



The Moon has been Eaten

*Volume III – expanding on themes and people
Easter Island project 2006-2016*

james craig

with Easter Island Paintings by nan craig

Interactive PDF

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web site / blog:
jamescraigphotography.com

In Memory of:

Helga Thieme

Ruperto Tepano

Luis Tomas Pate Riroroko

About this book

I began my Easter Island project without any idea of a book, let alone three volumes. The project evolved and expanded, eventually including a half a dozen trips to Rapa Nui and a total of three years on Island. Much of this is detailed in *The Moon has been Eaten*, printed in 2012. A couple of years later, frustrated with the number of additional images that a review of the project convinced me I needed, both new and overlooked the first time around, I printed the second volume – limited to ten copies (print to order books are much more expensive). I continue to make both volumes available for free download as pdf ebooks on my web site, including the original volume in Spanish.

As the project aged, and while I was pursuing other subject matter, my own perception of, and focus on my work from Easter Island changed considerably, especially as regards what images I see as important to the project. I'm using this volume to complete the set of images that shows the Island during our visits and tells the story of our stays. This collection makes for a total of over 300 b&w images in my Island folio on the web site – inconceivable when we boarded our first flight for a project that called for 40 to 50 exhibit prints from a "year on Easter Island".

I've grouped the images here according to category as much as possible, beginning with *Tapati* (annual cultural celebration), as well as making reference to related images in the previous volumes. Many of the images here are personal, never intended for sharing – passing time has made them much more relevant. At the same time, a good number images here are very low resolution exposures, from old point-and-shoots or iPhones. The nature of this collection also made it problematic to index, or even concoct a contents list.

This volume is designed to fill in the gaps, putting into a third book and pdf volume what are now some of our favorite Island images. Barring an unforeseen opportunity, this could be the finishing touch to the project. The Island folios on the web site will have to suffice as the one place where the complete collection can be viewed.

This pdf eBook version includes, in addition, a few images that didn't make the print book, and any updates, as well as a catalog of Nan's Island paintings.

Like with the second volume, I am "limiting" the print version to an edition of ten, with an initial printing of four. This version is offered as a free download, optimized for iPads and readers.

Cover: backdrop for the outdoor arena at *Vare Vare – Tapati Rapa Nui 2008*



Governor Melania Carolina Hotu Hey offers traditional *Umu Tahu* (ceremonial food presentation) to elders gathered to witness the *Tapati* opening ceremony – 2008



Mayor of Hanga Roa, Petero Edmunds Paoa, poses with the three *Tapati* Queen candidates: Lucy Haoa Tuki, Viviana Tuki Pate and Marahi (Rapanui for Angel) Lopez Atan – 2008.

Tapati Rap Nui 2007 and 2008

I have a huge volume of exposures from the two *Tapati Rapa Nui* events we attended. A number of my favorites were included in *The Moon has been Eaten*, and a half dozen more in Volume II. Here I extend that coverage considerably, painting a more complete “picture” of the experience. Altogether they make up about twenty percent of the *Easter Island* folio. Responding to a request, the *Tapati* images, spread out in three volumes, are also gathered together in a separate folio on the web site.



Lucy Haoa Tuki, *Tapati* Queen 2008, dances with her adult performance group



One of the more exuberant youth dance performances 2008



It's always a high point when the young ladies take the stage – it's impressive how they constantly rotate who is in the front – 2008



Takona presentation and recited explanations are a part of the competition, each queen candidate having at least one male and one female representative take center stage – 2008



This fellow was part of a dance sequence where he came to the fore, prepared and ceremonially lit a small fire in the sand that makes up the floor of the outdoor stage – 2008



Viviana Tuki Pate, just Vivi to us, is the daughter of friends of ours. Not only were we called on to get some good images, we were drafted into dressing “down” and participating in the parade that helps close the festival – points for the candidates were involved (most of *those pictures* will never see the light of day). Each queen candidate had to design and make a special dress outfit out of traditional materials – and then model it on stage. Vivi used *mahute* (cloth made from paper mulberry) and sea shells to create this set – 2008



Viviana is taking part in a joining, or wedding ceremony at the end of a historical skit. There was a narrator, image included in *The Moon has been Eaten*, but he was speaking Rapanui.



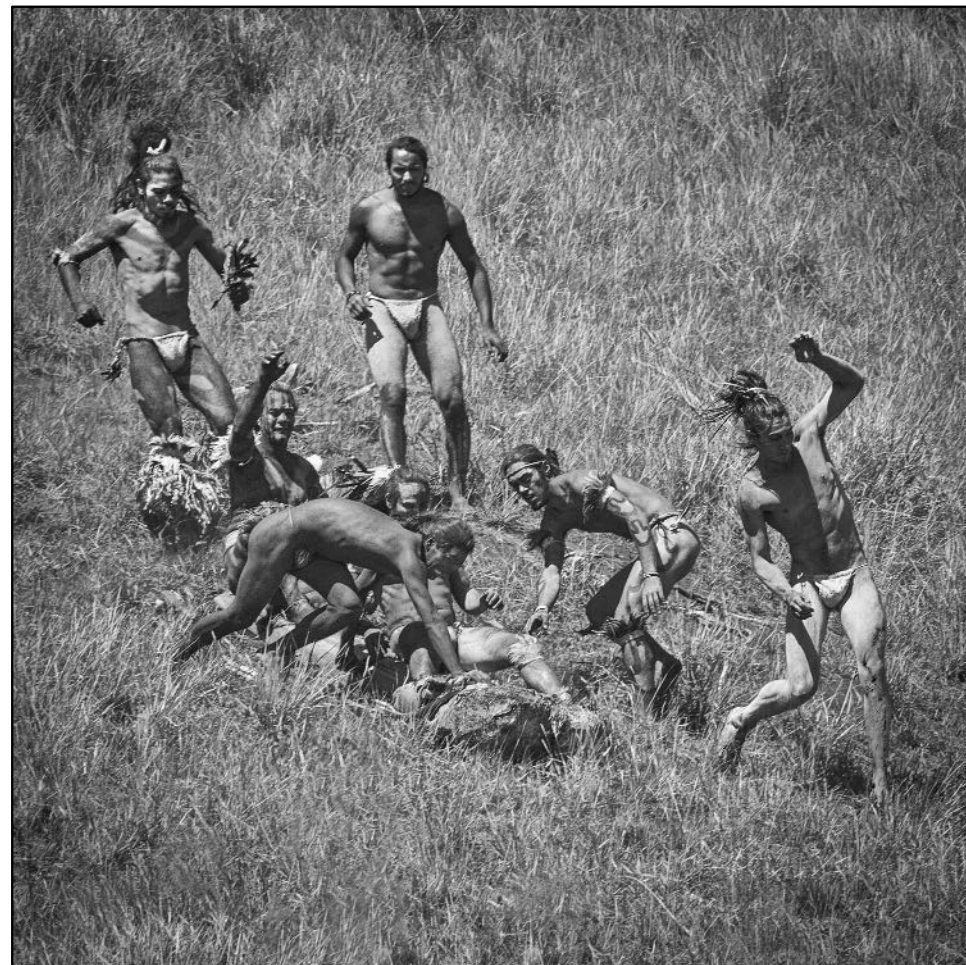
Tahira Nahoe in her *Haka Pei* youth competition run 2008. I used a close-up of her just afterwards in *The Moon has been Eaten*. Here she competes for points for her team, and Queen candidate – few years later Tahira would go on to be crowned *Tapati* Queen herself.



Another 2008 *Haka Pei* panned long shot. When we returned for our second *Tapati*, I made sure I had a 400mm lens.



Haka Pei can be dangerous – these days an ambulance stands ready at the bottom of *Maunga Pui* when the event is held. I was fortunate to be holding my shutter down for most of the exposures for this run. The competitor's very heavy banana-tree trunk sled suddenly whipped around backwards, knocking the rider off the front. It then proceeded to roll the entire weight over top of him. A few seconds later he emerged from a cloud of dust, waving to everyone that he was alright. There was a great deal of relief and applause – 2008.





Instead of panning to get the horses and riders sharp, leaving the background blurred, I did the opposite. It comes closer to what I was actually seeing – 2007.



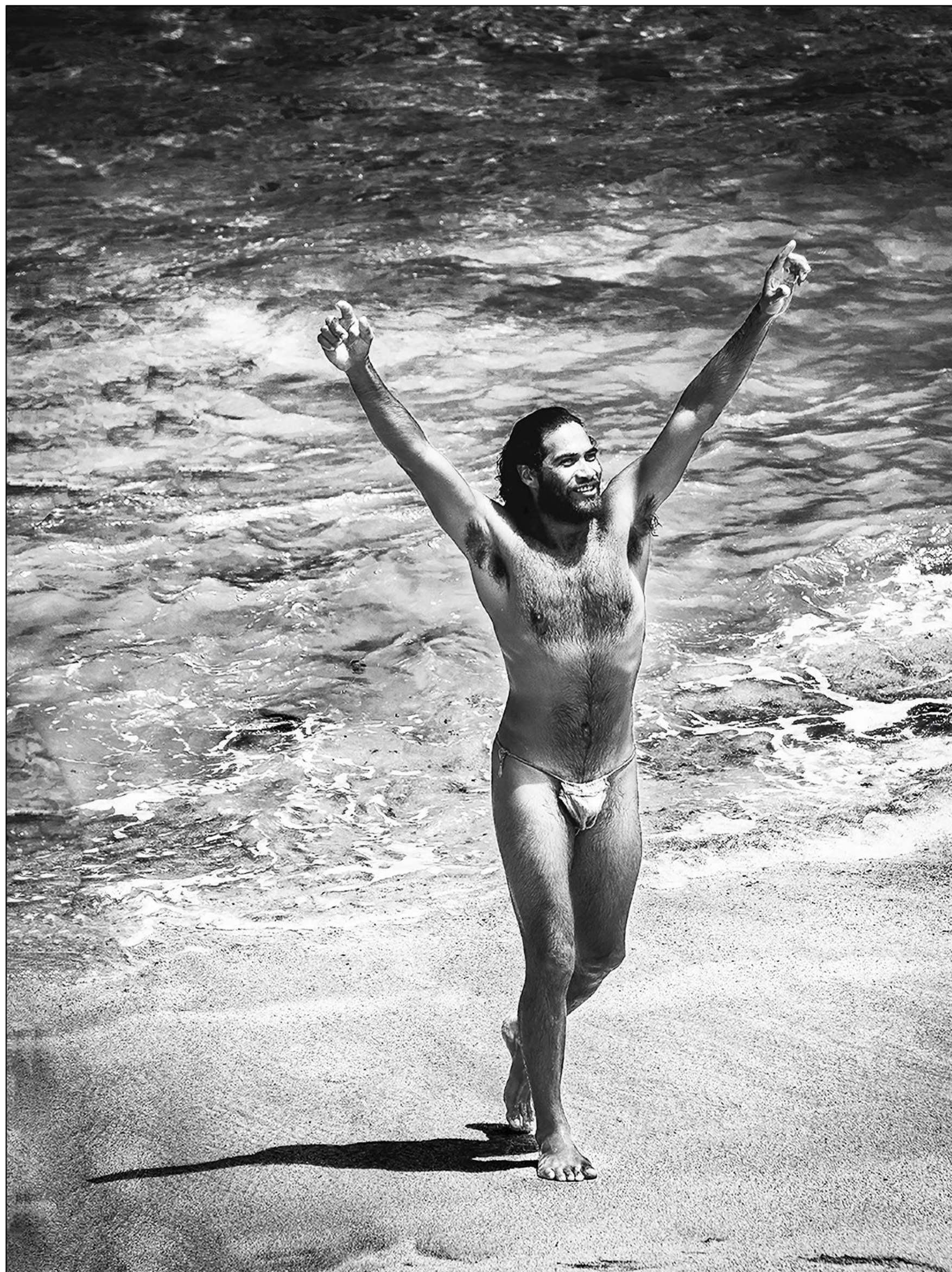
I did considerable cropping here to capture this young man finishing his race, and his expression of determination – 2008



First to finish the ocean *pora* (bundled reed float) race – 2007



Waiting for the youth *pōra* race to begin – 2007



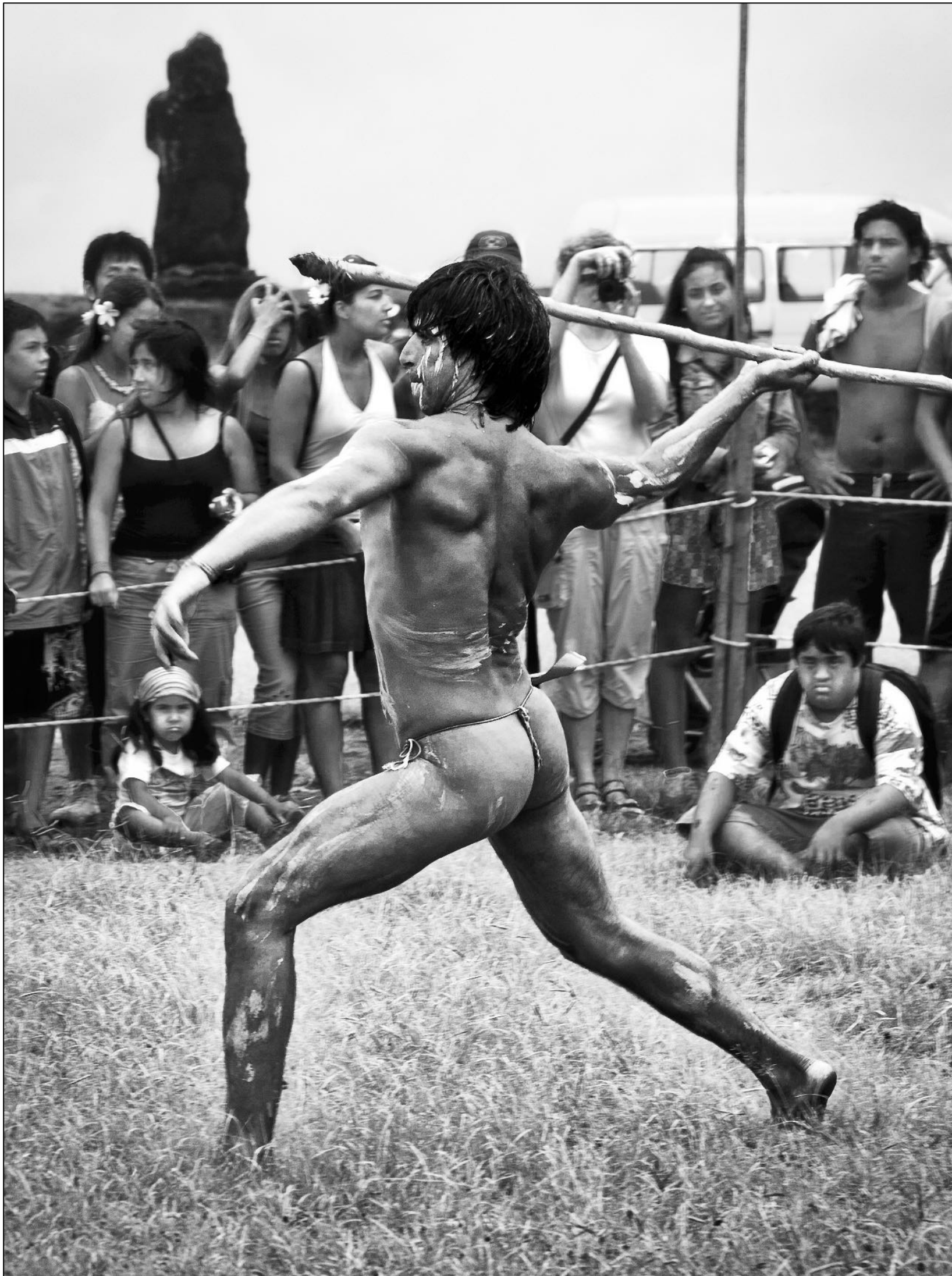
The winner emerges from one of the ocean swimming races – 2007



An exhausted Lucy carries her *pora* out of the water to finish her race – 2008. Her determination to finish a race that was so difficult for her was impressive, repeatedly waving off the life-guard boat that was offering to pull her aboard. Gutsy young lady.



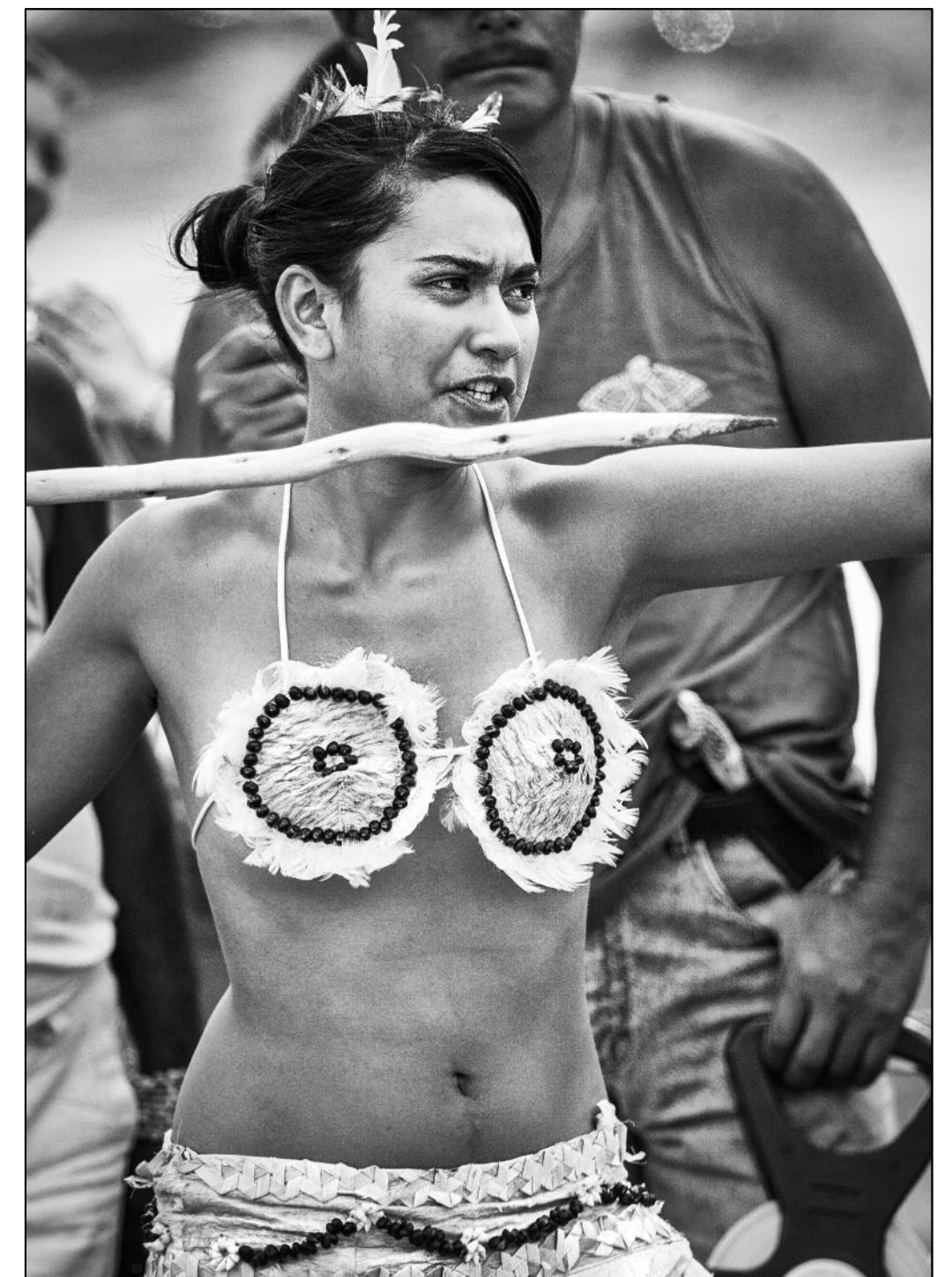
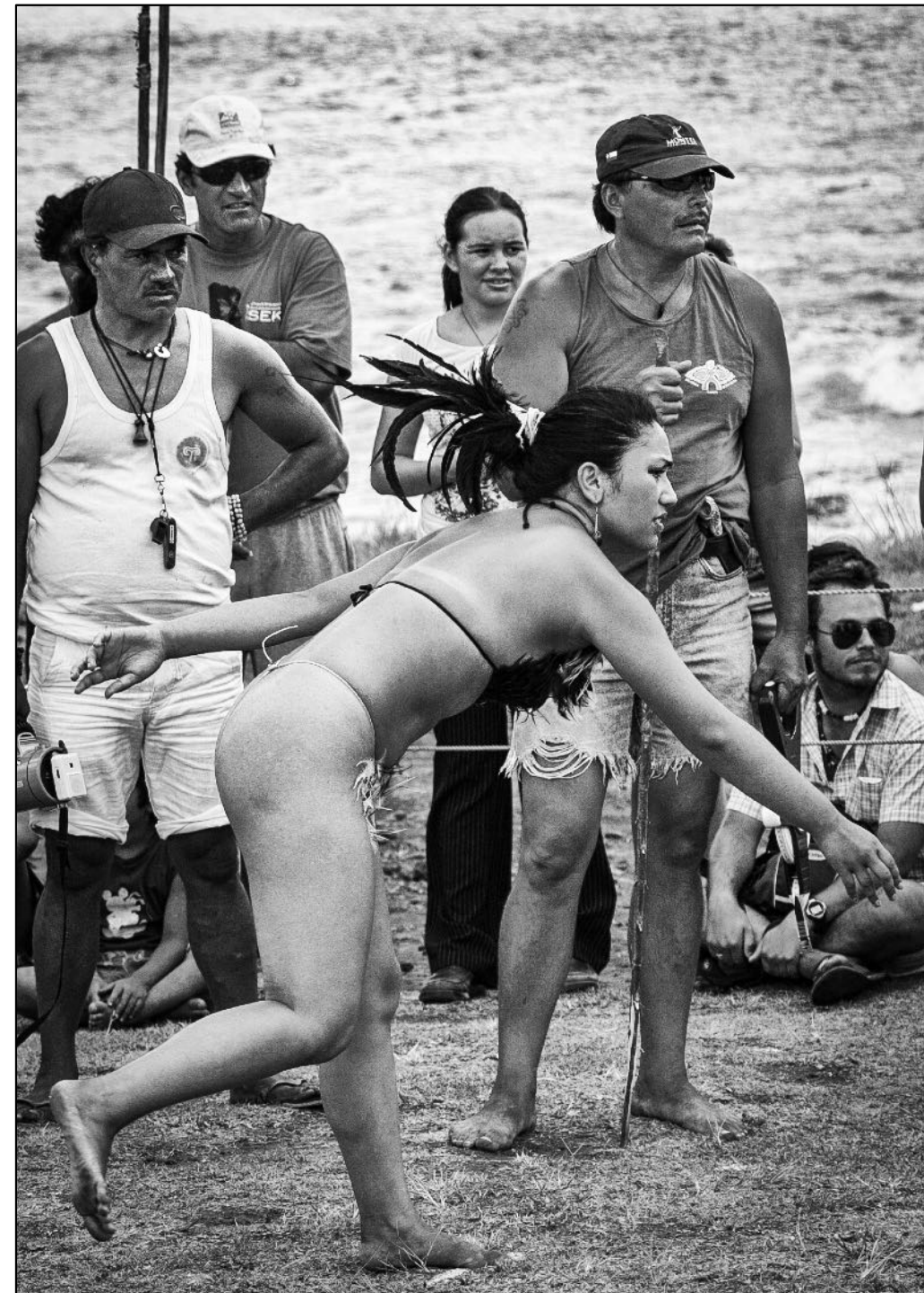
This four “man” distance relay, passing the halter holding over forty pounds of bananas, running around and through *Hanga Roa*, ending in the sports field adjacent to *Hanga Roa O Tai* on the coast. This was a first – an all women team. The other three team members joined the final lap runner to cross the finish line – to a lot of cheering from everyone. The only difference I noticed was that, while most of the men competed barefoot, the ladies wore running shoes – 2007.



