She wound her arms round his waist, her belly thrust up firmly against his thighs, and gazing up into his face, she said: 'I don't want to ever lie to you.'

7

The party was well under way when they arrived. The sitting room was crowded, rock music shook the room, and a few couples were dancing in the middle of the floor. He had been to only a few student parties before; he avoided them. He usually attended parties held by young Samoans; he went with his brother who seemed to know every Saturday where all the parties were.

She pulled him into the room and left him by the door. He noted the easy familiarity with which she went round greeting many of the people, mainly students. She kissed a few of the men.

Returning with a glass of beer for him, she asked if he was enjoying himself and then went off again to join a group of people round the gramophone at the other end of the room. He wished his brother was there, someone familiar he could feel comfortable with. He drank his beer quickly.

An effeminate young man sat on the settee in front of him, talking shrilly to three girls. To his left, leaning against the wall, were five youths dressed in scruffy jeans and sweaters; two of them had scraggly beards and one wore sunglasses. The youths stood silently watching the dancing couples. Now and then one of them refilled their glasses with beer poured from a flagon. All round the room lay, stood, and crouched a horde of students, most of whom he didn't know. He noticed one of his history lecturers among them. The man was surrounded by six students; he seemed to be delivering one of his lectures. Opening the bottle of whisky he had brought with him, he started to drink from it. Cigarette smoke swirled lazily up to the ceiling where it shifted from wall to wall, unable to escape from the room. He hoped she would return to him soon and make him feel part of the party and the world she could move through so easily and from which he had deliberately ostracised himself.

Half an hour later she came and took him over to meet her friends by the gramophone. She introduced him; he just nodded. They tried to engage him in a conversation about Samoan politics. He didn't say much so they continued talking among themselves. He went on drinking

the whisky. She asked him again if he was enjoying the party. He nodded and tried to smile.

'You're not really,' she said laughingly. He insisted he was enjoying it. She got them two glasses from somewhere. He half filled her glass. She told him to fill it to the brim. She nestled into his side and he put his arm round her. They watched the people dancing.

'So this is where you learnt to be so detached and good at analysing people,' she said. 'Why don't you join in? It's much more fun. By the way, have you noticed how those other scheming females have been watching you all night?' She laughed when he automatically looked round the room. 'Come on, let's dance before one of them puts her claws into you.' He told her he wasn't a good dancer. 'All Islanders are supposed to be terrific dancers,' she said. She immediately noticed her mistake and apologised. He took her hand and led her into the middle of the room.

As they danced, she called to him to stop being so shy and tense. Relax, she said. He hadn't danced for a long time but, watching how happy and graceful she was, he forgot the others and eased gradually into the flow of the music.

She kissed him as they came back to their drinks. She said bottoms up. They drank until their glasses were empty. Where did you learn to drink like that? he asked. From my old man, she said with a laugh.

He admitted to himself that this was the happiest time he had ever spent in New Zealand. By loving her, he was feeling for the first time a growing and meaningful

attachment to the country which had bred her. He kissed her. Someone tapped him on the shoulder.

'Want a dance?' said a male voice over his shoulder. He turned. It was one of the bearded students he had seen earlier. The student ignored him and asked again.

'Is it all right?' she asked him.

'Are you with him?' the student said, still not looking at him.

'Yes, I am,' she replied.

'Okay, if that's the way you want it.'

'That's the way I want it,' she said.

The student turned to go. 'Bitch!' he mumbled.

She grabbed his arm as he started reaching out for the student. He tried to relax again.

'Thank you,' she whispered. 'Do you want to go now?' He nodded.

They left.

They had come in her mother's car. As they drove away he looked out the window, trying to hide his shameful anger from her.

'Now I'm beginning to understand what it's like,' she said. She reached over and gripped his right hand.

The starless sky seemed to press down on the car as it rushed headlong into the neon lights of the city, pursuing tram rails that glittered like knife blades.

I love you.

I love you too.

Whaddarya? For many New Zealanders, the 1980s were a time of trauma and upheaval. From the Springbok tour protests of the beginning of the decade, to the economic restructuring of the mid-decade, to the stock market crash of 1989, familiar social structures were questioned, changed or swept away.

C.K. STEAD

'Deconstructing the Rainbow Warrior', 1988

In my game (and yours, reader) it was always the Frogmen
had clever theories. We did the dirty work

using the English language like a roguish trowel.
Tonight, two rubberised heads have set their Zodiac on course

from Okahu Bay. Past the Container port,
around Marsden Wharf, they're ferrying a transitive verb

called Bomb. In a hired campervan a man and a woman
smoke, check their watches, and bicker.

