

Two Hundred and Fifty Ways to Start an Essay about Captain Cook



1 In a History Department

There we were: five of us. It was awkward but we made the most of it and tried to focus on the presences rather than the absences. I had been invited to a history department to give a talk on my research about Māori writers in the first decade or two of the nineteenth century, and four people were there to listen: the person who'd invited me, a Māori PhD student, a Pākehā literary scholar and Joan Metge. I did my talk; we got to the end of it; it was fine. But when I look back on that, a talk that is listed on my CV without a hint of who had (and hadn't) come to listen, all I recall are the elephants in the room making more noise than me. All those empty chairs: deafening. This wasn't history.

2 With Beginnings

There was never a single beginning point for the history of this place. It wasn't Cook on a beach, it wasn't the confiscation of land and storming of Parihaka, it wasn't Gallipoli, it wasn't the pushing apart of primordial parents, it wasn't goldfields, it wasn't the arrival of waka, it wasn't a lovers' tiff between mountains, it wasn't a boat full of influenza docking in Samoa, it wasn't the Treaty, it wasn't (certain) women getting the vote, it wasn't a fished-up fish. It was all of these. It was all of these and more besides.

3 With Middles

We all know the middle part of the story: if Cook is the beginning of something, and the end is our country finally healing from the massive ruptures that his presence on our shores has caused, then we are in the middle. It's not a nice middle. It's a middle where I have a shorter life expectancy because I am Māori, and am less likely to be arrested because I look white. It's a middle with so many gut-wrenchingly terrible statistics that we can all chant them without thinking about what they really mean.

4 With a Gun

Or, to cite the Royal Museums Greenwich website, because after spending two centuries underwater near what's now Australia, the gun is now back in British hands:

Iron muzzle-loading smoothbore 4-pounder gun (now on a replica sea carriage). Calibre: 3 1/4in. Marks: crown over GR 2 No14 Broad arrow 11-2-7. G on right-hand trunnion. One of six guns from Captain Cook's 'Endeavour' salvaged from the Great Barrier Reef off Queensland in 1969... it was recovered with others by an Australian expedition to mark the bicentenary of Cook's 'Endeavour' voyage and presented to the Museum in 1969 after conservation treatment. Read more at <http://collections.rmg.co.uk/collections/objects/36853.html#BxukEFhvKSAx9rCs.99>

Salvaging weapons is one way to commemorate two hundred years since Cook's visit. It's certainly a variation on the theme of picnics, concerts, statues and speeches. It might seem a little awkward in 2019 but it's probably more honest than happy stories of happy bicultural happiness.

5 With Another Gun

This one was also Cook's, and is listed on an Australian website for an auction house. 'Captain Cook's Pistol: An early 18th century Continental Flintlock holster pistol, the lock signed "Corbau-AMaastricht" with plain 13 bore barrel, brass fore-sight, spurred brass pommel (minor damage to spur tips), brass trigger guard, replacement ramrod and pipe, pale fruitwood full stock with carved shell behind tang (some minor damage at fore-end), 50 cm long, 31 cm barrel.'

<https://www.carters.com.au/index.cfm/item/570708-captain-cooks-pistol-an-early-18th-century-continental-flintlock/>

6 With Death

Guns, disease, violence, war, genocide, lateral violence, poisoned rivers, institutionalized racism, land erosion, suicide, micro-aggressions, food insecurity, non-communicable diseases ultimately caused by dysfunction. Do we blame it all on Cook? The buck has to stop somewhere.

7 On a Computer

The cursor is blinking. All this fatal impact is causing writer's block.

8 At a Kitchen Table

A minister of the Crown and I sat among empty KFC packets and talked about the 250th anniversary of Cook's arrival. She told me there had been a 200th anniversary focused on Māori–Pacific voyaging connections back in the 60s, but no one seemed to remember it. She joked that we should add an extra 0 because Māori–Pacific connections didn't start with Cook. 'It would be the 2500th anniversary.' That sounds more like it.

9 In the Shower

I have resolved to email the editors of this issue and withdraw my commitment to write this piece for inclusion in this issue. I feel like I am selling something or someone or someones down the river. I am standing in the shower, where all good decisions are made, and plan to write the email as soon as I hop out... then I start to write this in my head.

10 In 1779

If we are starting one essay for each year since Cook arrived in Aotearoa, and this is #10, this is the year he died. If you start an essay about Captain Cook at 1779, that's a decade since he first got to Aotearoa.

11 Oh My God

Oh my God you say to yourself, suddenly panicked. We're only up to number 11 and the title says there are 250. This is way too much. This is way too long. Maybe I'll start skimming. Who would do this? What kind of point is this person trying to make? Okay okay I get the point. But surely it doesn't take 250 to do the job?

12 At a Pie Shop in Te Rapa on a Rainy Day

My 13-year-old nephew asks whether we were cannibals. The conversation moves fast, and soon we get to the 14th February when Hawaiians killed Captain Cook. 'Was he a bad person?' he asks. We sit back and talk big-picture. It's not just who you are as a person (although it's also that). It's also the consequences of your actions. The flow-on effects. I am thinking, but do not say, Cook is the reason that you my dear nephew are the first one in a handful of generations in our whānau to speak Māori.

13 On a Couch

The same nephew, many years ago. He's a little kid. I am reading him a story: a library book called *Horeta and the Waka* and as Matiu curls up in his PJs I open the book and quickly recognize it is a version of the story written by Te Horeta Te Taniwha about his recollections of Cook's visit. A few pages in, Matiu starts chuckling when Horeta describes the thundersticks — 'they're not thundersticks, Auntie Lala,' he says. 'They're guns.'

I decide to check whether he understands what is happening in the story so I ask him straight up — 'Matiu, who are these men in the blue outfits?' He looks at me. We talk about how they are European, like my Dad, his Koko, and

veer off into a discussion that would have made Hobson's Choice's ears burn about how Matiu's Koko and Nannie are both New Zealanders even though one is Māori and one is Pākehā and so is Matiu's Abba (Dad) even though he is from Africa. After dealing with the small matter of multicultural citizenship in a settler state, I try to redirect our attention back to the book: 'Matiu these are the first Pākehā men this boy Horeta has ever seen, because they are the first ones to ever come to Aotearoa.' He looks at the pictures and turns to me: 'oh I get it Auntie, I know who they are — they have come to steal our land.'

Matiu identified himself with Horeta and knew that the presence of Pākehā with guns is probably connected to the theft of land, at the same time his Auntie was — I must admit — a little dumbfounded by his response.

I have tried to think our conversation through ever since. Hopefully by the time Matiu is reading to his own nieces and nephews, we as historians and we as Māori (and we as his whānau) will have expanded the range of stories he has to tell them. Yes, nineteenth-century Māori history is about guns and raupatu and land stealing; yes, that history continues to play out and makes its effects known in my generation and in Matiu's; yes, that history demands further and deeper attention, always; and, yes, Māori are connected to land. But Māori histories are also about movement and travel and negotiation and agency and more besides.

14 In a Tutorial Room

I'm an undergraduate student. We're talking about Te Horeta Te Taniwha's account of first encounters in my history tutorial this week. We're also, coincidentally (not that I believe in such a thing), looking at it in my literature tutorial. I enjoy the conversation more in English, but still aspire to be a high school history teacher. Business before pleasure or something like that.

15 Twenty Years Later

I have my own tutorial rooms now. I left History after my BA, and left English a couple of years ago after two MAs, a PhD and a decade of academia. I'm in Indigenous studies now — Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty I'm free at last! — and a Māori student tells me in her first week at university she plans to be a history teacher. I wish she had a different reason than the reason I had the same dream/ goal/ commitment 20 years ago. I wish it wasn't because she wanted to do a better job for students than she experienced at school.

16 In Australia I

An Indigenous studies classroom in Australia. Students think Captain Cook arrived in 1788. They have collapsed his arrival with the First Fleet. But on some level, don't we all?

17 In Australia II

‘Captain Cook left England for Australia,’ writes a student who thinks (a) that Australia existed before Cook and (b) that Australia was Cook’s sole destination. I think about the kind of parochialism that enables these kinds of assumptions, and know that a student in New Zealand could just as easily write the sentence (about New Zealand). And on some level, don’t we all?

18 In Australia III

Someone applied pink paint in haphazard fashion and wrote ‘We remember genocide’ on a statue of Cook in Melbourne.

‘These vandals are trashing our national heritage and should be prosecuted,’ tweeted Minister for Citizenship and Multicultural Affairs Alan Tudge. He told local radio station 3AW: ‘I want Australia Day to be a great unifying day for our country. It has been for many decades now.’ Police said they were investigating the incident but no suspects had been identified.

One cannot help but think about the distance between the ‘we’ of remembering and the ‘our’ of national heritage.

19 Before an Argument

Before getting to an argument you must start with facts. Here are some facts: In the beginning, there was Cook. By sailing around the Pacific he created the heavens and the earth. If these are the facts you start with, you are already deep into your argument before you begin.

20 With an Argument

Captain Cook was absolutely the bestest explorer ever. He was a hero.

21 With an Argument II

Captain Cook was a violent murderer.

22 With an Argument III

Captain Cook was a sacrificial lamb/ a martyr/ a saint.

23 With an Argument IV

Captain Cook was a pedophile, a rapist, a misogynist.

24 With an Argument V

Captain Cook was the founding figure of our country. (People in lots of countries make this argument.)

25 With an Argument VI

Captain Cook was a man of his time.

26 With an Argument VII

Captain Cook was a man ahead of his time.

27 With an Argument VIII

Captain Cook was a humanitarian. He can't be blamed for what other people did or for what came after.

28 With an Argument IX

Captain Cook was responsible for other people, and for his own actions. And most of these (other people and actions) sat on the spectrum between problematic and despicable.

29 With a Non-argument that's Actually an Argument

Captain Cook? It's all so very complex. I'm going to sit on the fence. (Whose fence? On whose land? Dividing what from what? You only have a fence when you fear something or when you're trying to keep something in. Or, as a renovation show on TV informed me, when you want to upgrade your street appeal.)

30 In 1799

If we are starting one essay for each year since Cook arrived in Aotearoa, and this is #30, we are now almost into the nineteenth century. That's a lot of time between Cook and the 1800s. If you start an essay about Captain Cook at 1799, Cook has already been dead for 20 years and the Treaty is still 41 years into the future.

31 In an Email

I almost pull out of writing this because I don't want my name to be associated with a commemoration of Cook. Sure, this isn't about Cook The Hero but how much can you push back against a conversation that you have agreed to be a part of?

32 In a *New Zealand Journal of History*

This isn't history. Who accepted this drivel? What editors would allow this self-indulgent list to be published in an otherwise reputable academic journal? This isn't an academic article. Where are the footnotes?

33 With *Maories*

That's what happens when you ask Maories to write about Captain Cook. They break the rules. Why can't Maories just do what you ask?