Spear throwing competitions were some of the trickiest for which to manage good angles and shots. I regret that none made it into the first two volumes. A crowd of locals watch as this contestant takes aim – 2007.



I shot this in 2008, getting behind with a telephoto in an attempt to catch the bending of the spear in flight. I wound up with a spear arc that mimics that of the thrower.



The three candidates for *Tapati Queen* 2008 were tapped to try their hand at a spear throwing competition. A lot of fun was had by all, as the three young ladies made it evident that this wasn't really a good idea. We counted three times that the judges had to move them closer to the target banana tree stalk before one of them finally hit it. The expressions of concentration here are priceless.



Halina Tuki Price, one of the two *Tapati* Queen candidates, pounding *mahute*, at one time the only cloth material on the Island. It's a labor-intensive process, beginning with splitting the stalks and then comes the flattening process. More is added and joined by more pounding – 2007.



Halina, finished and resting from hours of pounding the *mahute*, awaits the results of the judging.



Rosa Pakomio Tuki, in the end crowned *Tapati* Queen, aboard her float in the finale parade – 2007



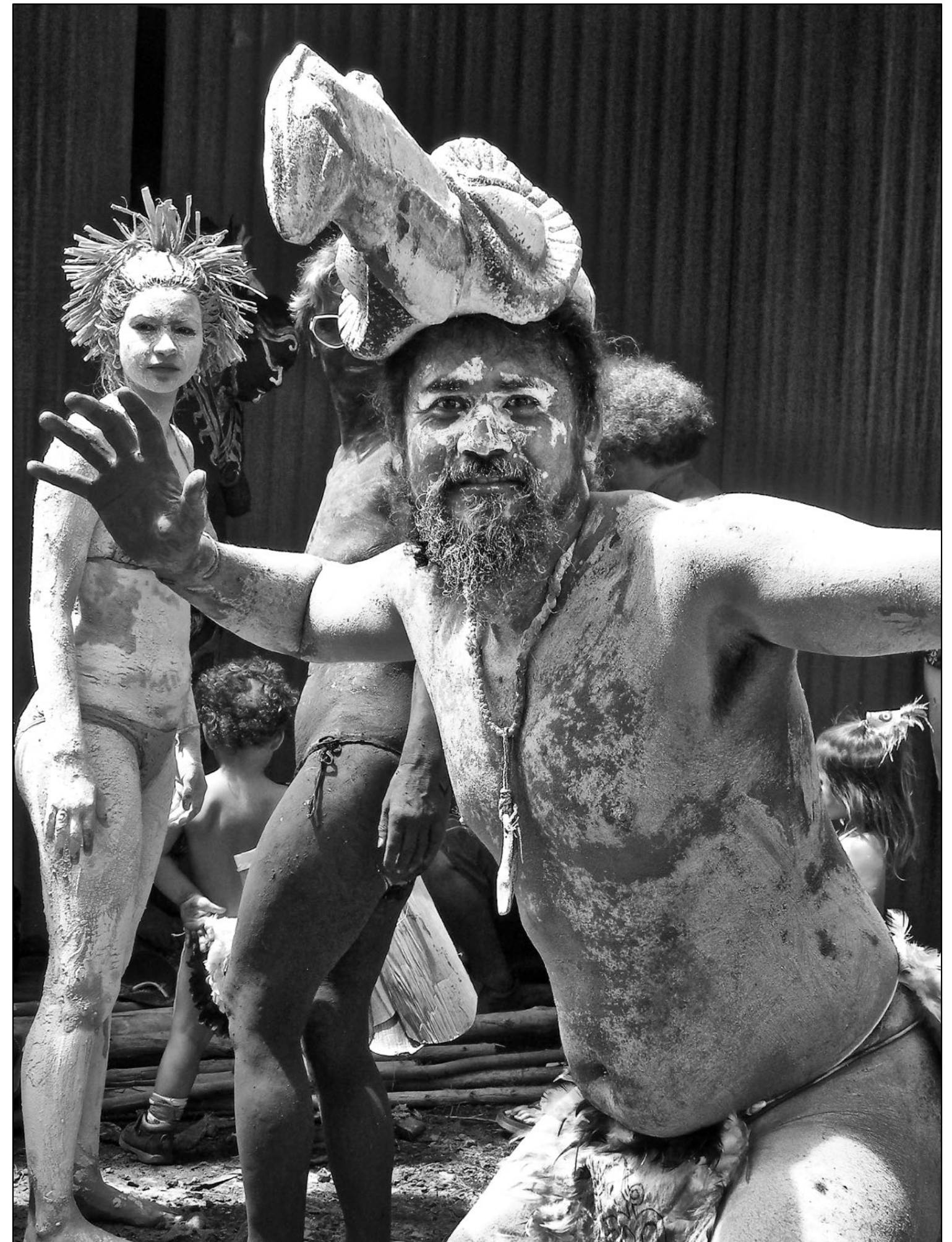
Basket weaving, from start to finish, is one of the many competitions in the *Tapati* festival. These were taken in 2007 and 2008. As in all such contests, judges are those considered expert in their field – I wonder if it helped that these two ladies make it look good.

Parade Prep

In 2007 we attended our first of two *Tapati Rapanui* celebrations. Each Queen candidate lines up as many participants as possible – who, after preparation, are judged for points to add to his or her candidate's total score. A lot of effort goes into what I call parade-prep. While none of these appear in Volume I, and only one in Volume II, the following additions capture something of the atmosphere.



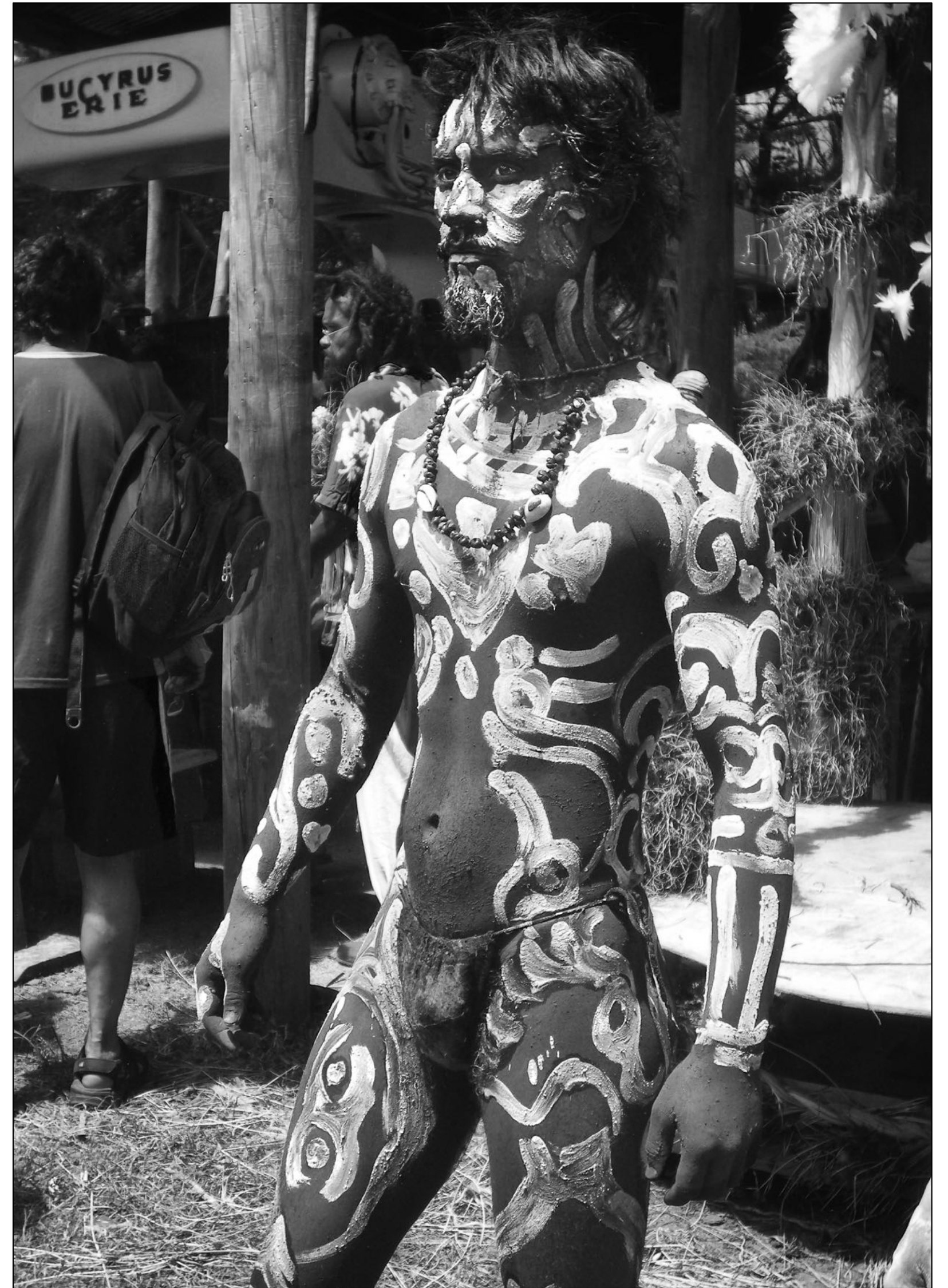
“Matunga”



It does help when they see you, jump in front of the lens and – though I’m sure he didn’t notice the interesting looking young lady with paint infused hair in the background.



Queen candidate Halina, painted up and ready to mount her float for the parade, poses for a quick shot – 2007.



Nan, usually just taking pictures to potentially paint from, grabbed this with her point-and-shoot while I was working the scene – 2007



Young girl's parade preparation...



Another of my favorites – these two were getting into the warrior spirit. The way the woman is painted is typical of many who would be in the parade.



Ready to go, might as well ride my bike...



I like shooting the youngsters from their perspective. The view is very different.



If I have a favorite parade-prep shot it's this one – I would hang a 12x16 inch version of this. The larger one views it, the further into this young man's world one is taken.

I stooped down for the shot. As usual even with that, nobody paid me any mind.

Behind a friend's home we were watching a couple of carvers prepare this new *moai* for the competition 2008.

I don't remember at the time noting the similarity in lines extending from the forehead over eyes, nose, lips, chin, neck, chest, belly and arm. Here it could very well be something of a slightly abstract self portrait.

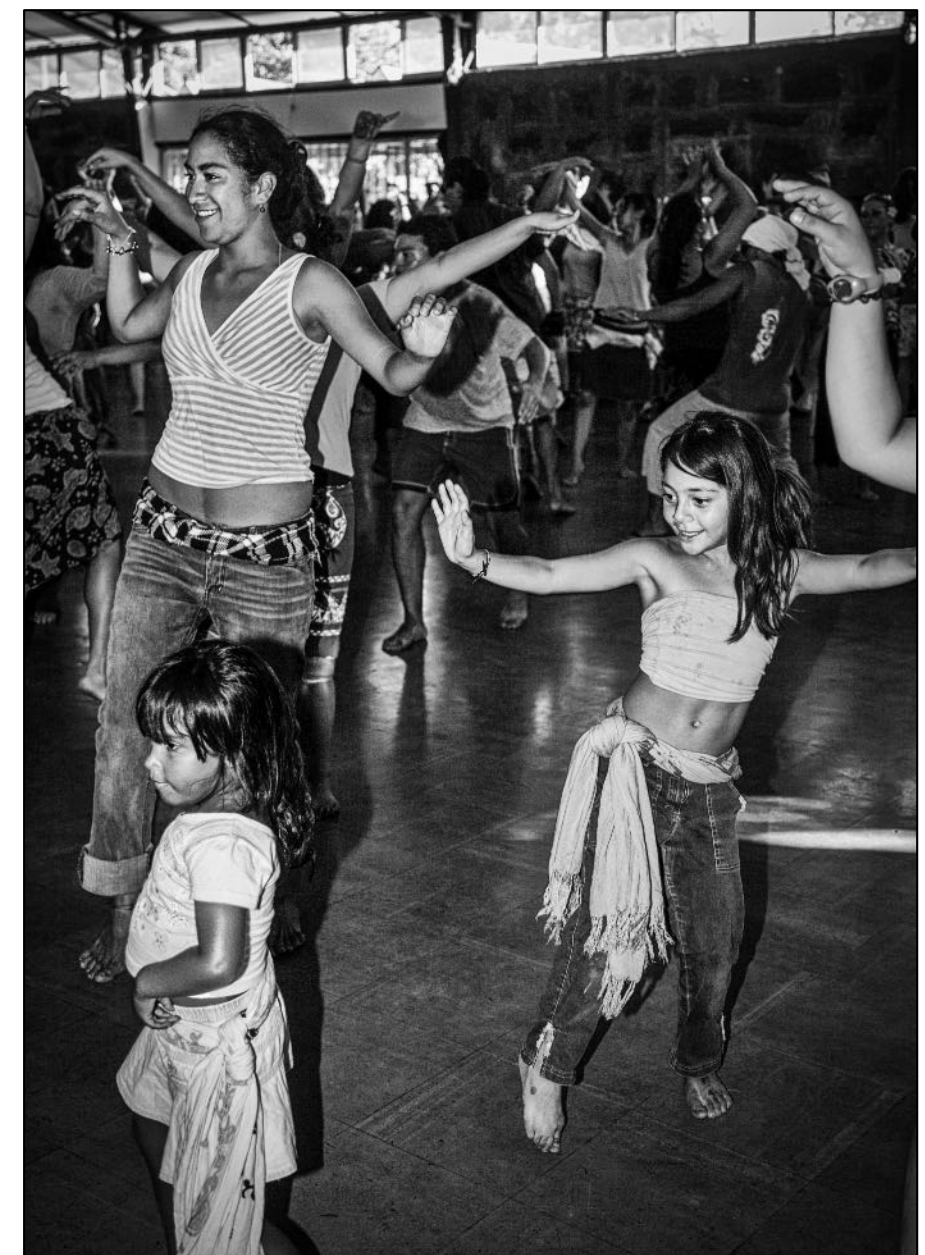
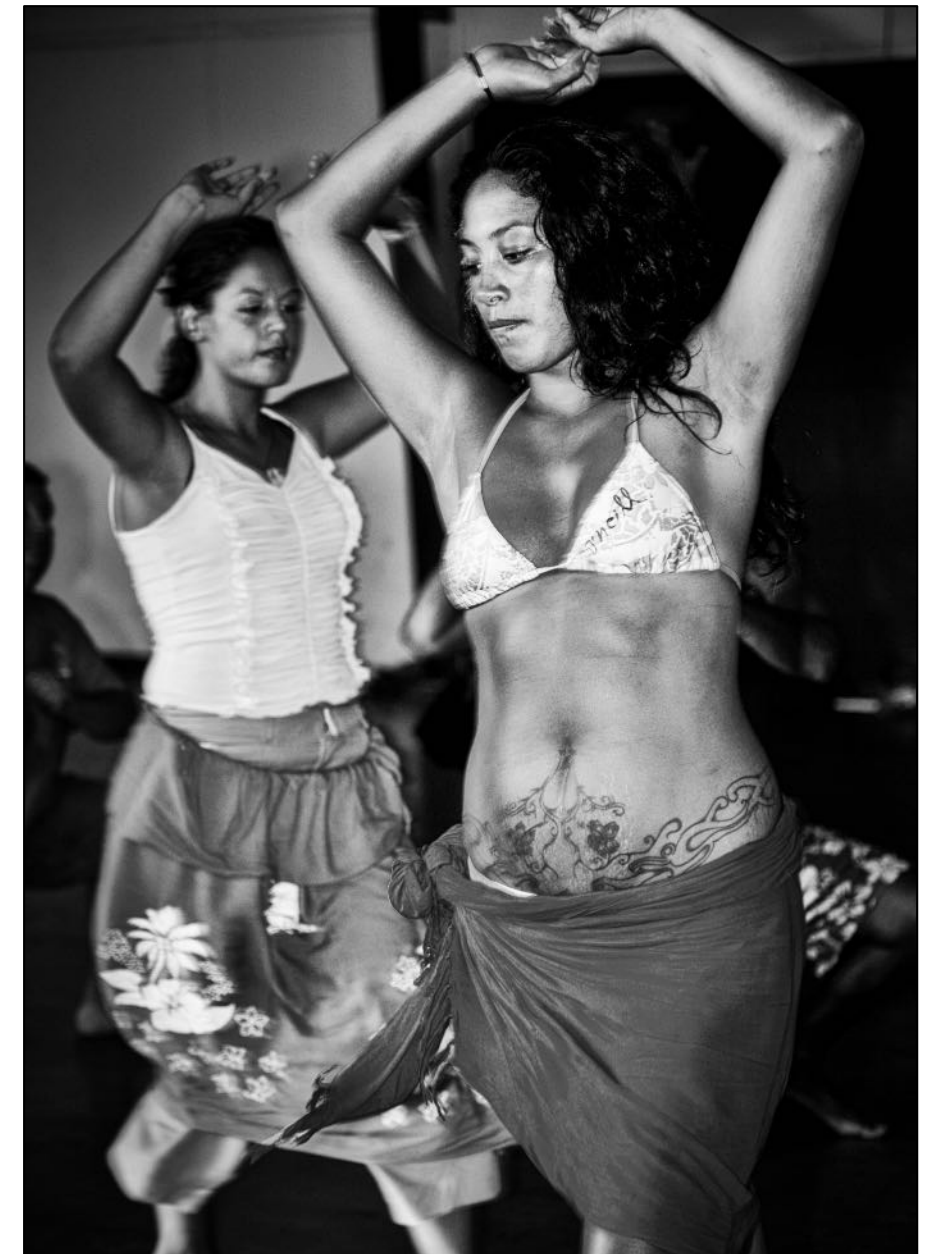


Rehearsals

I included a couple of rehearsal images, they were a lot of fun to watch. In the first one here, one of the *Tapati* 2007 candidate's younger group takes to the outdoor stage to try it out. Fortunately they would have a lot of time to practice before their turn in the spotlight.



