

and sympathy for one another), *whanaungatanga* (kinship and family responsibility) and *manaakitanga* (reciprocal assistance to one another) were intact.

In many ways therefore, written Maori fiction of the time suffered the same constraints as New Zealand literature at the time. This was generally literature characterised by understatement. It was the time of the small story seen at a remove, at a distance. The way of telling was curiously flat. The pastoral tradition was also at work both in Maori and pakeha fiction with stories of rural New Zealand, of a world overlain with puritanism. Read through *Landfall* and the *New Zealand Listener* and you will be struck by the lack of punch, the lack of energy in the fiction. The action is all interior, not overt. Social realism, described for its own sake, was, it seems, to be studiously avoided. Craft, technique, the art of writing was the prime directive.

Apart from the constraints on subject and style, Maori fiction was also saddled with some incredible presumptions on the parts of editors. Most of the writers who appeared in the 1960s have had to create a publisher willingness and an audience, both Maori and pakeha, for their work. There is the classic tale of the writer who, when asked by a publisher 'Who will read your books?' responded that Maori people would. The publisher's reply was 'But Maoris don't read books.' The fact that publisher willingness and a bicultural audience does now exist is therefore more a matter of tenacity than luck. My own first anthology, in its original form, was turned down by two publishers before being considered by the third. I am sure that Patricia Grace will not mind my telling you that her first book was declined by the same publisher who published my work. That's show business. That's the market.

I guess it is the prerogative of respective generations to consider that their time is the one in which events were made to happen, directions and aims were rethought. So it is with my generation, which straddled the years of the sixties and seventies. To look at the international context, these were the years of hope and optimism, personified by John Kennedy's reign in a mythic American Camelot. It was the Age of Aquarius. It was the age of our own Kennedy, the late Norman Kirk. Of Vietnam protests. Of 'No Maoris, No Tour.' It was the time when we were looking, Maori and pakeha, for a way out of a *cul-de-sac*. Of trying to mould a new future. Of trying to regenerate an obsessively myopic New Zealand. Of making the linkages with our own culture, with pakeha New Zealand, with the South Pacific and with Third World concerns. We were a young Maori generation, trained in European techniques and aware of the personal price paid in cultural terms for such training. We saw that continued alienation of Maori land and