Turenges don't make it right, and anyway
the name is false, like their Swiss passports.

Half of Auckland, Dominique argues, has taken their number.
She's exaggerating of course. He refuses to panic.

A beautiful night. You can see the lighthouse light
on off Rangitoto, and an undercover moon

casual among clouds over North Head. Here come
the rubber boys back in their pattering Zodiac.

Remember, reader, poems don't deal in fact—
this is all a bad dream in the Elysée Palace.

Now scatter—it goes like the Paris Metro, according to plan.
Soon you will hear explosions. Someone will die.

More than a ship will founder. And the theory? Ah, the theory!
Dig a hole for it with your English trowels.

FIONA FARRELL*from The Skinny Louie Book, 1992*

The Queen was coming. Maura stood with her mother and father down by the railway crossing at the very end of the route. She would have preferred to be in the Park suffering torments of jealousy while some other little girl with perfect curls and a perfect dress handed the Queen a posy while performing a perfect curtsy, but they'd been late and this was the closest they could get.

Dad hadn't wanted to come at all. 'Load of poppycock,' he'd said. 'Mrs Windsor and that chinless cretin she married riding along waving at the peasants and mad Sid and the rest of them bringing up the rear kowtowing for all they're worth. Lot of nonsense.'

'I think she's pretty,' said Maura who had a gold Visit medal pinned to her best frock and a scrapbook of pictures cut from *Sunny Stories* in her bedroom: The Little Princesses at Play with the Royal Corgies on the Lawn at Balmoral, The Little Princesses in their Playhouse which had a proper upstairs and wasn't just a made-over pig pen with ripped sheets for curtains. 'Miss Croad says the Queen has a peaches and cream complexion.'

'Peaches and bloody cream!' said Dad, thumping the table so his tea spilled. 'There weren't too many peaches around back in 1848 when her lot were gorging themselves

in London while our lot ate grass, and don't you forget it.' Dad hated the Queen, Oliver Cromwell and Winston Churchill because of the Troubles and the Famine and because they-came-across-and-tried-to-teach-us-their-ways.

'That's years ago,' said Mum. 'Now turn around, Maura, so I can brush out the other side.' Maura turned, glad to be relieved of the tight ringlet sausages which had dug into her scalp all night. 'And what about during the war?' said her mother, who was pink-cheeked today in her best crêpe de chine and ready for a fight. 'They stayed in London didn't they? They stayed with the people in the East End right through the Blitz and the Queen Mother even said she was glad the palace got bombed because then she could feel they were sharing the suffering.'

'Suffering?' said Dad. 'What did she know about suffering, one of the richest families in the world and you know how they got there don't you? Murder and betrayal and half of them illegitimate into the bargain, born the wrong side of the . . .'

'Shh,' said Mum, her mouth tight-lipped round a blue satin ribbon. 'Not in front of . . . Hold still, Maura, for pity's sake.'

Dad drank his tea morosely. 'Eating grass,' he said. 'Eating dirt, so some English buggger could go in velvet.'

A final tug at the ribbon and Maura was released. 'Well, are you coming or not?' said Mum, driving a hat pin into her pink church hat, and Dad said he supposed he would,

if she was that set on it, but he was damned if he was going to get dressed up. The Queen would have to take him in his gardening clothes or not at all, and Mum said, 'Nonsense, you're not leaving the house in that jersey, so go and get changed, there's still time,' but of course there wasn't and they could hear the crowd roar like a wave breaking before they were halfway down the hill and they had to run and push even to find the place to stand by the Gardens gate.

The Pipe Band was wheezing and wailing a few yards away and Maura would have liked to go and stand up close to watch the men's cheeks puff and the rhythmic flap of their white duck feet and to feel her ears buzz with drum roll and drone. But they were inaccessible through a dense forest of legs and bottoms: fat, skinny, trousered, floralled and striped, milling about so that she felt as frightened and inconsequential as she had when she'd opened the gate at Grandad Forbes's and the cows had pressed through before she'd been able to jump to one side, buffeting her in their eagerness to get to the paddock. She'd have liked an elephant ride on her father's shoulders; other children swayed above the crowd clutching their flags and safe from harm, but their fathers didn't have bad legs from the war, and she was getting too heavy for Mum to hold.