Each candidate's dance troupes rehearse separately. The trick for us was finding out when and where. This day we stumbled on a rehearsal of one of the adult groups, sans my camera. So I used Nan's to catch these exposures, albeit in jpeg instead of raw. It was the early stages of preparing for *Tapati* 2008 – still in street clothes. And of course the kids are never discouraged from joining in.



Kari Kari

Putting together the first two volumes I had something of a surplus of *Mokomae* gems. It's difficult not to focus on him when the *Kari Kari* troupe he is in is performing...



Here I caught Mokomae's seemingly effortless levitatin, then there's what Nan calls his "hummingbird". ...





Shooting dancers in low light, with shutter speeds varying from 1/30 to 1/125 second at best is tricky. I combine watching for moments that might include at least partial stability with burst mode. I have far too many Rapanui dance images to use them all...



Kukin, featured in both other volumes, makes another appearance here



In some Matatoa performances they work *takona* application into the show.



Vanessa is also with *Matatoa*, and was also featured in both previous volumes. The reason is rather obvious. I photographed a number of the *grupo*'s performances and could easily put together a whole volume of Vanessa images. Any act of selecting just one or two is an overwhelming task.



Nan wanted me to include this shot of *Vanessa* – note how much she can move just from the neck down. Amazing...

This is another selection by Nan, from maybe a dozen good exposures. If the Island folio on the blog continues to grow any after this, it could very well be from more *Kari Kari* and *Matatoa* shots.



Around Town / Around the Island

Ruperto Tepano

A friend on the Island called to let us know that Rupert succumbed to COVID. Our favorite memory of Rupert was his always being there, whenever Nan had to mount a horse, to pick her up and set her on, and at the end of the ride to lift her off. Nan stands 5' and weighs 110 pounds – I don't think there's anything in the way of a small enough horse on the Island.

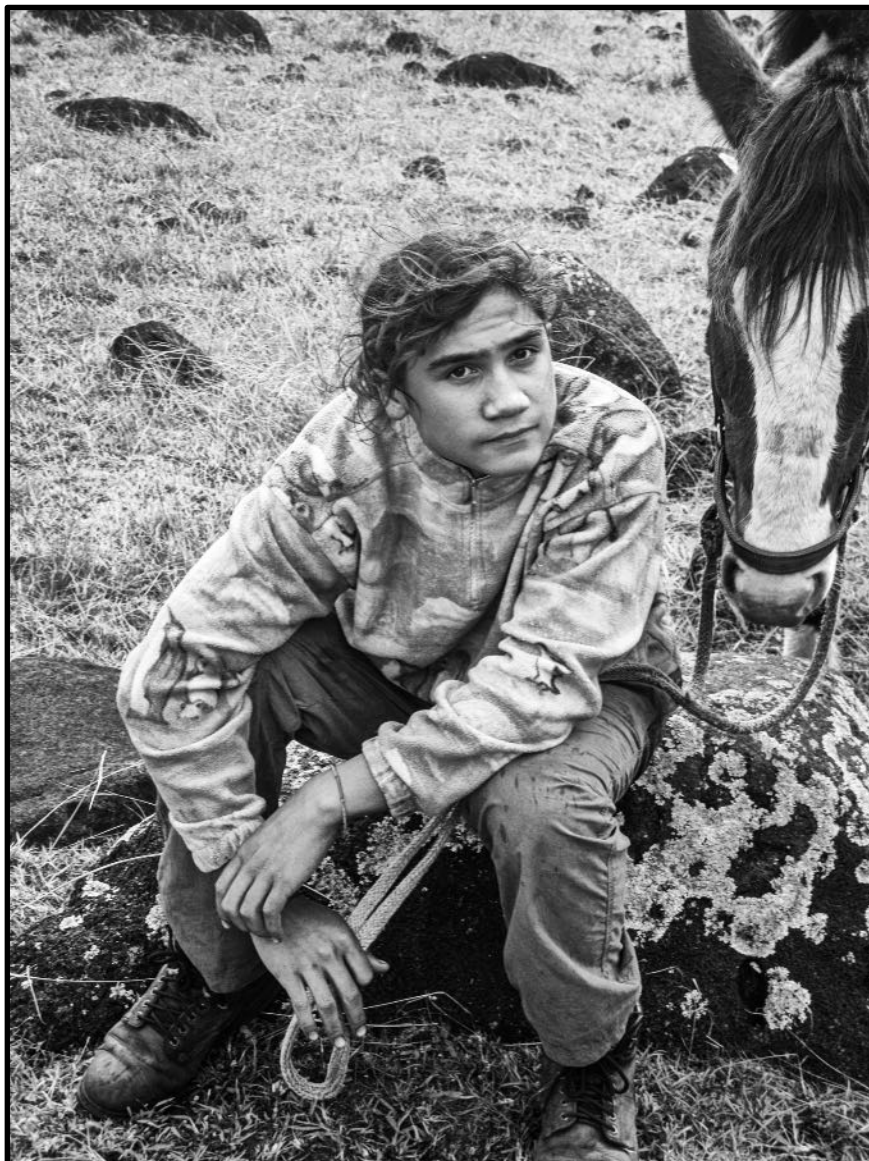
A number of my scenics were obtained thanks to these horseback excursions across *Poike* and around *Terevaka*.



Ruperto, Maruka, Nan and Terry heading out in the lead across *Poike*. We had pinpointed the *Map of the Stars* and Maruka wanted to see it.

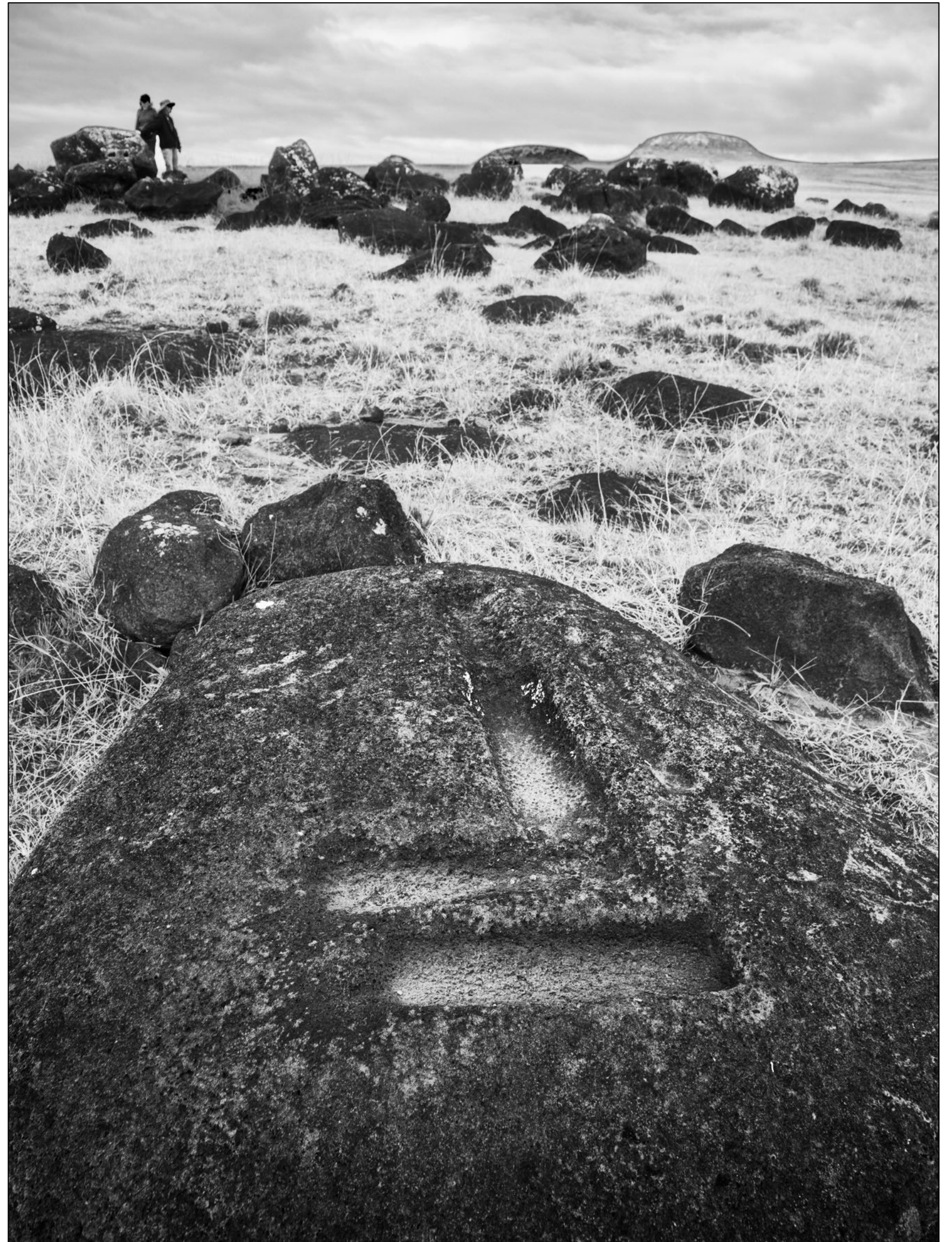


I shot this from horseback of three young *Rapanui* on a horse who took part in the *Terevaka* ride. I'm pretty sure the one in front is Ruperto's oldest boy, and the girl in back his sister. I can't believe it came out, with me shooting one-handed. That's Maruka and Nan in the background.



These two young men rode like they were born on a horse. The smallest was on a somewhat smaller ride, but very spirited and responsive – like they were very used to one another.

Terry and Nan wait while I grab a shot of what seems to be where extra hard basalt was used to sharpen stone carving tools.





Ruperto leads a group of his horses, ready for riders, through town.



One afternoon we were visiting the *Museo* and noticed that they were finishing up hanging a new exhibit in the adjacent gallery. Asking if it was ok to go in, we were welcomed by the art instructor – and asked if a couple of the young artists could practice explaining their pieces on us, in preparation for the reception later that evening.



This turned into one of our favorite experiences on the Island. This was the local Down's art class exhibit, all of them as good at nailing down what they were trying to accomplish as most artists I know, other than the ones who have mastered a "spiel" that is. One thought I had at the time was that I wished I had thought of practicing that way when I first began exhibiting.

What a wonderful group. The fact that all I had with me to shoot these with was an old low resolution iPhone doesn't lessen my love for this series.

We both really liked a couple of the pieces shown here.



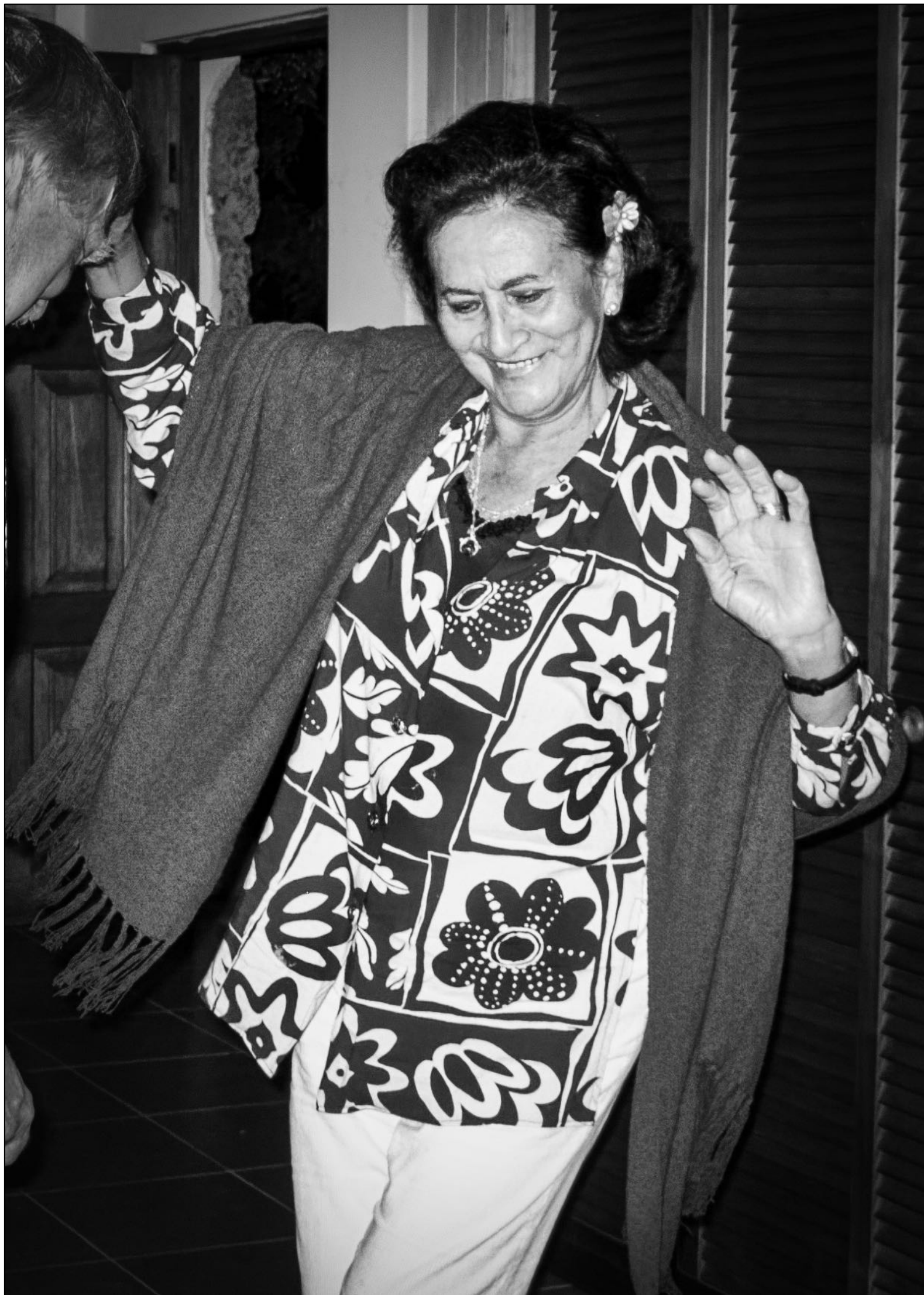
This is Jacobo Hey Paoa near the bottom of *Rano Kao*. He offered to let us accompany him on the long, steep hike. I took this as we were gathering our strength for the climb back up. When one of the two cameras I took with me died, I had to order a replacement to be delivered to me on the island. Naturally, they confiscated it in customs, wanting import duty on it (a prohibitive fee). Jacobo managed to explain the circumstances and that it wasn't being imported (not permanently anyway) and they released it. It helped that he is the notary and an alternate judge, as well as ex-governor.



Hanana, Isabel Pate Niales, teaching us how to fish, *Rapanui* style. She and Jacobo took us fishing a couple of times – one has to keep one eye on approaching waves at all times, ready to make a fast retreat.

When, after our first few months on the Island, we had found a dozen *mata'a*, obsidian spear points, we turned them over to Hanana. When we left she surprised me with a necklace made from one of them.

When we left after the first full year on the Island, Jacobo gave us a stone carving from his garden – his father carved it.



Katalina Hey, Jacobo's sister and one of the most charming women we've ever met. The portrait on the right was grabbed on Terry's back porch, while she wasn't looking. On the left she got up to dance to the music Terry had on.



Generous, caring and always smiling, Helga could brighten up any room. If she began to laugh too hard, she would cover her face.

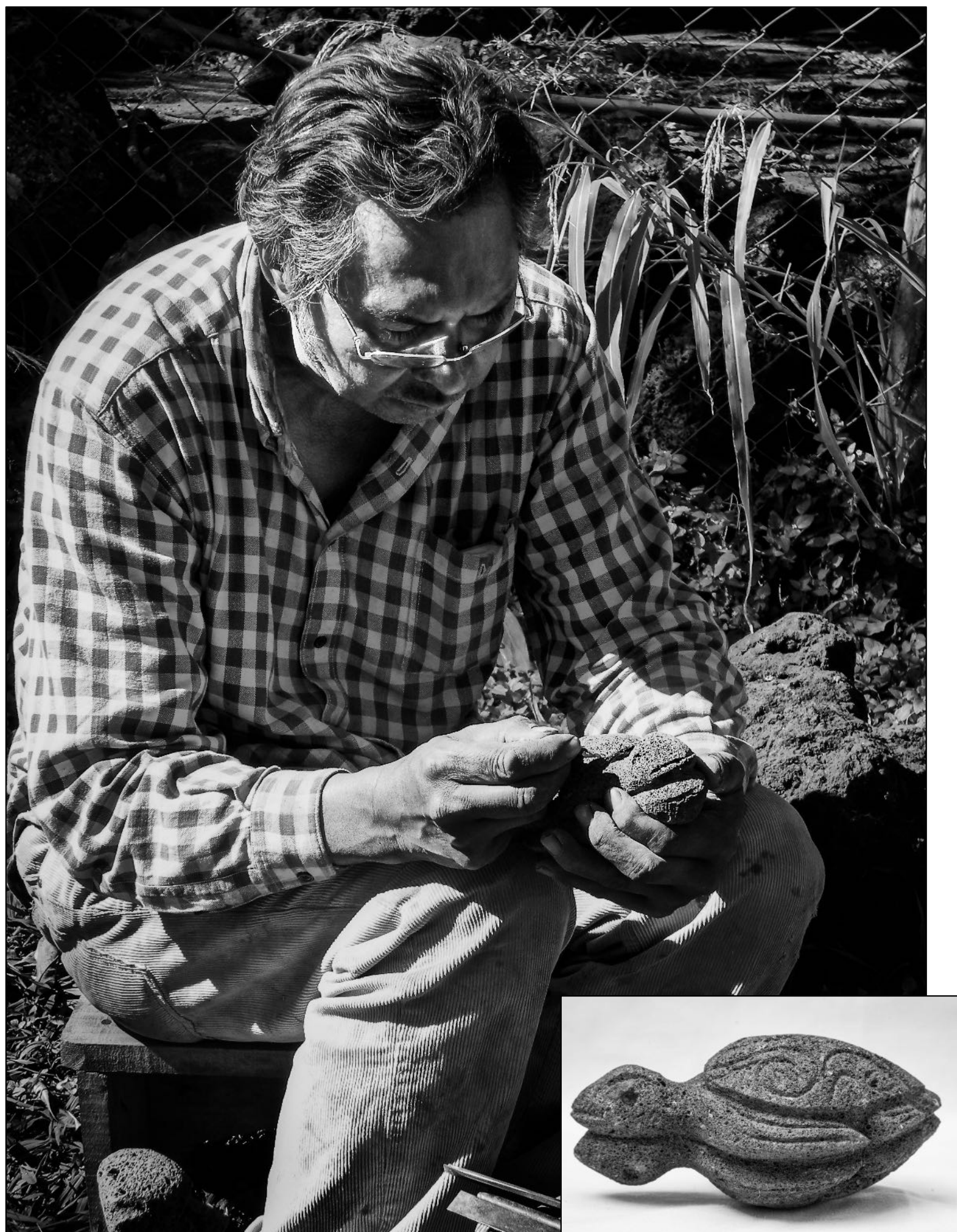
Helga Thieme died in 2022 after a long battle with cancer. We put our trust in her from the beginning, sending 6 months of our rent in advance so she could finish a new cabin for our use for our first year.

She also wrote and published *Moe Varua*, a wonderful little freebie magazine that I contributed to (including a couple of covers). Link to download all issues – well worth reading (English and Spanish): <https://moevarua.com/en/> I'm pleased to see that they are still mining the images I gave to Helga at the end of our trips.

