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forthcoming in answering his questions. Lewis writes, “In keeping with the tricky persona she performs in the film, Bowman is often cagey in response to academic questions” (98). But Bowman’s silence aside, it is puzzling that the viewpoints and remembrances of Bowman’s peers and filmmaking collaborators, of the festival programmers and exhibit curators who screened *Navajo Talking Picture*, and of the scholars, activists, and community members who were present for post-screening discussions of the film, are not recorded in Lewis’s study.

Navajo Talking Picture: Cinema on Native Ground is the second in a planned series of titles edited by Lewis and David Delgado Shorter, under the banner of the Indigenous Films book series. Shorter proposes that a goal of the series is to challenge the “Eurocentricism that often afflicts the study of cinema, and to initiate conversations about the promises and challenges of indigenous media now emerging around the globe” (xv). This goal is well serviced by Lewis’s study of *Navajo Talking Picture*. Reflecting on why he is drawn to the film, Lewis writes, it “reminds me how the cinema can burn people, leaving them puzzled, dismayed, and productively confused. Maybe this is what draws me to it—at its core it is some kind of anti-cinema that gets the passions flowing” (87). Over the course of his study, Lewis ably illustrates that there is something very special about Bowman’s *Navajo Talking Picture*. Whether a failure on terms that Bowman herself did not appreciate, an accidental or calculated exposé of the fragile ethics of documentary filmmaking, or a performative critique of the expectations placed on indigenous artists and their creative work, *Navajo Talking Picture* is a compelling artifact, and one well deserving of the thoughtful analysis Lewis delivers.

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Once Were Pacific: Maori Connections to Oceania. By Alice Te Punga Somerville. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2012. 288 pages. \$67.50 cloth; \$22.50 paper.

Accounts that decenter colonial originary narratives can be uncomfortable for those of us brought up on colonized lands, and there is a disquiet in *Once Were Pacific* that feels something like when a neglected cousin walks into a crowded party. How did we become so distant? What do we say when there have been such profound gaps in spite of many best intentions?

An unsettling feeling, on so many levels—and this, I think, may be one of the deepest contributions of Alice Te Punga Somerville’s book. It will challenge

the reader to imagine the kinds of conversations that must take place in the complex contemporary nexus of settler colonialism throughout the Pacific; to go beyond an initial flinch, and acknowledge differential historical positions in regard to the privileges and punishments that have been distributed along settler colonial routes.

The title of this book can be read in several ways; for those of us working in the Pacific, our first connection may be with the 1994 film *Once Were Warriors*, based on the 1990 novel by Alan Duff. This initial reference encompasses so much about the circulation of indigenous literatures, of violences and gendered relationships inside colonial processes in the Pacific. In the film, Beth and Jake “The Muss” Heke are immersed in an urban backdrop of disposable labor, gangs, drinking cultures, and violence; and, as much as it is a ‘Maori’ story, it is hard to imagine the parties, hospital emergency rooms, and district court parking lots of South Auckland without our Pacific cousins beside us. And, having taught with the film in the United States, I have seen how such narratives can be “generalizable”—potentially bridging a gamut of racialized, gendered, and classed intersectionalities. There are many homes in which a version of the words “You cook your own [. . .] eggs, Jake Heke!” have been heard, sometimes accompanied by the sounds of eggs breaking on the floor, and maybe it is this empathy that Te Punga Somerville means to conjure with her book’s title.

Another reading, a more literal one, is perhaps to perceive a core of Te Punga Somerville’s thesis: the question of what might it mean to be “anchored elsewhere,” simultaneously a “people” and a “place”—the Pacific. Beginning with the small island of Matiu, Te Punga Somerville performs an historical, geographical, and familial protocol in her introduction that will probably be legible to many readers trained in indigenous etiquette. To understand the author’s opening salutation, then, is to recognize a recounting of genealogies in land, people, and canoes that can encompass multiple sites of origin. This is not unfamiliar territory to those readers who can claim demigods as ancestors, reference waves of canoe migrations, and then might go to church on Sunday. Within this context it is entirely possible to be both a people and a place. To be simultaneously on, and of, the land. On a somewhat wistful note, Te Punga Somerville’s title leads Maori to wonder, if we *Once Were Pacific*, then we may be again (or will re-member that we never weren’t).

The third reading of Te Punga Somerville’s writing, as exemplified by the title, is that she is only giving us a partial phrase; unlike the title *Once Were Warriors* (or gardeners, or weavers, or fisherpeople, it is *Once Were Pacific*. *Pacific* what? *Pacific* . . . ? To me, this gesture of open-endedness is a key component of what the author is arguing, that it may be through a process of gritty reminders, and poetic encounters that Maori Pacific-ness will be reconstituted.