'Don't fuss, poppet,' said Mum. 'Just hang on tight. I'll make sure you see her when the time comes.'

Maura needed no instruction. Around her the huge bodies pressed and she took sticky hold of her mother's skirt. The crowd noise was like static which tuned in

snatches into God Save and cheering. (The Mayor's wife was presenting the Queen with a white gloxinia called Majesty in a silver casket, Miss Croad told them next morning, and the Mayor, Mr Cudby, was giving the Prince a photo of the Begonia House to hang on the wall at Buckingham Palace.) Then the roar built like rain drumming and Mum stood tiptoe saying, 'There she is, there she is! Maura, you must see properly, this is a Once-in-a-Lifetime Opportunity!' And before Maura could protest she had scooped her up, and was tapping a man's shoulder and asking, 'Could my daughter get down to the front please?' Handing her over like a parcel, passed from person to person till she stood at the very edge of the crowd where there was no coach and no horses and no limousine even but an ordinary man and woman walking along the road past the baths, talking sometimes to the crowd or waving, and the woman's face was a bit like the Queen's but not peaches and cream, and topped with an ordinary hat, not a crown. People were calling hurrah hurrah and the pipe band shrilled so Maura waved her flag uncertainly as the man and woman passed by and in a very ordinary way, exactly as anyone might, climbed up the stairs onto the train, turned and waved, and the train chugged (whooshaaaah whooshaaaah) away down the track.

Then the crowd broke. Maura stood with her paper flag but no hand came down out of the press of bodies and no voice said, 'Ah, there you are, Maura,' lifting her up to safety. She was pushed and prodded, spun and stepped

about until she found herself up against a floral arch and beyond it lay a smooth and empty lawn, so she went there, and once she was there she remembered the parrot and then Peter Pan and then the Begonia House where you could pick up fuchsias from the floor and wear them for earrings, and that was how she found the baby.

It was like finding the kittens mewling blind and wriggling in the long grass by the sand pit, except that the baby's eyes were open and it waved its hands sticky and streaked with cream but perfect just the same with proper nails. Maura took her hanky and spat on it as her mother did for a lick and a promise and wiped at the baby's dirty cheek. The baby turned instantly to her finger, opened its pink toothless mouth and sucked. Maura was entranced. She gathered the baby up as she had gathered the kittens, tucked firmly inside the dirty cardigan, and carried her discovery out into the sun.

The world of New Zealand writing can contain angels as well as cash machines, characters who are immigrant Indian shopkeepers or nineteenth-century French peasants as well as Mormon Māori farmers from the East Cape; a world in which historical figures meet and mingle with the inhabitants of the present.

ROBERT SULLIVAN
from Star Waka, 1999

iv 2140 AD

Waka reaches for stars—mission control clears us for
 launch
 and we are off to check the guidance system
 personally. Some gods are Greek to us Polynesians,
 who have lost touch with the Aryan mythology,
 but we recognise ours and others—Ranginui and his cloak,
 and those of us who have seen *Fantasia* know Diana
 and the host of beautiful satyrs and fauns.

We are off to consult with the top boss,
 to ask for sovereignty and how to get this
 from policy into action back home.
 Just then the rocket runs out of fuel—
 we didn't have enough cash for a full tank—
 so we drift into an orbit we cannot escape from
 until a police escort vessel tows us back

and fines us the equivalent of the fiscal envelope
 signed a hundred and fifty years ago.
 They confiscate the rocket ship, the only thing
 all the iwi agreed to purchase with the last down payment.

v Honda Waka

Today I surrendered the life of my Honda City
 to a wrecker in Penrose for \$30.

I bought it seven years ago for \$6000.
 It has rust in the lower sills,
 rust around the side windows—
 on the WOF inspection sheet it says:
 'this car has bad and a lot of rust . . . '.

That car took me to Uncle Pat's tangi in Bluff.
 We stopped and gazed at Moeraki,
 the dream sky, on the way.

A friend followed us in it on the way
 to National Women's for Temuera's birth
 (we were in her huge Citroen).

We went to Otaki, and Wellington,
 in the Honda to visit family.

The Honda took me to Library School
 perched next to Victoria Uni.

I drove Grandad across the creek in the Honda at night
 after the family reunion bash.