This year's April issue notes her passing and gives her story in her own words in the form of one of her wonderful "Testamonios" from the past. There are also some heartfelt tributes – everyone who knew Helga feels the loss.

In the image on the right Nan captures the look she kept giving me as I explained Photoshop to her for the first time – pretty much mirrors my initial reaction.





Jose Tuki carving the piece that began our collection. It's a two sided *honu* (sea turtle), male on one side – turn it over and it's female. Volcanic tuff comes in various degrees of hardness, some soft enough to chisel with wood tools.



Stephanie Pauly, a German schoolteacher who visited the Island on vacation a few years before we arrived, married a *Rapanui* and stayed. She wrote a book about her experience spending the first few years living in a cave. Soon after we left the last time he died in a field fire and she returned to Germany. Fluent in English, Spanish and *Rapanui*, and always gracious and helpful.



Xetro, we pronounce it “jethro”, lived and farmed a couple of houses down from Terry, where we stayed much of the time after the first year. Here he showed up at one of the *Tapati* competitions protected from the sun by a hat made from dried banana leaves.



Hugo, pronounced “ugo”, is another of those multi-talented *Rapanui*. Here, he’s playing with *Matatoa*. Aside from doing some teaching, he is an accomplished carver – he made one of our most prized pieces.



The baby is Heidi's little girl. The young lady above is from a series of *takona* shots I did for Helga in 2009, the *takona* applied by Mokomae A couple of those appear in *The Moon has been Eaten*.





These appeared in issues of MoeVarua, which always features examples of facial *takona* on the cover.



I photographed this fellow a number of times, at various events, never coming up with a name.



Luis Tomas Pate Riroroko drowned in 2021. A prolific carver, his pieces were among the most polished on the island. We would often stop by his shop while he sat in the window for light and carved, a growing blanket of wood shavings on the floor. Always friendly, helpful and willing to answer our questions.



I shot the color version of this for Helga – Maria Hey Paoa was telling her story in the *MoeVarua's Testimony from the Past*, December 2021.

Juanito Tepano, did us a huge favor and boated us around to the other side of the Island and out to photograph the three main *motu* – Nui, Iti and Kao Kao. On the way he trolls for possible *atun* (tuna), just in case.

Being that far out in the Pacific in a small boat was an experience, especially for Nan who had to suppress her very strong fear of water – but she was determined to not stay behind.





Antonia and Felipe pose with their family for an anniversary picture.



Felipe gives his singing performance at *Tapati* 2008 – Viviana, their youngest, was a Queen candidate. Antonia, wearing one of her feather headdresses, has just finished up hours of mat-weaving competition.

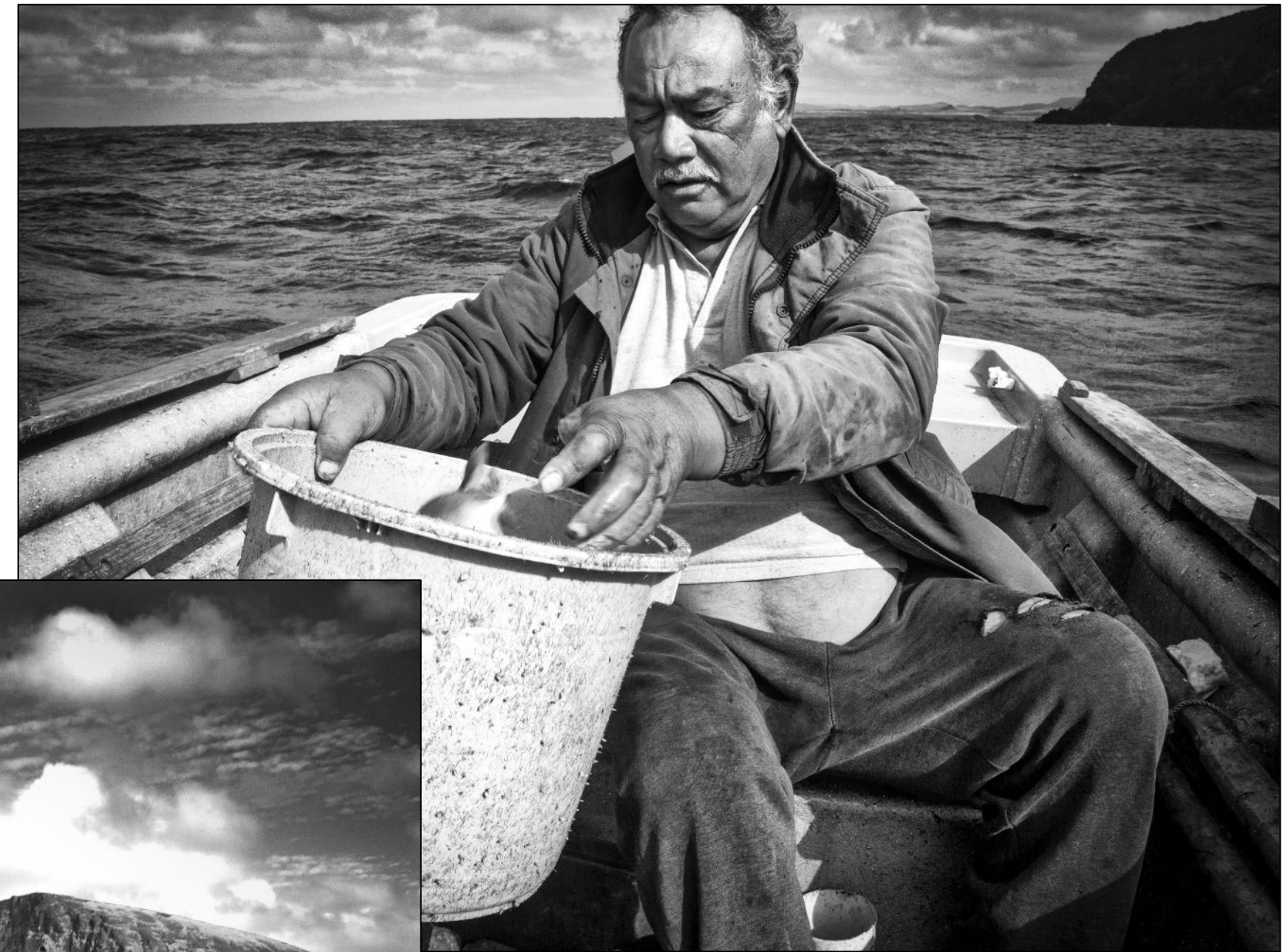
Vivi is taking a break from the rigors of her Tapati competition, holding her niece.

Queen candidates, when they weren't participating, were there to attend those they weren't in. We were totally exhausted simply trying to keep up and be there for everything. The morning I had to be at Hanga Piko at sunup as the night fishermen brought in their catches for weighing, after a late night of stage performances, was the worst. And there were Vivi and the other two candidates, on hand to support their own team. Oh, and Nan opted out of that particular outing.





Matariki Pakarati – gave us a day to remember. Maruka arranged for him to take me out in his fishing boat one morning in 2009 to photograph *Tongariki* from the sea. The image is in *The Moon has been Eaten*, as well as gracing the jacket. He later would give me credit for not being as scared as most – I simply locked my feet together under the seat and went to work. It was a long rough ride but the light was great, and all my exposures were crooked.



When we got back he and his wife asked us if we wanted to stay for lunch – when we said yes he ushered me back to the boat to fish for it. That story is in the book – the images are here.



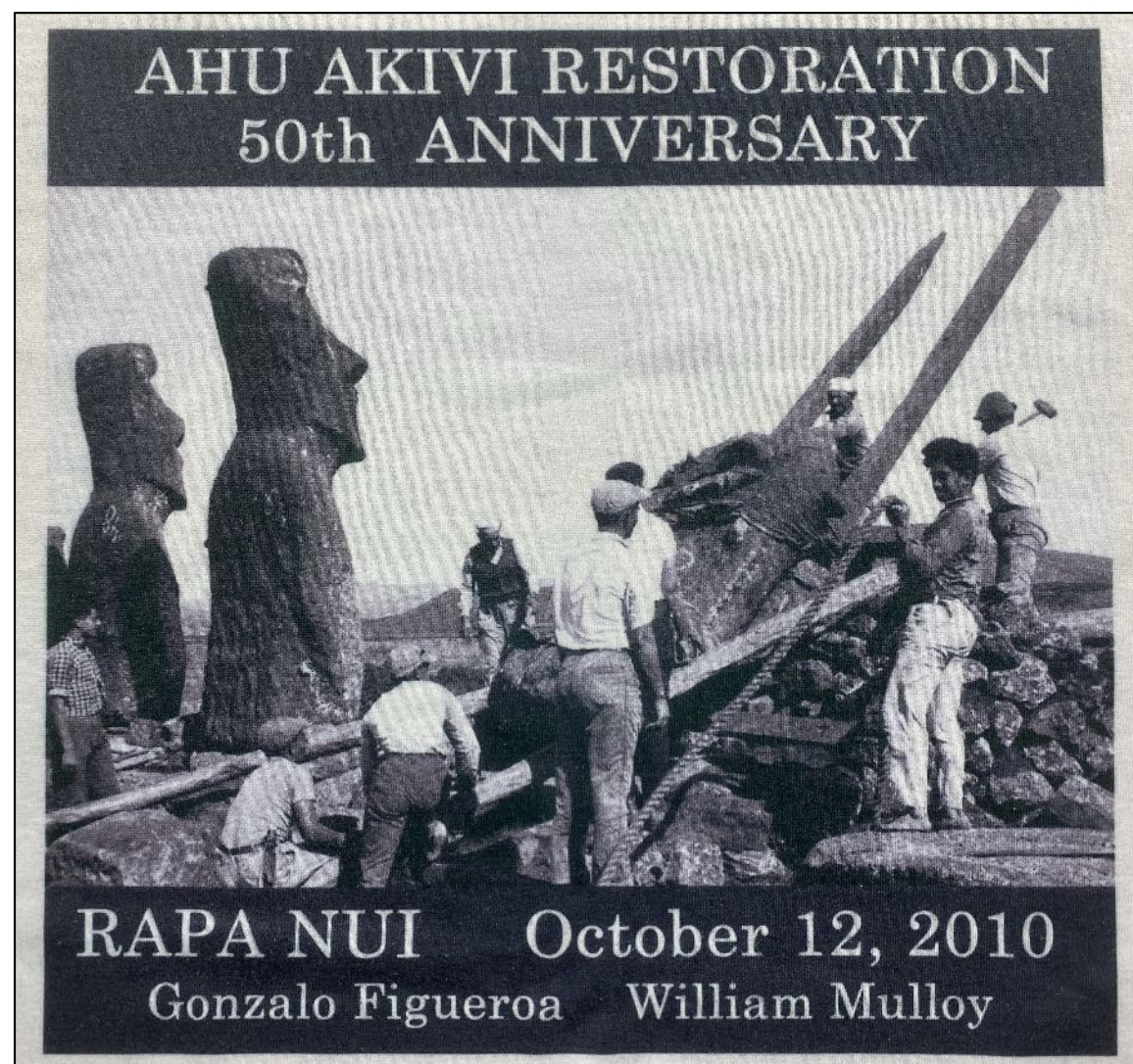
While putting this page together I noticed that in one of the last shots I took, coming back from the fishing trip there were two people walking behind Ahu Tongariki – so I added it here. Scale is so difficult to convey in Island photographs. Well, this should do it. Two tiny people just below the fourth *moai* from the left. And these are not the largest *moai* on Easter Island.



A *Kai Kai* (string art with recitation) class prepares, with their instructor Isabel Pakarati Tepano, for a formal presentation on the Museo grounds.



A protected tide pool at *Vare Vare*, right outside of Hanga Roa – I caught one kid mid-leap.



I copied the image in the corner from the t-shirt we were given to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the restoration of *Ahu Akivi*. Some of those in the group portrait (next page) were actually there for the raising of the *Moai*, including William Malloy's daughter Brigid.

I grabbed a few other shots, including the very nice lady on the left. Some of the musicians attending gathered together to create some joyful background sounds.

Noemi Pakarati





Maruka asked us if we would like to ride along in a horn-honking caravan through town, ending up in a huge feed. It was part of a campaign for the next mayor. The fellow at the top, pulled by a tractor, was providing music.

On arrival I spotted a fellow cooking fish – the whole thing of course. Another guy was turning huge slabs of beef. Somewhere chicken was being prepared because I caught a young girl eating a drumstick.

Very little talk of politics, just a fun time for all.



I tried to sneak up on Maruka, always difficult to catch a shot of her. She was tired so just gave me her “oh go ahead, whatever” look.

A young lady and her kid stopped to give the camera a smile.

This event is where someone we didn’t know came up and put the gorgeous hand-made wreath on Nan’s head in one of the pictures of her at the end of this volume.



School Day

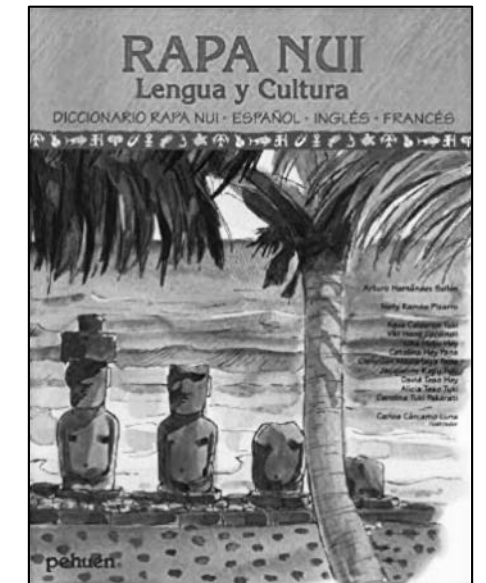


An annual day-long event held at Vare Vare. We got to attend four of them. There are a lot of booths, exhibits, ceremonies and performances. This image shows one of the more popular – the very youngest demonstrating their early dance ability.



The teachers, dancers or not, have to participate too. The instructor on the left was manning an early grade school booth where they had a fascinatingly illustrated basic Rapanui language book. She checked with someone and got back to me, giving us a copy. As innocent as it is, it would be banned in grade schools in some of our States for the imaging.

A wonderful book that can be purchased through Amazon is *Rapa Nui – Lengua y Cultura* –



– in English, Spanish, French and Rapanui. It's a fun, illustrated dictionary. You will learn more about Rapa Nui and the *Rapanui* people from it than most other sources. It's cowritten by Katalina Hey Paoa (page 45 here).



Young lady manning the booth demonstrating the skill for us.



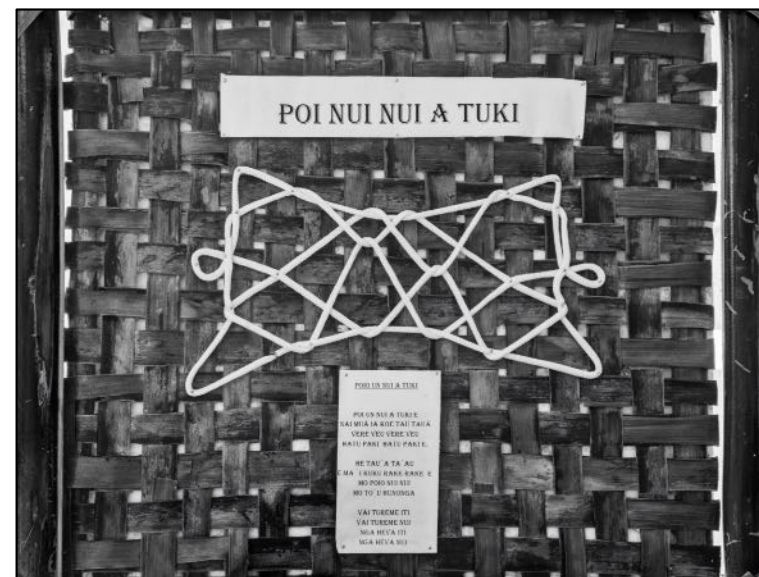
Another year the teachers did their thing up on the stage. Everyone having a good time seems to be the primary focus.



One of the amazing student Polynesian boat constructions, showing water and sky in the background.



An interesting way for a school kid to chart his family tree.



An example of *Kai Kai*, complete with accompanying recitation.

The back row of a life-size carved chess set. As a chess player, I would love to have this here to set up for our *First Friday* events.





This piece was hanging loosely, along with a lot of other student pieces, a large, beautifully executed in black with yellow and red, my favorite piece ever. I'm often tempted to print it for myself. Difficult to decide whether I like it better in original color or like this in b&w.



A huge performance backdrop canvas – and large painting that wound up hanging at the airport for years.



For this School Day, a complete *Hare Paenga*, traditional home, was built on site. Foundations for these are almost everywhere on the Island.





For the last School Day we attended, *Takittoa*, a musical group from Tonga, gave a performance. A different vibe than most *Rapanui* music, but definitely Polynesian.



Finally, a blowing of a conch shell announces that the leaders in a *pora* swimming race are approaching the finish. For these ocean races, there is always a rescue boat nearby in case anyone gets in trouble.



Rapa Nui has its own way of celebrating *Our Lady of Mt. Carmel*, a national holiday in Chile. There is a procession from the church to place the statue into a boat and, along with the priest, they are taken around the Island for the blessing.





Soon after we arrived in 2006, we were downtown Hanga Roa when a school dance class, complete with music, emerged flash-dance style to perform in the street. Nan grabbed a video (albeit low resolution at the time) while I snapped a couple of exposures.

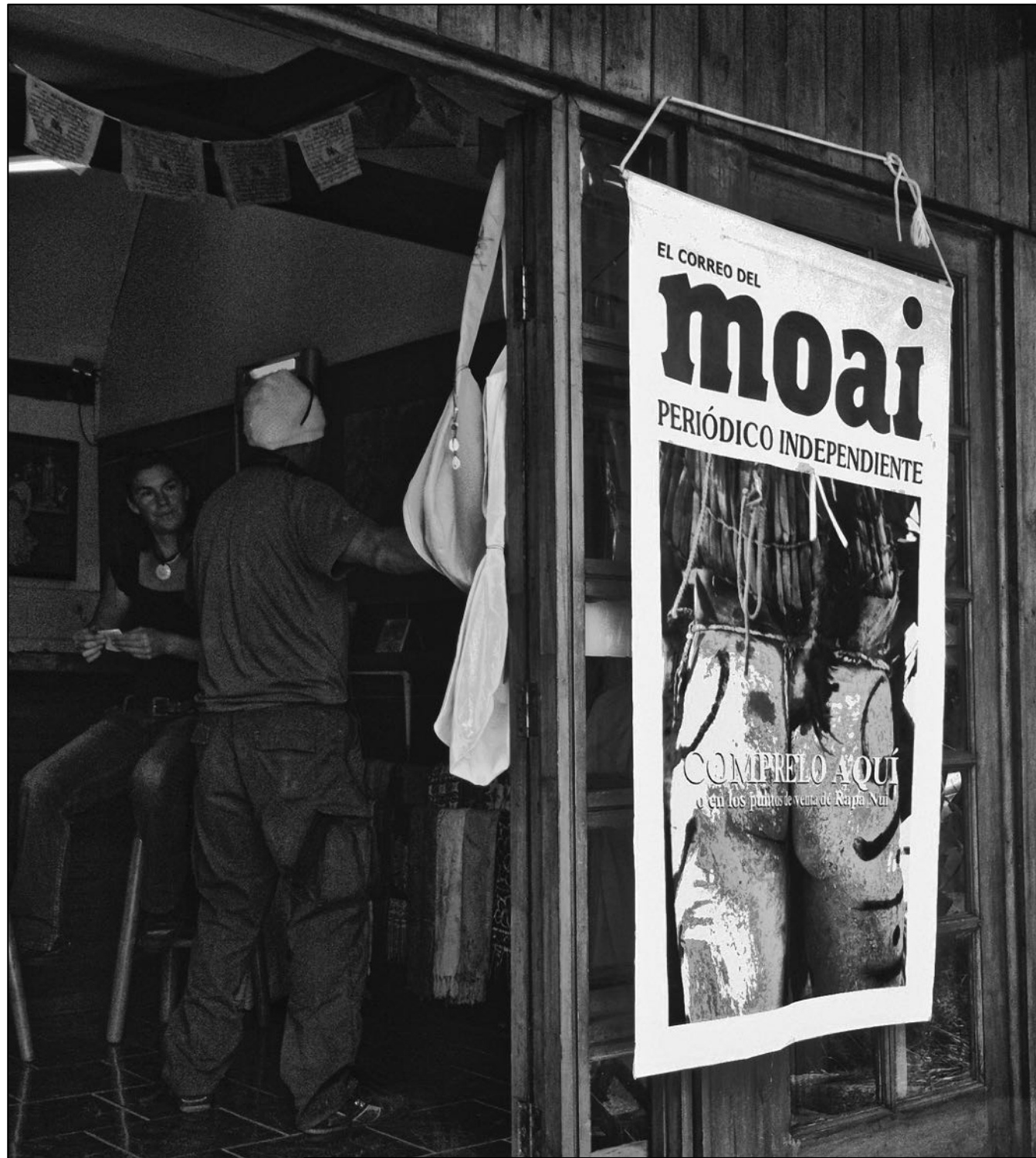


Hanana invited us to go along to an extended family celebration of the life of a recently passed *nua*. There was singing of her favorite songs to her portrait while food cooked traditionally by being buried over hot stones. Here three of the younger ladies in the clan, my guess is the *nua*'s great granddaughters, perform a traditional dance.