And in this historical anti-amnesia work lies, perhaps, the only restriction of the subject of this book, its scope: the memories of past encounters, including the ones chronicled by Te Punga Somerville, are inherently partial in the sense that they are both fragmentary and interested. However, the alternative, to recount these engagements in full, is a doomed project, reducing understanding to information, rather than facilitating the kind of generative dialectic Te Punga Somerville is proposing, between tapa (cloth/Maori and the Pacific) and koura (crayfish/the Pacific in Aotearoa).

In my own work, I examine images, and even though I am aware that negotiations between authors and publishers mean that the cover of a book may not fully reflect an author's vision entirely, I am still drawn to discuss the figures on the cover of *Once Were Pacific*. Against a brickish horizon, a corner of Tupaiā's painting *A Maori Bartering a Crayfish*, (earlier attributed to a baffling "Artist of the Chief Mourner," 1769), focuses on an exchange between a Maori and (purportedly) Joseph Banks. The first time I saw this image was in Ann Salmond's similarly fascinating *Trial of the Cannibal Dog*. I remember nothing of Anne Salmond's caption; instead, I visually succumbed to the assumption that what I saw was the default story of the Native's grubbing childlike fascination with technology, paper. In Te Punga Somerville's analysis of the image, identifying Pacific tapa cloth rather than paper, she reconfigures the whole interaction, from ignorance to deep recognition; from colonial benevolence (in exchange for survival) to excitement at a reminder of lost practices, and long distant relations. This uncentering of the British figure, and what we think he has to offer, is the kind of work that *Once Were Pacific* performs.

And, like Angela Ballard's nonfiction *Taua: "Musket Wars," "Land Wars" or Tikanga?: Warfare in Maori Society in the Early Nineteenth Century*, which disrupts the colonial teleology of contact by folding those wars of the 1800s into centuries-old tribal conflicts, *Once Were Pacific* can leave the reader breathless, no longer able to maintain an ignorance of the underlying universal discourse of colonial triumph. In unearthing colonial hegemonies, both Ballard and Te Punga Somerville reveal the discursive crafting of a colonized psyche that can so seamlessly absorb a default fascination with all things European.

As with multiple genealogies, *Once Were Pacific* is aligned within different territories and topographies. Defining the Pacific can indicate some kinds of crises in categories often blamed on language—is it vast? Empty? Feminine space between the United States and Japan? Is it a rim? A "sea of islands"? Sometimes, when we (Maori and other Pacific peoples) talk to each other about the Pacific, it seems to be a sparkling, seething membrane connecting us, and I can't help but want to believe that is true; however, there have been important times when we did not always know how to maintain that

connection well, such as the sometimes nominal Maori response to the Dawn Raids of the 1970s, when citizenship in New Zealand remained centered upon English criteria for policing the boundaries of an island nation-state, rather than Pacific notions of good citizenship.

Once Were Pacific reads as a proposition, a critical self-examination, that is timely for Pacific and indigenous writers, academics, activists, students, and artists. It suggests a method for practices of sovereignty in relationships between those who are indigenous “here” and those indigenous “elsewhere.” The book does not claim to be a blueprint, but the approach Te Punga Somerville enacts could be a model.

At the moment the deed of settlement for Alice Te Punga Somerville’s home island, Matiu, was handed to her tribe, she was able to recognize a nuanced, difficult, and hopefully unavoidable “opportunity and a responsibility.” It is in this post-flinch stance that Te Punga Somerville performs an act of sovereignty; a choice to read beyond the tunnel visions that colonizers handed to us, to build upon an unsanitized remembering of the mistakes and intimacies of the past, and to render a future where we have worked to make ourselves legible to each other, maybe even a time when the apostrophe might hold a world of possibilities, *Once We’re Pacific*.

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Osceola and the Great Seminole War: A Struggle for Justice and Freedom. By Thom Hatch. New York: St. Martin’s Press, 2012. 336 pages. \$27.99 cloth.

In *Osceola and the Great Seminole War*, author Thom Hatch seeks to recount the life of Seminole war leader Osceola and his impact on Native American and United States history. With increased academic attention focused on the Five Civilized Tribes during the past few decades, the resurgence of Osceola in American memory is an important task to undertake. Osceola, the Seminole leader who migrated from the Creek Nation into the Florida panhandle during the Creek War of 1813–1814 and passed away while still only in his thirties, is one of the most famous Native American leaders of the nineteenth century. Osceola stymied five US generals in the longest and most expensive war against Native Americans that the United States ever had. Hatch uses the life of Osceola to illuminate “the social, political, cultural, and historical events of the era, including treaties, race relations, and tribal histories and customs” (3). While Hatch’s goals are to be admired, it is unfortunate that he falls short on many of these objectives. His work is exceptionally well-paced and shows