Temuera's first car seat was in the Honda.
That Honda has seen a high percentage

of my poetry.
Now I have left it behind.

xiii Rough Cuts

the strokes slow, start cutting the drink
becalmed by tired arms
billowing at a tangent
we need a flying fox to new land
hook our mast and glide
like our descendants in skies
who have histories
backwards and forwards
our descendants who will secure
discoveries and communicate
to their descendants the value
of wonders they will find
allowing us—the ancestors—
to navigate *our* history
down lines

46

it is feasible that we will enter

space
colonise planets call our spacecraft *waka*
perhaps name them after the first fleet
erect marae transport carvers renew stories

with celestial import

establish new forms of verse
free ourselves of the need for politics
and concentrate on beauty

like the release from gravity
orbit an image until it is absorbed
through the layers of skin

spin it
sniff and stroke the object
become poetic

oh to be in that generation
to write in freefall picking up the tools
our culture has given us

and to let them go again
knowing they won't hit anyone
just stay up there

no longer subject to peculiarities
of climate the political economies
of powers and powerless

a space waka
rocketing to another orb
singing waiata to the spheres

Following pages:

DYLAN HORROCKS
from Hicksville, 1998





The Doctor looked at me and
said he'd be home later.



I had a deep breath
in my chest.



The Doctor was with me
and he was looking at me.



The Doctor and I walked
towards the house, and
I was looking at him.



The Doctor was in the road
and he was looking at me
and he was looking at me.



He was the same man
and he was looking at me
and he was looking at me.



The Doctor
was looking at me.



The Doctor was
looking at me and
he was looking at me.



The Doctor was looking
at me and he was
looking at me.



The Doctor was looking at
me and he was looking
at me.



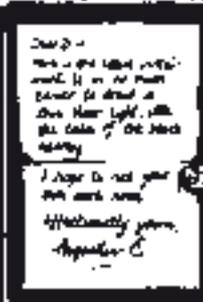
The Doctor was looking at
me and he was looking
at me.



The Doctor was looking
at me and he was
looking at me.



The Doctor was looking
at me and he was
looking at me.



The Doctor was looking
at me and he was
looking at me.



The Doctor was looking
at me and he was
looking at me.



The Doctor was looking
at me and he was
looking at me.



As in earlier decades, writers go back to the colonial past for their subject matter but as a way of reinventing literature or unsettling history. Writing still concerns itself with the marvellous and its limits, but those limits might be found in a suburban garden rather than in some strenuously manufactured fictional realm.

CHRIS PRICE

‘What I Know About Curnow’, 2002

Green countryside, very English. And at the top of a little knoll surrounded by fields and hedgerows stands a small wooden building with a pointed, shingled roof and a path winding towards it. It’s somewhere between a lych-gate and a church spire. It has no door, just an open arch in the wall facing me, and a similar arch on the far side, so my gaze passes straight through the building into the fields beyond as I approach. Stepping inside, I find myself in a wood-panelled room, its rafters open under the slanting roof. The wood gives the interior a warm atmosphere, despite the lack of doors. Beneath a window overlooking the gauzy countryside—a mist is coming up—there’s a desk with papers lying casually on it and a chair pushed back, as if someone has just stepped out for a moment. Books line the walls.

It’s a shrine to Allen Curnow. Or a museum, perhaps, but shrine feels like the right word. And as I’m standing there between the open arches, a wind sweeps through them and flips me upside down, so I’m suspended by my heels in mid-air like the Hanged Man. And the wind and the dream leave me there—upside down in the church of poetry.

HAMISH CLAYTON
from Wulf, 2011

Near the start of 1830, towards the end of February, we left London in the merchant brig *Elizabeth*. Laden with the daydreams of trade, the lands of myth ahead of us, we rode trade-winds and the whale-road. We set our sails for the South Seas, for the ends of the earth, for those colonies that were becoming New southern countries that weren't countries yet: New Holland and New South Wales. New Zealand. New Ulster, New Munster and New Leinster. Colonies yet to be that looked back over the shoulder of the earth to see Home.

We sailed south, the boat a great armchair rocking on the spot though we knew we were falling slowly around the surface of the earth. In only a few months we had sailed from our northern winter through the savage heat at the belt of the globe to another winter at the bottom of the world. We felt the enormous weight of the planet, a ball spinning beneath the tread of our brig, the seasons capsizing around us.