We witnessed a number of protest marches while we were on Island. Different groups want Rapa Nui to have varying degrees of autonomy. At the same time there was a huge problem with outsiders coming and staying indefinitely – overcrowding the Island, bringing crime, etc. In the last couple of years control over who can come to the Island, and how long they can stay, has been given to the Rapanui. It's fascinating that, as serious as the protests are, there were always elements of joy and celebration in the ranks, with lots of singing of traditional songs.





A small collection of doorways, posters and signs around Hanga Roa. I especially love the carved library door – and notice the location of the handles. Even Nan would have to do a reach to use them. The store front in a little mini-mall area in town sports a mannequin. It's actually an open, partially roofed area between buildings.





Who can resist a cute kid anxious to stare right into the camera. Here she's held up to lens level by her father.

The one-wheel bike rider. On numerous occasions we spotted this young fellow roaming around town on his bike, on one wheel almost the whole way. On one occasion we watched him manage the long, steep hill from the boat dock up to the church without a touch-down. Awesome...



Napo's mother joined a few of us in a cafe on the main drag, where I grabbed this. She didn't speak English, but would occasionally flag us down to drive her to her home well out of town.



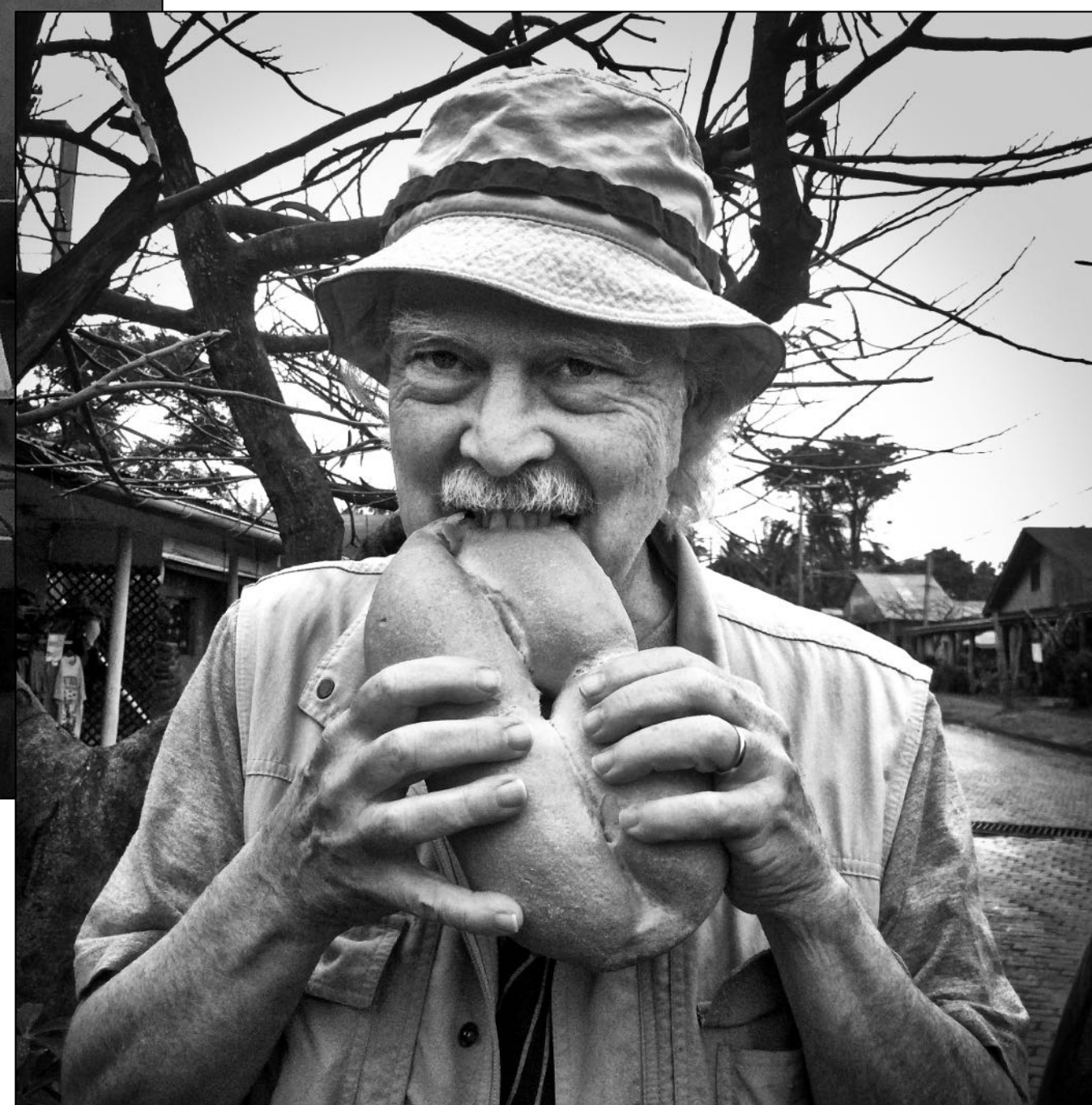
Maruka's sister Paulina and her husband Ruslan. At the time he had an interesting situation of having a passport from one of the Soviet states that disappeared when the Union broke up, with him in Chile at the time. I wonder if that's been resolved. He's sort of a gentle giant – who makes great borscht. Paulina is on the MoeVarua staff.



Early morning catches can be found on tables set up on the main drag in town – we liked to go into town in early to shop for vegetables. Fish was whole, while beef would be sold from the back of a pickup in wrapped random chunks, machete cut. This is Eddie Tuki, he and his wife were the *Rapanui* Couple I photographed during Tapati for *The Moon has been Eaten*.



Our favorite baker. Fresh *pan*, still warm, is too tempting to simply take home. I always ate at least half of one on the way out. The primary form was these four-part rolls. His shop did pretty good because he would, different from other shops, also make other bakery goods. Us? Heck with the sweets, just give us the *pan*...





My iPhone shot of Cafe Makona (old iPhone 6). That's Alexandra, the *jefe* and chef, along with Roberto in the back left. Nan and Helga are on the right. Nan holding up her wine glass with Escudo beer in it.

This was our hangout. When we were hungry we would split a *Papas Makona* – a mountain of good french fries topped with a light white sauce with lots of small shrimp and green onion bits. We've eaten more of these than we can count – it's was Alexandra's signature dish.

When not able to handle that, we could sit there with fried slices of different colored sweet potato, dipping them in Alexandra's fantastic sweet/sour sauce.

Cafe Makona is right on the sidewalk downtown, a great place to just sit and watch. *Makona*, in *Rapanui*, means "full".



Above we relax with Maruka and Dennis inside – doors were always open so there really wasn't much difference between sitting in or out front.

Our favorite shot of Antoine and Lolita. Antoine is Corsican – another vacation visitor to the Island who stayed, marrying a Tapati Queen and raising a family. Lolita is Vivi's older sister.





Ruperto and one of his boys plowing his home garden. One of his horses comes in handy for this.



Out hiking one day we happened on this group of riders. They were taking a break, sitting on the wall of a *manavai* where sugar cane was planted – chewing on some. They gave us our first taste. It was rare for us to come across anyone on the Island outside of Hanga Roa.



In 2016 we noticed these on some land just outside of town. A series of traditional platforms had been erected, with these very large, and very nice carvings mounted on one. Pretty sure they represent the Island's founders. We've since heard that the site is abandoned.



Expressive carvings are everywhere. Here's a eucalyptus tree stump in a yard on the road to Terry's place.



A modern carving, this thing is huge and sits outside the *Artesenal*, where a huge number of carvers, jewelry makers, etc. man booths of their wares.



Tall ship Esmeralda – a four masted beauty the Chilean navy uses as a training ship. I grabbed this on the way out to board for a tour. The story is in *The Moon has been Eaten*. And yes, as you can see, one boards by climbing a rope ladder.



My only scenic in this volume. This not so easy to catch sunset, looking past *motu* Nui, Iti and Kao Kao, was taken from the high southwestern edge of Rano Kau. It's a rough enough hike in daylight, but proved a little more daunting getting back after the sun had set.



A Nan scenic – this time a south shore shot she may or may not yet paint. I try not to complain too much about having to work so hard eking a good b&w from a jpeg. As I use this she is seriously considering doing the painting.



Here Nan captured her own version of a sunset I too was working on – it's kinda neat. She never painted it, so I'm including the b&w version – that I executed under her supervision...

Salute to a friend lost – Roberto Pakomio

Just as I was sending the second volume to print, we were notified that Roberto had drowned. Roberto was a musician, songwriter, artist, singer, builder and friend. I was able to dedicate that volume to his memory.

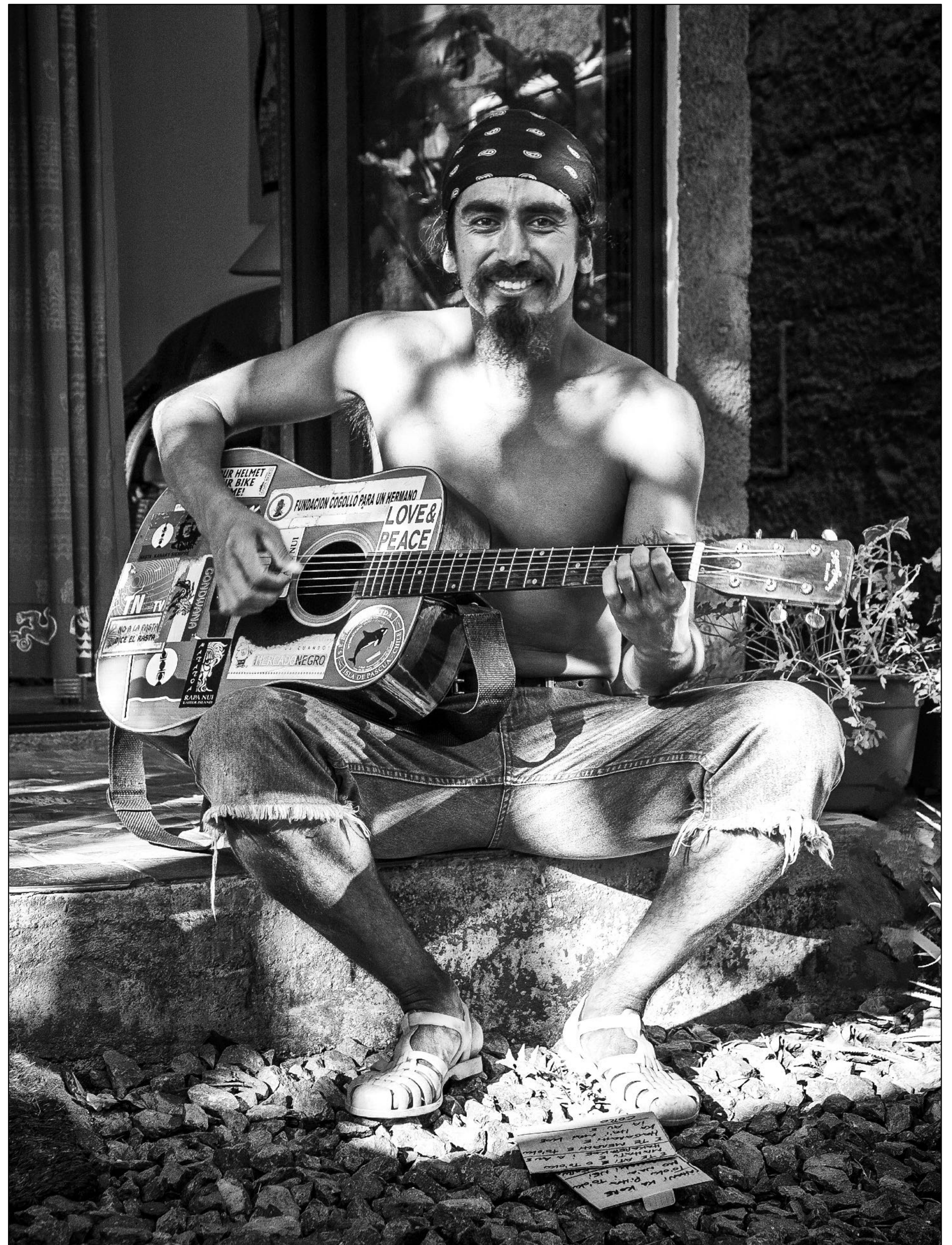
Roberto appears in Volume I of *The Moon Has been Eaten: Akivi Leap* – and twice in Volume II: *Matatoa in Cave* – and *On stage at Tapati*. A collection of Island images that tells something of the story of our stay would not be complete without a considerable number of pages devoted to Roberto.

Roberto's one music video *Mo Taua Ana Mo Ora* is still on YouTube, with at this point 24,000 views – it's also still available for download from my blog.

– *RockBerto!*

Coming over to welcome us back with *Blowin' in the Wind* in English, Spanish and Rapanui in 2007 as we returned from my emergency operation.

Playing music with Jacobo Hey at Terry's place...





The man could jump... He made this leap crossing a small natural bridge over a cave near *Akivi*.

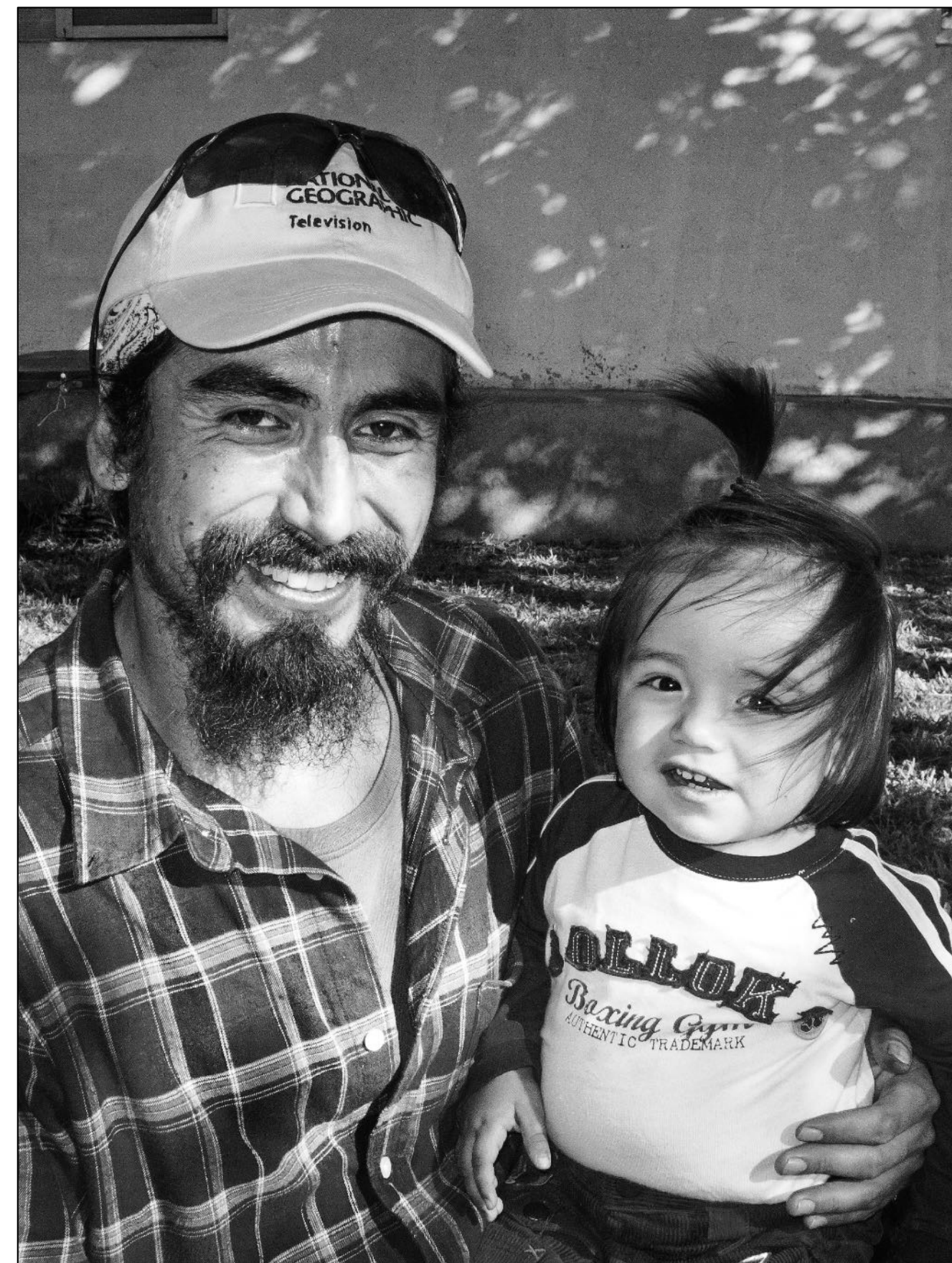
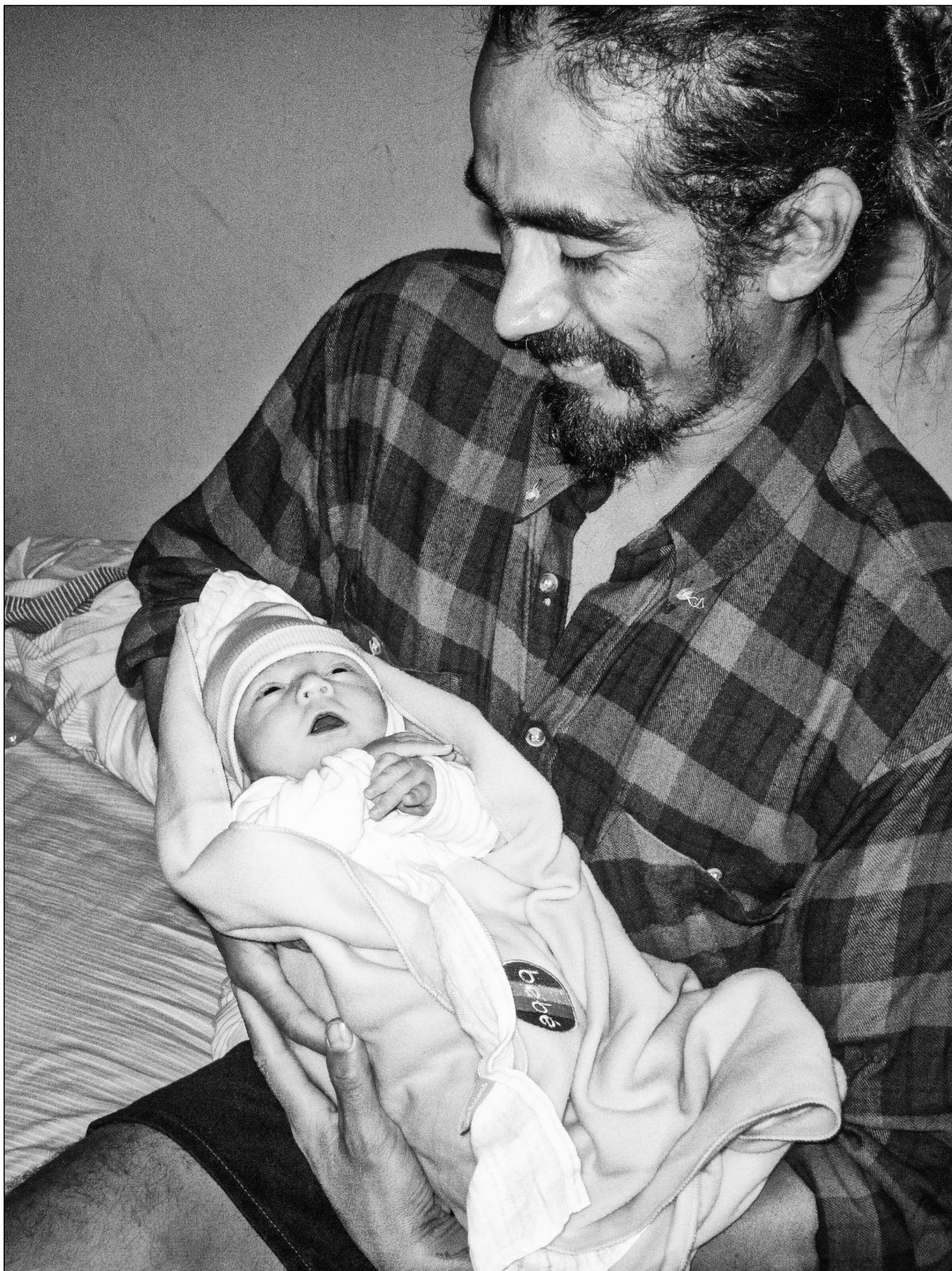




More shots from Roberto's Akivi shoot. Above, he helps paint his pregnant girlfriend Ivonne.

