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CHAPTER EIGHT

‘SIMPLY BY SAILING IN A NEW DIRECTION’: THE POETICS OF DISTANCE

Stuart Murray

The central irony inherent in all forms of cultural nationalism is that, in directing attention towards the local, the direction itself necessarily involves a consideration of the terms of separation and the nature of the geocultural space that is to be rejected in favour of the new; to emphasise the delimited requires the articulation of that which lies beyond its limits. For poets in New Zealand during the often heady days of literary nationalism, Allen Curnow’s proclamation of the ‘reality of the local and special’ as the source of the written nation came couched within a complex set of ambivalences about the real, the invented, and the relation between the two.¹ The invention of the literary/poetic nation required the equal invention of the culture from which it was separating, so the distance the nationalists carefully crafted from their English peers was foremostly an ideological space of translation and adaptation. In fact, as I will show, this idea of distance involved more than speculation on the relationship between English and New Zealand writing; it also speaks to a wide range of internal debates that cut through the developing literary community: distance conceived in terms of gender; of attitudes towards English expatriates participating in the nationalist project; and between the arts – conceived in a broad sense – and politics. If the 1930s were foundational in consolidating a ruling nationalism in New Zealand writing, they also shaped new counter-currents that worked within and outside of its boundaries.

The first ever anthology of New Zealand poetry (or ‘verse’), edited by W. F. Alexander and A. E. Currie and published in 1906, inevitably focused on anxious questions of separation and distance, even as its bold dedication – ‘For New Zealand’ – gestured towards a future that would be inspiringly national. In the introduction to what they acknowledge is a collection of ‘minor poetry’, Alexander and Currie note that while there will be a time ‘which some of us look for, when New Zealand will be assigned a place among nations not only on account of its exports of wool and gold, or for richness and worth in horses and footballers, but also by reason of its contribution to art’, it is nevertheless the case that ‘That time has not arrived’ and that what they term the ‘corpus of Anglo-Saxon literature’ still dominates the practice of writing (and indeed reading) poetry in the country.² As if to prove the point, the second poem in the anthology – Eleanor Elizabeth Montgomery’s ‘To One in England’ – imagines the nature of the local in New Zealand in terms of the distance between the country and colonial homeland. ‘I send to you’, Montgomery begins, ‘Songs of a Southern Isle’, and continues:

Songs from an island
 Just waking from sleeping
 In history’s morning;
 Songs from a land
 Where night shadows creep
 When your day is dawning.³

The discrepancy between ‘creep’ and ‘dawning’ only underscores the assumption that a greater sophistication lay thousands of miles away in the North Atlantic. For Montgomery,

separation is weighted with the cultural baggage that comes with the necessity for a new 'history' in New Zealand and the linked normativity of British historical complexity.

Though they would firmly reject the obsequiousness of the kind of 'colonial verse' contained in Alexander and Currie's collection, the nationalists of the 1930s nevertheless had to fashion their own version of the distance between New Zealand and Britain. The process of forming what Allen Curnow famously termed the 'anti-myth' of New Zealand poetry, the rejection of a sentimental and nostalgia-tinged poetic that dominated writing at the start of the twentieth century, required a new attitude towards the literary sophistication of Europe.⁴ For all of his concentration on the local, Curnow himself acknowledged in 1937 that 'whatever may be said or written about a national literature in New Zealand, England remains at the very least the 'technical research laboratory, where the finest and most advanced material is done with that material, the English language'.⁵ If a poetic nationalism was to take hold in New Zealand, it needed a tougher and smarter articulation of the distance between writing at home and the high-profile modernism of T. S. Eliot, W. B. Yeats and W. H. Auden that defined the leading edge of poetry in Britain.