We arrived in Sydney in the rain in the night. We looked at Gunn's maps of the Australian country, a whole continent the shape of a bison. On those maps Sydney was a paper-weight holding that great island down in the ocean. The steady, ancient earth. But our captain pointed to those

other islands, far smaller and wilder, further south and east, that moved like driftwood on the tide of the Pacific. Those lands, restless with earthquakes we'd heard, were being called New Zealand. Those lands pulled like an angry fish on a line, like a wild dog on a leash. They were the last place on earth and our captain said we are going over there to trade, men. Or he said we are going over there to trade men.

In August we left Sydney. We crossed the ditch of ocean that lay between Australia and New Zealand called the Tasman Sea. Though it was winter there, that was a mild sea till we were more than halfway across it. Then the season started snapping its salty teeth and through the cold rainy air we came upon the islands of New Zealand: New Ulster in the North, New Munster in the South, the final, broken shelf of the planet.

*

To the South its sides
 rose steeply from the sea,
 as steep as the green sides of a ship
 whose timber sides were turned green
 by the sea.

To the North it lay
 as flat as an animal that lay
 in the water, watching us watching it

as we approached,
entering its water.

*

I never saw in all my wide-wanderings a country so fresh, so harsh, so beauteous-green. I never set foot in any country so bitter-cold in the middle-months.

The country lay like a gift from the open sky before us.

*

When we landed we realised they'd seen us before, others like us, earlier traders, whalers. They knew us from the thin colour of our skins. Our strange boots. Our muddy eyes and beards. We had not landed among war-like ones, though they knew the craft of war. They welcomed us. From earlier traders, whalers, they knew about our customs in ways that impressed us. We moved among them, keeping our distance, mindful. They knew our habits: our need to get drunk in the evenings, our love of songs and the fire. Our wish to trade. Our muskets for their flax, our rum for their flax, our tobacco for their flax. Our flints wrapped in blankets. Our sea-calloused men's hands for the smooth round hips of their women and girls. Their warm brown shades. Our white flesh, at sea for months, tasted of salt to them. We gave them meat and took handfuls of arse and

breast. They were game. Our desire for trade, so rampant, our minds and bodies thick with it—our desire for trade always turned to the business of fucking.

*

We were wary of them, more wary of putting down roots, of planting ourselves there. Going native was the concern.

There was a madness that grew from that earth, those strange trees that grew in dark wet gullies: black and green, the sun-shattered leaves that stayed green on the trees through the cold of winter. The madness of that winter light: in the late afternoon it lay low and orange, pouring shadows into gullies like basins, empty and over-flowing, everything made into black wet shadows. And deep in those gullies, opening like arms and legs as black and green and wet as the great trees that grew from deep inside them, and whose roots grew from a stomach of stars inside the earth, everything was as black as the stomach of a tree. The black green trees. The black trees green. We were wary of everything there.

The madness that grew from inside that land grew quickest when the shadows grew long, like snakes crawling from the corners of the earth, though we knew there were no snakes crawling through those islands. If there was a madness growing from out of that earth, then it was a madness that grew from our own imaginations, for we'd stowed these away with us during the long months at sea,

brought them ashore like handfuls of seed or dirt and then scattered them like accidental traces of ourselves in the soil of these new islands.

One evening I felt that madness come upon me, its cool green fingers becoming my fingers, its shaded eyes becoming my eyes.

I had been walking through gullies through the afternoon, through sheer green gullies, through wild green rooms. Those forests were dense and ancient forests—could barely be moved through except by following rivers or occasional paths already made. For the land there steers the man walking through it. And when he finds a path to follow then the terrain seems to have been already sliced by another mind. Yet it is always the land that steers him. After many hours, when I had walked through many strange valleys, then the light became suddenly cool and thin like water, and I realised that the sun had fallen away beyond the western edge of the world. In the quickly fading light I hurried to find my way back through that unsettling country. That was a fearsome terrible hour for me, for as the light was drained from the forest the green world I'd been within suddenly became dark and colourless, and I felt submerged, underwater. And though I could look up and see, through the trees, a sky which was—even then, beautiful, coloured—not yet night, everything beneath my feet and before my body was confusing, made of ink. The land regarded me through its dark guard of trees, sinister eyes invisible within their branches, and everything moved

around me as I moved through that landscape, my breath held like a silent paddle.

