

Auntie Lum.

Directions to the entrance of the Puako Petroglyph site are in error: it has not been open from Puako Beach Road for two years (and there has been no HVB Warrior sign on the road for four years). One now enters through the grounds of the Mauna Lani Resort where a walking trail leads into the site. Mauna Lani and the State have been struggling to re-orient visitors so they will not enter from Puako Beach Road thus the fact that this is still mentioned in guidebooks is indeed unfortunate. The petroglyphs have been damaged by people who—following directions in guidebooks and finding the way closed—illegally scale the fence. Mauna Lani has gone to great efforts to provide a viewing platform and signs, but these features are only accessible from the Resort grounds.

At the entrance to the walking path, Mauna Lani has constructed a picnic area next to the beach access, with shower facilities, bathrooms, etc. Not mentioned in the book. Actually, it is hard to believe Mr. Bisignani ever visited Puako. What he describes for the Puako petroglyphs is at Anaeho'omaluu (on the grounds of the Waikoloa, in the middle of a golf course—also not mentioned in his section about that hotel.) The petroglyphs at Anaeho'omaluu contain circles and cupules, horses, etc., but Puako does not: it is a far more ancient site, containing anthropomorphic stick figures.

I noted other glitches: Kamoamoa campground was overrun by lava a year and a half ago but is listed as a place to camp on page 201, although the book states on page 224 that it is destroyed.

Some important references are missing from the Booklist. The most significant are Patrick V. Kirch's excellent book on Hawai'i: *Feathered Gods and Fishhooks*, University of Hawaii Press (1985); and J. Halley Cox and Edward Stasack's classic work on the rock art of the islands, *Hawaiian Petroglyphs*, Bishop Museum Special Publication 60 (1970). But Bisignani included in his reading list that old chestnut by Thor Heyerdahl, *American Indians in the Pacific!* Horrors!

The Bottom Line: good for hotels, restaurants (including names of chefs, items on menus with details, and prices), general sightseeing, etc., and certainly more than adequate for the usual visitor to Hawai'i. We'll consult it before going out to eat while on the island. But it is a bit on the short side for nit-picking archaeologists.

RAPA NUI: THE EASTER ISLAND LEGEND ON FILM

by Kevin Reynolds and Tim Rose Price,
Photographs by Ben Glass.

A Newmarket Pictorial Moviebook, Newmarket Press, New York 1994. 160 pp., ill, (Colorplates)

Reviewed by Frank G. Bock, Ph.D.

First it was Roggeveen in 1722. Later Whalers from sundry ports, then the Peruvians, taking slaves. Still later came the sheep, then tourists by the thousands. Thor Heyerdahl in his raft made further indentations, capping them with archaeological excursions. Although the most isolated inhabited island on earth, Rapa Nui remains one of the most

visited.

The most recent invasion comes not from exiles from some idyllic island, cast a-sea and seeking refuge. Nor from some distant shore seeking slaves and enterprise. This invasion is from none other than --HOLLYWOOD; the sacred shrine of illusions and misbegotten notions as to how the world really is. And if it's not, then these paragons of twentieth century mores and sensibilities will set the world right as to how it should be.

Thus, during this past year, the Rapa Nui culture has been privy to what they have innocently missed for decades; the production of a major motion picture that will thrill audiences, make heaps of money, and set back this amazing culture some several centuries.

In order to help them understand the true significance of the great honor bestowed upon them this year, Newmarket Press in New York has recently released a 160 page photographic essay on the making of the film. Co-author and the film's director, Kevin Reynolds, makes a statement in the Preface that should be read and heeded by all who peruse the book; "Rapa Nui--the movie--is not an exact chronicle of what happened on the island," if the reader keeps this in mind throughout the book, it will alleviate some problems he or she may have finding credibility.

Part I is a precise introduction to Rapa Nui, relating and examining the various interpretations of the island's history. The authors have done their homework here, relying on some of the best authorities around. They give generous praise to Paul Bahn and John Flenley from whose publication *Easter Island Earth Island* they quote extensively. They also give credit to Georgia Lee, as well as earlier sources such as Metraux and Routledge. Part II covers much of the film itself, including excerpts of dialogue and camera directions. Unfortunately much of the writing is demeaning and tends to emphasize the "Aboriginalness" of their subjects, which tends to belie the earlier Part I. They lean heavily on "Artistic License," yet one has to ask if this license gives a free rein to indulge in high speculation. They unashamedly fall back on the Long Ears vs. Short Ears social stratification, turning the Grandfather [Long Ear] into a doddering buffoon, and the Short Ears as hard-working and oppressed group of really nice guys who simply need a union organizer to get things straight. An example [just one of many]; Grandfather [Ariki-mau] refuses to accept the largest *moai* ever carved and hauled, by Short Ears, to a Long Ear village. He admonishes them to "build another one," then patronizingly tells Heke, the Short Ear master carver of the gigantic *moai*, to "take the rest of the day off."

When asked why his work displeases Grandfather, he utters three words that dashes the carver's spirits and causes the newly finished statue to be toppled and thus destroyed; "It's too small." Well, there's our answer as to why so many *moai* lie face down, seemingly abandoned, on the island.