In his introductions to the various anthologies of New Zealand poetry Curnow edited between 1945 and 1960, and which he used to carefully outline a canon and tradition in local writing, he would highlight the value of R. A. K. Mason's writing in the formation of a new national consciousness. Mason's poetry had, Curnow asserted, 'none of the familiar hazy compromise and pretence of "colonial verse"', but in fact Mason himself was not averse to seeing his poetry in terms of a literal distance between his writing position and that of other writers in English elsewhere.⁶ In 'Song of Allegiance', published in the collection Penny Broadsheet in 1925, Mason name-checks a number of English poets, ranging from Shakespeare to Housman, and including Milton, Keats, Donne, Byron, and Shelley, before noting that 'they are gone and I am here / stoutly bringing up the rear'.⁷ Such a literal spatial

positioning suggests both connection, in terms of claiming to be part of a tradition of writing in English, but also the distance that necessarily exists between (to extend his own metaphor) the front and the back of such a tradition. James Bertram, reading the poem in the Hocken Lecture he gave at the University of Otago in 1971, noted that ‘even as a schoolboy, Mason knew he had joined not the front rank of colonial balladmongers, but the rearguard of the English poets’.⁸ Granted that this is the case, it nevertheless appears that the cost of such association was the need to stress a physical separation. Mason’s marxist commitment to a broad left-wing programme of social change marked him as an internationalist figure in a political sense, but his negotiation of distance in terms of his own poetry and writing in Britain was altogether more ambiguous.

Such ambiguity was a constant marker of the poetry of the early to mid-1930s that sought to speak of New Zealand distinctiveness within a seemingly unavoidable context of British values, a process that took place around questions of both content and form. A. R. D. Fairburn’s long, sprawling poem *Dominion*, written in 1935 and published in 1938, ranges across several Depression-era topics, speculating on social change, power, and history, all in an often-garbled mix of rhythms and tones taken from the dominant English poetry of the period, especially sub-Audenesque registers expressing place, ideas of the modern as found in Louis MacNeice, and an Eliotic sense of fragmentation. Fairburn had published his first collection of poetry, *He Shall Not Rise*, in London in 1930s, and lived in England between 1930 and 1932 (he left New Zealand in August 1930, professing to be ‘sick to death of this damned country’).⁹ His conception of distance involved a fierce pride in being able to trace a New Zealand lineage back through four generations and a commitment to New Zealand politics, but also a strong reading connection to English writing that saw his early poetry shaped by late Georgian models before he was pulled towards the kind of iconoclastic thought found in D. H. Lawrence (Lawrence was ‘a great artist, a great moralist – a man of

profound significance', Fairburn wrote in 1931) and the poetic complexity of the Auden generation.¹⁰ The complexities of negotiating the legacies of distance inform most of Fairburn's poetry of the 1930s, which slips between influences without ever really subsuming them into a coherent individual voice. By 1937, writing in the literary journal *Tomorrow*, he would seek to distance himself from the new orthodoxies of English poetry in the 1930s, talking of 'a sort of barrenness constantly threatening these younger English poets';¹¹ yet his own search for a sense of place that would, rejecting 'barrenness', be a source of national richness, never really bore fruit, in no small part due to the many ambiguities that ran through New Zealand poetry in the decade.

For his part, in 'New Zealand City', the first poem in his 1937 collection *Enemies: Poems 1934-36*, Curnow aimed to carefully construct a sense of the mundane and ordinary in an account of New Zealand urban life, where such life is defined by absence or lack. So, we are told at the poem's start that 'Small city your streets hold no particular legends, / your brothels are inconspicuous as your churches', while by way of contrast 'London has spawned' [...] 'the importance of children / under an unstained sky'. What Curnow terms 'The shadow of Empire' falls in an inevitable fashion, 'encompassing the east', while 'the wrinkled edge of empire embraces these islands'. For all that the legacy of Empire is unavoidable, the poem still stresses New Zealand's novelty – 'This is the land of new hopes' – but such hope is immediately contextualised by its opposite in the following lines, 'joined with a thousand year's despair, / of children with senile faces'. This sense of a back-and-forth struggle over the meaning of distance and location characterises the poem overall, as it had with Fairburn's writing. Curnow moves towards an idea (that he would develop in his later, more overtly public poetry) of a distinctiveness based on the downbeat qualities of the everyday; as the poem puts it, so 'many overcoats / are put on and put off / and a thousand pens scratch / at desks', while 'rubber squeals on the tar / when a man goes home / at evening

which must follow / any toil's end'.¹² Distance here is unavoidable, simply part of the business of being a New Zealander, and if this implies inferiority, then at least the recognition of the specific nature of such life begins the process by which the local might be understood, even domesticated.

