It is my honour and my privilege to have been invited by this University to be Adjunct Professor in the Centre of Cross-cultural Research. I am most appreciative of the warm welcome and care for our needs by the administrative staff of the centre: Julie Gorrell, Anne-Maree O’Brien and Jenny Newell. My first association with the ANU was in 1964 when Jim Davidson and Harry Maude offered me a position as research fellow in Pacific history. But it was forty years ago almost to the day that I began my work in cross-cultural history under the tutelage of John Mulvaney at the University of Melbourne. Since that day the concerns of cross-cultural studies have been my life.

I have a reflection this evening on two icons of cross-cultural research: the Endeavour replica, here in a place the original Endeavour had never been, Port Phillip Bay, Victoria. And Hokule‘a, the replica of an Hawaiian voyaging canoe, here undergoing sea-trials in 1975 off the north shore of Oahu in the Hawaiian islands.

My reflection is about re-enactment histories, the sort of social memory
evoked by these replicas. I won't be focusing so much on their history, the accuracy or otherwise of their replication, so much as their theatre. Social memory, I will be wanting to say is as much about the present as the past. Social memory enlarges the continuities between past and present. Social memory is, in that word of Aristotle of the theatre, catharsis, getting the plot, seeing the meaning of things.

Let me say first that I am not much for re-enactments. I remember when my prejudices about re-enactments were born. It was at a meeting of the American Historical Association in New York in the 1960s. I attended a session on 'New Historical Methods' with high expectations only to discover that it was about the advantages for historical realism in wearing Napoleon's hat while taking hallucinegetic drugs at the same time.

That's what I tend to think. The danger in re-enactments is that they tend to hallucinate us into seeing the past as us in funny clothes. But the past is its totality—its postures, its smells and dirt, its tones and accents. The past in its totality is different, as different if you like, as another culture, another country as David Lowenthal has said. All history in that sense is cross-cultural. But difference is the hardest thing to see. Difference is the hardest thing to accept. To see difference we have to give a little of ourselves: old to young, young to old, male to female, female to male, black to white, white to black. That is the first thing to be said about cross-cultural research, I think. It always begins with a little giving, whatever way one crosses.

Endeavour and Hokule'a. Where's the giving in that? That is what I wanted to lecture about.

The Endeavour replica. Perhaps you have seen her. I confess I had a lump in my throat when I first saw her. Much of my work has been concerned with the poetics of space on an eighteenth century naval vessel: the rituals of the quarter-deck that were the theatre of Bligh's command; how important were the divisions between private and public space and how dangerous it was to blur their boundary; how the proper order of that space was turned upside down in the reverse world of skylarking and sailors' baptism rituals; how a ship was energized by the tempo and rhythm of sailors' bodies. It was not by chance that the ship's most skilled seamen were also the ship's best dancers. There was much choreography in a sailing ship.

That space had a language, too, to describe it, as precise and inventive as any science. Sailors' lives depended on the speed with which they could comprehend an order. Precision, economy and distinctiveness were the marks of sailors' language. For any landsman pressed into His Majesty's service, his first months were a language school. Joseph Conrad called that language 'a flawless thing for its purpose'. On the Endeavour replica, this language world was materialized for
me: sheets, bowlines, chylines, bunt-lines, reeflines, brails, gaskets, halliards, staysails, shrouds. I discovered when I saw her first what was a mainmast heart and why it was seized around the bowsprit. I won't fool you I know. I've done all my sailing in the library. I do all my reading in ships logs with a plan of ships rigging beside me. When Cook or Bligh write in their logs that a 'severe gale' abated into a 'mere storm', I reach anachronistically for my Beaufort Wind Scales to understand what it might mean and what are the signs in the sea to determine it.

It is in the props of re-enactment that the realism of its theatre is created. Of course there are many compromises. There are engines now on the *Endeavour* and a propellor. Desalinization plants, and toilets (Cook once flogged a drunken marine down in the Arctic Circle because he pissed on the sails in their locker rather than from the heads out amid the ice and snow. The marine, presumably drunk again, was lost overboard later doing it from the heads). There are metal fittings now, and artificial materials in the sails. Instead of oak, elm and spruce, there are WA jarrah and other Australian hardwoods. And much hidden symbolism. The tallow wood hanging tree supporting the weather beams came from trees near Port Macquarie, old enough for Cook to have seen, but logged because of the widening of the Pacific Highway.