34 By Pushing Back

One of the projects of Indigenous people is to push back against colonial narratives. This is the bit I describe to my students as walking into a room on the TV show *Hoarders*, getting a broom and a rubbish bag, climbing over all the junk until you get to the centre, and making a space that reveals some of the floor underneath. If you started at the door and tried to work your way in, you would get discouraged by the sheer size of the job. This is probably how people end up on *Hoarders* in the first place. It's not that they trashed their room in one day, and it's not that they can't see there's a problem. They just get tired when they stand at the doorway and start timidly picking through things. So tired they can't tell the difference between rubbish and keepsakes anymore. So overwhelmed they confuse tiredness with sentimentality. But when you clamber over the junk to the centre you can see how much of it can be discarded. And when you see the floor again, for the first time in years maybe, you feel a bit emotional. You see a glimpse of the floor, and you suddenly remember how the room used to be — but also how it could be. You suddenly realize, with a shock, that when you see the floor you shift your focus on the junk piled on top of it. You used to see a room full of hard work. Now you see an alternative future. You could live in this room again.

35 By Holding the Space

There is quite a process between starting the clean-up and getting to the part of *Hoarders* where the shiny clean room is revealed in its glory. Most of this is edited out because it's not compelling viewing. There is a lot of trudging in and out, there are a lot of rubbish bags, there is a lot of stopping for meals and sleep. There are a thousand tiny decisions and daily conversations the hoarder has about how this is a good decision even though it feels so painful and disorienting right now. There is a long period of time where the clean-up crew have to expend as much energy holding back the towers of trash from falling into the clean centre as they do actually cleaning. Things could topple — but not in a riveting, adrenaline-pumping, suspenseful way. Things are just really precarious for a long time and people need to hold back the mess while other people clear out the accumulation of decades. No one wants to watch this bit.

36 With a Clean Room I

Finally there is a room again, and this is where everyone is so happy and excited about the future. It looks amazing and the audience can't believe

anyone could have let such a nice room get so chaotic and dangerous. Of course, the mess is psychological. It's a pattern of coping (or not coping). The risk is that the mess reappears. The hope is that, having seen the room with new eyes, the psychological side of things has changed too; that the hoarder has found other ways to cope with being in this space.

37 With a Clean Room II

Once the room has been cleared and cleaned, it looks amazing. Something glimpsed through the chaos is now the foundation of the space. You can do so much in a room that is this clean. When you look at it, you see a room. You don't see a pile of junk. You aren't involved in endless conversations about the hoarder anymore — you can find new things to talk about. It's not a perfect room, but it's a room that allows people to live in it. And this, after all, is all you need.

38 With a Clean Room III (This is a Nation, Not a Reality TV Show.)

That's true. We don't get to edit out the boring bits or watch it on demand to suit our own schedules. Sometimes we need to all slow down just because we've run out of rubbish bags. Sometimes we are distracted by someone having a tantrum as they try to hold onto something they swear isn't junk. Everyone needs time out to eat, sleep, shower.

39 With a Clean Room IV (This is Meant to be About Captain Cook, Not a Reality TV Show.)

We have been hoarding stories about Cook for 250 years now. Some of those stories are valuable, important, useful. Most of them are junk. We hold onto stories because we can't bear to let them go, or because we can't make a decision right now, or because someone gave them to us and so we feel responsible for them, or because we are overwhelmed with the size of the job of cleaning, or because we would rather do other things with our weekends than clean a house, or because we are not coping. We are hoarders — all of us. All of us tell too many stories about Captain Cook.

40 So Don't Tell Another Story about Captain Cook

Okay.

41 Via a Word Document

One afternoon when I opened the laptop to write I couldn't find this file anywhere. In my 'te mahi rangahau' folder, the list of files and their respective sizes listed this file as comprising zero bytes, an impossibility that cannot be

true even if the page had been blank because even an empty file has some heft. It's the kind of impossibility, I found via frantic Google searches, that indicates a corrupt file. I don't know how it was corrupted but realized that this was a metaphor for Captain Cook. And perhaps a tohu.

42 With Predictive Text

My phone tries to guess I am writing the word 'cooking' rather than cook. Cook is more verb than noun. I do not take up the suggestion so it offers two possible follow-up words: 'lunch' and 'for'. Again, cook is more verb than noun. To cook. To Cook.

I think of grad school friends, and how we decided to turn 'Columbus' into a verb — to Columbus is to discover it for the first time even though it had already been known to everyone else for a long time. We use the term quite often and no longer have to explain to each other what we mean. It's funny, and cynical.

I think about how Cook doesn't work quite so well as a joke because there's already a verb by the same name. 'I cooked this idea' or 'I cooked this book' already means something. It's not funny or cynical. It's just confusing.

43 With the Beginning of 'On Cooking Captain Cook'

'If you ask the blonde-haired concierge/ at the Grand Kīhei, he will tell you that we ate him whole.'¹

44 With the Beginning of 'Absolution Chorus'

'In this quadrant of the journey/ we look to redeem from burning/ James, a man of his day, in hellfire — / we have twenty-first century hindsight — / while he thought he discovered/ these islands already discovered by lovers/ Kupe and his wife Kuramarotini.'²

45 With the Beginning of 'Captain Cook'

'Tungei, that was her native name.'³

46 With the Beginning of 'Australia Day 2014'

'I am not black/ I am not white/ I am not wrong/ I am not right/ / I am now here/ Not been before/ My ancestors/ Are here no more.'⁴

47 With a Book by Another Cook

There's a Hawaiian historian, Kealani Cook, who teaches at University of Hawai'i West O'ahu and has a book called *Return to Kahiki: Native Hawaiians in Oceania*.⁵ The book explores the many connections between

Hawaiian people and the rest of the Pacific region in the nineteenth century. This Cook (along with other Hawaiians, including David Chang with his wonderful *The World And All the Things Upon It*, and the manuscript-information of Emalani Case) is on the cutting edge of shifting the focus of Hawaiian history away from the greedy, attention-seeking United States and back to the relational, relation-filled context of the broader Pacific region. In particular, he is interested in the ways that Kanaka Maoli sought to reignite, affirm and articulate their connections with other Pacific peoples as an alternative network to those championed by white empires and American businessmen. He writes: ‘While Cook’s arrival opened the way for a flood of ideas, people and objects into Hawai’i, it also opened paths for ideas, people, and objects to flow out of Hawai’i.’

In this version, Hawai’i is not a colonial place that things happen to: it is a place that makes things happen. The revolutionary significance of this agentic starting point forecloses the telling of the usual story of the other Cook’s impact. Hawaiian Cook puts British Cook in his place.

48 In History Departments

Who teaches what? Who asks what questions? Who works with which students? I know of several Māori people with PhDs in history who have taught in New Zealand history departments and no longer do. Please don’t bore me with details and institutional specificity — take a step back to see something structural.

(I bump into the student I mentioned in #15 in the last week of her first year as a student, and she is about to drop history because none of the papers she can take next year relate to New Zealand or Māori.)

49 In a Book Review

I’ve written a book about Māori–Pacific connections. It’s called *Once Were Pacific*. It was reviewed in a history journal (this one, actually) and was described as not being a work of history because it didn’t include any archival research or bring to light any new documents. Then the reviewer noted the many Māori and Pacific literary texts the book engages for the first time. What’s an archive? What’s history? What’s new?

50 With an Embroidery Kit

In the 1980s, a number of Australian craft businesses produced long-stitch embroidery kits which enabled a stitcher to produce, through reproducing, a representation of settler presence in Australia. Although it is possible to turn our attention to large, public forms of settler colonialism, we can also trace

and analyse its reach in these small, private, domestic forms. Sera Waters, writing about the Semco Long Stitch kits from the period, writes: 'In the lead up to the bicentenary celebrations of 1988, [Australian cultural products] took the form of a nostalgic and outmoded landscape language.' Although a handcraft kit sold in a plastic packet the size of an A4 piece of paper might feel insignificant or unimportant compared to things like law or archival documents, people (and I assume mostly women) all around Australia sat in their homes in the 1980s and quietly produced textile documents for display which affirmed the logic of settler presence and Indigenous absence.

One of these stitched scenes depicts Cook's cottage, the small building in the Fitzroy Gardens in Melbourne that previously belonged to Cook's parents in North Yorkshire. The cottage was transported, brick by brick, to Australia in 1934. And yet, the picture naturalizes, produces and memorializes the logic of settler presence in Australia. And, by so doing, it naturalizes, produces and memorializes Indigenous absence. Waters suggests the corresponding Semco series 'can be read today as a visual manifestation of a refusal to acknowledge the postcolonial contestation of land ownership.' This is the time leading up to the bicentenary of Australia's first fleet: in the context of tensions about the meaning of celebrating this moment, it was important for some people to hang the logic of Cook's cottage in Australia on the wall of their home.

I am interested in the literal production of this scene through the act of stitching. Like Matthew Norman Kiem, I am interested in the 'consequences of the kind of histories we produce that are reflected in, and amplified by, acts of making.'⁶ While we can read the completed piece (or its depiction on the packet of the kit) as a visual text, it is not irrelevant that decorative embroidery is connected to class and gender. Although certain kinds of sewing, knitting and other handcrafts have a practical necessity, and instruction in certain domestic crafts was a gendered element of colonial engagements with Indigenous women, the appearance of long-stitch as a specific form of stitching emerged in the 1970s as middle-class women sought to work outside the home and yet aspired also to demonstrate their gender and class identities through craft. Despite lacking the time to spend on elaborate or fine embroidery, and also lacking the skills (or skilled networks) to manage such craft projects, women could complete wool long-stitch kits in order to produce decorative scenes more easily and more quickly than previous forms of embroidery.⁷

As you stitch 'Cook's cottage', you create it. Sure, other people create it too — this is the whole point of an embroidery kit with identical coloured wools and instructions in every packet (a somewhat fibrous version of Benedict Anderson's ideas about print in the colony) — but each completed embroidery

of ‘Weathered settler’s hut’ bears the mark (and investments of time, energy and focus) of the specific stitcher. As anyone who has done embroidery knows, one literally has skin in this game. The stitcher’s own cells have gently come away with the pulling of wool through small holes in the backing material: in this way, one produces Cook’s cottage by becoming part of it.

51 With £800

Originally the cottage, when it was put on the market in 1933, should not have been able to leave England. Upon an offer from Australia of £800, this restriction was extended to include ‘the empire’. The highest local offer was £300, which tells us a lot about the way Cook’s memory is (literally) valued in different places. The fact that one can even visit Cook’s cottage in Melbourne, a site he never visited in a country that didn’t exist during his lifetime, is connected to the idea that England and ‘the empire’ are interchangeable.

52 In Rhode Island

A team of researchers from Australia and Rhode Island have been working to figure out the exact whereabouts of the *Endeavour*. In September 2018 they announced that the HMS *Endeavour* is off the coast of Rhode Island. It turns out that once Cook’s famed ship returned to Britain, the Royal Navy sold her in 1770 and she was put to work as a contracted troop and prison ship during the Revolutionary War under the new name (acquired in 1776) of *Lord Sandwich*. Finally, in 1778 British forces deliberately sank the ex-*Endeavour* to block the entrance of the Rhode Island harbour.

53 With Loyalists

When the *Lord Sandwich* was zipping around post-Cook, it served as a prison ship for American loyalists. In 2018 it’s tempting to think about this as an American story, but of course there wasn’t yet an America (or, at least, not a United States) — it was in a state of becoming at this point. American loyalists, of course, are British disloyalists from another angle. It is interesting to consider all of the disloyalists carried in the ship around the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. Tupaia? Was he a loyalist or disloyalist? I suspect the British on board didn’t see his journey as an act of imprisonment for treason, but in the ways we claim him now in our stories of Pacific connection and anti-colonial Indigenous-centered narratives of European presence in our ocean, we turn him into a loyalist of our own making.