As the decade progressed, the poetry articulating distance kept the complexities of the relationship in terms of content but began to display more confidence as it negotiated questions of voice and public proclamation. For the poets of the 1930s and 1940s, there was obviously sense in conceiving of distance in terms of what might seem to be clear correlating ideas, specifically a historical sense that characterised the separation between colonial homeland and periphery in a detailed account of time, and a concentration on a physical landscape that allowed for the depiction of a grounded and located sense of difference between the two locations. Both Curnow and Charles Brasch, another major figure in the period's foundational literary nationalism, brought the two together in their poetry. The titles of a number of their major collections – Curnow's *Not in Narrow Seas* (1939), a reference to New Zealand's literal location in the Pacific, and *Island and Time* (1941); and Brasch's *The Land and the People and other Poems* (1939) – indicate a concentration on questions of geography, society, and temporality. Curnow occupied a self-consciously 'public' poetic persona in his overtly historical poems of the period, including 'House and Land', 'The Unhistoric Story' (from where 'Simply by Sailing in a New Direction' is taken) and 'Landfall in Unknown Seas', the last specifically commissioned in 1942 to mark the 300th anniversary of Abel Tasman's visit to New Zealand, the first by a European. The stress on the 'unknown' geography and 'unhistoric' – undemonstrative, undramatic, unheroic – nature of nation-building marks Curnow's poetic here, where the country's evolution always produces 'something different / something nobody counted on', as he terms it in 'The Unhistoric Story'; but it is the focus on time that reworks the questions of distance. Eschewing the

clichés that might surround any literal description of the physical distance between New Zealand and Europe, Curnow reconfigures the issues through a focus on the temporal.

Similarly, in *The Land and the People*, Brasch invokes an idea of time in conceiving of a future in which New Zealand's 'expectancy and dream' might problematically evolve in terms of an assured self-definition. Four poems in the collection are entitled 'The land and the people': in the first, Brasch, speaking of the generic 'people', asserts that 'sometimes memory stirs in them / And leaning forward into time / They see the root become the flower';¹³ while the last of the four claims that 'The creeping of the dial / Towards night, and the emptying hourglass, / Are the only lives that thrive / Through trial and loss'.¹⁴ As with Curnow, time's constancy here allows for a measured sense of the distance the new nation now occupies in relation to its colonial past; but time also figures an unavoidable future in which, the nationalists saw, difference could only continue to develop as the distance between the present and past increased.

Brasch's land and people inhabit a world, like that in Curnow's poetry, full of geographical markers. References to seas, mountains, straits, shore and bush fill the poems, all invoked to accentuate the specifics of New Zealand place. The poetics of distance never requires the actual detailing of similar geography in Britain; it is enough to know that New Zealand's topographical features are (to again cite Curnow's definition of reality) 'local and special' without any requirement to name the equally local specificities of the colonial homeland. What such literary mapping helped to accentuate was a narrative of physical colonisation – of encounter, settlement, and the primacy of the pioneer – that inevitably recast the country's 'newness' in terms of a historicised and gendered sense of masculine capability. In 1906, Alexander and Currie had observed that: 'In the generation of the pioneers that is passing away literary effort was inevitably a rare thing; men's energies were set too sternly to battle with the material facts of life to leave them time for cultivating its graces';¹⁵ but the

nationalists of the 1930s and 1940s managed to recuperate notions of pioneering and settlement and situate it not as the opposite of poetry (in terms of labour needed in the face of the ‘material facts of life’), but rather as part of a poetics of separation and distance in which to write of place was to engage in a process of creating knowledge every bit as important as clearing the bush. In Curnow’s seminal settlement poem ‘House and Land’, for example, after the ‘historian’, ‘cowman and rabbitier’ and ‘old lady’ (each representative of an element of New Zealand society) have all failed to articulate the meaning of the ‘original homestead’, it is the poet who speaks the truth of the situation, namely that all are inhabitants in ‘a land of settlers / with never a soul at home’.¹⁶