I came to a sloping path plunging into the heart of a very deep cleft in the side of the earth which, I was sure, I had neither walked through nor seen that afternoon. But it was heading in what I took to be my direction—north-east—as well as uphill, towards what remained of the day, out of those hideous gullies, and I began to breathe again as I climbed its gentle slope. And as I walked I looked to the sky above me, to be cheered again by the beauty of the pure evening shade and the reminder of the day within it. When I looked back down to look along the path before me I froze and every drop of blood inside me turned to ice.

Thirty feet off, to the side of the path, crouched the black shape of a large Wolf, facing me, watching me, and even in that second which had split and stopped me straight and dead in my tracks I cursed myself a bloody fool—for now the animal had surely seen me, guessed that I had spotted it having seen my sudden stop, and would be upon my throat in a moment.

And inside that broken second I thought how, it was supposed, there were no wolves on those islands. We'd been told. But I was once a hunter in the north of the world, on islands far away from these, and I know the shape of a Wolf in the twilight as it sits on the edge of its dark country. I know the shape of a Wolf that is watching and waiting. I know the shape of its leap, made in the air when the line of protection is crossed. This line it wears against itself

between itself and the world like the outline of its own body. For the Wolf is an animal of line, and is made of lines: a stripe in the fur, curves of tooth and claw, triangles of ear, shelves of paw. A whisker. These keep the Wolf from becoming something else in the world, and yet they are only a conspiracy of lines. In the dark places of strange lands outlines make a shape we can name, a beginning and an ending we recognise even within shadows at the far end of the earth.

All these things I thought in the broken chamber of a single second. And even as I thought them I knew they were madness. No Wolf I had encountered had ever leaped at me, save one which had been rabid, mad. The creature that crouched before me was too still, too composed, for that animal insanity to be buried within its folds of flesh and fur. I found my fear cooling like an ember where previously there had been flame and I crept carefully forward. And though the Wolf still did not move it changed before my eyes so as I stepped gradually closer it became clearer to me. Miraculously I saw two things held within the same shape: a Wolf—its pointed ears, its sloping back—and a broken, blackened tree-stump. A tree-stump! Erupting from out of the earth at an angle like a twisted tooth. As soon as I saw that stump for what it was, relief came like a flood within me. I laughed out loud. The sound, as flat and empty as coins dropped into a tin bucket, quickly died in the cold air. I went to the stump and stood over it and saw how hollow it was, the faint green colour

about its lichen flanks. The Wolf had vanished. I patted its head behind its two wooden ears and laughed again, and again the gully killed my laughter. So I hurried on up the path until I broke the surface of the forest and I felt then as though I was coming up for air. It was lighter there, out of the trees on the ridge overlooking the forest-thick hide of the earth. Behind me the sunset an orange scar. A bright star hung in the east. I followed it home. A short walk to our camp.

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Ruth Dallas, 'Deep in the Hills' (1953)

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James K. Baxter, 'Poem in the Matukituki Valley' (1949; 1953)

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John Male, 'Girl with Her Hair Cut Short' (1944; 1989)

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Sylvia Ashton-Warner, from *Spinster* (1958)

- A.P. Gaskell, 'School Picnic' (1947)
 Reweti T. Kohere, from *The Autobiography of a Maori* (1951)
 Ian Cross, from *The God Boy* (1957)
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- The Social Pattern**
 Dan Davin, 'The Quiet One' (1949)
 J.C. Sturm, 'For All the Saints' (1955)
 Apirana Ngata, 'Maori Songs' (1949; 1972)
- FROM KIWI CULTURE TO COUNTER-CULTURE**
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 Peter Cape, 'Down the Hall on a Saturday Night' (1958)
 Maurice Gee, from *The Big Season* (1962)
 Barry Crump, from *Hang On a Minute Mate* (1961)
 Jean Watson, from *Stand in the Rain* (1965)
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 Amelia Batistich, 'An Olive Tree in Dalmatia' (1963)
 Renato Amato, 'One of the Titans' (1967)
 James K. Baxter, from 'Pig Island Letters' (1966)
 Marilyn Duckworth, 'Among Strangers' (1968)
- Provincial Gothic**
 Hone Tuwhare, 'The Old Place' (1964)
 Ronald Hugh Morrieson, from *The Scarecrow* (1963)
 O.E. Middleton, 'Killers' (1972)
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 C.K. Stead, 'A Fitting Tribute' (1965)