54 In Prison

And how about the prisoners kept on the *Lord Sandwich*? What would they have known or thought about the history of the vessel in which they were

incarcerated? Would they have felt any connection to the region in which the ship had sailed just a few years earlier? How many bodies have been on board the ship, and how many of those bodies had a choice about whether they would be there? Who got to decide when they would be freed?

55 In Parramatta

I heard about this reincarnation of the *Endeavour* at a panel I was a part of at the University of Western Sydney. One of the other scholars was Elizabeth McMahon, a really wonderful Australian literary scholar, who talked about this endeavor to recover the ship in Rhode Island. 'I admit I'm surprised it's not in Australia,' she joked, and we all knew what she meant. We're all those students in my long-ago tutorial room who are only told tales about Cook in which they are the star of the story.

56 On the Great Barrier Reef

The *Endeavour* is still in Australia and was nearly wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef. After the American Academy of Natural Sciences sponsored a team to recover all six canons thrown overboard back in 1770 to enable the *Endeavour* to keep floating, the canons were distributed among Australian, New Zealand, American and British institutions. Like Christ's clothing distributed by lot as he hung upon the cross. Like relics of saints. Like Indigenous bodies and bits-of-bodies shipped to museums around the world so everyone could have one. Whatever floats your boat. The Great Barrier Reef is now suffering from an unholy combination of negative factors, including increased water temperatures that leads to coral bleaching. How do we think about the links between canons tossed into the sea and the unhealthy whiteness of coral.

57 At the Bottom of the Thames

There has been speculation that the *Endeavour* finished her years in the Thames River, and I can understand the poetic appeal of such an account. Cook may not have been able to return to decay naturally on British soil, but his ship completed the journey and gradually became one with the place again: gently disintegrating until the river running through the heart of the British Empire had itself wholly consumed, and continued to circulate, the furthest extremities of that empire's reach. The nice thing about decaying in a river is that Cook's story gets to be singular, and the star of its own network. The problem with being scuttled to stop French ships entering a Rhode Island harbour instead is that it demonstrates the messiness, multivalence and in-the-moment forgetfulness of empire.

58 With Forgetfulness

Gores Mount was forgotten, the *Endeavour* was forgotten. Until they were remembered again, and then the tragedy of their forgetting becomes part of their story. It seems extraordinary to realize that, despite the excitement some people have about the 250th anniversary in 2019, for many years no one knew where the ship had gone. Relics had been distributed by the Newport Museum when they claimed they had the ship; small chunks of a ship-now-known-not-to-be-the-*Endeavour* were sent around the world.

59 With 50 Cents

My students in an Indigenous studies class are reading one of my favourite essays, Michael Yellow Bird's 'Cowboys and Indians: Toys of Genocide, Icons of American Colonialism'.⁸ We talk about the bit where Yellow Bird describes his students realizing the significance of having Andrew Jackson on their \$20 bill. This president was known for all kinds of things, including the attempt to clear all Indigenous people out of the area east of the Mississippi. My students are appalled, and comment that it must be terrible to live in a country that treats its colonial history so callously that it even has its icons on its money. Such a bald connection between colonialism and capitalism. Making a clean triumphant version of history portable and so hyper-visible that it is part of the everyday. They are really on a roll. Someone suddenly remembers New Zealand's 50 cent piece, 'with a picture of the *Endeavour* on it'. Silence.

60 With Discoveries

Despite the news items about the discovery of *Endeavour*-turned-*Lord-Sandwich*, a discovery has not in fact been made. In an online article titled 'No, Captain Cook's Ship Hasn't Been Found Yet', posted by the National Geographic website, Kristin Romey clarifies that the press release of the Rhode Island Marine Archaeology Project only narrows the search to 'one or two archaeological sites' they will investigate in 2019. Romey reminds us that the *Endeavour* has been discovered in 1999, 2002, 2006, 2012 and 2016. Discovering something that has already been discovered so many times before has been a pretty big theme with Cook.

61 With Memories

Commemorations of Cook are gaining in size and interest. It feels a bit like Anzac Day: as time goes on, more and more people turn out to commemorate these 'nation-building' moments. Rather than fading over time like most memories, these ones have taken on lives of their own.

According to a caption appended to a photograph available through *Te Ara*, ‘In 1919 there was little New Zealand recognition of the 150th anniversary of British explorer James Cook’s first landing in New Zealand, except in Gisborne. There, this sizeable gathering participated in a commemoration at the site of the monument marking Cook’s landing place. The memorial had been erected in 1906.’ In 1969, however, there was a parade in Gisborne which included a giant representation of Cook’s head as well as a model of the *Endeavour*. The photograph has an aerial shot of the parade, including the giant head. The mammoth head sitting on a carnival float looks ghoulish, and — well — beheaded.

62 At Gisborne

The 1906 monument was erected at the landing place of the Horouta and Te Ikaroa-a-Rauru waka. The NZ History website notes that ‘The first landing site of James Cook’s crew at Gisborne was commemorated with the erection of a monument in 1906.’ This, of course, is a lie: Cook didn’t arrive in Gisborne. He couldn’t have: Gisborne didn’t exist yet.

When you start your story about Cook’s landing by saying he landed at Gisborne, you’ve already decided what the end of the story will be and you’re doubling back to make sure you start telling the story in a way that gets you to where you want to go.

63 With a South African War Memorial

It turns out the 1906 monument doubled for a few years as Gisborne’s South African War Memorial. Later, some concerned members of the Cook Memorial Rectification Committee convinced the council to move the tablets bearing the names of the people who had perished in that war in South Africa 1899–1902. It would take another 250 attempts to write an essay that explored the many colonial layers invoked by this situation.

64 At Poverty Bay

The caption on the photograph of the 1906 monument on the NZ History website notes: ‘Unveiling of the Captain Cook Monument, Poverty Bay.’ It is such a bitter irony that such a rich, productive and diverse region was named — and is still known as — Poverty Bay.

65 So Tempting to Gloss Over Bits

I find myself running out of ideas. Why did I think I could come up with 250? Surely I could just skip a few? Then I think about the sheer weight — the agonizing stretch — of two hundred and fifty years.

66 On Valentine's Day

I love the way my Facebook feed is filled with two clusters of messages on 14 February each year: celebrating love, and celebrating the day Cook met his end in Hawai'i. Many messages have a foot in both camps, declaring love and appreciation to Kanaka Maoli for what happened.

67 With a Pig

The Captain Cooker is a kind of wild pig in New Zealand — some arrived on the *Endeavour* and ran into the hills, both beginning and symbolizing the eventual devastation of New Zealand's natural environment. We are still picking up the pieces of the wreckage Europeans have inflicted on our land and waters and plants and animals, and yet wild boar is pretty delicious in a hāngī. This kind of complexity — or is it contradiction? — is what it means to live in a settler nation. The first foreigners to stay were these pigs.

68 With Another Pig

Some say that Cook was fed to a pig, which was then fed to a pig.

69 With a Dog

Some say it was a dog he was fed to: a dog that was then fed to other dogs. A dog-eat-dog world indeed. Or else, he was fed to a dog that was fed to some children.

70 With an Understanding of Mana

These chains of consumption are not about protein or snacks. They are deliberate methods to destroy mana.

71 In 1840

If we are doing one story for each year since Cook arrived in Aotearoa, and this is #71, we have finally reached the signing of the Treaty. If you start a story about Captain Cook at 1840, Cook has already been dead for 61 years and the Treaty is still 41 years into the future.

72 With a Laugh

Chatting at my Faculty tearoom with colleagues. I tell them what I'm writing and we spend the next ten minutes cracking each other up. We cover all kinds of ground: exploitation, extinction, murder, violence, theft. 'Why don't you do one called ten ways Captain Cook tries to leave his wife? You could do "I just need to go and spread some syphilis", "I'm off to discover and kill some people on the other side of the world", "Just had to nip out and observe the

Transit of Venus”.’ ‘How about talking about Māori discovering Cook — this lost-looking man rowing backwards in the water?’ Everything is hilarious. Our eyes are watering. We are slapping the table. Someone recalls someone else saying the only thing that came off Cook’s ship was syphilis ‘so he refers to the *Endeavour* as HMS *Syphilis*.’ People are joining the conversation when they come in to get coffee, refill water bottles and heat leftovers. Maybe I should have called this essay ‘250 jokes about Captain Cook’. Maybe it’s because if you didn’t laugh you’d cry, or maybe it’s a case of humour being a way to recall things you can’t forget.

73 With Another Laugh

I’m visiting home from my job in Hawai’i and I get roped into going to my nephew’s school for their Matariki event. Students are split into several groups that rotate around different activities related to Matariki. I am put in a classroom with a really cool wāhine who has a whole lot of cupcakes the kids can decorate. I’m going to talk to the kids about our connections with the rest of the Pacific region, and read part of a book by a Hawaiian author about Maui. We talk about how Maui pops up all around the region, and I get the kids to guess what certain Hawaiian words are. Half the kids in the school are in te reo immersion and half have a lot of te reo in their mainstream classrooms, so they really enjoy realizing that their understanding of Māori helps them to understand words like wa’a, moku, wāhine, aloha, he’e and a few other cognates I am making up on the spot to suit the level of each group. We then talk about how place names come about, and I ended up getting them to guess how some English names came into the region. I joke that the English explorers weren’t very original and named them for when they got there. I ask when the kids think the Europeans reached certain islands, and they shriek out Easter! Christmas! (Twice, because there are two of them.) Thursday! They think it’s hysterically funny.

74 In the Cook Islands

75 In the Cook Strait

76 In Cook County, New South Wales

77 In the Division of Cook (Electoral Division of New South Wales)

78 In County of Cook, Queensland

- 79 In the Shire of Cook, Queensland
- 80 In the Electoral District of Cook, Queensland
- 81 In the Suburb of Cook, ACT
- 82 In Cooktown, Queensland
- 83 In the Suburb of Mount Cook, Wellington
- 84 In the Town Captain Cook, Hawai'i
- 85 In Cook Mountains, Antarctica
- 86 In Cook Island, New South Wales
- 87 In Cook Island, Tierra del Fuego, Chile
- 88 In Cook Island, South Sandwich Islands (far South Atlantic Ocean)
- 89 In Cook Island, Kiritimati, Kiribati
- 90 In Cooks River, New South Wales
- 91 In Cook River, New Zealand
- 92 In Cook's Bay, Ontario
- 93 In Cook's Bay, Mo'orea (French Occupied Polynesia)
- 94 In Cook Bay, South Georgia (South Atlantic)
- 95 In Cook Bay, Tierra del Fuego, Chile
- 96 In Cook Glacier, Kerguelen Islands (French Southern and Antarctic Lands)
- 97 In Cook Glacier, South Georgia
- 98 In Cooks Brook, Newfoundland

- 99 In Mount Cook, Yukon
- 100 In Mount Cook, New Zealand
- 101 In Mount Cook, Wellington
- 102 In Mount Cook, Queensland
- 103 In Cooks Anchorage, Tahiti (French Occupied Polynesia)
- 104 In Cook Channel, Dusky Sound
- 105 In Cook Inlet, Alaska
- 106 In Cook Rock, South Sandwich Islands
- 107 In Avaiki Nui/ Nukutere (Cook Islands)
- 108 In Te Moana o Raukawa (Cook Strait)
- 109 On Dharug Country (Cook County)
- 110 On Tharawal Country (Division of Cook)
- 111 On Waka Waka and Gureng Gureng Country (County of Cook)
- 112 In 1881

If we are starting one essay for each year since Cook arrived in Aotearoa, and this is #112, it is 1881. The peaceful village of Parihaka is being violently stormed by colonial troops and others. If you start an essay about Captain Cook at 1881, Cook has already been dead for just over a century, the Treaty was signed just over four decades ago, and the 1860s wars have been lingering in Taranaki for over two decades.