‘House and Land’ is dismissive of its ‘old lady’ precisely because she fails to understand distance. ‘People in the colonies’, she observes, ‘can’t quite understand’; Curnow stressing her lack of willingness or inability to realise her own location as a ‘colonial’ subject. But the dismissal points to one of the practices of exclusion through which the national poetics worked – old ladies were unlikely to convince as sources of knowledge for a generation of young literary men. If the nationalism produced through a concentration on distance and geography stressed the value of an ethics of settlement, its conversion into an idea of time championed youth over age. For the new wave of poets – Curnow, Brasch, Fairburn, Denis Glover – a concern with the ‘reality’ of the local naturalised assumptions about gender in particular. What male poets found in their need to focus on the nation was not the same sense of place that emerges in the writing of their female contemporaries. Here, then, is a different kind of distance, one operating within the literary culture.

Arguably, Ursula Bethell was an ‘old lady’ when she published her collections *Time and Place* and *Day and Night*, in 1936 and 1939 respectively. Born in England in 1874 to parents who had been living in New Zealand, she moved back to grow up in Canterbury, before then returning to Europe to finish her schooling in Oxford and Geneva. This global

criss-crossing left her with a sense of self poised genuinely between cultures. ‘I am by birth and choice English’, she told the publishers of her first book of poems, *From a Garden in the Antipodes* in 1929, ‘but I have lived in New Zealand a good deal and shouldn’t like to be impolite to it’,¹⁷ while in 1940 she responded to claims from critic E. H. McCormick that she was too loyal to England by asserting that ‘You musn’t take me as a sample of a Country (England) or a Class! I wouldn’t be a good specimen – I am too variegated [...] That’s one of the sad things about me! – I don’t belong anywhere in particular [...] I have not been able to settle’.¹⁸ Not being ‘able to settle’ was, of course, a state of crisis for the nationalists, with its implications of an inability to connect to place and the concomitant threat of a lack of self-knowledge. But this seeming separation was only an absence or lack when seen from one point of view, and Bethell’s poetry produced nuanced discourses of location and distance that are striking precisely because they eschew the terms in which the nationalists saw geography and belonging. *Time and Place* is, of course, a title that seems to belong squarely within an idea of nation as Brasch or Curnow might conceive it, but for Bethell the terms suggested different emphases.

So, if Fairburn, Brasch, and Curnow wrote of cities, mountains, and shores within poetics that reserved the right to speak of geocultural scale and to generalise about social formations, Bethell’s focus was more on the ways in which distance generated personal relations and reflection. She was still concerned with the ‘ocean-salted south and east winds / Unremittingly sweeping over these headlands’, as she put it in ‘Weathered Rocks’ (from *Time and Place*),¹⁹ but her poems from the 1930s then turn such forces into often quiet commentaries on the details of rural or suburban life. In ‘Autumn Afternoon’, for example, Bethell writes: ‘On a small hillock, contented, contented / Beside a low valley, I took my repose, / [...] While the calm afternoon drew down to its close’.²⁰ The distances Bethell sees document the passing of the seasons, or – on a smaller scale – the movement of hours through

the day. Poems move towards the substantiating of emotions, or the recollection of memories, through trajectories that are very different from those found in her younger male contemporaries. 'Waves', from *Day and Night*, provides an excellent example. The waves themselves appear to be emblematic of a classic nationalist sense of deep location: they are 'the surge of unplumbed seas / Of being, from before time was; / Fundamental urge of atoms'; they produce an 'incessant protoplasmic swell' that inscribes 'Marine memories'. But these features are then seen less as markers of 'the land and the people' (as Brasch might put it); rather they lead to considerations of 'bewilderment', 'guilt, hidden hurt', and of 'terrible, hid joy'. Ultimately, Bethell suggests, the waves create reflections that are personal and theological; they are 'Deep of soul' – 'Lord, Lord, / Out of the deep have I called, / Lord hear my voice'. 'Listen again', Bethell writes, 'it is the Spirit / Come, saying come [...] Come, Lord!'.²¹

In his anthology introductions, Curnow would lay stress on Bethell's poetic accounts of location in order to bring her within the logic of his literary nationalism, cleverly positioning her as a formative, but also outlying, presence. In fact, her descriptions of geographical distance actually articulate the space between her work and the nationalist poetics that aimed to naturalise a certain sense of belonging; rather than a forerunner to an idea of a 'mature' poetic that would outline the realities of location, her writing reconstitutes the 'smaller' picture, not as loss, but as an absorbing spatial dynamic in its own right.