I suppose the most magical moment of all for me on the *Endeavour* replica was when I first saw the Great Cabin. I haven't got a slide of it. This will have to do. It did not seem possible that so much could come out of such a cramped space. Where could Joseph Banks, let alone his dogs, spread himself out, Sydney Parkinson paint, Daniel Solander catalogue. And Cook! Where did he find room in his tiny quarters on the side of the Great Cabin or on that elaborate fold-away table, to make his maps, to write his log.

Now that I have these spaces re-shaped in my mind, why don't I try a little re-enactment of my own. Let me take you a part of the *Endeavour*’s voyage that gets perhaps only a line in most histories. It's the passage from New Zealand and the sighting of the East Coast of Australia at Point Hicks. This passage took place in the first nineteen days of April, 1770. You'll be able to re-enact the weather for yourselves.

There was a warm and expansive feeling among Cook and his companions in the Great Cabin as they left Cape Farewell. They felt that they had done well circumnavigating the two islands of New Zealand, proving it to be no part of a Southern Continent. They collected to decide what they would do now. They had three options. One, to run to the east and Cape Horn below latitude 40 degrees. That would determine finally whether there was a Southern Continent. Already they had narrowed the possibility of a Southern Continent to a small part of the Pacific deep to the south of Tahiti. But
their rigging and their sails were already in such poor shape that they doubted whether they could complete a voyage in these high latitudes.

The second option was to sail westward, south of Van Diemen's Land to the Cape of Good Hope. There was no discoverer's joy in that, nothing new to be seen. What's more they were too well supplied. They had six months supplies left. The thought of having to throw out or give back what had been so hardly earned galled them too much for that.

They voted unanimously therefore for the third option which was to sail westward slightly north of 38 degrees latitude so that they would come upon the northern extension of Van Diemen's Land, follow the coast northward or wherever it took them, and come across, if they were there, de Quiros's Solomon Islands.

It was a reasonably easy run, although that old cat-built collier griped into the breeze all the way and drove herself uncomfortably upwind. *Endeavour* was near perfect for her discovery tasks, but a little unforgiving in hard weather. Cook used to say her best sailing was with square sails set, a fore topmast staysail and a breeze on her port quarter. The night watches, without Cook looking over their shoulders in these safer waters, would let the *Endeavour* edge more northerly and say it was the current that did it. They hankered for warmer climates.

Cook drove a hard ship. Halfway between Cape Farewell and Point Hicks, he gave Jonathan Bowles, marine, twelve lashes for refusing to do his duty. The marines were the men most frequently flogged by Cook and every other voyaging captain. Marines had too little to do. If they happened to be Irish and younger than 25 years, God help them.

Cook grew in status every day of this first voyage. But he was peering over the shoulders of the 'experimental gentlemen' in the Great Cabin as well as his helmsman. He was an auto-didact and he learned from them what it was to be a discoverer. He searched their books. He began to form large thoughts. For most of the voyage he had felt that his best discoveries were his knowing where he was at every minute. Accurate navigation was his obsession.

But now he was beginning to reflect on what the place the things he was doing...
would have in a larger scheme of things. He was scornful of discoverers who thought that they saw signs of new lands but would not follow their clues. But he knew what people would say if prudence dictated to him that he had gone far enough, and there was still places to discover. While Joseph Banks still favoured—rather guiltily—the idea of a Great Southern Continent, Cook was sure that there was none. And while he was not prepared to say there was none until he had seen for himself, he is nonetheless sure. In any case, he was already planning the second voyage.

He had on board a Tahitian priest, Tupaia. He was taking Tupaia back to England with him to meet King George. Joseph Banks had said in Tahiti that other men doing their Grand Tours brought back tigers and the like. Why couldn’t he bring back a noble savage at less expense? As it happened, Tupaia would not survive the fevers of Batavia, but he helped Cook wonderfully in his navigation and his encounters with native peoples. Tupaia, the priest, was also the holder of Tahitian navigation lore. Tupaia knew of all the islands the Tahitians knew of. Tupaia the navigator drew Cook a map of the Central Pacific. There were 140 islands on that map. Cook knew that these island names made a great circle some 6000 km in diameter. Tupaia was with them now pointing out all the signs of land to the east, that they did not see until he pointed them out. Tupaia taught Cook how he might be a discoverer in the Pacific—by asking islanders where to go. Cook was finding in this part of his voyaging that in cross-cultural matters he had to give a little in respect to the navigating abilities of islanders who had preceded him everywhere he was to go in the Pacific. Respect too in a little while for Australian aborigines who didn’t seem to need his civilizing influences. He would muse in his journal about his doubts at how they would benefit by it.