The dialogue continues, a kind of pastiche of early Tarzan and current, cool street-slang and complete with stage directions such as he "flips him off." When Sinatra's Rat Pack made *Ocean's Eleven*, using Las Vegas as the target for their

send-up, it seemed somehow fitting. But Rapa Nui is not glitter gulch, and the film--if this publication is truly a reflection of that film--may well be the final travesty that brings down a unique culture that has survived centuries of outlandish invasions from myriad sources, bent on cultural genocide.

Part III is short, covering the making of the film. Since behind-the-scene-filmmaking does have an allure, it is too bad that there is so little in explanation of the camera magic and a bit too much on the philosophies of the filmmakers.

All in all, *RAPA NUI: THE EASTER ISLAND LEGEND ON FILM* is easily read, contains excellent color photography, and no doubt will add to the coffers of Warner Brothers and producer Kevin Costner. But be forewarned by Reynold's comment, and be prepared to suspend all of your disbelief; especially when a gigantic iceberg drifts hard by Easter Island [which is located in a sub-tropical area at 27 south latitude] and carries away Grandfather in a preordained and decidedly chilly White Canoe.

"Die Osterinsel"

(Easter Island)

A 30-minute film documentary by the German television channel ARD, written and directed by Gerhard Hofmann, 1994. Broadcast in Germany on Saturday afternoon, 7 August 1994.

Review by Steven Roger Fischer,
Meersburg, Germany.

Did you ever sit enthralled in the cockpit of a LanChile jet while winging down to land at the Hangaroa Airport? That's just what you can do at the breathtaking beginning of Gerhard Hofmann's highly entertaining and admirably researched film documentary about Rapanui called "Die Osterinsel." It's only the latest in a whole new flock of American, New Zealand, and European films made on and about OFI (Our Favorite Island). And while you're then disembarking, at the Hangaroa terminal building it's pouring with rain, symbolically preparing you for the storm of revelations to follow in the program.

For Hofmann is brutally honest, calling a *rapa a rapa*. And he picks out, in most cases, just the right personalities to tell you, for better or worse, the non-Hollywood story of Rapanui for a change at the end of the 20th century.

First we see personal views of Hangaroa, of the *caleta* with its growling fishermen gutting the day's catch, of frowning street vendors and indifferent passers-by. This is when Hofmann informs us of the Disneyland prices now being charged on the island, for both locals and tourists alike. Historical prints and a map from the Spanish visit in 1770 are shown, followed by quotes from the German visitors Behrens (in 1722) and the two Forsters (in 1774). And then we're tossed straight into the first of three excerpts from the movie "Rapa-Nui": here we learn that the oppressed quarry workers rose up violently against their exploiting masters-in a social revolution perhaps a sickle closer to Gorky Park than Rano

Raraku. Somehow, someone has embarrassingly forgotten to mention that this scenario was sheer Hollywood nonsense. To the music of a lively Rapanui combo we then visit highflying 'Orongo and hear about the Birdman ceremony. Admirably, what is not fully understood in this regard Hofmann poses as a question. The movie's "egg-race"--excerpt number two -- is then footaged in all its bloodcurdling excitement, and one cannot help but wonder whether this program isn't perhaps a clandestine trailer to woo more viewers into your local friendly cinema?

Rapanui's *rongorongo* is mentioned only in passing, with old Leonardo Pakarati (who else?) being interviewed in the Englert Museum as he explains how to "read" the incised inscriptions. This is followed by valuable, if brief, footage of the 1955-56 Norwegian Expedition, always a thrill to behold.

But then Hofmann dares, as perhaps only a German would these days (all other countries appear to bear their own colonial Scarlet Letters in the region), to address the *tapu*: Juan Chavez's demand for new land distribution on Rapanui. A large map is then being spread out over a table out on the patio at Rosita's hotel. Whereupon the viewer is clearly tutored about how much island land the Chilean government has "expropriated" from the Rapanui people. Hofmann openly states that the Rapanui are mad at this injustice by the Santiago government, and that they now wish the return of their ancestral lands. To add insult to injury (or to put the cherry on the cake; it all depends whose side you're on), the lawyer Fernando Dougnac then tells the hilarious story of that cow that had unfortunately wandered into Hangaroa village back in the 1950s: here it was arrested and tried under Chilean naval law by the Chilean naval authorities as a "ship" (it seems that cows do not enjoy existential recognition under Chilean naval penal codes) then sentenced to "30 days bread and water." The poor "ship" died within a fortnight of hunger.

At this juncture Juan Edmunds, who has been mayor of Hangaroa three separate times (he was one of the cow's guards, by the way), now informs the program's viewer how in 1973, as a member of the Chilean Air Force, he had been appointed Military Mayor of Hangaroa under the new Pinochet dictatorship that then ran Rapanui like a military base. He states that he wishes one day a union of all Polynesian islanders under one government, a sort of "United States of Polynesia.." But he feels that this could take a long time. France, America, England, and Chile must all agree first. He then smiles wistfully.

Hofmann immediately follows this up with a fist blow of a picture: "Chile: Territorio y Destino Oceanico," the large Pinochet-era wall map that is today hanging in the Governor's office in Hangaroa. The Oceanic Triangle it defines stretches from Northern Chile to Rapanui to Antarctica and claims a substantial chunk of the South Pacific for Chile.

About face ... march: and we suddenly find ourselves among the pious, singing parishioners in their Sunday best in the jam-packed Hangaroa church, with the strident, shrill voice of Kiko Pate unmistakably piping out over all the others. The sermon in Spanish (not Rapanui) censures incest and