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quarreling, and later Father Ludwig Riedl (ret.) explains in German the Rapanui penchant for idleness: since everyone on the island today is only after the tourist dollar, everything has "gone to seed". The castigation is followed by the third and last excerpt from the movie "Rapa-Nui", showing naked girls dancing lasciviously around a nighttime bonfire. Here Hofmann cleverly cuts to Rapanui's current parish priest Father Ramiro Estevez, who declares that the Hollywood movie was for the Rapanui young people "like tossing salt into water"; they earned much quickly, then spent it even more quickly on alcohol, he says.

Whereupon we find ourselves in the tiny Hangaroa TV station, where we learn that all broadcasting is in Spanish: only 30 minutes a week is allotted to the Rapanui language, though the population of the island is four-fifths Rapanui and one-fifth Chilean. "The indigenous tongue will soon die out," says Hofmann. Now is a local newspaper in Spanish or Rapanui, we are told, there is in fact little public information of any kind. Western-style formation of public opinion is made extremely difficult.

This is followed by a scene showing the preparation of a 'umu (earth oven) and we see tourists strolling through the A Kivi complex. 6,000 tourists a year, we are told, visit Rapanui. It is doubtful whether the island will manage the 10,000 a year that is envisaged. The kumara, 'uhi, and maika are then shown as the Rapanui women prepare them under a large canopy.

Hofmann tells of the eyes of the moai that are now missing, and we see old film footage of Rapanui inserting the eyes into the Tahai statues. "The prior Director of the Museum twice removed, who emigrated to Hawaii, sold the last genuine eyes to the museum there," Hofmann alleges to the millions of Germans watching this program. [Editor's note: this is in error; the famous eye of coral and stone is in the Englert Museum on the island. It appeared in a museum exhibition in Germany a few years ago--the only time it has left the island]

Where upon the Austrian pensioner Helmut Kratochwil is interviewed as he walks about an ahu with a divining rod in search of geomantic zones that supposedly emit "special energy." We are told, in perhaps the weakest scene of the program, that the Rapanui found such geomantic zones either with the divining rod or intuitively.

And then all at once we are standing at the summit of Mount Terevaka among swirling clouds, then plummet into the midst of a tourist crowd as the 'umu is finally uncovered and Tahitian ukulele music strikes up a lively rhythm. While the tourists eat, we pan into the "landing of Hotu Matu'a" at the 1994 Tapati, which Hofmann is careful to point out represents only the modern Rapanui reenactment of the island's settlement myth. Youths are also shown flying breakneck down Mt. Ru'i on banana stem sleds in the ancient sport of hakape 'i--one of the modern warriors tumbles head over heels in stomach-wrenching agony as red dust flies. Then back we slide ourselves to the 'umu feast while the island's most important dance group performs the Tahitian hura to loud and gay Tahitian tunes banged on acoustic guitars as the Japanese tourists meticulously disassemble their fish and kumara with bare fingers. Yes, all this is Rapanui 1994, Hofmann is telling us. His message is loud and clear.

At the conclusion of the short program we learn of the overpriced carvings that are hawked even at the Hangaroa Airport, and are told that in the cheaper lodgings on the island you'll be lucky if you have a curtain for a door. Still: "A visit on Easter Island is always lucrative, and not just for the locals."

The LanChile silver bird takes glorious wing as the guitars and singing voices accompany it back to all points foreign. Hofmann has briefly distilled the essence of the island here, its contradictions, its scenic beauty, its archaeological heritage, its human weaknesses and strengths. Despite its own minor weaknesses, "Die Osterinsel" is one of the few modern films that has miraculously managed to return from the island and hand over the fragile egg of the real Rapanui without making a gooey mess of things. Any objections to Gerhard Hofmann as the next Tangata Manu?

Other projects are the re-publication of William Mulloy's field reports which have been out of print for many years. These will be combined into one handy volume, with a foreword by Dr. Patrick McCoy. The EIF is collaborating with the World Monuments Fund on this latter project.

Several other books are 'in process'—from a Guide to Rongorongo to a study of the wood carvings of the island—as well as the above-mentioned phrase book.

**PUBLICATIONS**

  
  This scary item discusses the unprecedented extinctions of Guam's native birds, bats and lizards by the Brown Tree Snake (*Boiga irregularis*) which arrived there by chance around 1949. This is not just Guam's problem for the snaky invader has made it to Diego Garcia (in the Indian Ocean), Saipan, Tinian, Rota, Okinawa, Kwajalein, Oahu and Texas. Two of these snakes were found in Oahu in 1991, having just arrived via air: one was found on the runway (it was run over by an airplane); the other was lurking near a parked airplane, stunned but still alive. The snake that made it to Texas survived in a shipping crate for 9 months. It was bludgeoned to death as it crawled from a washing machine in Corpus Cristi. The authors hope to alert the Pacific community to the danger; efforts now are being made in Guam, Saipan, and Hawai'i to limit the spread of the snake.


- *Isla: A Journal of Micronesian Studies and Pacific History*. University of Guam. Published twice a year (Rainy Season and Wet Season), subscriptions are available from University of Guam Press, UOG Station, Mangilao, Guam 96923, USA.


- *Tok Blong Pasifik!* A complimentary copy of this Quarterly can be had by writing to SPPF, 415-620 View St., Victoria BC, Canada V8W 1J6.


**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

- I enjoy the new format. Look's terrific. Congratulations on the new, very serious and scholarly-looking RNJ. It must be very satisfying to see it mature and grow as it has.
  
  Carol Ivory, Washington State University.

- Let me take this opportunity to tell you that the *Rapa Nui Journal* is wonderful, and I've greatly enjoyed my subscription.
  
  Barbara Nickless, Colorado Springs, CO.

- I consistently find myself reading *Rapa Nui Journal* cover to cover.
  
  Christopher Donnan,
  Fowler Museum of Cultural History, UCLA.

**Thanks guys, we needed that!** The Editors.

- You mention the Pink Floyd album cover [RNJ 8(2):49]. I'm not convinced the design is based on Easter Island moai. However there is an album of 1993 by a French group "Pow Wow" whose cover has four *moai* in a row on a grassy plain with a hill in the background. They're a bit like Akivi, but their round pedestals are on the ground—no *ahu* at all! The album is called "Comme un Guetteur" [Like a Watcher], on Remark Records.