The nineteen April days of this leg were easy sailing, but rather slow. They were forever cannibalizing old sails for patches in less ragged ones, leaving their better sails for when they might need them most. They were a little bewildered at sudden changes of temperatures—warm one minute, cool the next. Banks slowed them down, insisting on taking out the small boat to collect birds and fish and whatever there was to be seen in the sea. He shot Wandering Albatross, Black Browed Albatross, Grey Headed Albatross and petrels in even greater variety. He fished sea anemone and Portuguese men-o’-war and took them back to the Great Cabin where Solander described them and Sydney Parkinson painted them.

Out on the water there was great and innocent scientific excitement. It lived in their minds their whole lives long. Came the 16th, 17th and 18th of April. The seaweed was getting thicker and more frequent. More and more land birds passed them or rested in their rigging. Shearwaters fished beside them.
Dolphins were around them all the time, leaping out of the water like salmon. They even thought they saw a butterfly.

Then at first daylight on the 19th, Zachary Hicks made his name. He saw land—sloping hills covered with trees and bushes, interspersed with large tracts of sand. The land they saw ran away to the southwest and to the northeast. They came pretty much to Point Hicks on a north south line.

By noon they had passed the point and had gone on to a remarkable point of land which Cook named Ramshead after the point in Plymouth Sound. Between 1.00 and 3.00pm they saw three or four water spouts—columns of water rising to a cloud, transparent like a tube of glass, curving with the wind. Two of the spouts joined and gradually contracted up into a cloud. By evening they were off Cape Howe and its island we call Gabo—some say from the aboriginal pronunciation of Cape Howe.

It was not until the next day that they saw signs of inhabitants, or at least smoke in the day and fires at night. North of Bateman’s Bay through their spy glasses they saw their first aborigines. Banks says he saw five of them ‘enormously black’. But to do him justice for his sense of the ways in which others shaped his images, he added: ‘so far did the prejudices we had built on Dampier’s account influence us that we could see the colours when we could scarce distinguish whether or not they were men’.

They had, of course, the whole of the east coast of Australia to go. All the time, Cook would be at his brilliant best, mapping, surveying, commanding, keeping the expedition safe.

There’s my re-enactment. There is theatre in it of course. I the story-teller want you to have what Aristotle said was necessary in good theatre. I want you to get the plot, experience catharsis. I want you to leave my theatre saying what the story meant. I am hoping that you will say that I told a story about Cook’s personal discovery of what it meant to be a discoverer. How he was beginning to discover that he was to discoverer to somebody as well as the discoverer of some place and how complicated that was beginning to make his life.

My more general point which I must let lie rather baldly for want of time is about the theatre of encounter with this most perfect Endeavour replica. Its catharsis is to join us to a man of whom Charles Darwin said ‘added a hemisphere to the civilized world’. The speeches at its launching said that the Endeavour replica was a living creature imbued with Cook’s presence. Cook, they said, was the ‘most moderate, humane, gentle circumnavigator who ever went upon discovery’. The Endeavour replica was seen to be a symbol of courage, tenacity, skills endurance and leadership and of the Australian credo of ‘Have-a-go’.

I am not really setting up that to laugh at it. I merely want to point out the sort of
realism that a near perfect, five million dollar replica effects. It lends authenticity to our perceptions of our present humanistic, scientific selves. Cook is us in our better moments.

I've written about the authenticating effect of theatrical realism before. When this famous painting of the Apotheosis of Captain Cook, with Cook looking rather nervously at both Britannia and Fame, floated down on to the stage at the end of a pantomime in 1797, the audience joined the chorus with gusto:

*The hero of Macedon ran o'er the world*
*Yet nothing but death could he give*
*Twas George's command and the sail was unfur'd*
*And Cook taught mankind how to live*
*He came and he saw, not to conquer but to save.
The Caesar of Britain was he*
*Who scorned the conditions of making a slave*
*While Britons themselves are so free*
*Now the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve*
*Since Cook ever honour'd immortal shall live.*

The realism of a brilliant stage designer, Philippe de Loutherbourg, and a brilliant painter, John Webber, authenticated their catharsis, made the hyperbole seem true. It is the same with the *Endeavour* replica.