Bethell's comment that she was English by 'choice' introduces a necessary revision to the assumption that adopting a nationalist understanding of the local was somehow a natural decision. D'Arcy Cresswell, another poet Curnow would position as a proto-nationalist in his essays and anthology introductions, like Bethell, refused such dichotomies. In his two volumes of autobiography, *The Poet's Progress* (1930) and *Present Without Leave* (1939), Cresswell outlined a highly idiosyncratic account of the evolution of his own writing, often

steeped in the heritage of classical forms, especially as they expressed pastoral representations of the English countryside. *Present Without Leave* is particularly informative in respect of distance and separation, detailing as it does a number of back-and-forth journeys between Britain and New Zealand during the 1930s, where Cresswell's literally in-between status aboard ship prompts numerous comparisons between the two locations. Whereas England exists in an often hazy glow of approval, seen through a filter of canonical poetry, New Zealand and New Zealanders in particular are the subject of a number of vicious attacks: 'There is no regard for free-speech among them,' he writes, 'nor have they any talent for justice. [...] To disagree or to challenge, whether directly or indirectly they regard as a sign of moral evil in whomsoever shall venture to do so'.²² This last comment can interestingly be read in terms of Cresswell's challenge to the emerging nationalist literary orthodoxy; his literary iconoclasm created frequent run-ins with other writers who found him exasperating. For all that Curnow would appropriate his New Zealand poems (such as the long 1936 *Lyttelton Harbour*), Brasch called his poetry 'trivial and uninformed', while for Fairburn the writing was nothing more than 'a piece of very good imitation furniture'.²³ For his own part, writing to Glover in 1936 Cresswell dismissed *Tomorrow*, the journal that carried so much of the emerging nationalist writing, whether poetry, prose or essay, as 'a limp little rag. [...] Intelligent persons won't be enticed from their English papers just for this'.²⁴

Cresswell refused to believe that the politics and poetics of distance presented straightforward choices as to the ways in which a writer's identity should develop, and when he spoke of the local it was with an attention to detail that was at odds with nationalist orthodoxies. He knew and admired Bethell and when, following her death in 1945, he wrote approvingly that 'New Zealand wasn't truly discovered, in fact, until Ursula Bethell, "very earnestly digging", raised her head to look at the mountains', what seems like a critical opinion that could have come straight from Curnow is in truth a very different idea of place.²⁵

Bethell's gaze from her garden to the Southern Alps comprehends a generative distance that, for Cresswell, is full not of the 'local and special' that comes from separation; rather it is precisely the connections with England and English writing, and the invocation of a long canonical tradition, that is to be admired. In Curnow's critical writing, Cresswell is made to be the natural partner to Mason in terms of the early stirring of a nationalist poetic; in fact he rejected any sense that he was 'stoutly bringing up the rear' of any literary phalanx and remained, like grit in nationalism's ointment, a reminder of the internal divisions and dissonant spaces in the New Zealand writing of the 1930s and 1940s.

