

the accompanying publication. Her last expedition to Tonga was in the summer of 1998 and included her daughter, Samantha, and five students. Together they documented the celebrations for King Taufa'āhau Tupou's 80th Birthday.

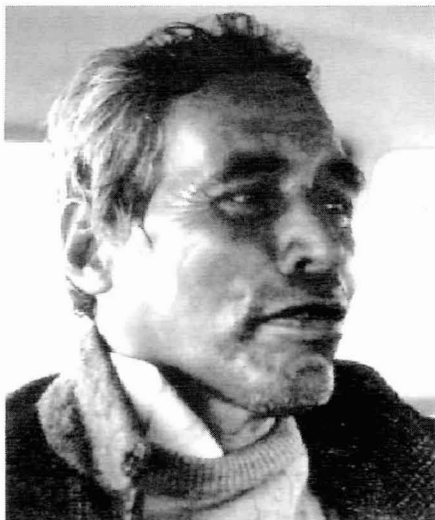
There are many of us who owe a tremendous debt to Jehanne Teilhet-Fisk. Her inquisitive mind, wonderful sense of humor and generosity remain fixed in my memory. Jehanne enriched the studies of so many with such tenacity and character that her absence leaves a profound void. Teachers of her caliber are so rare; all of us who worked with her are fortunate to have our lives touched by such an indomitable, incredible woman. *Ofa Atu...*

– Hilary Scothorn

FELIPE TEAO
1917-2002

FELIPE TEAO ARANCIVIA, better known on the island as “Hani Hani” due to his dark suntanned complexion, died last year. I first met Felipe in 1981 and for several years he worked with my research project. He was remarkable, with a great zest for life – a sort of Zorba-the-Greek, Rapanui style. He could range over the landscape like a goat, leaping from rock to rock. He knew every cave, every site, every petroglyph; he knew which rocks contained *aku-aku* and knew all the various legends about them.

Felipe first tasted fame in 1954 when he and two other islanders sailed off for Tahiti in an open boat. They rigged a sail from a tarpaulin, gathered supplies, and set off for the big adventure. In those days, islanders were forbidden to leave the island, so this was all done surreptitiously. They had two watches, one pocket compass with a broken needle, and an old



map of the Pacific torn from a schoolbook. After weeks at sea, they ran aground on Kauehi, an atoll north of the Tuamotu archipelago. They had covered 1230 nautical miles (3830 km) without ever seeing a vessel or sighting land (Putigny 1973). They had run out of food and water, caught flying fish, guided their boat by stars, and finally reached land. Weak from hunger and thirst, they staggered into the small village on Kauehi, but found it deserted. But then they heard voices and followed the noise to discover the entire village at the Sunday soccer match. They made it onto the field, but the gendarme thought they were drunk and came to arrest them (it was against the law to be drunk on Sunday!). Finally it was realized that they were the lost fishermen that had been mentioned on the short wave radio. The mayor made a speech and brought a nurse to administer to them. Felipe is reported to have replied, “I’m hungry, I need food and water. I’ll have the woman later”.

The adventurers ended up in Tahiti and Felipe lived there

for some years, and acquired a vahine and some children. One day a ship came into Pape‘ete with an old friend aboard. Felipe went on the ship to have some drinks and talk about old times with his friend. He passed out and when he awoke, the ship was on its way to Easter Island. He never returned to Tahiti.

In 1982, Felipe was invited to appear on TV in Chile because of his remarkable sea voyage to the Tuamotus. This was a sort of Merv Griffith-type program and the TV scouts offered to pay his way, buy him new clothes, and give him a TV plus some cash. He had never been to the Chile mainland and was nervous about the trip and worried about his shabby clothes. But true to their word, the TV folks outfitted him in new clothes and gave him the royal treatment. He appeared on the TV program with a South American beauty queen sporting serious cleavage, and the Bishop of Santiago. The Bishop spoke first, advocating marriage and the family. Then it was Felipe’s turn. The talk show MC asked Felipe what life was like as a child on Rapa Nui. He replied, “we were so poor, until I was seven, my balls were in view”. The audience roared. Asked how many children he had, he said 17. More applause. Then the MC said, “Tell us about your wife.” Felipe eyebrows shot up. “Wife? What wife?” By this time, the audience was helpless with laughter.

The next day Felipe was taken around the city, to the zoo, etc. Everywhere he went, people who had seen him on TV came up and shook his hand and bought him a beer. Felipe was taken via the funicular to the mountaintop, and described it later as “they put me in a little box suspended by a wire, and I went up to the top”. He was stunned to see huge shopping centers, traffic, elevators, and escalators.

He returned to Rapa Nui a few days later and got off the plane looking elegant in new dark blue denims, windbreaker, new hiking boots, new shirt, and a plaid cap. The entire village went to the airport to greet him. Felipe brought his new color TV, presents for all his family, and food he had bought on the mainland. He had more than 350 lbs excess baggage. The University of Chile gave him a framed Certificate of Merit, with lots of official seals. He was very proud of it.

We were sad to hear of his death, although we knew he had been ill for some time. Felipe, however, lives on in our memories. We can see him in our mind’s eye, roaming over the landscape, savoring his beloved island, and warning us of the *aku-aku* lurking in the hollows of the rocks.

– Georgia Lee

NICOLAS HAOA
1929-2003

NICO DIED IN THE MORNING of Wednesday, 29 January. He was the youngest of the five children of Magdalena Haoa Araki and Lachlan McKinnon. The five were:

- Rafael Haoa (1924 – 2002)
- Napoleon (Rafael’s twin who died at birth)
- Reina 1926-
- Juan 1928 (Died at age 2 weeks)
- Nicolas 1929- 2003

Owing in part to his brother Rafael’s influence, Nicolas was accepted into the Chilean Navy. But, unlike his brother, his posting was mostly on Rapa Nui. Around 1968, Nicolas be-