Of course, off a NSW coast where there were Aboriginal eyes to see the *Endeavour* replica, and not in Port Phillip Bay, in the Bay of Islands where there were Maori eyes to see it, there was another form of catharsis. With aboriginal and Maori eyes to see it, the realism of the replica was leached of its human-

ism and science. What was left was the theatre of violence that Cook did in Tonga, Hawaii, Aotorea and wherever he put foot on land he did not own. Then the theatre of re-enactment is about the resistance indigenous ancestors would have made had they known the history to follow.

Forty years ago our cross-cultural research was characterized by a sort of intellectual innocence. Our excitement was sparked as much as anything by a famous re-enactment voyage—Thor Heyerdahl's Kontiki raft voyage from the Peruvian coast to the great thousand kilometre arc of atolls northeast of Tahiti, the Tuamotus. The Pacific peoples, specifically the Polynesians, came from the Americas, Heyerdahl had argued. We scoured everything botanical, linguistic, genetic, material, mythological, historical, anthropological, archaeological to prove him wrong.

We locked horns too with another famous but more curmudgeon scholar of the day—this is 1956–57–58—Andrew Sharp. His *Ancient Voyagers in the Pacific* scoffed at the notion of Pacific Vikings wandering vast ocean spaces freely. They were blown hither and yon, he wrote. Traditions to the contrary were just myths.

My first academic publication was a review essay on *Ancient Voyagers in the Pacific* in *Historical Studies*. I ghost wrote it for Mulvaney's Pacific Prehistory class. I still have Sharp's stinging rebuke in my
files. The faded blue aerogramme is a sort of scout's badge of adversarial academia. I keep it proudly because I knew I was right.

Do you want know how I knew I was right? One day I was reading in the glow of a lamp in the gloom of the Great Reading Room of the State Library of Victoria, on a green leather desk carved with the message that 'Too had been there', with a bucket behind me into which rain water dripped from a vast height, with a smelly, sleeping drunk beside me—I used to wear a clerical collar in those days, and half the homeless men in Melbourne used to sit beside me in the library because they thought that they would not be thrown out if they did—in this act of historical research which I re-enact for you right now in a sentence that clearly is never going to end—I read Harold Gatty's survival pamphlet for crashed airmen during the Second World War. It was full of the lore Gatty had learned from islanders about all the signposts to be found at sea—ocean swells and the shadows islands made in them, clouds and the colour of the lagoons reflected in them, birds, migrating or returning to land to roost, orienting stars. It was an enlightening moment for me in cross-cultural history. It was a moment of solidarity with experiences I had never had, a moment of trust and imagination, if you want. Anyone engaged in cross-cultural research will know that it is not the mountains of texts of the encounter between indigenous peoples and intruding strangers that are the problem. It is the depth of the silences. Translating silences is the hardest thing in cross-cultural research. Anyone in cross-cultural research will have to have trust and imagination to hear what is said in that silence.

Two other scholars were making their very first contribution to Pacific cross-cultural research in those years. Marshall Sahlins and Ben Finney. I felt jealous, I have to confess, of them both. Sahlins wrote 'Esoteric Efflorescence on Easter Island' in the American Anthropologist. It was part of his library—rather than field orientation of his doctoral dissertation on the Social Stratification of Polynesia. I was jealous of him because he was reading everything that I was reading but reading it differently and more creatively, —wrongly, but creatively. I decided that anthropology helped him do it. So I went off to do anthropology to get those reading skills.

But it is Finney I want to talk about. He had just written an article in one of Finland's prime academic journals on ancient surf-board riding in Hawaii. For many years there has been a deep interest in the tropical Pacific in Finland—no doubt there is plenty of trust and imagination in that. I was a little jealous of Finney because I thought that surf-board research was a pretty good lurk to get you out of the library and onto the beach. But it was the beginning for him of a career in which he has wedded theoretical
knowledge with practical skill. He calls it ‘experimental archaeology’ these days.

Finney was about to reconstruct a Hawaiian double canoe, a replica of King Kamehameha III’s royal canoe. There was a precise plan of it in a French explorer’s publications. Finney’s purpose was modest: to test whether shallow rounded hulls would give resistance to leeway and whether the inverted triangular ‘crab-claw’ sail would drive the canoe into the wind. It was skepticism on these two points that drove, among other things, Heyerdahl’s and Sharps arguments about the possibilities of Polynesian deliberate voyaging.