I call this one Roberto's *huaaaa* moment. It was an accidentally crooked exposure that I belatedly decided to try to fix. I corrected the tilt just half way and realized that it worked right there. I can't imagine a better shot of Roberto.





Our first view of Patiri, “thunder” in English, and again a year later.



Patiri's baptism: Roberto, Ivonne and Godparents Josefina Nahoe Mulloy and Ramon Edmunds Pakomio. The priest is Father Bernardo Astudillo.



Miscellaneous snapshots:

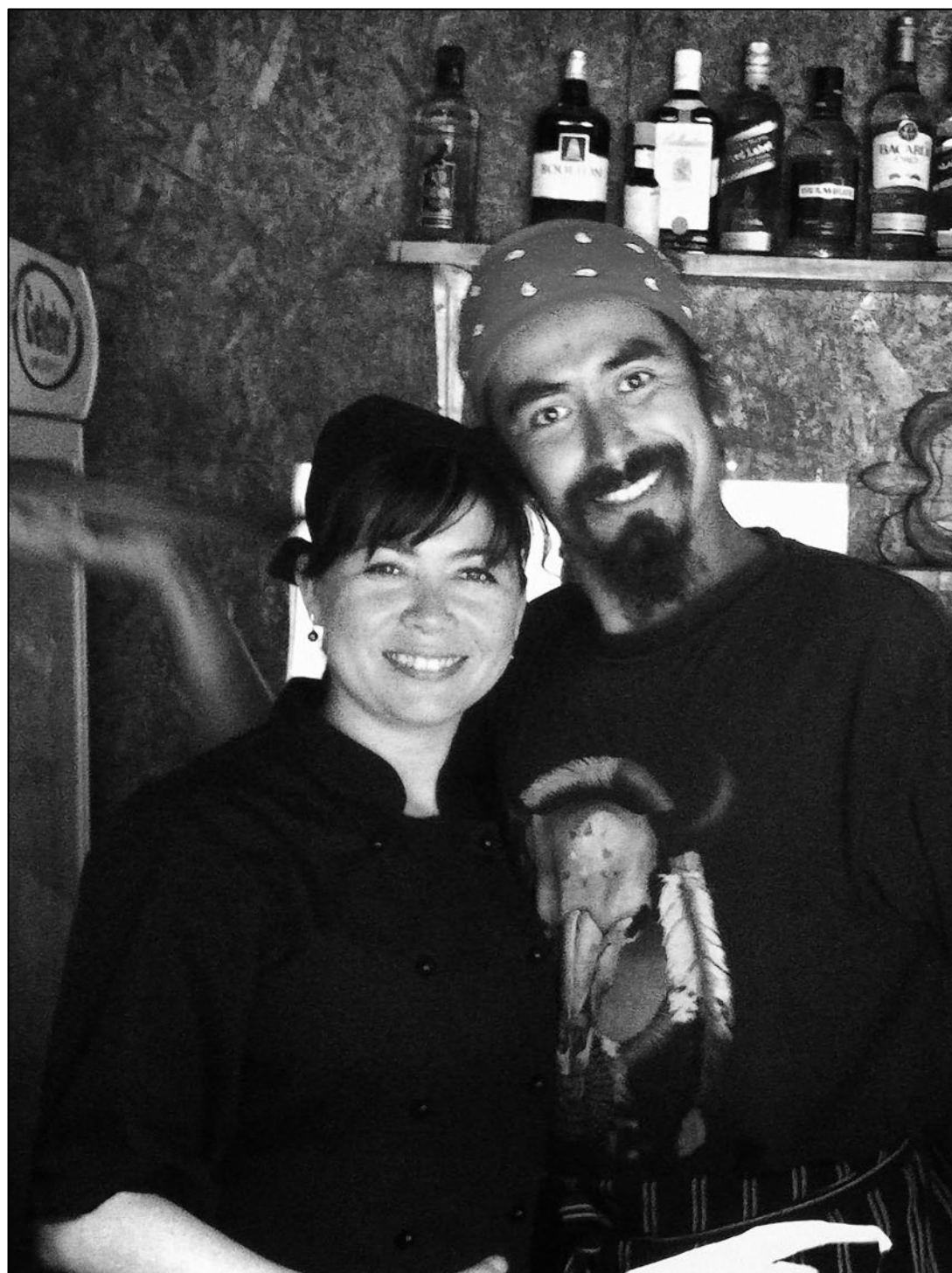
Roberto building a wall for a friend

Joining the celebration after the Tapati 2007 parade

Posing with an aunt and uncle after carving and hanging a sign for their shop

Striking a pose with his hair down in the street

And waving to us as he boarded the plane to the mainland to record his last CD.



With Alexandra in Cafe Makona and a shot of the cafe counter with the jackal lantern I carved for them..

It was quite a hit, an awful lot of people had never seen one.

Pumpkins on the Island are green, and expensive. I spent the equivalent of twenty bucks to get this one, from which Nan made pumpkin pies – which most Islanders would not touch. Pumpkin is the base for soup and an Island staple called *poe*, which varies so much from family to family that we noted that almost everyone shied away from anyone else's *poe*.

At Terry's Halloween celebration only one teen boy could be talked into trying it, and yes he got seconds. Dennis and I spend a very happy week eating pumpkin pie and ice cream.



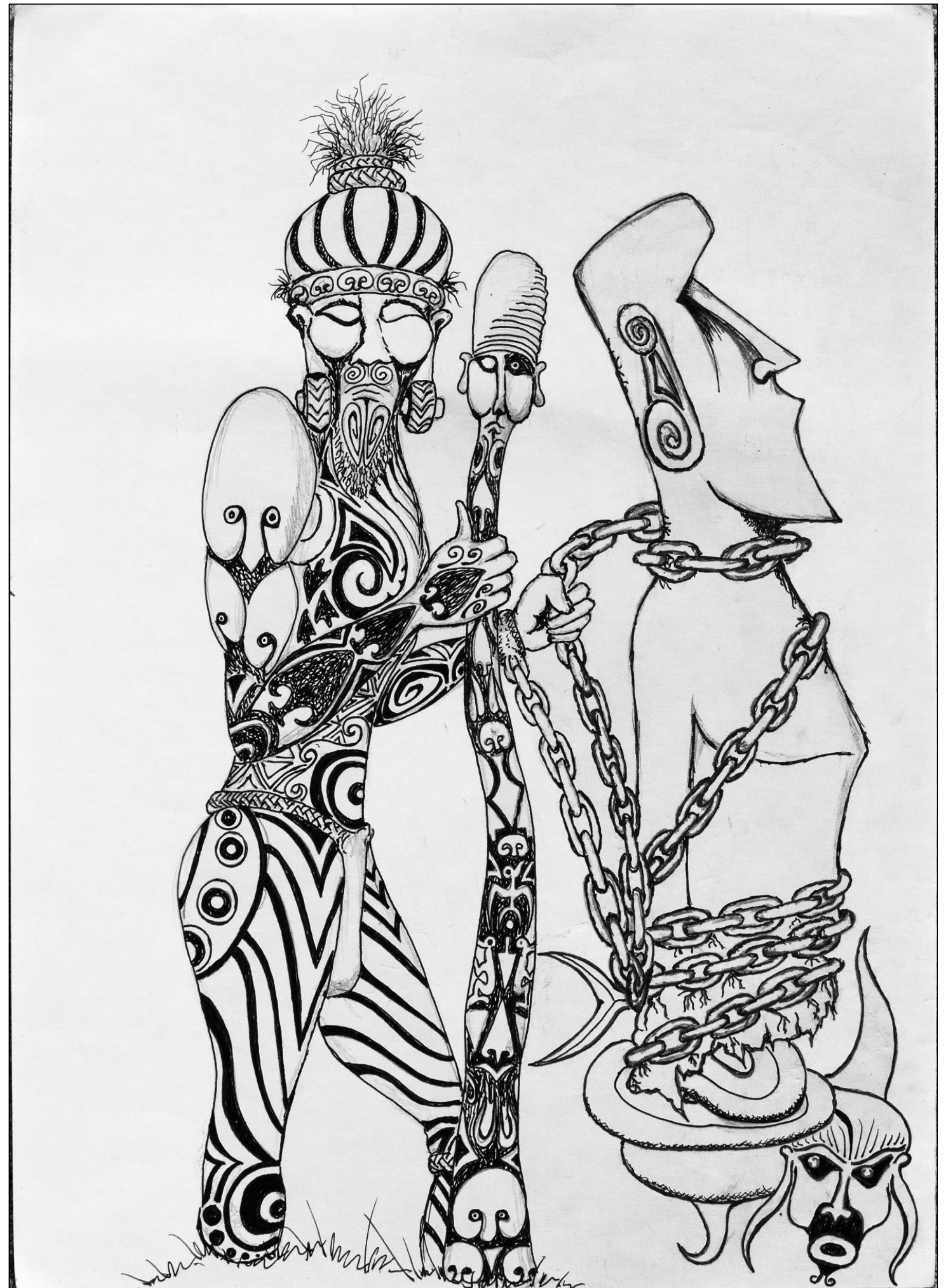
This day the waiter was late showing up, so Roberto ceremoniously filled in, playing it up to the hilt.

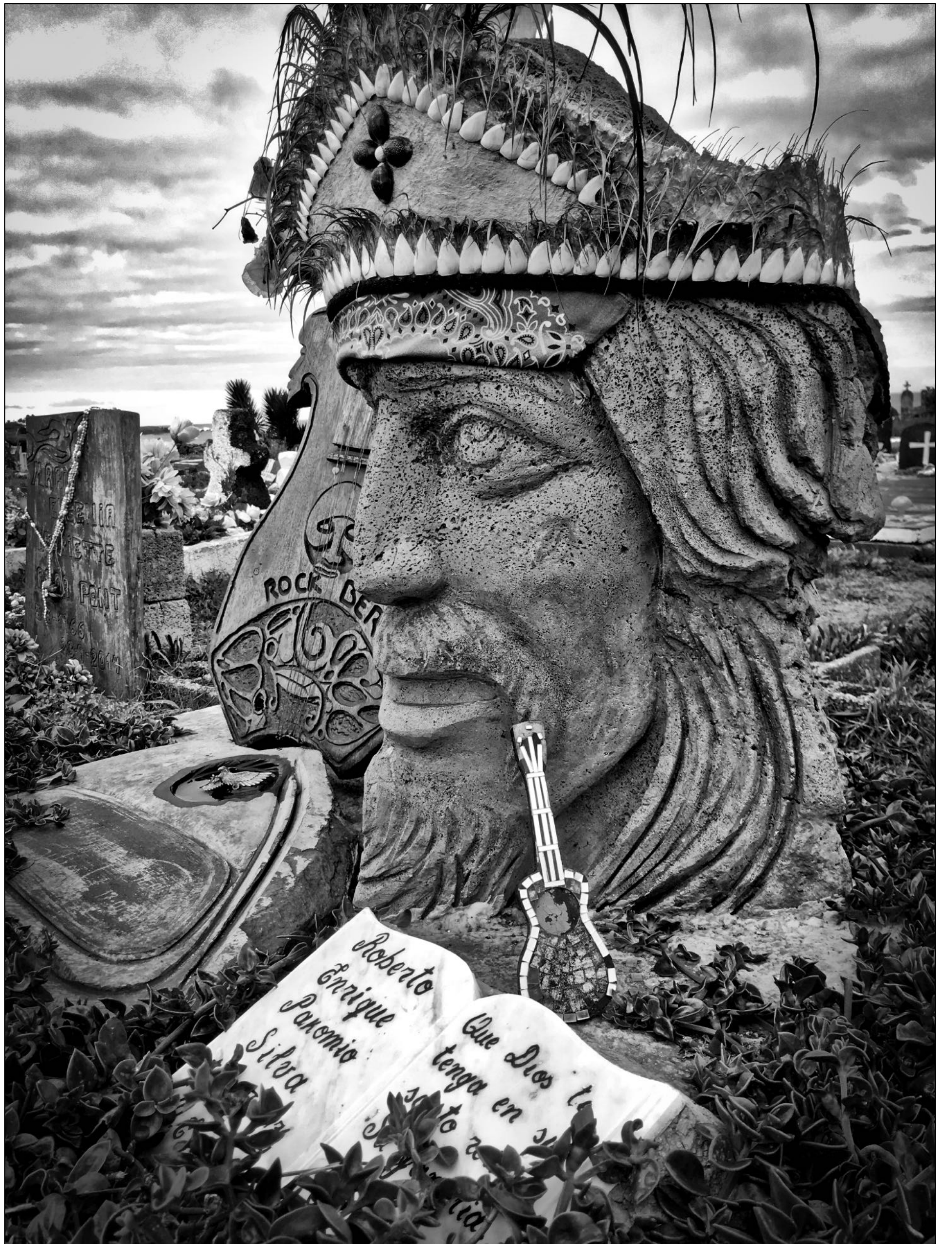


The counter front at Cafe Makona – gotta love it



Three charcoal sketches Roberto asked me to photograph for him – and allowed me to share on the blog.





Link to Roberto's one
music video – MO TAUA
ANA MO ORA on YouTube:

[https://www.youtube.com/
watch?v=wf7A0qtOpSo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wf7A0qtOpSo)

Reception for the 2008 Exhibit at the Museo Antropologico R.P. Sebastian Englert

We took 29 of my project prints, along with prints of the 10 Island paintings Nan had finished at that point. Frames we managed to include in the luggage (all of which was lost but soon found), for the 39 mounted, matted images. Glass turned out to be extremely expensive there – we had to use connections to get the cost down to the equivalent of \$400. Dennis and a another volunteer helped on assembly. Afterwards, with much negotiating with friends as to the complex issues that “needed” to be considered, they were all given away. The only easy ones were those where they were the subject of the shot.





Being a veteran exhibitor, I know to always be grateful for musician friends who are willing to suffer through the monotony of providing background music for a reception. Thank you again Roberto.



Kukin saw his and could not believe he looked that good. When a camera was aimed at him he posed. He works at the airport in shipping, dancing evenings with *Matatoa*.

Vanessa is such a petite, shy, charming lady that it is hard to believe how she comes to life when she dances.



With Katalina and Terry

Below right, we get to pose with Vanessa and Poki, a Matatoa dancer who was recuperating from badly pulled muscles he got from wrestling a swordfish bigger than his boat onto it and bring it back to port.



Terry Reagan



We put the Terry page in the our personal section, she's family. We stayed with her on the island in 2009, 10, 11, 12, 14 and 16. Some of that time she would be away and we took care of Peludo.

When her second husband died, she started an agricultural tourism business and moved from mainland Chile to the Island.

Terry had so much to do with this project and our time on the Island that, though she has since moved back to the mainland, we can't imagine the place without her. I even miss having to experience Nan and Terry thinking an evening of wine and potato chips is a thing.

The image below left will always be my favorite shot of her – the debt we owe can never be paid.

Peludo



Terry's 4th of July party...
where watching "Independence Day" was mandatory.



Turning the cameras on ourselves...



Helga shot this for us on our arrival 2006

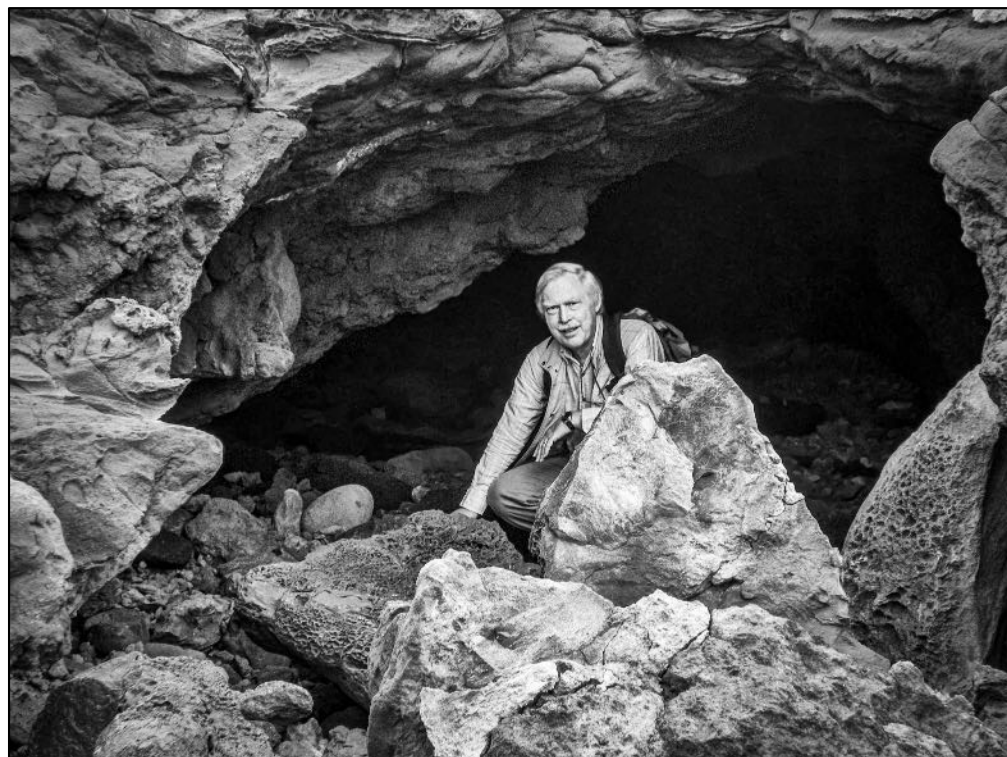
Nan and I spent a total of three years on Easter Island. Hence we have a great number of shots of ourselves. I hope they convey how much our stays meant to us. It means a lot to us to think that we might in some small way have contributed back a fraction of what we got from it all.



When a bull on Poike decided to paw the ground and threaten to charge us, I did this and he ran the other direction. After that, if one was in sight, I was ready.



Fortunately I rarely knew when Nan was taking pictures of me working – I had my mind on other things. The one on the right here is, other than the ones from the back, my favorite.







