related to a narcissism that indexes a “widespread socio-cultural malaise” (177).

The above sketch cannot do justice to the complexities of Keown’s arguments, but hopefully it raises questions about methodology that come up when assessing postcolonial Pacific writing and *Postcolonial Pacific Writing*. While Keown simply touches on such questions by suggesting that not being open to theorizing “from the outside in” threatens “theoretical insularity,” her critical position is clearly embodied in a practice described as itself an examination of how postcolonial theories “may be deployed productively . . . without compromising the necessary attendant focus upon local social-economic and cultural factors” (195). Likewise, though not directly articulated, her views on culture and politics are registered in the course of her reading, particularly in her representations of Māori approaches to “nation.” I had reservations, in places where the psychoanalytic language gets thick, about the appropriateness or critical payoff of providing clinical diagnoses for the conditions of her indigenous subjects: the universalization of the unconscious seems an unstable approach to cross-cultural study. Nevertheless, I found Keown’s study impressively grounded in postcolonial “new literatures”; wide-ranging in its references to New Zealand secondary scholarship (Keown is Pākehā) while steeped in postcolonial theory; and responsive to indigenous socio-poetics, history, and narrative modes (particularly Māori). Given that the texts she selects are among those most readily available from US and New Zealand publishers, this canon-solidifying book—with its extensive bibliography—seems primed to be a useful supplement to Pacific literature syllabi. In these senses, *Postcolonial Pacific Writing* makes a significant contribution to a potentially wider conversation about Pacific literatures that has, most notably among Pacific writers and scholars themselves, remained understandably wary about how and on what terms to proceed.

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A decade ago there were few Māori novels that took place outside of Aotearoa New Zealand, yet recent years have witnessed a whole new geographical imagination in the literature. Witi Ihimaera’s *The Uncle’s Story* (2000), for instance, details the experience of Māori in the Vietnam War, connecting diverse landscapes and histories across the Pacific through the literary frame of the wartime diary, particularly as it is circulated and interpreted by family and ultimately the audience of the novel. Patricia Grace’s novel *Tu* deepens the historical frame by inscribing the legacy of Māori involvement in both world wars. This literary turn to the transnational geographies of war may say much about our current historical moment of global militarization. Yet these novels cannot be reduced to contemporary political events, as
relevant as they may be. While there are obvious overlaps between our current-day militarism and the ways in which the colonial subjects of the European empires were utilized in the Second World War, the frame of Patricia Grace's sixth novel suggests a family archeology as well as a cultural excavation of Māori participation in national and international politics. Like Ihimaera's novel, the narrative of Tu is drawn from state archives, military reports, diaries, and family history. In its skillful telling, the novel weaves together letters, journal entries, and omniscient narration. The layering of multiple narrative genres here is a testimony to the complexity of the wartime subject as well as to its ultimate irrecoverability. Its deft handling of these materials and its invocation of such broad cultural landscapes earned the novel the Deutz Medal for Fiction as well as a Montana Book Award.

The name of the novel's protagonist, Tu, is not only a reference to the god of warfare (Tumatauenga) but also reflects the long legacy of Māori participation in both world wars; our mid-twentieth century protagonist is named after the 28 (Māori) Battalion that preceded him. As Te Hokowhitu-a-Tu, he is ancestrally linked to “the Many Fighting Men of Tumatauenga” (35), highlighting a continuity of masculine warriors as well as a cyclical pattern of sacrifice and renewal. Connecting both Māori and Christian cosmologies, as she has in earlier novels like Potiki (1986), Grace describes her protagonist's second name as Bernard, the “patron saint of travelers and mountain climbers” (35). In a space/time collapse between Aotearoa and the European Alps, the protagonist Tu imagines himself somewhat destined to be stationed in the mountains of Italy with the Māori Battalion. His two elder brothers, Rangi and Pita, whose names and sacrificial actions reiterate the Māori and Christian symbology, are deeply distraught when their underage brother appears at the warfront. This foregrounds a fundamental tension between home and away that is reflected in narrative terms on a more local scale in their family's migration, over the previous decade, from a rural community to urban Wellington. The connection between national and international migration is neatly woven together, reiterating Grace's earlier concern in Cousins (1992), for instance, to locate the historical and genealogical nexus of Māori culture in the rural sphere and connect this to a politicized urban space that makes the unification of diverse iwi (tribes) possible. In Tu, the shift from the rural to urban raises similar issues in terms of the modernization of New Zealand culture through global war, particularly how the expansion of women's waged labor reconfigures gender relations between husband and wife as well as brother and sister. (For instance, when they first migrate to Wellington, Pita disapproves of his sisters entering the industrial labor force.) Like the city, the warfront and the Māori Battalion in particular provide the space in which connections may be established between men of diverse iwi, but Grace seems to question the long-term implications of a unity forged through empire, violence, and loss. For example, Tu's maritime voyage around the world to the war-
front and his initial training period in North Africa are not shown to facilitate political or personal allegiances between Māori and other racialized subjects of the European empires. In Tu’s narrative of the war in Italy, he establishes some general connections to local Italians and maintains close allegiances to other soldiers of the Māori Battalion, but ultimately these characters remain sketchy. When his friends are killed in war (as most of them are, in the disastrous attempt to reclaim Monte Cassino from the Germans), their anecdotal presence in the novel does little to impart a full sense of loss of each life. This is where Grace’s narrative restraint is the most honed, actively resisting the reader’s desire to uncover some meaning from devastating loss, violence, and death. Tu learns of many of their deaths through hearsay, and others he witnesses, but most seem to enter the novel as quickly as they are murdered in war. Significantly more narrative scaffolding is provided for the loss of his elder brothers, but Tu’s pursuit of the war and his return, at twenty years old, an aged and devastated man does little to convince the reader of the reward for his tremendous sacrifices.

This raises one of the central and most disturbing concerns of the novel—how to reassemble, through narrative form, those historic relationships and familial patterns that were created out of an initial sense of adventure and honor and yet became a family legacy of violence, miscommunication, silence, and erasure. Tu’s father had returned deeply damaged and shell-shocked from the First World War, and, replicating a terrible spiral, his sons pursue a similar pattern. While the novel foregrounds the ways in which whanau (family) is integral to ensuring the survival of these young men, their wives and children in particular pay a tremendous price in reassembling the fragments after war. Perhaps these legacies for the future represent the most important difference between one generation’s war and the next, and they signal some hope for the process of healing and recovery. Tu’s diaries and letters begin to uncover these family secrets and are directed to his brothers’ two children; although their Pākehā mother is estranged from the family, signaling yet another alienation, the children’s attempt to reassemble a relationship with their reclusive uncle suggests a regenerating movement in the spiral. Grace explains that this book was inspired by her own attempts to fill in the gaps left by her father’s experience in the 28 (Māori) Battalion. The interstices of his wartime journal thus provide the space for the creative author to weave an imaginative fabric that attests to the bravery and, after sixty years, the unimaginable sacrifice.

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The iridescent mother-of-pearl cover of Robert Sullivan’s fifth poetry collection, Voice Carried My Family, mirrors its ephemeral motifs of move-