When Finney brought the canoe to Hawaii from California where he had done his tests, Mary Pakena Pukui, one of Hawaii’s traditional scholars, called the canoe Nahelia, ‘The Skilled Ones’—for the way in which the hulls gracefully rode the swells and into the wind. Already the project was getting larger than itself. The admiration caught in the name Nahelia was a sign of deeper cultural and political forces beginning to be focused in the question of how the Hawaiians, Tahitians, Maoris and Samoans encompassed Oceania, ‘The Sea of Islands’.

In Oceania, the silences in cross-cultural research have been deep: the silences of victims; the silence of powerlessness; the silences of banal evil; the silences of what cannot be seen in any encounter with otherness. The voicelessness of an indigenous past and an indigenous present has been almost a presumption in Oceanic studies. ‘The Fatal Impact’ was Alan Moorhead’s famous metaphor for it.

But all around the world, not just in the Pacific, there has been some resurrection found amid so much death. Histories now are of resistance. Not just of the open resistance that was crushed mercilessly by empires, but of that hidden resistance that preserved native identities in a new cultural idiom. ‘Re-invented tradition’ has been the phrase used to describe it, but that has been spurned by indigenous peoples as suggesting political opportunism and insincerity. I have not a phrase that would satisfy them yet. In my own mind I see it as creative aboriginality: the ability to see, despite all the transformations, the continuities that connect an indigenous past with an indigenous present. Gayatri Spivak and Homi Bhabha in their subaltern studies have shown how it is done. It is done by imagination. Not fantasy. Imagination. The imagination of those many silence-breakers—poets, novelists, painters, carvers, dancers, filmmakers... I wish I had my time again. I can see my own dyslexia. My reading skills have to be enlarged.

Finney in 1975, now supported by and eventually relieved of his leading role by native-born Hawaiians, turned to the construction of an ocean-going canoe, Hokule’a. Hokule’a means ‘Star of Joy’, Arcturus, the zenith star, the homing star in Hawaii’s celestial latitude. The overriding ambition of all Hokule’a’s great...
These voyages have been an extraordinary achievement. There is no point in being romantic about them. The thirty years of this odyssey have had their pain and conflict, their tragedies and failures, their political machinations, their greed, their absurdities. But they also have been courageous over-all triumphs, tapping well-springs of cultural pride in a sense of continuity with a voyaging tradition. This has not just been in Hawaii, but in Tahiti, Samoa, Aotorea as well. Everywhere where she has gone it has been the same. The landfall has been a theatre of who island peoples are, who they have been.

This University has long made creative contributions to the question of Pacific peoples voyaging. Gerard Ward directed the first computer simulations. David Lewis initiated the experimental archaeology of voyaging and began the tapping of living traditions of navigation. So let me bypass all the debates on prehistoric exploration and proceed to a re-enactment of my own.

It begins with an insight of a New Zealand archaeologist, Geoffrey Irwin. His is also a sailor's insight. Puzzling over the fact that most of the expansion eastward into the Pacific was against prevailing weather conditions, he suggests that the chief worry for a sailor was getting home. Prevailing and contrary weather conditions are not a disincentive for exploration. They are an incentive for it. Prevailing and contrary weather conditions will get a sailor home. He further suggests that the big jumps, east, north and south in the Pacific seemed to occur after about five hundred years localization in a region. Five hundred years is a long time to create a knowledge-bank of homing signs for a way finder.

Let me pick up the homecoming voyage of Hokule'a from Tahiti to Hawaii in June 1980. It begins in Matavai Bay, Tahiti and ends 32 days later on the Big Island of Hawaii. Nainoa, a young man of Hawaiian birth, 25 years old, was the navigator.