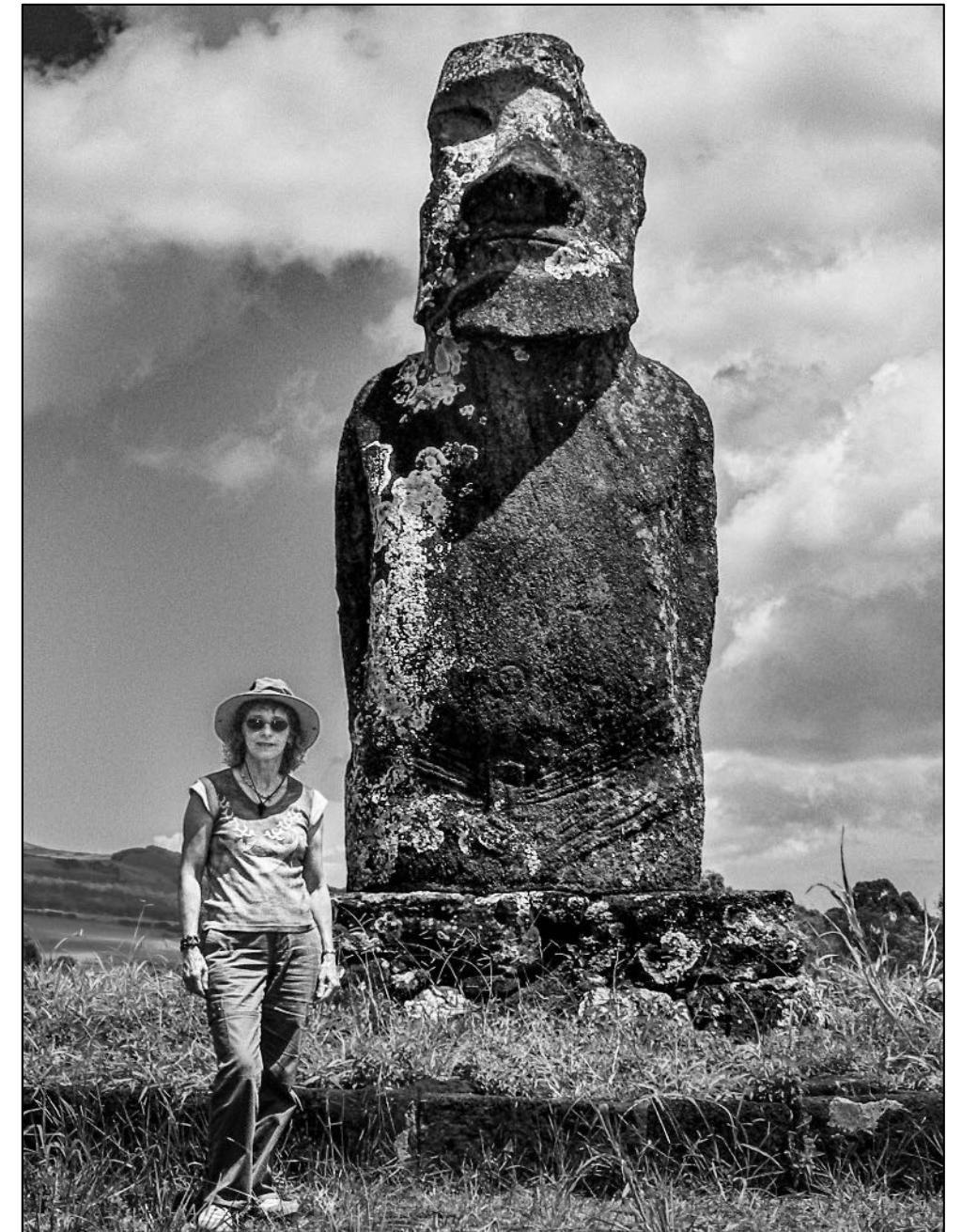
On top of Rano Raraku

On top of Maunga Pui



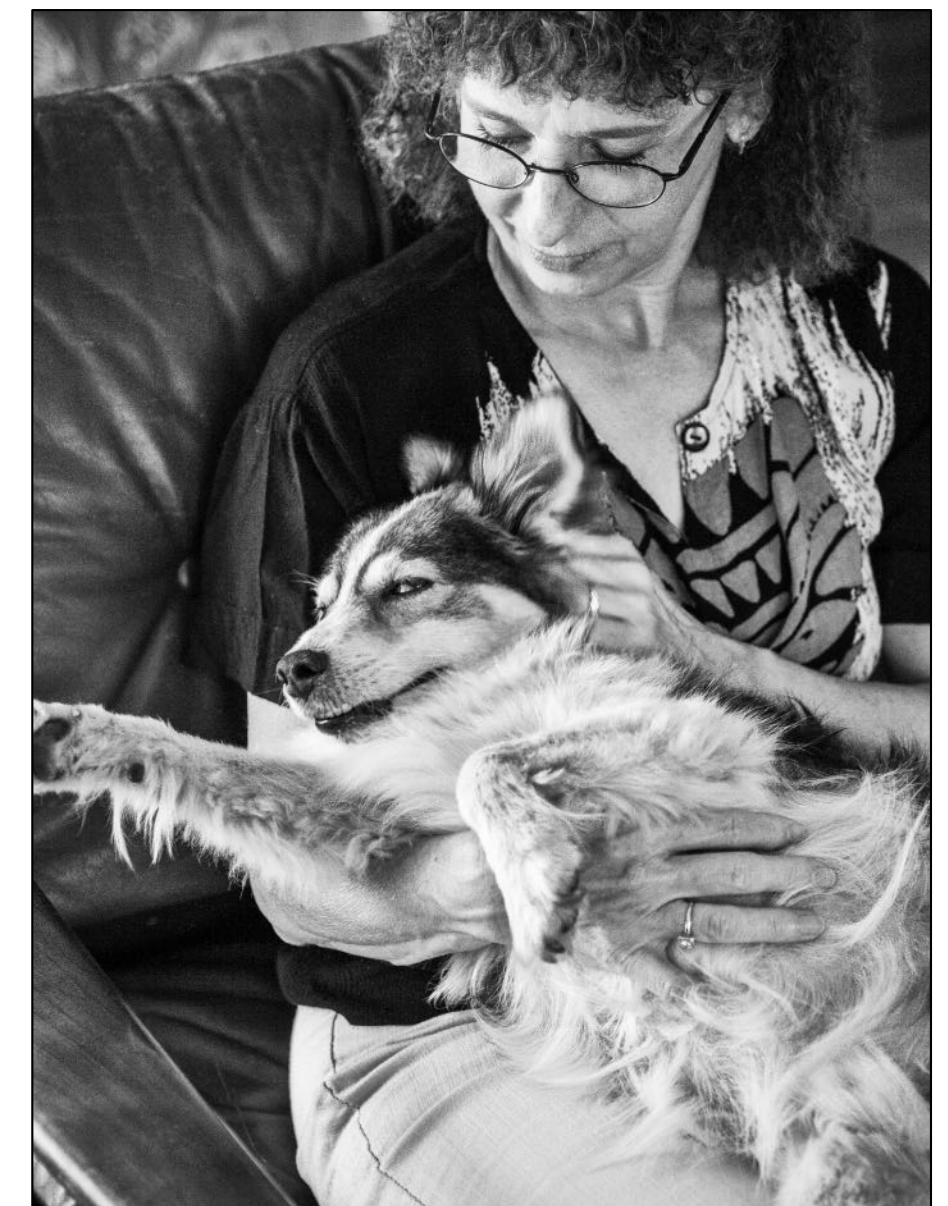
Huri A Urenga, also referred to as the four-handed Moai never got many visitors. Often on our way back into town, we would stop to keep him company.

One pair of hands faces forward according to his body, the other according to the slightly different direction of his face.



With a *Pukau*, Moai topknot,





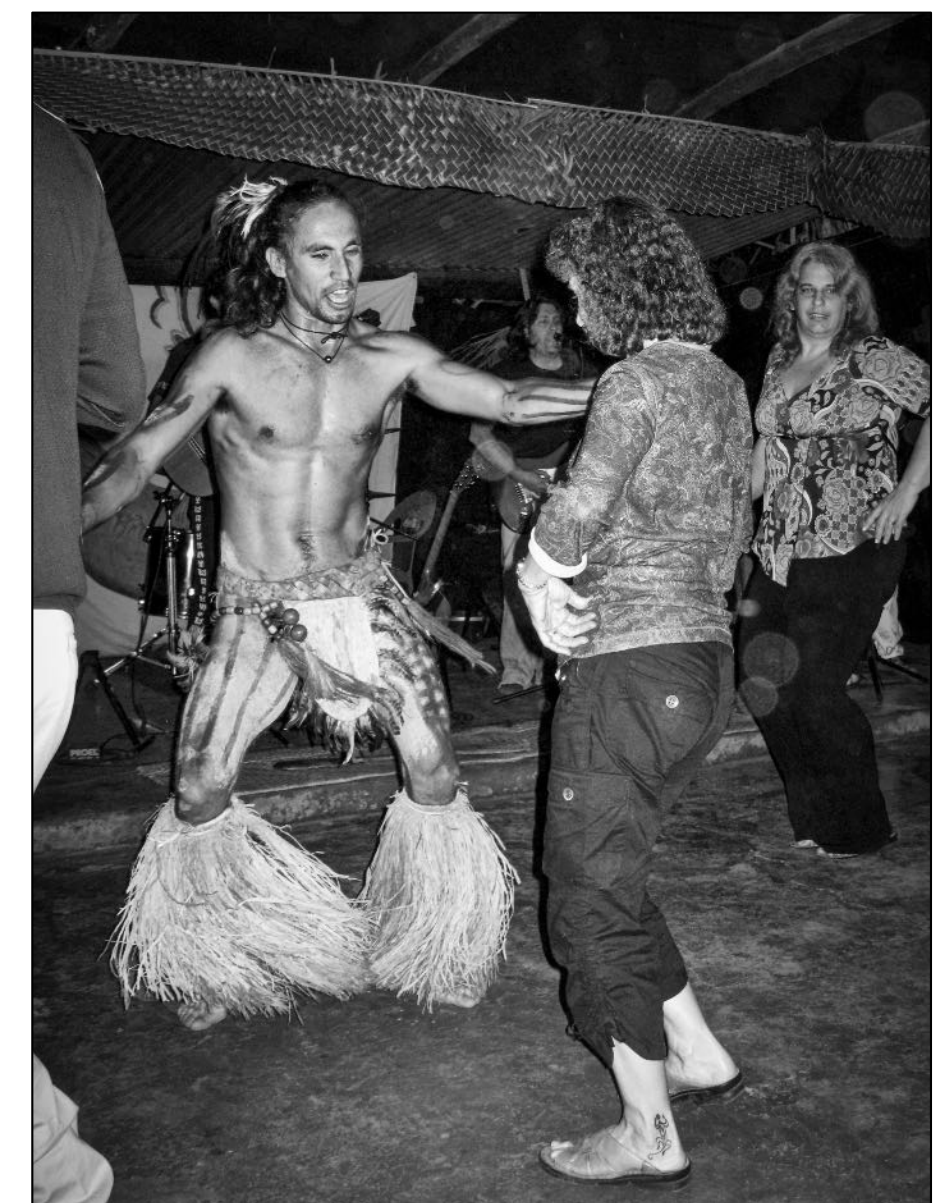
Peludo getting pampered



Hanana made Nan promise she would make an important wish on *Te Pito O Te Henua* – the Navel of the World.

She even tried her hand at making her hips move a-la-Rapanui

Nan liked to talk with the ladies at the *Artesenal*





I caught a fish, I caught a fish!
Hanana and Jacobo giving me lessons.
I don't really fish, but enjoyed learning how to hold the plastic-pipe spool out at the right angle while I tossed the line.
The fish was cooked and eaten immediately.



We could not leave at the end of the first year without Mokomae giving us tattoos...





Nan on Easter Island. Three of my favorite shots of my sweetie. We were eating at the event on pages 62-63 here when a *Rapanui* lady who was making them came up and planted the wreath on her head. It's moments like that that you remember.

On the right Nan sits in the doorway of the cabana in 2007, and below shows off what the Island humidity does to her hair.



Nan and Maruka, there was a pair for you. From volunteering at the hospital to threatening to “hurt” me. Maruka, with a seemingly endless supply of “cousins”, was able to get us places we never conceived we could go.



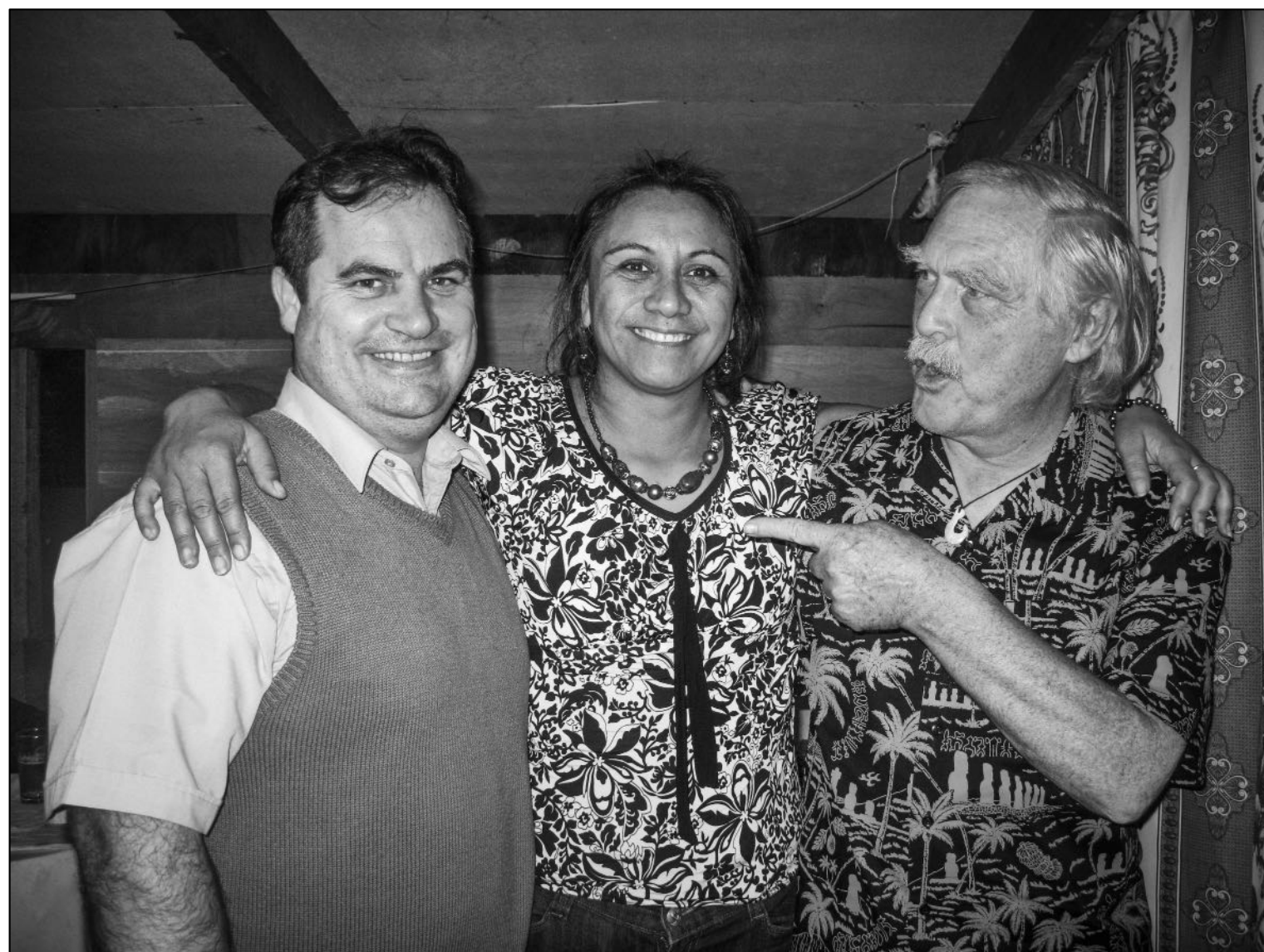
More pictures of Nan, along with one she took of me standing next to the old wreck, held together underneath with hanger wire, that we overpaid for when we arrived and had to sell cheap at the end of the first year when we found out we couldn't legally own it. But it was the transportation we needed.





Alfredo Tuki (he collects uniforms) was a huge help in getting permission to remain on Island for a year.

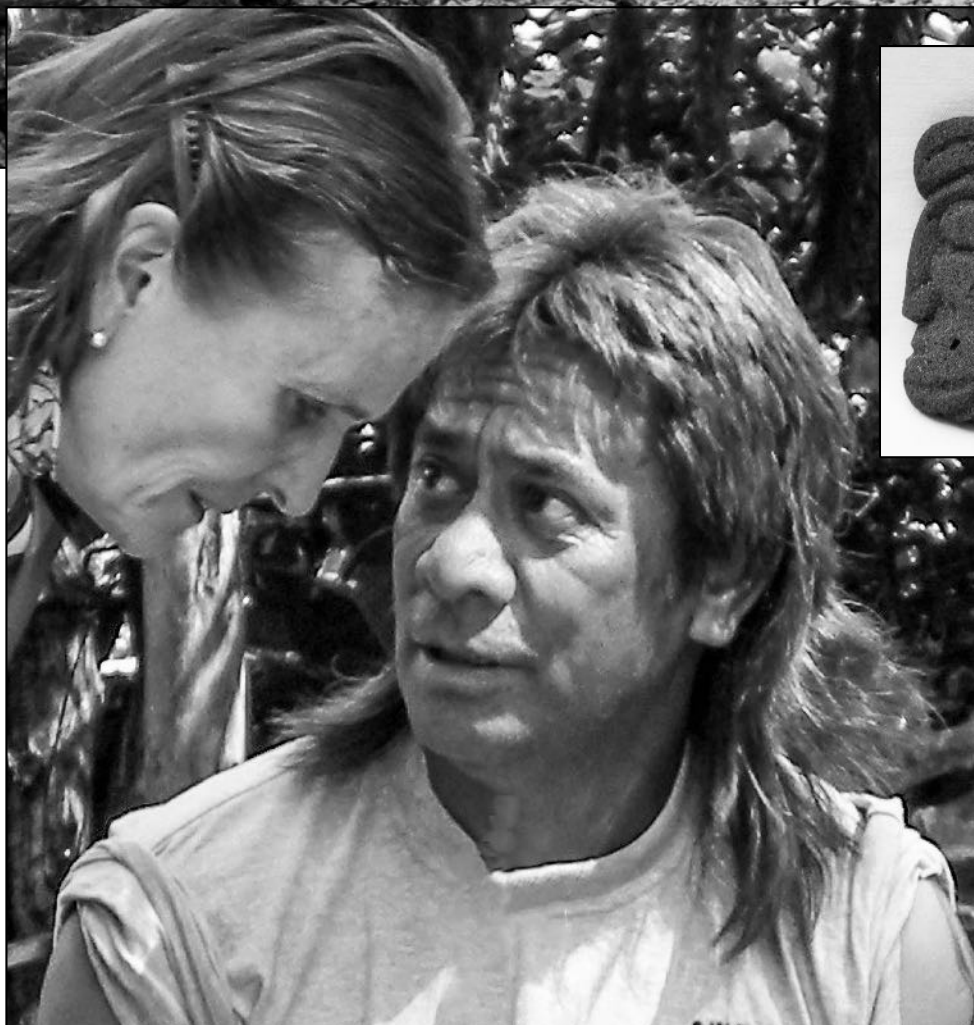
Antoine, Lolita and myself...



With Terry and Lee & Donna Curran from Pennsylvania. We met them on their vacation, staying in touch afterwards.

We got Alexandra's waiter to snap a picture, while she managed to photo-bomb us in the background.





The cabana we rented from Helga and Napo our first year on the Island. The only thing that offered any frustration was that the external water heater, one of those things that heats it as it runs, had been mis-located where the wind would hit it and blow it out – seemingly only when I was in the shower.

The biggest blessing was that we started with a full tank of gas at a point where the whole island was running out because the sea was too rough to unload the ship – for weeks.

In October when I had to fly home for a major operation, Napo gave me the stone carving pictured as *mana* to protect me. I took it with me to the hospital – I wasn't going to take any chances. We were back in January...



Moko – largest indigenous land animal on Easter Island. The reason that Rapanui, after trying stone hooks, resorted to making fish-hooks out of human bone.

We know a lot of Rapanui who are inexplicably terrified of these tiny, clicking, harmless little things. They like to get in the house and hang out on the walls. Here he's on the side of my hand.

My *toki* necklace. It's made from basalt, the same ultra hard stone Rapa Nui tools for carving Moai were made from.



High Scores		
1	Me	1215810
2	Rohan	1175520
3	pferree	1138210
4	Me	1099580
5	Me	1087220
6	Me	1050230
7	Dat Nguyen	1049420
8	Joshter163	1029050
9	Loik	1020030
10	Rohan	1019680
11	Mephistopheles	1009030
12	Leggz	1005930
13	Matt	1004400
14	Jack	993250
15	Lin is a midget	992580
16	Maglub	973400
17	Hovey	961150
18	Slim	950270
19	310	927120
20	Aly	922540
21	George	911650
22	Jay	907220
23	Ray	904050
24	HE	892180
25	majortk	880280

One very rainy week on the Island, on the original iPad, I made a Herculean effort and made it to the top of the world leader board on a game called Spider HD. I remained world champion for 4 months. Weird feeling.

Yes, I registered so early that I was able to get the name "Me" for myself.

A selfie taken before they became a thing. We hiked a lot, for hours on end, every once in a while stopping to regroup. Most of the time, especially when I was shooting, it was just the two of us, seemingly alone in the world.