Talking about 1881 now, in the middle of all of these Cook-named places, is a chronological interruption to a geographic flow. But Parihaka, and time, both have a way of doing that: refracting what we see when we think we are talking about place.

The Tongan scholar Tēvita Ka'ili has spent a lot of time thinking about the relationship between space and time in Polynesian worlds. Cook interrupted both of these in our part of the world, but reciprocally, we can mobilize our concepts of space and time to interrupt Cook.

113 On Guugu Yimithir Country (Shire of Cook)

114 On Kurtjar, Koko-bera, Yir Yoront, Thaayorre, Wik, Bakanh, Kunjin, Kokowarra, Kuku-Yalanji, Guugu-Yimidhirr, Mutumui, Lamalama, Umbindhamu, Kuuku-Yani, Umpila, Kaantju, Uutaalnganu, Kuuku-ya'u, Wuthathi, Winda Winda, Mbeiwum, Yinwum, Luthigh, Awngthim, Anguthimri, Yupangathi, Tjungundji, Teppathiggi, Mpalitjanh, Yadhaigana, Kala Lagaw Ya, Lalaw Kawaw Ya, and Merriam Mir county (Electoral district of Cook)

115 On Ngunawal Country (Cook)

116 On Kuku Yalanji, Guugu Yimithirr and Gungarde Country (Cooktown)

117 In Pukeahu (suburb of Mount Cook)

118 In Honaunau and Kealakekua (Captain Cook)

119 In Te Kōpakatanga ki te Tonga/ Antarctica (Cook Mountains)

120 On Bundjalung Country (Cook Island)

121 In Yaganes Territory (Cook Island)

122 In ? (Cook Island)⁹

123 In ? (Cook Island)

124 In 1893

If we are starting one essay for each year since Cook arrived in Aotearoa, and this is #124, it is 1893. The ruling monarch of Hawai'i, Queen Lili'iuokalani, is overthrown by a group of American businessmen who are implicitly supported by US military presence in the harbour. If you start an essay about Captain Cook at 1893, the Hawaiian monarchy instituted by Kamehameha around the time of Cook's first visit can't help but dominate the story. In 1779 it was Hawaiians who rid the Pacific of Cook, but since 1893 Americans have attempted to rid the Pacific of Hawaiians. If this was a quadratic equation, it is balanced when we see that Cook and the US stand in for each other.

125 In Goolay'yari (Cooks River)

126 In Weheka (Cook River)

127 In Ouentironk (Cook's Bay)

128 In Paopao (Cook's Bay)

129 In ? (Cook Bay)

130 In Yaganes territory (Cook Bay)

131 In ? (Cook Glacier)

132 In ? (Cook Glacier)

133 In Maqtukwek (Cooks Brook)

134 In Champagne, Aishihik & Kluane First Nations territory
(Mount Cook)

135 In Aoraki (Mount Cook)

136 In Waymbuurr (Mount Cook)

137 In Pukeahu (Mount Cook)

138 In Tautira Bay (Cooks Anchorage)

139 In Tamatea (Cook Channel)

140 In Tikahtnu (Cook Inlet)

141 In ? (Cook Rock)

142 In Cook Crater, the Moon (Yes, the Moon!)

143 In Marton

Marton is a town in New Zealand named after Cook's birthplace. Some settlers didn't like its original name which reflected the name of a local river, so they changed it in 1869 to mark the centenary of Cook's arrival, and also so

their town wasn't known by a name that on the face of it could mean Big Shit. One wonders how many current residents in Marton would know the Māori language well enough to even know what people might think of them living in a place called Tutaenui. (And one wonders how they would pronounce it.)

144 With a Question: What's in a Name?

In 1994 the Prime Minister of the Cook Islands, Sir Geoffrey Henry, led his country through a five-part referendum. One of the questions related to changing the name of their country. Seventy percent of the people who voted wanted to keep living in the Cook Islands so voted against Avaiki Nui. The vote for a change to the flag was more evenly split: the flag was retained but only by 52% of the overall vote.

145 With a Question: Who's Erased by a New Name?

According to the Queensland tourism website, Mount Cook is 'the scenic backdrop to Cooktown' but replaces an earlier name:

Lieutenant Phillip Parker King named Mount Cook in June 1819 during his navigation of northern Australia. Little did King know that Lieutenant James Cook had already named the mountain Gores Mount after Lieutenant John Gore, his third Lieutenant. The name Mount Cook took hold and, sadly for John Gore, the title Gores Mount was forgotten.
<https://www.queensland.com/en-nz/attraction/mount-cook-national-park>

'Sadly for John Gore' indeed. How rude, naming a place after Cook when there was already a name in place. I mean, who would do that? (Sadly for Kuku Yalanji, Guugu Yimithirr and Gungarde people.)

146 With a Question: What's Erased by a New Name?

It turns out that my friend's husband, who is Kanaka Maoli, is from Hōnaunau. The town of Captain Cook used to be a small town nearby, but since the arrival of Google maps it has expanded — at least on their maps — and the whole area is now 'Captain Cook'. When you're trying to get there using Google as your GPS, Hōnaunau is nowhere to be seen. It seems Captain Cook continues to be complicit with colonial surveying even after all these years.

147 With a Question: Wasn't his Surveying Good Though?

Saying that Cook was a very skilled surveyor doesn't make it okay. Maps aren't ends that justify the means; they are themselves the means. Surveying doesn't exactly have a neutral role in a colonial context. (Although I would say that, with connections to Parihaka.) Giselle Byrnes writes about this in

Boundary Markers: Land Surveying and the Colonisation of New Zealand, a book that is taught and read in the contexts of literary/ media/ cultural studies. (Perhaps more so than any other ‘historical’ text?) The production of maps is at once profusely scientific — in the sense of being an attempt to render an objective claim about physical space — and deeply political. Kelly Ana Morey, in her remarkable story ‘Cartography’, foregrounds the arrogance of European mapmaking and the multiplicity but also the continuity of Māori maps:

Jacob is king of all he surveys, though if the truth be known his castle has its support pillar sunk deeply in the mana of his ink-painted consort. The black ribbons from Ripeka’s chin are her map of these lands that her husband proudly calls his own.¹⁰

148 In Newfoundland

We like to claim Cook for our ocean, but he cut his teeth as a cartographer on the eastern coast of what is now Canada. Indigenous names, and the histories and knowledge they contain, have been swiped aside by Cook’s mapmaking hand over there as well. There is a place there known as Unfortunate Cove which was so-named because he hurt his hand there. The works of his hand as a surveyor have been more than unfortunate for so many.

149 With a James Cook Research Fellowship Administered by the Royal Society of New Zealand

150 At the James Cook Observatory

151 At the James Cook Railway Station, Middleborough, England

152 At James Cook University (Queensland)

153 At James Cook University Hospital

154 At James Cook High School in Manurewa

155 At the James Cook St Reserve in Hastings

156 At the Captain Cook State Recreation Area, Kenai Peninsula, Alaska

157 At the Captain Cook Restaurant in Hotel Marinela Sofia, Bulgaria

158 At James Cook Hotel Grand Chancellor in Wellington

159 At the James Cook Guest House in Havelock North

160 At Captain Cook Motor Lodge in Gisborne

161 At Captain Cook Hotel in Dunedin

162 At Captain Cook Hotel in Paddington, New South Wales

163 At Captain Cook Hotel in Botany, New South Wales

164 At Captain Cook Hotel on Christmas Island, Kiribati

165 At Hotel Captain Cook in Anchorage, Alaska

166 At Captain Cook Resorts in Waikiki, Hawai'i

167 At the Captain Cook Boutique Hotel in Fulham, London

168 At Captain Cook Backpackers in Sydney

169 At Captain Cook Inn in Lincoln City, Oregon

170 With Hospitality

Wow that's a lot of places to stay named after Captain Cook. Hospitality and accommodation are key words for thinking about the relationship between Indigenous people and colonial 'explorers'. Who is hospitable to whom? Who accommodates whom?

171 On Captain Cook Drive

This is the main road in a beach town called Seventeen Seventy in Queensland, named after the date of Cook's arrival there. Interestingly, along with the usual suspects of Ocean Dr, Discovery Dr, Whitby Pl and Endeavour St, there's a Tupia St [sic] that twists from Captain Cook Dr, past Banks Dr, towards the open sea.

172 On James Cook Drive, Whitby, New Zealand

173 In the Whole of Whitby, For That Matter

The suburb of Whitby was developed in the late 1960s. The name of the suburb, as well as many of its streets and other features, is Cook-related because of its proximity to the bicentenary of Cook's first visit here. Whitby, of course, is the place in North Yorkshire where Cook lived. Streets are called

things like Spinnaker, Navigation, The Masthead, Solander, Discovery, Latitude, Banks, Spyglass and Exploration. The three primary schools in the area are Discovery, Adventure and Postgate. Postgate is the name of the school little James Cook attended in Whitby, while Discovery and Adventure are two of his vessels as well as his *modus operandi*. The Wikipedia page for Whitby does not include any reference to the Māori history of the area, which is uncannily reminiscent of the legacy of Cook's travels.

174 In Fit-bee

My sister is at a social occasion and someone takes exception to the way she correctly pronounces some Māori place names. It's PC gone mad, etc. A short while later, one of the girls is telling everyone where she lives. 'I live in Whitby,' she says. Then she looks and my sister and says, in an exasperated I-will-make-a-big-fuss-of-how-people-like-you-want-me-to-pronounce-things tone (a tone with which every Māori person reading this is familiar), 'oh sorry, I should say *Fit-bee*'. What a heavy imposition it must be for her, feeling like she is forced to pronounce things correctly. How embarrassing for her, that she thought the 'Wh' at the beginning of the word meant it was a local name. And what a rich metaphor for the colonial project in New Zealand, when a Pākehā person knows so little about their own history that they are resentful of Māori even in that very moment at which colonial history is so overt.

175 In Why-cat-oh

I am editing this essay at a café on campus, and am writing the bit about Fit-bee. The table next to me is enjoying a coffee and a chat. They are talking about Why-cat-oh and Row-da-roo-ah. I wonder what country these people live in, and how they make sense of it. I am not a fluent speaker of te reo Māori and have been humiliated as well as gently encouraged over my own use of the language. We are not talking about speaking the language here, though. We are talking about common names these people use all the time. They work at the University of Why-cat-oh after all. They must say the word all the time. I find mispronunciation exhausting.