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- The Bomb Is Made**
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 Peter Sharples, 'The Fledgling' (1961)
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 Noel Hilliard, from *Maori Girl* (1960)
 James K. Baxter, 'The Maori Jesus' (1966; 1979)
 Bill Pearson, from *Coal Flat* (1963)
 Rod Derrett, 'Puha and Pakeha' (c. 1965)
- The Joy of Sex**
 Frank Sargeson, 'City and Suburban' (1965)
 Fleur Adcock, 'Wife to Husband' (1964)
 James K. Baxter, 'On the Death of Her Body' (1961)
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 Phillip Wilson, 'End of the River' (1960)
- Blast**
 James K. Baxter, 'A Small Ode on Mixed Flattening' (1967)
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- EARTHLY: THE SEVENTIES**
- Pipe Dreams**
 David Mitchell, 'th oldest game' (1972)
 James K. Baxter, from *Jerusalem Sonnets* (1970)
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Earthly

- Ian Wedde, from *Earthy: Sonnets for Carlos* (1975)
 Murray Edmond, 'Psyche at the Beginning of Spring' (1975)
 Jan Kemp, 'Quiet in the Eye, New Hebrides to Fiji 1974' (1979)
 Kendrick Smithyman, 'An Ordinary Day Beyond Kaitaia' (1972)
 Allen Curnow, from 'Trees, Effigies, Moving Objects' (1972)
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 Maurice Gee, 'A Glorious Morning, Comrade' (1975)
 Albert Wendt, from *Sons for the Return Home* (1973)
 C.K. Stead, from 'Quesada' (1975)
- Transgression**
 Maurice Gee, from *Plumb* (1978)
 Ronald Hugh Morrieson, 'Cross My Heart and Cut My Throat' (1974)
 Bill Manhire, 'How to Take Off Your Clothes at the Picnic' (1977)
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 Rachel McAlpine, 'Burning the Liberty Bodice' (1979)
 Lauris Edmond, 'Latter Day Lysistrata' (1980)
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- Jan Kemp, 'Against the Softness of Woman' (1976)
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- Fearful Ecologies**
 Ian Wedde, 'Pathway to the Sea' (1975)
 Apirana Taylor, 'The Womb' (1979)
 Brian Turner, 'The Initiation' (1978)
 Kevin Ireland, 'Animals and Engines' (1974)
 Ruth Dallas, 'Pioneer Woman with Ferrets' (1976)
 Allen Curnow, 'A Balanced Bait in Handy Pellet Form' (1979)
 John Clarke (as Fred Dagg), 'The Gumboot Song' (1976)
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 Witi Ihimaera, 'A Game of Cards' (1972)
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 David Eggleton, 'God Defend New Zealand' (1988)

Maurice Shadbolt, from *Once On Chunuk Bair* (1982)
 Greg McGee, from *Foreskin's Lament* (1980; 1981)
 Cilla McQueen, 'Living Here' (1982)
 Murray Edmond, 'Shack' (1981)
 Bill Manhire, 'Phar Lap' (1991)

The Maori Renaissance, II
 Witi Ihimaera, from 'Maori Life and Literature: A Sensory Perception' (1981)
 Patricia Grace, from *Potiki* (1986)
 Hone Tuwhare, 'We, Who Live in Darkness' (1987)
 Keri Hulme, 'One Whale Singing' (1986)

Submerged Histories
 Maurice Shadbolt, from *Season of the Jew* (1986)
 Stevan Eldred-Grigg, from *Oracles and Miracles* (1987)
 Fiona Farrell, 'Charlotte O'Neil's Song' (1987)
 C.K. Stead, from *All Visitors Ashore* (1984)
 Albert Wendt, 'Exam Failure Praying' (1986)

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 Ian Wedde, 'Beautiful Golden Girl of the Sixties' (1984)
 Leigh Davis, from *Willy's Gazette* (1983)
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 Fiona Kidman, from *True Stars* (1990)
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Sexual Politics

Dinah Hawken, 'The Tug of War' (1991)
 Anne French, 'The evader writes a lyric poem' (1988)
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 Sue McCauley, from *Other Halves* (1982)
 Barbara Anderson, 'Commitment' (1989)
 Jenny Bornholdt, 'The Boyfriends' (1988)
 Elizabeth Smither, 'I've Had Any Number of Gay Women Friends' (1983)

Being Away

Fleur Adcock, 'Immigrant' (1979)
 Lauris Edmond, 'Going to Moscow' (1983)
 Kendrick Smithyman, from 'Reading the Maps: An Academic Exercise' (1985)
 Bill Manhire, 'Zoetropes' (1984)
 The Front Lawn [Harry Sinclair and Don McGlashan], 'Tomorrow Night' (1989)