For poets such as Bethell and Cresswell, the position of exile was a complex creative space and not the simple uninformed forgetting and ignorance that Curnow presents in 'House and Land'. That idea of complex creativity found an even greater expression in the 1930s poetry of Robin Hyde, which drew new parameters around questions of distance and found in separation a variety of personal and public themes that resist easy categorisation. Hyde's poem 'The Exile', written in 1937, begins with what must be the firmest connection to place and locality imaginable: 'This is my country; here my feet are set / Without question, in the soil I understand.' This, the poem implies, is a location of 'lean hardships' and 'clean air', all arguably recognisable nationalist images and metaphors of purged newness. But even before its mid-point, the poem turns away from this lean/clean axis and becomes instead a space of dreams that create a 'strange land' and 'strange sky', where the speaker begs for 'bitter bread' and where the 'harsh red rabble of singing passed me by'. The 'cleanliness' of 'my country' has become the contested Yeatsian space of problematic association.²⁶

Such disruptions of expectations, and the concomitant spaces made for explorations of self – especially gendered self – and place, mark Hyde's poetry of the 1930s. Her writing returns to the idea of 'strange' and 'stranger', not as markers of difference, but as the inevitable position of the poet or subject attempting to rationalise and live within the spaces

created by distance. ‘I too am sold into strangeness’ Hyde writes in ‘Journey from New Zealand’, a poem outlining the beginning of a 1938 voyage that would take her first to China and then to England, in the fulfilment of a longstanding desire to ‘return’ to what she understood as an important source culture for her writing and thinking. ‘I too will look out of windows, thinking: ‘How fair!’ or ‘Strange!’.’²⁷ A subsequent poem about China and New Zealand, ‘Fragments from two Countries’, begins ‘What is it makes the stranger?’, but that poem was finished in England, so two countries are in fact three, and the ‘strangeness’ of the connections spirals through the poem as a whole, producing impressionistic and half-grasped images of self and place.²⁸ It is important to note that in her late poetry Hyde explores separation and distance in terms of actual pain and difficulty, a ‘reality’ that often appears to pass by the nationalists. It is one thing to want to embrace distance and its possibilities for self-regeneration, but another to face the realities such an embrace might demand. ‘Leave the nest early, child’ Hyde writes in ‘Prayer for a Young Country’, another 1938 poem: ‘Our climate’s changing, / Snow has a stiffer grip in every part: / Fingers of ice, about their treasons ranging, / Too soon shall set their purchase on your heart’. But if the desire to ‘leave’ here is understandable given the metaphor of a heart encased by winter, the next line asks simply: ‘But where to turn?’ To separate oneself from the familiar, Hyde understood, is to risk facing impossible choices, or even the abyss.²⁹ Curnow, writing in 1960, felt this move in Hyde’s poetry to be an example of an ‘incurably exhibitionist’ personality that produced writing that was ‘near hysteria’, an obviously gendered response that completely misses the constructed uncertainty of her writing.³⁰

For Hyde, conceiving of distance failed to bring New Zealand into focus; in fact it prompted the reverse. ‘Yet in my heart’, she wrote in ‘Journey from New Zealand’, ‘can only dissolve, reform, / The circling shapes of New Zealand things’.³¹ ‘Things’ is an instructive choice of word here, undoubtedly about the objects and detail of the local, yet also diffuse

and lacking specificity. In place of the fixities of nationalist canon-building, the careful alignment of poetry into rank and file in the critical essay or anthology introduction, Hyde found dissolution and circling, and expressed it in a poetic that fell away from certainties even as it suggested them. As she wrote in 'Case Adjourned', one of her final poems before she died in 1939, it is a 'concrete world dark-edged with abstract seas' that surrounds us, and the juxtaposition of the concrete and abstract catches the deliberately created insecurity ('dark-edged') that Hyde found in her contemplation of the literal and intellectual distances in which she lived.³²

The 'concrete world' and its 'abstract seas' feels like the kind of topographical observation Brasch could have made in *The Land and the People*, but it is important to recognise the ways in which it is distinctive and different. The heritage of critical nationalism in New Zealand has meant that such terms, and others outlining place and location, have come to be seen within a singular lens, as if such an optic is the only choice possible. For Hyde, as with Bethell before her, the challenge of creating poetry that expressed questions of selfhood and society within the frame of distance produced work that found other topics and points of concentration than those favoured by the nationalists. The resulting poetic established a different sense of scale and different mode of performativity; it 'made strange' any assessment of the material culture of New Zealand in the 1930s and disrupted the majority channels of artistic expression through which such assessment was communicated. That poetic also allows us to see how the writing of the period contained its own faultlines, contested allegiances around issues relating to gender and cultural affiliation in particular. Separation was without, in terms of the ties to Britain the nationalist wished to sever, but it was within as well, in terms of the dissonance and disruptive opinions that made up the communities of poets publishing at the time.