176 At a Housing Estate in Inner-city Sydney

In the 1970s, a cutting-edge social housing estate was opened in Waterloo, a suburb that borders Redfern in central Sydney. Called the Endeavour project, it includes a cluster of buildings named after people and places associated with Cook's voyages. In her Masters thesis about a small carved whare and a series of other Māori carvings on the property, Innez Haua writes:

When it was built in 1976, the NSW Housing Commission named the housing tower Turanga which, in a promotional booklet produced by that organisation, is described as ‘the Māori word for “landing place,” [and it also] commemorates where Captain Cook’s ship first anchored in New Zealand.’ Turanga has a twin, an identical sibling approximately twenty metres adjacent to it: another twenty-nine-storey cement block of units named Matavai. This name derives from one of Cook’s favoured destinations, a ‘beautiful harbour in Tahiti, where he first anchored HMS Endeavour and a place where he would return to many times.’ Matavai and Turanga were the pride of a NSW Housing Commission scheme to house elderly residents in the city. The controversial construction was called the Endeavour project to demonstrate tribute to the voyaging adventures of Captain James Cook.¹¹

Each floor of the two main towers (Turanga and Matavai) is decorated with a mural depicting the various sites he visited.

Haua continues:

The colonial stamp throughout this project is loud, proud and clear. However, in what seems to be an incredible happenstance and perhaps to ensure the integrity of this tribute to the colonisation of these far flung Pacific places and peoples couldn’t be amplified any, the Commission invited Dr Margaret Mead, heralded by the Commission as ‘the world-renowned anthropologist and sociologist who herself is a grandmother in her seventies,’ to visit the towers. According to the booklet *Matavai and Turanga*, Mead ‘professed herself “delighted” with all she saw and pointed out the advantages this type of building offered [for the elderly].’¹²

Presently, the entire Cook-commemorating Mead-approved estate is in the process of being re-emptied to make way for new owners and tenants: so the deserving rich rather than the underserving poor can make use of its inner-city location.

177 With Tupaia

I always start my Pacific studies, Pacific literature and other Pacific-themed classes with a discussion of Tupaia’s map. I often think that if Pacific studies scholars had to pick an image for a team t-shirt, that map would be a pretty good pick. Robert Sullivan recalls Tupaia as ‘Cartographer of a chunk of the Pacific/ Cook claimed as his own.’ Some German scholars have been working on figuring out the logics of Tupaia’s map. At a conference in Fiji I heard them present breathlessly and excitedly on how they held his map alongside some other manuscripts and narratives, and had started to figure out how they fit together.¹³ Tupaia was the first non-Māori Pacific person to arrive in Aotearoa, and he did so on board Cook’s ship. There’s a lot that could be said about Tupaia, and I suspect that if I had to choose one of my top five ways to start an essay about Captain Cook, it would be with him.

178 With the Chief Mourner

The Chief Mourner is Tupaia, of course. We know that now, to the point that it seems obvious. But recognizing Tupaia's art starts with imagining he could be an artist, and that needed to be unblocked before the connection could be made. At the *Facing New Worlds* exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery in Canberra, some flat-screen TVs play a constantly rolling film of Tupaia's paintings. Apparently, and extraordinarily, it is the first time they have been displayed together. I say extraordinarily because it's a digital display: we are not talking about the complexity of permissions, packaging, insurance, lighting, framing and captions connected to displaying the original pieces of art. We are talking about the deliberate rearrangement of several electrons with a computer. Continuing with the theme of #TeamPacificStudies, I would totally buy a coffee table book that included those paintings as well as other similar Indigenous Pacific texts. Currently they tend to be drowned out by their incorporation into projects that are obsessed with Europeans, and frankly I want the other book. To do: a coffee table book. Will add it to the list.

179 With Tayeto/Tiata

Tupaia brought a 12-year-old boy with him on his travels with Cook. He was a servant to Tupaia, and was nearly 'kidnapped' at Te Kauwae-a-Māui. In order to return him to their custody, Cook's men shot at the Māori people who had taken the boy onto their waka. Tayeto swan back to the *Endeavour* and one Māori man died as a result of the interaction. In addition, the site where Tayeto was captured and made his escape was renamed 'Cape Kidnappers'. Public accounts of how the area got its name often comment that it was after an attempt to kidnap one of Cook's crew. Was Tayeto one of Cook's crew?

180 With a Gift

The chemist on campus sells gifts: fragrances, hand creams, soaps, candles. I love these kinds of luxury items, and when I pop in for something practical I always linger by the gift displays. One day I notice some lovely small wooden containers with Pacific-ish and Māori-ish patterning. A small container the almond shape of a waka has three stylized frangipani flowers cut out of its lid. I am attracted to the design, so I pick it up and read a description tucked inside. 'Endeavour', it says. Oh. Then in smaller print: 'What would life be without it? Inspired by Cooks [sic] first journey, and ours, endeavouring for something new. New Zealand Rimu Veneer & organic oil.' I take a photo of this on my phone so it can be one of these 250 ways to start an essay about Captain Cook.

181 Over Halfway Through

I often advise students that if you can't find a good way to start a piece of writing, start at a point that feels like it's just over halfway through. This can be a way to get into the guts of the topic without the paralysis of framing. Maybe if you start the essay here you have a better chance of finishing it instead of staring at a blank page, unsure of how to begin. Or maybe this essay *is* just over halfway through and the full story of Cook won't be told for another 250 years.

182 In 250 Years

Actually, I kind of hope that 250 years from now my descendants will have forgotten the name 'Cook'. I get a little giddy with excitement when I think about the future they will be living in. Ironically or not, by then climate change may have brought us all into a newer relationship with the ocean over which Cook sailed. These things are related, of course.

183 With Omai

I visited London back in 2002, when I was a PhD student, and I was keen to see Omai, whose portraits hang in the National Portrait Gallery there. As a Māori person visiting the metropole for the first time, this was an opportunity for me to connect with a really important part of my own Indigenous and colonial history: here was an Indigenous Pacific person who was the first Polynesian in London. Here was someone from the great Polynesian central marae and departure point of Taputapuātea — an ancestor of our people, who had accompanied Cook back to London and stayed there for two years.

As a PhD student at Cornell, in snowy upstate New York, I had been reading about Omai and was fascinated by the question that had never occurred to me before: having grown up hearing all about the first of *their* people who came *here* to this part of the world, who were the first of *our* people who went *there*? Shortly after my visit, I saw a description of the famous Joshua Reynolds portrait in which the National Portrait Gallery London described Omai as 'Britain's first black superstar'. This brings to mind Michelle Elleray's important observation that 'While the South Seas constituted a narrative that circulated in nineteenth- and early twentieth-century British society, that historical circulation has become all but invisible to our own society.'

This description of Omai also foregrounds the ways that race, difference and indigeneity are so utterly related to location: he's Britain's first black superstar, because of what black Britishness means and what blackness means in Britain. But, had his mobility taken him to the United States he would never be America's first black superstar and, indeed, given the use of Black to refer to Indigenous Australian people, he wouldn't have been Australia's

first black superstar either. Pictures (like the Omai portrait by Reynolds) may paint a thousand words, but those words are inextricable from the contexts and mouths of those speaking them.

184 With a Discounted Ticket

I got to see the portrait of Omai in London because it was a stopover between New York and New Zealand. The number of people travelling between my home and its colonial metropole means it is much easier to get a discounted trip on flights from London to Auckland. It was cheaper for me to buy a ticket from New York to London and a separate one from London to home, rather than to just fly home direct from New York via LA. Yes, it was a very long trip, but like most PhD students, I had more time than money. My own mobility in 2002, when it was cheaper to take the long way home, was as pragmatically and imaginatively shaped by colonial networks as Omai's mobility had been over two hundred years earlier.

185 In Amsterdam

The reason Omai had even been described as a superstar in 2002 is because that year the portrait was up for sale, and the National Portrait Gallery was very concerned that a private buyer would take the painting outside the UK. For a brief period the UK had a legal arrangement preventing the portrait from being removed beyond its political borders. The Reynolds painting was purchased by an Irish person, and in 2018 it emerged for the first time at a gallery in Amsterdam, causing all kinds of consternation for the people who think it shouldn't be able to leave the UK. Nations can be so jealous — they rely on the restriction of mobility in order to literally shore up their own interests. The restriction of human movement is pressingly visible when we think about the charade in which the Australian government attempts to express concern for asylum seekers whose rejection and dehumanization it both funds and promotes as a central articulation of the logic of the Australian state. And a British attempt to restrict the movement of Omai's portrait is an articulation of Britishness which is code, of course, for empire. I do not offer these as comparable wrongs or comparable forms of human suffering, but I offer them as two examples of the jealousy of states that is most keenly expressed at national borders. Nations police and extend their temporal and spatial borders in ways that suit them, and they have so many means at their disposal: airport passport checks, voter disenfranchisement, navy vessels cruising in the Torres Strait, the demographics of television hosts, deportations, museums, classrooms and portrait galleries. Keeping things inside is as important to national borders as keeping other things out.

186 With Mai

Omai is also known by the name ‘Mai’ because, as Bridget Jones would say, that is his name — but I tend to use the name Omai because that’s how his name is expressed in colonial records and I have only had access to him through them. For the record, I think both names work well.

187 In Kahiki

In Hawai’i, Kamehameha spent a night on board Cook’s ship, and while he was gone some thought he had returned to Kahiki. Kahiki, which sounds like Tahiti but which — as the Hawaiian scholar Emalani Case points out — refers to the broader Pacific region of origin similar to Hawaiiki or Puluotu. In some ways, perhaps Kamehameha did return to Kahiki, if engagement with Cook’s vessels is related to reconnecting with the Pacific region.

188 With Lelemahoalani

Lelemahoalani, a high-ranking woman from Kaua’i, spent time with Cook during his time there. If you Google it, the most common verb used to describe their form of connection is ‘bedded’ — as in ‘Cook bedded Lelemahoalani’. This verb suggests it was a kind of conquest, and that she had no agency. Lelemahoalani’s mother was the highest ranked person in Kaua’i (the only island Kamehameha couldn’t vanquish and stitch into his united archipelago) — it’s hard to imagine she had no agency. Maybe Lelemahoalani bedded Cook. She is not the only woman whose life offers an additional way to start an essay about Captain Cook. Many of the women Cook ‘bedded’ (or who ‘bedded’ him) are recalled in written records by descriptions instead. Nameless.

189 With Hula

After Cook’s death, seven women accompanied his ship on the first stages of its return to London until the crew reached O’ahu. At each site, the women assisted with acquiring provisions for the Europeans but also performed a hula that described recent events. Surgeon David Samwell wrote, ‘They would willingly have accompanied us further, but at last we came to think that they had spread the news of our Misfortune far enough.’ How do you start an essay with an historical text like hula? This is something we are trying to think about in the scholarly worlds in which I participate. The possibilities are limitless and the stakes are high.

190 With a Deadline

I am well past the deadline for this essay. I promised I would get it to the editors a long time ago. It takes a long time to think about 250 ways to start an

essay about Captain Cook. There are a million possible starts, of course, but choosing 250 is hard work. I am sick of writing about Captain Cook.

191 With Tapa I

I chastise myself for taking on this task. Who am I to write about Cook? I've never written about him before! Then I realize that this isn't true. His words are the first words of my book *Once Were Pacific*. I was intrigued and inspired by his description of still-existing paper mulberry in Aotearoa and Māori responses to the Tahitian tapa they saw on the *Endeavour* in 1769:

We met with about half a Dozn Cloth Plants, being the same as the inhabitants of the Islands lying within the Tropicks make their finest cloth on: this plant must be very scarce among them as the Cloth made from it is only work in small pieces by way of ornaments at their ears and even this we have seen but very seldom. Their knowing the use of this sort of Cloth doth in some measure account for the extraordinary fondness they have shew'd for it above every other things we had to give them, even a sheet of white paper is of more Value than so much English cloth of any sort whatever.