An ahu part way around Terevaka. Some of the largest cut slabs of stone we saw. Soon after I took this, it began to rain – we sat under the leaning slab and stayed dry while we ate lunch.

The trek around Terevaka is over six hours – if you don't stop for pictures. Eight or nine for us. Later we would do it that way with others. But on our own we did it by going half way and back from one direction and the same from the other. The only way to both see everything in different light and not have to rely on others to pick you up at the end.



In 2008 we made a point of returning in time for *Tapati*. Antonia's daughter was a candidate for *Tapati* Queen – and of course we couldn't refuse to get undressed enough and painted for the parade. We did earn points for our candidate. This is the least embarrassing picture to come out of that experience. Actually, Nan looks kinda cute, but me, not so much.

Aaron, our grandson, is an artist. He sent us his interpretation – the drawing above.

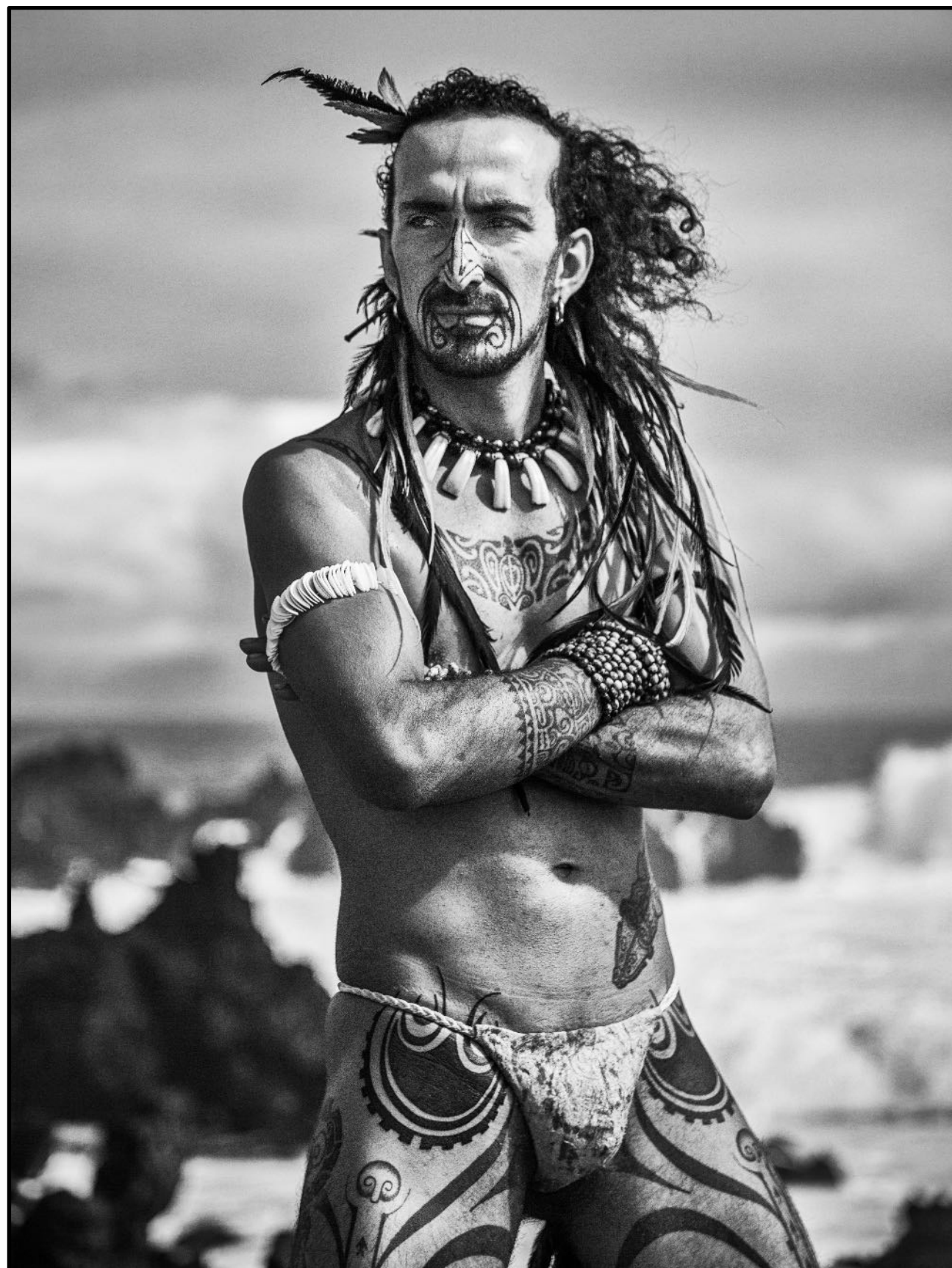




Our final farewell to the Island in 2016. To see us off were Terry, Dennis & Maruka, and Petra.

Additional Images

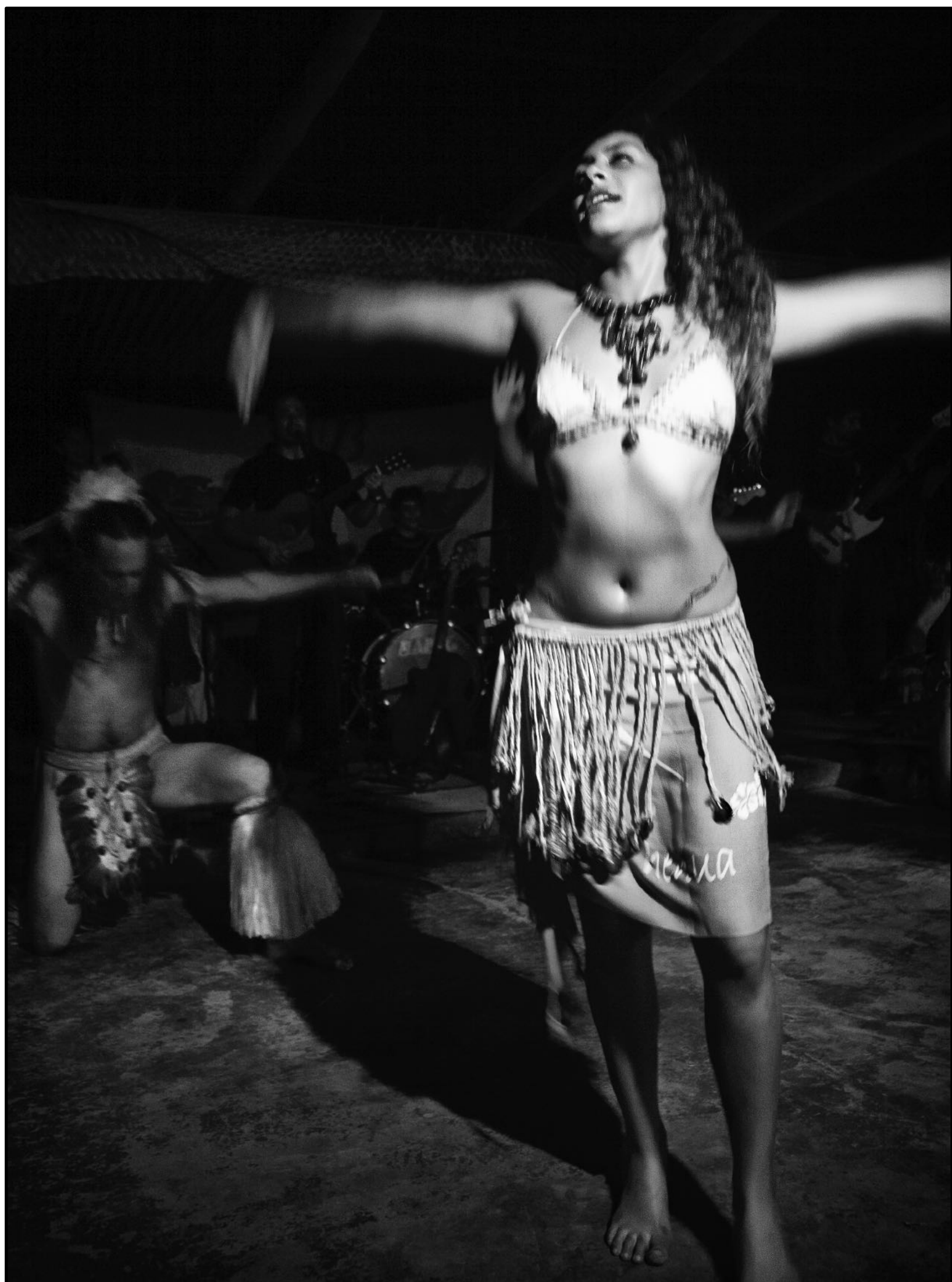
This pdf, to this point, mirrors the book except for a couple of events where the folio had additional images. This allows me the freedom to add images that I would have wished to be able to include, as well as to append work and even new efforts from a total of three years of exposures.



Another portrait of Mokomae taken at the same shoot as the later image of him perched on a rock pinnacle in *The Moon has been Eaten*.



A view of Vivi as queen candidate on her float – taken by myself as a very self conscious participant in the parade.



A slow shutter speed shot of one of the Matatoa dancers – I like to experiment with burst mode and blur.



A Kari Kari dancer – my favorite from a burst sequence with slow shutter speed.



A very cool way to lead a group of very young school kids into town.



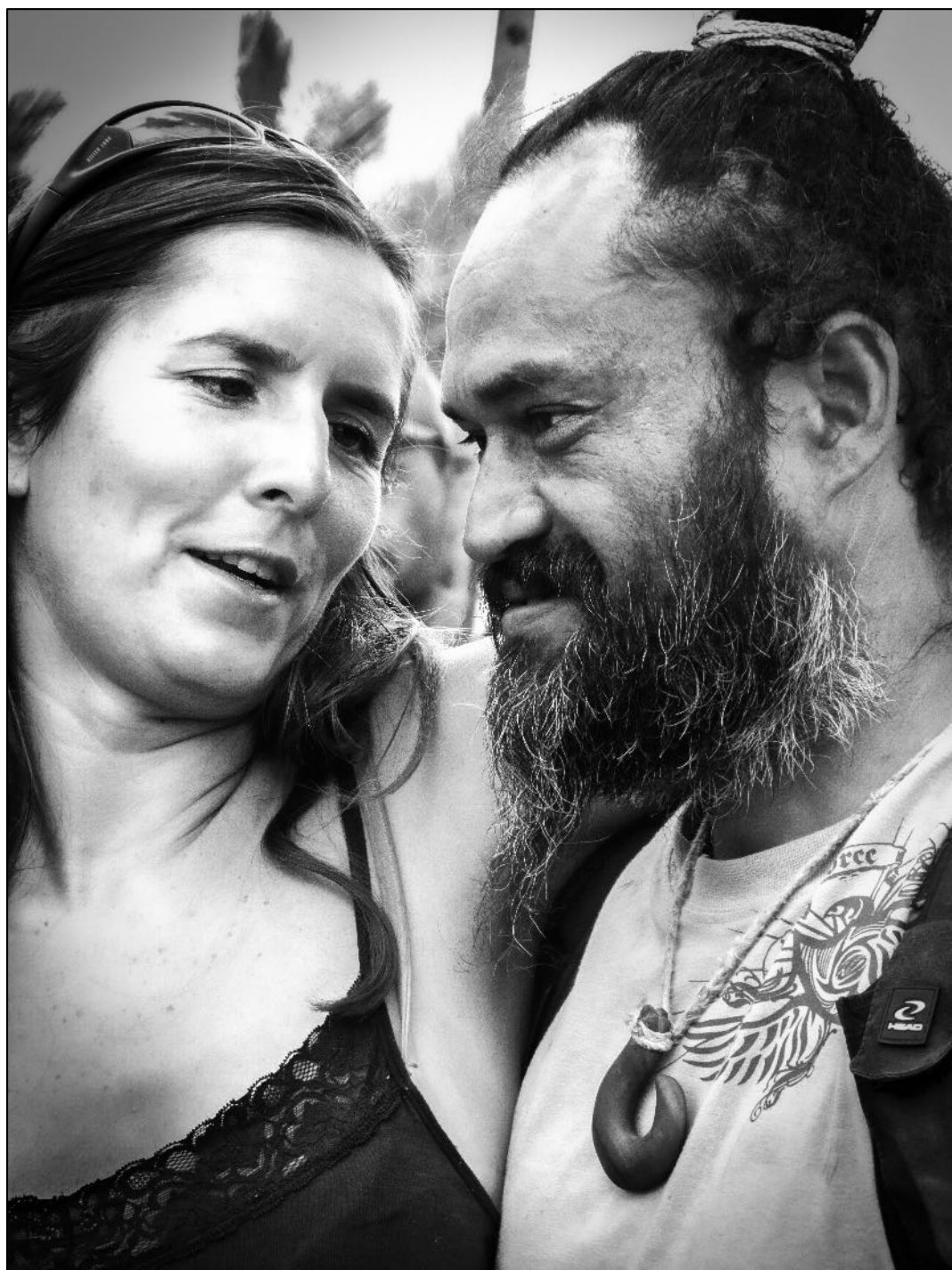
Petra, another German who came to the Island and stayed. Like Helga, always seems to cheer up a room. Before internet became a thing there, wanting us to bring as many documentaries as possible back with us. Petra runs Anakena Cosmetics and has a presence on Instagram: [anakena cosmetics.chile](https://www.instagram.com/anakena_cosmetics) – always a place to find some interesting Island pictures, as well as promotional photos of her natural cosmetics.



Eddie Tuki and his wife. They were the “Rapanui Couple” at Tapati 2007 in *The Moon has been Eaten*.



Jennifer, always ready to join a protest, was kind enough to let me shoot her tattoos – yes, they are real.



We don't know the couple but Jennifer was kind enough to let me shoot her tattoos – yes, they are real.



Two ladies in hats – we were cruising the carving display competition that accompanied the Tapati 2008 opening ceremony. So everyone was dressed up (or down).

Both were very gracious about being photographed – one picked up a *rei miro* from the display she was manning and held it up where it is traditionally worn. At one time it was a symbol of chiefly authority.



Wildflowers 4 and on the next page Wildflowers 2 – I do love my b&w flower images...

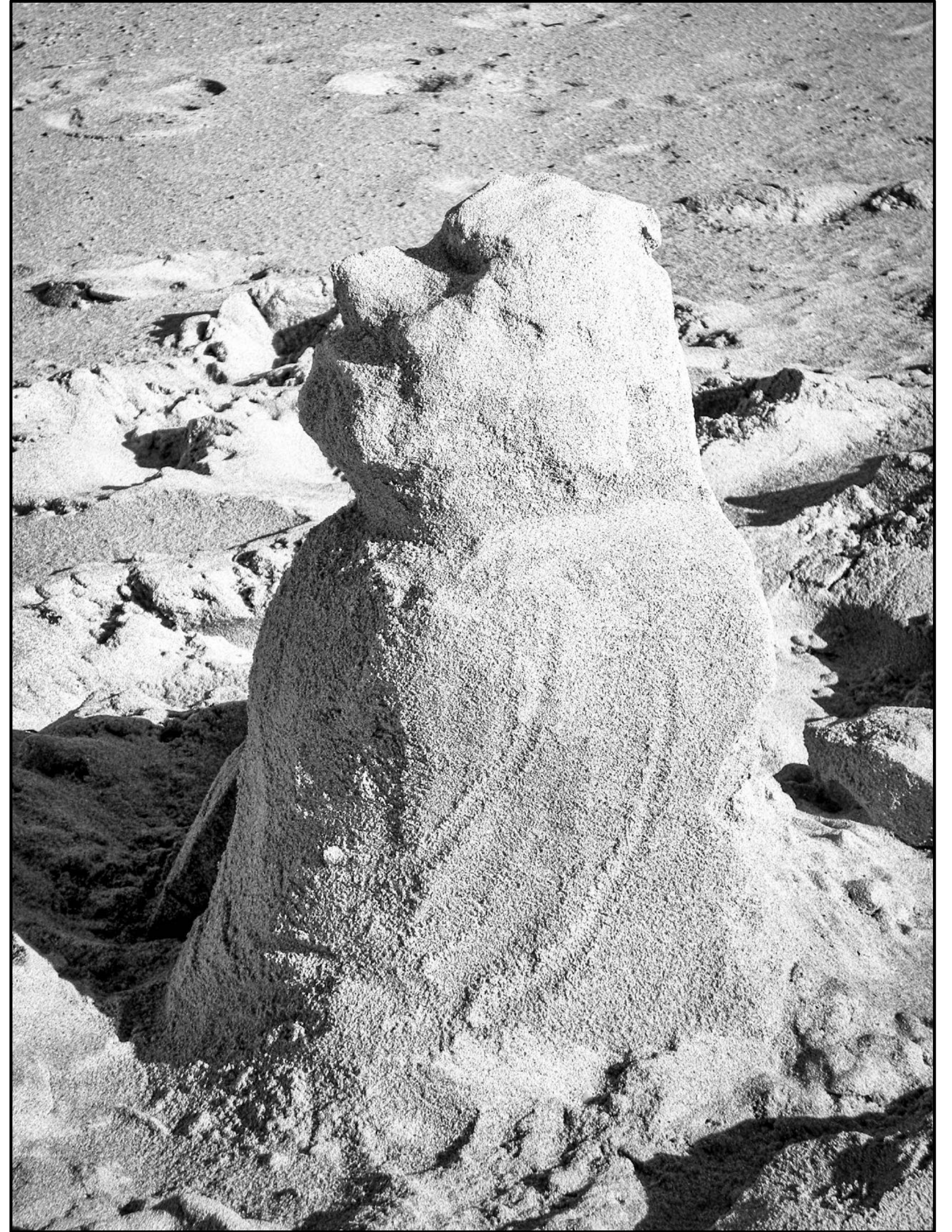




Honu (giant sea turtle) surfacing in bright sun...



Carved eucalyptus tree stump in a yard just outside of town.....



Sand *Moai* left behind on Anakene beach...



Fireworks celebrating the end of Tapati Rapanui 2008

Easter Island paintings by *nan craig*

Our Easter Island project was very much a joint venture. While my focus was on potential b&w images, Nan sought subject matter to paint – each in our own way painting a portrait of the Island. On occasion she would see something in one of my exposures that inspired a painting, as I would spot something in one of her point-and-shoot shots that I missed. Some of these were painted on Island, during days, or weeks of rain. Others later at home., the final painting in 2022. At least one more is planned, which will at that point be added here. Half of them have sold, plus I purchased one, *Sky over Rano Kau*. I actually paid for it to insure that it would never be sold out from under me.



In 2016, our final trip to Easter Island, we were invited to accompany Maruka in a mayoral race auto parade through town and to a site where a big *curanto* took place – images on page 64-65 here. My b&w interpretation of the exposure is included.

A Rapanui woman who was busy making gorgeous flower wreaths came over to the table and, before Nan even knew she was there, put this on her head. I grabbed her point-and-shoot and snapped this. She wore it for the rest of the day.

And yes, I also like this one in color.



Rano Raraku – acrylic on gesso panel – 24x30 2007



Sunrise at Tongariki – acrylic on gesso panel – 20x26 2007



Sky over Rano Kau – acrylic on gesso panel – 18x24 2007



Sunset at Punta Roa – acrylic on masonite – 24x34 2012



Ahu Vai Moana Uri – acrylic on gesso panel – 18x24 2007



Anakena Beach – acrylic on gesso panel – 20x24 2007



Wall Flowers – acrylic on gesso board – 18x24 2017



View from Rano Raraku – acrylic on gesso panel – 15x20 2007



Esmeralda at Sunset – acrylic on masonite – 18x24 2008



View of Poike, near Lapérouse – acrylic on masonite – 18x24 2009



Sunset at Vare Vare – acrylic on gesso panel – 14x18 2006



Pounding Surf – acrylic on masonite – 18x24 2019



Road to Puna Pau – acrylic on gesso panel – 16x20 2006



Poike – acrylic on gesso panel – 18x24 2006



View from Terry's Back Yard – acrylic on canvas – 18x24 2022

Miniatures



Rocks, Surf near Hanga Piko – acrylic on masonite – 8x10 2014



Fence Row, Easter Island – acrylic on masonite – 8x10 2017

Jim's web site: jamescraigphotography.com

Jim & Nan's FaceBook: facebook.com/jcraig4357

eMail: jcraig4357@gmail.com

ncraig4357@gmail.com

It's gratifying to bring our Easter Island project to something of a completion with this pdf. However, I anticipate an occasional update – there is a huge reserve of exposures and I can now contemplate additions at my leisure. At the same time, requests will be honored.