Nainoa had apprenticed himself to Mau Piailug, the Micronesian navigator who...
had taken *Hokule'a* to Tahiti in 1976. Mau had given David Lewis much of his navigator's lore, too. Nainoa has not got a Hawaiian tradition of navigation to call upon. That's gone, or rather, too deeply imbedded in mythology and the language of the environment to be of much use. Nainoa had virtually to invent his system. He does not do it by learning western celestial navigation. He avoids that. But he has the Bishop Museum Planetarium in Honolulu to set in his mind the night skies. He can simulate the rising and setting of the stars for all seasons in Hawaii and for different latitudes. He creates for himself a star compass and sets it in his mind as in all systems of oral memory, with a metaphor. His metaphor for *Hokule'a* is *manu*, a bird with outstretched wings. He has not just a star compass in his mind—different from the ones we know of in Micronesia—but a directional compass in his mind as well of 32 settings, or 'houses' as he calls them, more regular than the traditional settings. He sets himself to remember the rising and setting of stars, sun and moon in these houses. He also sets himself to calibrate his hand to the two great determinants of his Hawaiian latitudes, the North Star and the Southern Cross. When he is not in the Planetarium he is in the seas around Hawaii, experiencing the swells made by the dominant weather patterns and their seasons, the seas created by the changing winds and the movements made by the backlash of the sea against island shores and in the island shadows. His navigational lines, latitudinally, north and south in his system are relatively easy. But his movements east and west along a longitudinal line are far more complex, involving dead reckoning of miles sailed and the relativizing of theorizing and settings in his star compass. That will be the greatest anxiety of his navigation. He has to make landfall upwind of his destination, northeast of Tahiti, south east of Hawaii. Downwind, if he ends up there, will require tacking.

Let's join him on the last three days of the voyage from Tahiti to Hawaii, May-June
1980. He is tired and anxious. He sleeps hardly at all at night and not more than an hour at a time in the day. For ten days, high clouds had obscured the stars. He had steered mainly with the sun and the moon. The moon in its crescent carries the sun's shadow vertically near the equator, then more angled as they move north. The full moon on the horizon gave them a steering target. Dawn was the most important time, not just for the compass point of the sun's rising, but because the angle of the sun made reading swells and seas and the weather of the day to come easier. Mau, the Micronesian navigator, had thousands of dawns at sea in his mind. The Southern Cross as it moved lower and to the west brought him the judgement on that third last day that they were 550 miles SE of Hawaii. But they saw a land dove during the day. How could it have flown that distance between dawn and dusk?

They had passed through the equatorial doldrums. They had passed through that part of the ocean where the NW swell of the northern hemisphere passed over the SE swell of the southern and had given the distinctive pitch and roll movement of the canoe Nainoa had learned to feel these different motions of the canoe from Mau Piaulug—by lying prone on the decking. Now they were at the most anxious time of their voyage, wondering whether they should trust their calculations and turn westward in the Hawaiian latitudes. In way-finding—the term they preferred to use rather than navigation—each day and night is a new calculation, a new assessment. It is important to note that. What seemed undeniable in Sharp's argument was that errors were cumulative and once committed drove canoes into oblivion. But the discovery over all of Hokule'a's voyaging was that errors were random and tended to counter one another. But that did not relieve the tension at moments of critical commitment.

**Figure 7**

*Tahiti to Hawai'i in 1980, showing the actual track of Hokule'a, the reference course, and Nainoa's dead reckoning (DR) positions estimated at sunrise (marked by 'a' following the date) and sunset (marked by 'b')*
Tropic birds are plenty, but these are no sure sign of the direction of land. But there are *manu ku*, land doves too. They knew land was near. They caught the angle of the North Star against the horizon and got a clear sighting of the Southern Cross. These convinced them that their latitude calculations were right. On the second to last day Nainoa said they were 210 miles from the Big Island, but nervously changed his calculations to 300 miles.

All day on the last day, the clouds on the horizon seemed stationary. Clouds at sea moved. Clouds over land stayed still. There was something different about the setting sun. They couldn't say what, its colouring perhaps, as it caught the air around and above Hawaii. They alter their course a little in its direction. It is in the right house of Nainoa's compass for land.

Then a stationary white cloud opens up and reveals the long gentle slope of Mauna Kea on Hawaii. Nainoa says to himself: 'The way-finding at this moment seems to be out of my hands and beyond my control. I'm the one given the opportunity of feeling the emotions of way-finding, not yet ready to have a complete understanding of what is happening. It is a moment of self-perspective, of one person in a vast ocean given an opportunity of looking through a window into my heritage'.

I think he is correct. All over Polynesia, island peoples saw themselves in their canoes—in the canoe's making, in its parts, in its launching, in its voyaging. The canoe was an icon of all sorts of continuities of identity, an icon of a conjoining past and present. I don't have difficulty in believing that island peoples can recognise themselves in *Hokule'a* and embroider that recognition with all sorts of re-births of traditional arts and crafts, with dance, poetry and song. Whatever the transformations of modernity that masquerade as discontinuities—religion, science, politics—the theatre of *Hokule'a*'s re-enactment is directed to that recognition.

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