I spent the rest of the book unpacking the ways in which we do and don't articulate our connections with the rest of the Pacific; I end with a hope that we learn to see these connections outside and beyond what we can see through the colonial spectacles Cook and his legacy have forced us to wear as if our vision needed correction in the first place. And yet, the book starts with Cook. He becomes the line in the sand, the pivot, the start. Oh dear. I know why I started with him, and his words, and his legacy. I am still trying to think about the fact I'd forgotten that he was front and centre in this way. Cook: ubiquitous, ever-present, inescapable. Cook: can't see him for the looking. Cook: hidden in plain view.

192 With Tapa II

The State Library of New South Wales holds an incomplete waistcoat that Mrs Cook was sewing for her hubby when she received news he wasn't coming home. (By the time she digested this news, he had been well digested, too.) The garment is made of tapa cloth he had brought home from Tahiti after an earlier voyage. She has embroidered the cloth with ornate stitches, and intended it to be a garment he could wear to court. They were married for 17 years but spent only four of those living together because his career kept him at sea. Elizabeth Cook was an only child so was probably used to finding ways to fill in her time.

193 With Tapa III

Kamehameha Schools in Honolulu has some material items in its school archives, including some examples of very old tapa. One large piece was stitched to fabric that had arrived in the islands on one of the first European ships. After leaving the air-conditioned room I wrote a poem about it that included the lines: ‘of all the unfolding and gentle handling/ in this archive room/ the most surprising sheets/ were tapa — kapa — an expanse of beaten fibre/ sewn to a stretch of red cotton/ patterns pounded into kapa still visible on the cotton as well/ layers of kapa for insulation in between:/ under which a Hawaiian family slept almost 200 years ago/ a paperbark Eskimo pie’.

194 With a Google Search I

I look up ‘James Cook’. Google lets me know the ‘searches related to “james cook” are: james cook death, james cook facts, how did james cook die, what did james cook discover, james cook Australia, captain james cook, james cook james cook, when was james cook born.’

195 With a Google Search II

I start to Google something and only type ‘cook’ and ‘travels’ before accidentally hitting Enter. The first hit is Anthony Bourdain. I enjoy watching the Food Network as much as anyone in my demographic. But sometimes I get tired of watching white men explore brown recipes and exotic places, then zoom back to their metropolitan kitchens where they pretend they have figured it all out. This is part of the food sovereignty puzzle: seeing the ways in which twenty-first-century exploration masquerades as cooking. Cooking. Cook-ing. Ah, the endless pun.

196 With a Calculator

I keep opening the calculator app on my phone while I write this essay. How many years since 1769? 1779? Etc. So many additions and subtractions over 250 years.

197 In 1967

If we are doing one story for each year since Cook arrived in Australia, and this is #197, it is 197 years since he claimed Australia in 1770 on the basis of terra nullius: an empty land. In 1967, Aboriginal Australians are incorporated into the Australian state via a referendum. It is 179 years since the first fleet arrived into Sydney Harbour to commence the settler project in that continent, and 66 years since Australia became an independent (and white) country.

198 In 1967

If we are doing one story for each year since Cook arrived in New Zealand, and this is #198, it is 198 years since he came to this part of the world in which he claimed Australia on the basis of terra nullius: an empty land. In 1967, Aboriginal Australians are incorporated into the Australian state via a referendum. It is 179 years since the first fleet arrived into Sydney Harbour to commence the settler project in that continent, and 66 years since Australia became an independent (and white) country.

199 With #197 or #198

It took me a while to decide whether the essay about Cook that starts with the 1967 referendum in Australia should be thought about as 197 years since Cook's arrival in 1770 or 198 years since 1769. That depends on whether an essay about Cook's time in Australia is being written in New Zealand or Australia. Logically, it should be #197 but equally logically it should be #198. This is being written in the Waikato, by someone who works at a university whose buildings sit on Tainui land. Time and place are never really disentangled.

200 With Tuffery's Exhibition *First Contact*

The exhibition shows up in several shows. I see it in Pataka. A few years later it is projected onto the walls of Te Papa. Michel Tuffery's engagements with iconic representations of Cook and his adventures around the Pacific have become iconic in their own ways. He reworks, re-imagines and redraws Cook and others of his crew. Cook wears a hibiscus behind his ear. He has fish in his hair. He wears a full facial moko. This is not appropriation because it is one of ours holding the paintbrush (and in his expansive treatments of Tupaia's work, the one of ours with the paintbrush consciously echoes other one of ours holding a paintbrush.) In Tuffery's art, Cook is made Polynesian; he is incorporated. He is ingested. We consume him. (Refer to #70 above.)

201 With a Film about Tupaia

Māori Television shows a film called *Tupaia's Endeavour*. I want to love it. It was made by Lala Rolls who is known for lots of film work including *Children of the Migration*. I do love it. There are so many bits I love. I especially love the bits where Tupaia's relatives remember him in rather less flattering terms than we do. I love these bits because they remind me once again of the complexity of our people. They remind me of the time a Marshallese filmmaker stood up to challenge Hawaiian filmmakers who wanted to venerate Mau Piailug but referred to him as 'Papa Mau' (an affectionate term in Hawaiian) rather than using his formal title from his home community.

But I also find myself getting a bit frustrated with a film starring three men (Tuffery, Kirk Torrance and Paora Tapsell). I find I am torn between wanting to watch the film about Tupaia and wanting the film to star at least one wāhine. It makes me think about how gender is so central to the story of Cook. And how Cook, and everything that came after, has done so much to gender in this region. Ani Mikaere and others trace how the colonization of tikanga Māori has had devastating effects for Māori women. I blame Cook for these three male musketeers on my screen. (But a part of me wants to blame them a bit, too.)

202 With an Email

An email goes around Māori staff at my institution. \$10 tickets for a raffle. The prize is Robyn Kahukiwa's extraordinary print 'Let's not celebrate Captain Cook'. Within two hours they're all sold — I miss out because I'm busy meeting some Pacific postgrads to talk about their theses. I email to see if I'm too late to get one, and I am. There are a lot of us here who are keen to celebrate not celebrating Captain Cook. The thing that made me miss out on a ticket is, of course, another way to not celebrate Captain Cook.

203 With Silence

You could start an essay about Cook by talking about the silence of archives, or the relative silence of Indigenous perspectives compared to European perspectives of Cook's journeys to this part of the world. But we also use silence as a way to mourn those who have been lost. A moment's silence. A minute's silence. I remember a minute of silence at a Super Rugby game in Sydney for the victims of a Malaysian Airlines crash in 2014 — everyone in the stadium was silent and then a small group of revellers finding their way to their access gates into the stands was heard laughing and hollering without any idea about the sombre feeling forty thousand of us were experiencing together. Sometimes I feel like challenging the 250th celebrations of Cook's arrival in Aotearoa is like being part of the forty thousand people in the stands with a small number of thoughtless partygoers unaware of the scale of death we are thinking about. Other times I feel like challenging these celebrations is looked at as if everyone else is performing a sacred act and daring to speak out is seen as uncouth and rude.

204 In Savage Island

Niue is known as Savage Island as well as the Rock of Polynesia. In 1774 Cook attempted to approach the island three times but was unsuccessful. His revenge, a name, stuck around for two centuries. In this way, although he didn't step on the land he stepped on the people.

A Niuean PhD student introduces a conference paper by joking that her island is known as Savage Island for a reason. We all laugh. It's an inside joke. We reclaim things and turn them inside out. We make them our own. All of us savages: we make these names our own. We laugh, and together we both affirm and reject Cook's Pacific. When I Google it; of course I find there are lots of Savage Islands.

Of course there are.

205 In the Friendly Islands

By contrast, Tonga treated Cook pretty well in 1773 and so he called them Friendly. This is handy for tourist promotions, of course. But friendly isn't that far off being called savage, really — because either way, it's not about you. It's about how you treated Cook. It's about Cook.

206 With the British Phosphate Company

Cook didn't set up the British Phosphate Company, the entity that oversaw the mining of phosphate from Christmas Island, Nauru and Banaba between 1920 and 1981. But he visited Kiritimati, or Christmas Island, in Kiribati on Christmas Eve of 1777 and brought these places onto maps which would later become the business plans of people who sought to profit from the most literal kind of deterritorialization. In *Consuming Ocean Island*, Katerina Teaiwa writes about the mining of phosphate from Banaba and its redistribution over farmland in New Zealand and Australia.¹⁴ One place she discusses is the Waikato, a fertile agricultural region which owes its richness to two Indigenous whenua which are comingled here: that confiscated from Tainui, and that mined from Banaba. Cook moved around this part of the world to survey land, but the effect of this surveying work mean that land itself has moved.

207 At the National Library of Australia I

An exhibition at the National Library of Australia called *Cook and the Pacific* runs from September 2018 until February 2019. It is carefully thought out. I am doing some research at the Library, so I pop in to see the exhibition. *Cook and the Pacific* includes many of the original paintings, diaries and artworks connected to Cook's voyages. Mrs Cook's waistcoat is there. So are a whole lot of posters for different Cook commemoration events over the years. This kind of exhibition must be hard to curate: how to be critical, yet not so critical that you disappoint the punters?

On the National Library website, Australia is described as ‘A western democracy at the edge of Asia’ in the first line of the write-up about the exhibition called *Cook and the Pacific*. Has Australia left the Pacific already?

208 At the National Library of Australia II

Cook and the Pacific showcases some really good examples of Indigenous artists responding to Cook’s travels. Tuffery is there, alongside other people whose ancestors were visited in the 1770s. Some of the Indigenous art engages European art forms, and some engages Indigenous forms. It would be so cool to just get heaps of Indigenous art and have that, I am thinking. But then I realize what I’m hoping for is a world without Cook. And that wouldn’t be *Cook and the Pacific*, would it? It would just be ‘the Pacific’ — and what national institution in Australia would ever hold that?

As I walk around, I realize there are so many iconic portraits and images connected to Cook. There is Cook wallpaper plastered all around the inside of my brain.

209 At the National Library of Australia III

I am looking at some of the introductory material in the entrance to the exhibition and I overhear a woman walk into the entrance area. She is a tour guide with a group. She points to one of the several portraits in a cluster and says that this is the one Mrs Cook later said bore the closest likeness to her husband. I can see the group peering at the one she is talking about, as if it has suddenly become a photograph. As if we can know more about someone when we see their likeness.

She announces that she will talk about these paintings while they stand in the entrance and it is convenient that they can take the time to do this because there is nobody there. I am surprised to have been rendered so instantly invisible. I have never weighed less than 100 kg in the past two decades. There is no way they didn’t see me. But I wasn’t there.

210 At the National Library of Australia IV

I leave the exhibition and of course my head is full of thoughts. I am a bit angry, and also sad. A tourist comes up to me and asks if it is a good exhibition. I should have said ‘no — it’s terrible. It tries to be critical but, oh, there is so much genocide. If you don’t come out of an exhibition about Cook both angry and sad then the exhibition has told you a lie.’

211 At the National Library of Australia V

But of course I don’t say any of this. I say that it is good and smile. This instinctive hospitality, I think to myself. This default setting, despite all I know and think and feel, to be accommodating. I can’t help it.

212 With Frustration

I am sick of writing about Captain Cook. A colleague pops into my office and asks if I am still working on my Cook essay. I reply that I am, and we both half-laugh and half-groan. On some level, my entire career as an Indigenous academic is an essay about Captain Cook, even as every single day I am committed to writing and teaching about everything else.