Curnow's assertion that 'reality must be local and special at the point where we pick up the traces' was made in his introduction to the 1960 publication of *The Penguin Book of New Zealand Verse*. By 1960, the argument for the centrality of nationalism in an understanding of New Zealand poetry appeared to have been won, and in his introduction Curnow appears to be underscoring the point. 'Whatever is true vision belongs here', he continues, 'uniquely to the islands of New Zealand. The best of our verse is marked or moulded everywhere by peculiar pressures – pressures arising from the isolation of the country, its physical character, and its history'.³³ Such writing comes from a position secure in its critical conviction; that which is 'unique' to New Zealand must come from select 'peculiar pressures'. In fact, those 'pressures' were the product of a selective and judgemental critical evaluation, and worked to normalise their method of selection. The actual terms of place, whether 'mountains' and 'beaches', or 'things' and 'circles', were far less stable than Curnow's opinions suggest. To 'sail in a new direction', it transpired, was anything but 'simple'.

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- ¹ Allen Curnow, Introduction to *The Penguin Book of New Zealand Verse (1960)*, in Allen Curnow, *Look Back Harder: Critical Writings, 1935-84*, ed. Peter Simpson (Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1987), 133.
- ² W. F Alexander and A. E. Currie, eds. *New Zealand Verse* (London: Walter Scott, 1906), xv, xx.
- ³ *Ibid.* 2-3.
- ⁴ Lawrence Jones, *Picking up the Traces: The Making of a New Zealand Literary Culture, 1932-1945* (Wellington: Victoria University Press, 2003), 173-293.
- ⁵ Allen Curnow, Author's note, *Enemies: Poems 1934-36* (Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1937), n.p.
- ⁶ Allen Curnow, Introduction, R. A. K. Mason: *Collected Poems* (Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1971), 9.
- ⁷ R. A. K. Mason, *Penny Broadsheet (1925)*, in Mason: *Collected Poems*, 45.
- ⁸ James Bertram, *Towards a New Zealand Literature* (Dunedin: Hocken Library/University of Otago, 1971), 16.
- ⁹ Cited in Denys Trussell, *Fairburn* (Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1984), 52.

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- ¹⁰ Cited in Stuart Murray, *Never a Soul at Home: New Zealand Literary Nationalism and the 1930s* (Wellington: Victoria University Press, 1998), 117.
- ¹¹ Cited in Murray, *ibid.*, 135.
- ¹² Curnow, *Enemies*, 1937, 1.
- ¹³ Charles Brasch, *The Land and the People* (Christchurch: Caxton, 1939), 11.
- ¹⁴ *Ibid.*, 33.
- ¹⁵ Alexander and Currie, xiv.
- ¹⁶ Allen Curnow, *Collected Poems 1933-73* (Wellington: Reed, 1974), 91.
- ¹⁷ Ursula Bethell, *Collected Poems*, ed. Vincent O'Sullivan (Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1985), x.
- ¹⁸ *Ibid.*, xii.
- ¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 36.
- ²⁰ *Ibid.*
- ²¹ *Ibid.*, 61-62.
- ²² D'Arcy Creswell, *Present Without Leave* (London: Cassell, 1939), 4.
- ²³ Cited in Murray, *Never a Soul at Home*, 51.
- ²⁴ *Ibid.*, 29.
- ²⁵ Bethell, *Collected Poems*, xi.
- ²⁶ Robin Hyde, *Selected Poems*, ed. Lydia Wevers (Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1984), 58.
- ²⁷ *Ibid.*, 72.
- ²⁸ *Ibid.*, 73.
- ²⁹ *Ibid.*, 87.
- ³⁰ Curnow, *Look Back Harder*, 168.
- ³¹ Hyde, *Selected Poems*, 72.
- ³² *Ibid.*, 97.
- ³³ Curnow, *Collected Poems*, 133.