Reading the Landscape

Yvonne du Fresne, 'Astrid of the Limberlost' (1980)
 John Newton, 'Opening the Book' (1985)
 Cilla McQueen, 'Vegetable Garden Poem IV' (1984)
 Allen Curnow, 'The Parakeets at Karekare' (1982)
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CABIN FEVER: THE NINETIES**Floating Nation**

Anne French, 'Cabin Fever' (1990)
 Robert Sullivan, from *Star Waka* (1999)
 Dylan Horrocks, from *Hicksville* (1998)
 Bill Manhire, 'Milky Way Bar' (1991)

The Unpoetic

James Brown, 'Cashpoint: A Pantoum' (1995)
 Jenny Bornholdt, 'Make Sure' (1989)
 Catherine Chidgey, 'A Short Survival Guide', from *In a Fishbone Church* (1998)
 Keri Hulme, 'The Pluperfect Pā-wā' (1988)

Postmodern Ecologies

Dinah Hawken, 'Hope' (1995)
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 Geoff Park, from *Ngā Uruora—The Groves of Life* (1995)
 Chris Orsman, 'Ornamental Gorse' (1994)

Magical Realisms

Gregory O'Brien, from *Diesel Mystic* (1989)
 Elizabeth Knox, from *The Vintner's Luck* (1998)
 Witi Ihimaera, from *Bulibasha* (1994)

Hardcore

Sia Figiel, from *Where We Once Belonged* (1996)
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 Dean Hapeta aka Te Kupu, '*Hardcore*' (1994)
 Patricia Grace, from *Cousins* (1992)

Writing Back

Glenn Colquhoun, 'A Problem While Translating the Treaty of Waitangi' (1999)
 Bernadette Hall, 'Poem in the Matukituki Valley' (1997)
 Michele Leggott, from 'Blue Irises' (1994)

Maladies

Bernadette Hall, 'Anorexia' (1994)
 Wystan Curnow, from *Cancer Daybook* (1989)
 Peter Wells, 'When My Brother Got Thin' (1999)
 Barbara Anderson, 'Fast Post' (1989)

Love

Iain Sharp, 'Owed to Joy' (1997)
 J.C. Sturm, 'Maori to Pakeha' (1996)
 Roma Potiki, 'And My Heart Goes Swimming' (1992)
 Hone Tuwhare, 'Sun o (2)' (1992)
 Jacob Rajan, from *Krishnan's Dairy* (1997; 2005)
 Jenny Bornholdt, 'Wedding Song' (1995)
 Kate Camp, 'Unfinished Love Theorem' (2001)

Young Knowledge

Emily Perkins, 'A Place Where No One Knows Your Face' (1996)
 Damien Wilkins, from *The Miserables* (1993)
 Damien Wilkins, 'The Prodigals' (1993)
 Fiona Farrell, from *The Skinny Louie Book* (1992)

HOW TO LIVE ELSEWHERE**Living Here**

Paula Green, 'Waitakere Rain' (2004)
 Anne Kennedy, 'Whenua (1)' (2003)
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 John Newton, 'Trout-fishing and Sport in Maoriland' (2010)
 Elizabeth Smither, 'Removing the Subsidy on Butter' (1999)
 Bill Manhire, '1950s' (2010)
 Hinemoana Baker, 'Methods of Assessing the Likely Presence of a Terrorist Threat in a Remote Indigenous Community' (2010)

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- Harry Ricketts, from *How to Live Elsewhere* (2004)
 Cliff Fell, from 'The M at the End of the Earth' (2007)
 Chris Tse, 'Chinese Colours' (2005)
 Tusiata Avia, 'Wild Dogs Under My Skirt' (2004)
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 Paula Morris, 'Like a Mexican' (2008)

Overseasia

- Lloyd Jones, from *The Book of Fame* (2003)
 Emily Perkins, from *Novel About My Wife* (2008)
 Kate Duignan, 'Four Reasons to Come to Scotland' (2008)
 Diana Bridge, 'Diary: September 20–21' (2000)
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 Lloyd Jones, from *Mister Pip* (2006)
 Stephanie de Montalk, 'Fourteen Thousand Miles' (2009)

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- Allen Curnow, 'The Bells of Saint Babel's' (2001)
 Chris Price, 'What I Know About Curnow' (2002)
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