213 At the National Portrait Gallery of Australia I

The *Facing New Worlds* exhibition opens at the National Portrait Gallery in Canberra to coincide with a ‘Re-framing Indigenous Biography’ conference being hosted by the *Dictionary of Australian Biography* at the ANU. There is a lot of talk about how to represent Indigenous lives. The *Facing New Worlds* exhibition is interesting: it puts together Indigenous and non-Indigenous people who interacted in the ‘Age of Empire’. The gallery publishes a catalogue, and the first piece of art in the catalogue is an engraving of Webber’s *The Death of Captain Cook 1784*. He is the Alpha and we, I guess, are the Omega. Or maybe he is just the Alpha.

214 At the National Portrait Gallery of Australia II

Because I only got to see it quickly on the night of the opening, I go back to see the exhibition with my daughter, who screams for her father the whole time we are there. We get some funny looks from people who clearly think one should not bring one’s baby to a nice quiet air-conditioned gallery. She is quite relaxed in the rest of the building, and enjoys noticing the dog in one painting (making her little fff fff woofing noises to show her recognition of the animal next to the man in a big portrait), and happily waves to the groups of school kids in their various uniforms. But each time I try to take her into the room with the Pacific portraits she is inconsolable. Someone’s there. I take her out and don’t go back.

215 In the French-occupied Pacific

The Wikipedia entry for ‘First voyage of James Cook’ mentions that he visited Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus, and stopped ‘at the Pacific Islands of Huahine, Borabora and Raiatea to claim them for Great Britain and unsuccessfully attempting to land at Rurutu’. The rest of the entry focuses on New Zealand and Australia in great detail. It’s like he only visited these two places.

They say history is written by the victors, but that doesn’t quite explain this imbalance. The victors here would surely be Cook’s people, and I am pretty sure this entry hasn’t been penned by enthusiastic people in the UK. In this case, history is written by the first world countries. It’s written by the places which have more of Cook’s people than any other. It’s written by the Anglophones.

216 With a Citation

Actually, in the Wikipedia entry cited above, there is a small note next to the words ‘Great Britain’ — it says ‘[citation needed]’. Indeed.

217 In an Interdisciplinary Space (In a Dream) I

Someone tweets that Damon Salesa shares in a keynote at Cambridge that he feels more comfortable in Pacific studies than History these days. When we are falling asleep at night and dream of ideal universities, what do they look like? Do they have history departments Damon wants to work in? (Or English departments I want to work in?) Or do Pacific studies and Indigenous studies have a more equal standing in relation to these Victorian disciplines? In our dreams of perfect universities, how do students benefit from having an historian on campus elsewhere? Or, do we find ways to make institutions work that don’t have so many ‘elsewheres’? There is something wrong with the institutionalized racism (and patriarchy, ableism, homophobia) in universities. But how do we ensure that, in our pursuit of history departments in which Pacific historians want to work, our dreams for perfect(ed) universities are not assimilationist?

Our respective dreams about ideal institutions tell us a lot about our visions of how things could be. We are living in a post-Cook New Zealand, at least in the same way we are living in a post-colonial country: post- the arrival of colonialism, not post- as in finished. Our respective post-Cook dreams about universities don’t only tell us about universities.

218 In an Interdisciplinary Space (In a Dream) II

I am sitting on a bus in Utah — a whole lot of us are at a Pacific-themed conference and are being transported back to our campus accommodation. It’s dark. Someone suggests we play the game ‘if I could endow a professorial chair, where would it be and what would be the focus?’ I’ve never played this game before or since. It is perhaps the most revealing and interesting conversation I’ve had with other scholars about our vision for the academy.

219 In an Interdisciplinary Space (In a Dream) III

I review a manuscript for something in which the author refers to other scholars by their current job location: X is an historian, Y is an American studies specialist, Z is a linguist. I think about how disciplines are related to training, scholarly networks, and all that good stuff — but they are also related to hiring and appointments committees and funding. I wonder if, had I been cited, the author would have referred to me as a literary or Indigenous studies scholar. Disciplinarily and institutionally, I am living the dream. But my dream is the direct result of specific realities and machinations.

I think about how I am currently leading the teaching of Pacific studies here at Waikato but under certain institutional and disciplinary radars I am not a Pacific studies scholar. I wonder if the author of this manuscript would describe me as a Pacific studies academic. I think probably not.

220 On a Boat

Captain Cook Cruises is a boat and transport company based in Sydney. It operates a number of large ferries and other watercraft. Some of the captains on these boats are Pacific people. Cook had arrived in Fiji in 1774 during his second voyage, and now a Fijian man operates one of the largest vessels in their fleet. Captain Cook Cruises indeed.

221 With the Colour Blue

Resene paints have a colour they call 'Resene Captain Cook'. It's a nice ocean-ish shade of blue. Its total colour code is B46-079-240. The tone is deep, and the colour palette is blue. Its RGB is 0 104 155, and its Hex values are #00689B. The Resene website describes the colour: 'Resene Captain Cook is a mild toned bright maritime blue, intrepid and ready for adventure.' The website helpfully suggests that complementary colours include a dark red called 'Resene Breakfree', a lighter blue named 'Resene Hemisphere', and a bright yellow known as 'Resene Southern Cross'.

222 In 1992

If we are doing one story for each year since Cook arrived in Australia in 1770, and this is #222, it is 1992. It's 222 years since he claimed Australia in 1770 on the basis of terra nullius: an empty land, 91 years since Australia became an independent country, and 24 years since Aboriginal Australians had been incorporated into the Australian state via a referendum. The High Court of Australia finds in favour of Eddie Mabo, who had recently passed away, with the first legal finding that Indigenous Australians might have some customary claims to land and territory that existed prior to Cook's proclamation.

223 In Montebello Islands

The Montebello Islands, off the coast of Western Australia, is the location where the British government initiated their nuclear weapons testing programme in 1952. The tests were called 'Operation Hurricane', and in this way they gesture wildly around the imperial world. The British tested weapons in Australia because of the historical link between those countries established when Cook visited in 1770. The nuclear arms race is connected in complicated ways to the 'age of empire' and 'age of exploration' Cook so

often represents. And, the word hurricane entered the English language via Spanish from the Taino term huracan. It is tempting to call the whole imperial mess of the past five centuries ‘Operation Hurricane’.

224 With Breadfruit

Huracan/ hurricane is not the only connection between the Pacific and the Caribbean. While travelling with Cook in our region, Banks identified that breadfruit would be an ideal starchy vegetable for feeding enslaved people in British colonies in the Caribbean such as Jamaica. Banks’s breadfruit schemes were behind Bligh’s travel into the Pacific on the *Bounty*. Eventually, of course, things ended badly for Bligh, and a new community was established on Pitcairn Island as a result of the mutiny led by Fletcher Christian and several Tahitian women. In 1856, a number of people from Pitcairn moved to Norfolk Island, where they formed the basis of the contemporary community.

225 On Norfolk Island

Cook visited Norfolk Island during his second voyage, and it has been used by various British interests ever since. In 1914 the UK passed it to Australia as an external territory, and 102 years after that Norfolk Island was incorporated more fully into Australia so that they have less self-government and movement between the two became ‘domestic’ travel. The capital of Norfolk Island is Kingston. We have friends, one of whom has family from Norfolk Island, who decided to name their son Kingston. Most people will probably assume he is named after Kingston in Jamaica because, thanks to the dynamic and active circulation of reggae music in this region, *that* Kingston is more well known to us here in the Pacific.

226 With Independence

Norfolk Island was incorporated into Australia despite fairly strong opposition from people who actually live there. Another place that has been thinking about its relationship with an imperial metropole is New Caledonia. A referendum in November 2018 asked people there if they wanted to retain the status quo relationship with France, or pursue independence. As often happens in settler societies, people originally from ‘there’ became fearful about what change might mean; 56.4% voted for status quo, and 43.6% wanted independence. Cook is the person who named New Caledonia: in 1774 he gave it that name because it reminded him of Scotland. Perhaps Scotland and New Caledonia would benefit from having a conversation about independence referenda, the continued legacies of imperialism, and false dichotomies of ‘idealism’ and ‘reality’ in the twenty-first century.

227 With Fatigue

I have Cook fatigue. I have been thinking about Cook too long. This was a stupid idea.

228 With a Warning

In Sam Neill's documentary about Cook, someone explains that Cook misunderstood the message her ancestors were trying to convey from the coast: they were warning him about the Great Barrier Reef just up ahead, and because he didn't comprehend their warning his boat was wrecked on the reef. Later, during his final voyage, he was warned by Mowachat people to avoid a sandbar in their bay — he heard the words they were using as 'Nootka' and decided that would become the name of the sound.

229 With a Special Issue of a Journal

New Zealand Journal of History. Vol. 49, No. 1 (April 2015). Start the essay there.

230 With a Whole Other Journal

Te Pouhere Kōrero. Start the essay there.

231 In Batavia

Tupaia, after traveling with Cook for several months, died in Batavia after succumbing to disease. Cook stopped in the Dutch colonial city, where present-day Jakarta stands, to repair his ship and prepare for the long journey to London in 1770. Batavia had been built by the Dutch on the site of Jayakarta, which was itself the renamed city of Sunda Kelapa. Of course these new names reflected local and imperial tugs of war over centuries. European countries have long hungered for the spices and other edibles that grow in present-day Indonesia.

Present-day Indonesia, in turn, hungers for the minerals and less densely populated landscape of West Papua, a place it called Irian Jaya and, more recently, Papua Barat. Ever since the sham 'Act of Free Choice' in 1969, Indonesia claims this area is a province over which it has territorial authority. The violent as well as subtle genocide of West Papuan Indigenous people is the most perverse and explicit example of active colonialism in the Pacific region at present (not that it's a competition). Batavia/ Jakarta thus continues to be a site of Pacific death.

Several Melanesian political leaders, along with a dense and every-growing network of activists, academics, creatives, politicians and others, stand in solidarity with the various #FreeWestPapua independence

movements, and the cry of Wansolwara and Papua Merdeka both inspires and affirms the resurgence of complex regional connections into which Cook first sailed in 1769.

232 With an Exhibition at the Thistle Hall, Wellington

An exhibition titled *Cooks voyages — the true cost* was mounted at the Thistle Hall in Wellington from 20 to 24 November 2018. Artists Kauri Hawkins, Dale-Maree Morgan, Steve Hutt, Te Mahara Swanson-Hall and Chevron Te Whetumatarau Hassett shared their visual works that critically engage Cook's legacy around the region. Five days just doesn't seem long enough for the work this exhibition is doing. If only Cook got five days and everyone else got a whole year.

233 With a Gub on a Sydney Beach in 1970

The June 1970 issue of *New Dawn*, the publication of the Department of Child Welfare and Social Welfare (with a history that parallels *Te Ao Hou*, *New Dawn* and its predecessor *Dawn* were mouthpieces of the New South Wales state that directly addressed Aboriginal people) has a bright red cover and a picture of a sports team with a large title 'The Redfern All Blacks'. One article in this issue describes the Cook Bicentenary celebrations, including a 'Pageant of Endeavour' at the Sydney Town Hall which was attended by several Aboriginal women and children. On the final day, the Queen and Princess Anne came to visit, and the story contains photos of some very cute camera-and-Queen-shy kids holding out posies. Later, in the regular 'Smoke Signals' section that includes small snippets and anecdotes, the editor has two stories about the Cook commemorations that year. The second is titled 'The taming of the editor' and reads:

Not fancying the idea of being killed in the crush of people at Kurnell on Captain Cook day (29th April) I decided to go to La Perouse to watch the wreath-throwing ceremony in memory of the vanished tribes. At one stage one of the leaders yelled from the beach: 'Righto you Kuris, get down here!' After his call, a group of students and others began to make their way down to the beach with the Kuris. Noticing a Kuri standing next to me wearing a red head band, I innocently asked him 'What about the gubs, are they in it?' 'Agh,' said the disgusted Kuri, 'They're always in it.' Up shut one thoroughly squashed editor.¹⁵

234 With Concerns

I am concerned there is too much here. My essay is the size of a small book. I'm sure the editors will not publish over eighteen thousand words.

Someone else is concerned in case I am the only Māori person with an essay in this special issue, and reminds me I don't want to open the printed

copy and realize I'm the patsy. I couldn't agree more, and realize that any explanation just sounds defensive. So many concerns about too much and too few. It's still a numbers game.

235 In 2004

If we are starting one essay for each year since Cook arrived in Aotearoa, and this is #235, it is 2004 and the New Zealand government has passed the Seabed and Foreshore legislation. Once again the sanctity of the border zone that preserves our relationship with the ocean has been breached. If you start an essay about Captain Cook in 2004, the Treaty is already 164 years old, and the Waitangi Tribunal has been round for just shy of 30 years. It's 2004 and Māori are reaching new heights demographically and politically, but can still be stepped over by the Crown anytime, anywhere, anyhow.

236 With a Cup of Coffee

From the Captain Cook Coffee Company, from Captain Cook, Hawai'i.

237 With Terra Australis

Of course, this is how Cook might start his own essay about his travels. But I'm thinking here about the resources plunged into the search for Terra Australis, the imaginary southern continent that didn't turn out to exist. About the way that someone's search for something imaginary had such devastating and ongoing effects for the people and places that were actually there. For Cook, we're like the items you pull out of your trolley at the checkout when you only entered the supermarket for the one thing that you couldn't find anyway. After-thoughts.

238 In Ra'iatea

Because this is where Tupaia comes from. But it's also where Māori come from: Rangiātea. He kākano ahau i ruia mai i Rangiātea. When you start in Ra'iatea you are never an after-thought or an accident or irreversibly lost.

239 With a Tortoise

In 1953, Queen Salote was hosting Queen Elizabeth in Tonga when she brought a tortoise to the attention of her guest. The tortoise, originally from Madagascar, is said to have been gifted by Cook when he visited back in 1777, and it lived until 1965. It is tempting to wish the tortoise could have talked. We are used to manuscripts, documents and material items that exist across centuries, but for some reason it seems a living thing is a different kind of witness.

240 With an Apotheosis

There's a whole argument about Cook that some anthropologists and others had about Indigenous responses to Cook. Marshall Sahlins and Gananath Obeyesekere are in the middle of the discussion, and several others have jumped in over the years. One of the key texts from the debate, Obeyesekere's *The Apotheosis of Captain Cook*, uses the iconic print by de Louthembourg on its front cover. It was originally produced when the artist was the designer of the spectacular 1785 stage production *Omai: or, a trip around the world*, in which Omai paired up with Londina, followed by a parade of Indigenous people Cook had visited, and finally the large artwork was unfurled at the end. The print was also used as the cover image of Robert Sullivan's commissioned liberato *Captain Cook in the Underworld*. Cook's apotheosis becomes more tangible — more true — as we spend more time talking about him over and over again.

241 With View from the Shore

In 1990, Jose Barreiro edited a special issue of *NORTHEAST INDIAN Quarterly*. It's called *View from the Shore: American Indian Perspectives on the Quincentenary*. The volume is so rich and full of thinking from Indigenous scholars of the Americas. We can learn a lot about Cook, and think more about how we think about him, when we listen in on the conversation people in that hemisphere have been having about Columbus for a while now.

242 With the Camera on the Shore

Legendary and foundational Māori filmmaker Barry Barclay spent a lot of time thinking about Indigenous cinema, from his own wide range of films, through his publication *Our Own Image*,¹⁶ to his ideas about 'fourth cinema,' an analytical category of film which sits alongside the growing field of 'third cinema'. Thinking about film as a technology but also in terms of perspective, Barclay refers to the iconic opening scene in the 1962 *Mutiny on the Bounty*, when Captain Bligh's sailors set off in smaller boats towards shore, and the camera sits on the deck of the ship and observes the proceedings — encounters — from that place. He proposed what he called 'the camera on the shore': the radical and necessary (and, for those on the shore, obvious) perspective of place, history, encounter and relationship. If we took seriously the possibility of centering the camera on the shore, he argued, the whole story could look quite different. Once the camera is on the shore, we can look still at European ships arriving across our ocean, but we are not limited to this view and they are only part of a much larger story of travel and arrivals and departures and encounters. That's the thing about horizons in the Pacific: they're impossibly, beautifully wide.

243 With an Exhibition at the Tairawhiti Museum

The Tairawhiti Museum in Gisborne (Gisborne is in many ways a ‘ground zero’ for the 2019 Cook celebrations) is showing the exhibition *He Tirohanga ki Tai: Dismantling the Doctrine of Discovery* between early December 2018 and early March 2019. It is described on the website as ‘an art exhibition and public form that addresses the historical fallacy of the European “discovery” of Aotearoa New Zealand.’ Curator Reuben Friend has brought together a range of artists who are high-profile and diverse: Robyn Kahukiwa, Ngāhina Hohaia, Tina Ngata, Michel Tuffery, Tawera Tahuri, Israel Tangaroa Birch, Rangi Kipa, Dr Johnson Witehira, Johnny Moetara, Martin Awa Clarke Langdon and Numa MacKenzie. The blog for the exhibition adds Steve Gibbs, Charlotte Graham, Ahorangi Derek Lardelli and Tane Ma to the lineup. The title of the exhibition can be translated ‘the view from the shore’.

244 With Hope

We’re in the final stretch. We’re nearly at 250. I’m nearly there.

245 With Curiosity

Who is curious about Captain Cook? And how high are the stakes for those involved? In those encounters around the Pacific region, so many people were curious about Cook, his men and their possessions, and upon attempting to pick up particular items they were punished, often by death. When a Boraboran man took a sextant, Cook flogged him, cut off his ears and shaved his head. Many, many others met their deaths.

Sometimes, as an Indigenous academic, I find myself wondering how different I really am from these tupuna from around the region whose curiosity about Cook’s world proved exciting but also risky. The research and anecdotal evidence around the physical costs of academic work for Indigenous academics (especially, but not only, women) suggests academic labour contains its own kind of slow-motion punishment. Please refrain from saying I am being too dramatic when I am mourning several Indigenous academic colleagues who have recently passed long before their time.

246 With an Explorer

I’m putting the finishing touches on this essay when John Chau decides to convert some natives. The first encounter he seeks doesn’t go as well for him as he might have hoped. In an Instagram post shortly before his attempt to bring enlightenment to the Senitelese people, he shares a selfie with a short caption and several hashtags, the last of which is #neverstopexploring.

247 With Another Explorer

Sometimes when people are asked who discovered New Zealand, they will say Kupe. (Well, when those people are Māori. Usually in this country ‘people’ doesn’t refer to Māori, and we can blame that on Cook’s legacy, too.) Kupe ventured down from Hawaiki to seek what was here and see if it was a good place for a planned relocation.

248 On Matiu and Mākarō

One key site for Kupe during his travels here was Te Whanganui a Tara. He used the gorgeous sheltered harbour as a base while he was looking around these large cold southern islands, and upon his return to Hawaiki he named the major islands in the harbour after two of his female relatives (daughters/nieces/ granddaughters). This naming was a prophecy that his descendants would return to the islands in the future and make them home. The story of Cook’s arrival looks really different when it starts with these two small windswept islands in the mouth of Maui’s fish.

249 On Taranaki St

Matiu and Mākarō are in Wellington Harbour, and Matiu is accessible by a public ferry that sells tickets to a place called ‘Somes Island’, which doesn’t technically exist. For a while, Matiu was known by some as Somes Island, but since 1997 the island been known by the double-barreled ‘Matiu/ Somes’. Colonial naming can feel less out of place in urban spaces. I am blown away by the number of Wellingtonians who live in the city for years, and proclaim that they *love* the city and *can’t imagine living anywhere else*, and yet have never even considered how Taranaki St got its name. An engagement with colonial history doesn’t begin with a new idea to challenge old ideas; it comes with a question that opens room for the new idea in the first place.

250 Too Many Cooks

Spoil the broth.

ALICE TE PUNGA SOMERVILLE

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NOTES

- 1 Brandy Nālani MacDougall, 'On Cooking Captain Cook', *The Salt-Wind: Ka Makani Pa'akai*, Kuleana 'Ōiwi Press, Honolulu, 2008, p.52.
- 2 Robert Sullivan, 'Absolution Chorus', *Captain Cook in the Underworld*, Auckland University Press, Auckland, 2001, p.1.
- 3 Percy Mumbulla, 'Captain Cook', in Roland Robinson, ed., *Altjeringa and Other Aboriginal Poems*, Reed, Sydney, 1970, p.29.
- 4 Sandra Gaal Hayman, 'Poem: Australia Day 2014', www.creativespirits.info/aboriginalculture/history/australia-day-invasion-day
- 5 Kealani Cook, *Return to Kahiki: Native Hawaiians in Oceania*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 2018.
- 6 Matthew Norman Kiem, '(Un)making Canberra: Craft and the designing of settler-colonialism in Australia', *craft + design enquiry*, 5 (2013), p.106.
- 7 Indeed, these kits included more detailed instructions than earlier patterns even though they used more simple embroidery techniques.
- 8 Michael Yellow Bird, 'Cowboys and Indians: Toys of Genocide, Icons of American Colonialism', *Wicazo Sa Review*, 19, 2 (2004), pp.33–48.
- 9 The question marks used here and at subsequent entries indicates my acceptance of the limits of my own knowledge, and also suggests that even de-colonial acts, such as Indigenous names replacing colonial ones, can be tricky to apply everywhere.
- 10 Kelly Ana Morey, 'Cartography', *Huia Short Stories 4: contemporary Māori Fiction*, Huia Publishers, Wellington, 2001, pp.191–8.
- 11 Innez Haua, "'The little whare in Waterloo": thinking about Māori in Australia', Masters thesis, Macquarie University, 2017, pp.6–7.
- 12 Haua, "'The little whare in Waterloo"', p.38.
- 13 This research has very recently been published as a long essay. Lars Eckstein & Anja Schwarz, 'The Making of Tupaia's Map: A Story of the Extent and Mastery of Polynesian Navigation, Competing Systems of Wayfinding on James Cook's *Endeavour*, and the Invention of an Ingenious Cartographic System', *The Journal of Pacific History*, (2019) DOI: 10.1080/00223344.2018.1512369.
- 14 Katerina Teaiwa, *Consuming Ocean Island: stories of people and phosphate from Banaba*, Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 2015.
- 15 Cora Walther, 'Smoke Signals', *New Dawn*, 1, 3 (June 1970), p.14.
- 16 Barry Barclay, *Our Own Image*, Longman Paul, Auckland, 1990.