place in this activity. A true intellectual searcher of the human cultural past must be open to look at and reflect on what he has seen in many directions. A laser-eyed, egocentric sees only what is desired to be seen, and buries all else in the guano of meaningless turkey talk.

*Edwin N. Ferdon, Tucson, Arizona*

**Response from Bahn:**

If my review of the South Seas Symposium caused any offense, I can only apologize. However, Ferdon’s angry or-nithological ramblings not only miss the fact that the review was somewhat tongue in cheek, but also that the crucial point is not whether Heyerdahl’s hypotheses correspond with those of others—in fact this is quite irrelevant. Instead, it is his treatment—or rather his ignoring—of the opinions of others which is the crux of the matter. I will give two pertinent examples here. With regard to the Laramie congress of 1993, Heyerdahl’s view is that *(The Times, 11 July 1995)* “... gradually, most [scholars] have come round to his views. There were more than 100 participants at a recent conference on Easter Island, and none quarreled with Heyerdahl’s detective work.” And concerning the Albuquerque meeting, here is what he had to say about those who disagree with him, in a recent Dutch TV show, screened on January 4th this year: “I go from one congress to the other now, and the people who say this and that, they are not the people who show up on the congresses. I’ve been just this year, I’ve been with the 150 [sic] International Congress on Easter Island in United States in New Mexico, and I was the only one who gave a full evening speech. There was not one who got their finger up to bring up a contrary argument, and my conclusion was direct contact Peru-Polynesia. If they had any argument, why do they always come up to newspapers and things, but never when I’m present, and I go from one congress to the other.”

I will leave it to those present at both conferences, as well as to the judgment of RNJ readers, to decide whose version of events is the more accurate!

*Paul G. Bahn*

Dear Editor:

Professor Fedorova *(RNJ 11:4:152)* reads *Kohau ron-gorongo* sign #000 as ‘ta (PPN taa, PMP tak (?) “ ... with possible translation in ancient Rapanui ‘to cut’...”


*W. Wilfried Sahlmacher, Gadstrup, Denmark*

**Thorophobia: Or, Some comments on a sailor’s blast into cyberspace**

*by Grant McCall*

This little note is not hagiographic, even ethnographic, but it does contain material that may be offensive to some: the frequent mention of Thor Heyerdahl’s name!

Have you ever wondered what would happen if you submitted “Kon-Tiki” to a web search engine?

At the end of January 1998, you get a disappointing, although numerologically suspicious 777, being a thrice over digit plus on the sign of the “Great Beast!” Now, for those of you who do not know or care what a web or a search engine is, you need read no further, but if you do (and don’t mind recurring references to Thor Heyerdahl), then read on!

At the very stimulating Albuquerque conference, so well summarized by Paul Bahn in the last RNJ, Heyerdahl remarked that he had found “Kon-Tiki” associated with all sorts of organizations and businesses. Almost to prove the point, two people sported Reyn (Hawai’i) colorful shirts with Rapanui and raft designs, called “Kon-Tiki”. Prominent amongst the 777 in my New Year list is a caravan park at St Tropez (France) and a multiple entry, multi-lingual series of notices for a Diving School in Phuket (Thailand). I did not pursue the rest, for I was looking for the Kon-Tiki Museum (Norway) web site, which I found at <http://www.media.uio.no/kon-tiki_index.html>

The site itself is attractive enough with a personal greeting by Thor Heyerdahl in a “Quick Time” movie, references to publications, a shop, expeditions, a CD-ROM and credits for all that design work. Unfortunately, I could get only the welcome movie, publications and credits to work, but you might have better luck.

CD-ROM? I reported in these pages last year a French product centered on Rapanui itself, but this 1995 CD-ROM (how did we miss it?) focuses directly on Thor Heyerdahl himself as the title explains: “Kon-Tiki Interactive. The life and work of explorer Thor Heyerdahl”.

As I could not get a preview at the Museum site, I contacted one of my favorite CD-ROM dealers, CD-ROM Access, who kindly sold me a copy at US$25, with another US$9.95 for delivery to my home in Sydney in just over a week! Kon-Tiki Interactive is by the Voyager company, who have produced a number of fine titles. For a visit to them, go to <http://www.voyagerco.com> The opening screen is almost identical to that of the Kon-Tiki Museum, being designed by the same team. Unlike the website, though, the CD-ROM functions perfectly and covers Heyerdahl’s life work in text, pictures, movie clips and clever animation being very handsomely produced and at a good price. As with the better companies, Kon-Tiki Interactive is a ‘hybrid’, working equally well on the Macintosh, Windows 3.11 (That’s what it says), Windows 95 and MS-DOS 6.0.

There are a few bits of Scandinavian wit as well throughout. All but Thorophobes will be amused that when you select the “Help” function, Heyerdahl himself strolls in from screen left, admits he knows nothing about computers, but tells us to follow the simple directions, behind him! When he finishes his calming message, he lightly clears his throat and returns from whence he came.

The story both at the Kon-Tiki website and on the CD-ROM takes us to his work at the Pyramids of Tucume, in Peru. Wherever there are pyramids, Thor Heyerdahl can’t be far behind! His latest discovery is the “Ethnography Park Pyramids of Güimar” on Tenerife, Gran Canaries.

If people think of the Canary Islands at all, it is Europeans contemplating a cheap, sunny holiday in these Spanish possessions off the coast of North Africa. These islands were the recipient of the first European colonial push away from...
their little peninsula on the western end of the Asian conti-

nent. From the 13th century, Genoese, Portuguese and the
eventual conquerors, the Spanish, occasionally raised sheep
and goats, sometimes people, the latter whom they sold as
slaves. The conquest of the Canaries began in earnest in 1402,
led by the Spanish. Conquest? Alone amongst the temperate
Atlantic Islands north of the equator (Madeira and the Azores
were uninhabited), the Canaries were inhabited by a people
we remember as the Guanche, light skinned, perhaps of
Berber stock, who had abandoned sailing craft of any size. We
know little of these people as, along with the fierce battles of
resistance, disease and enslavement cleared the island of its
native inhabitants by the end of the 16th century. Even when
the first account of the Guanche was published by Fray
Alonso de Espinosa at Seville in 1594, the Guanche already
were fading. By the time anybody took any real interest, the
Guanche were no more, obliterated completely. Perfect terri-
tory for the enterprising Heyerdahl!

You may visit the Pyramids of Guúmar, discovered by
Heyerdahl, virtually and in English, by going to <http://
www.fredolsen.es/>. Their e-mail address is: ferco@
fredolsen.es>. That’s right: the pyramids and Heyerdahl’s
latest museum hang off the website for the Fred Olsen Lines,
a well-known Norwegian shipping company. Those without
Internet access could try contacting the Museum at: Pirámides
de Guúmar, S.A.; Edificacion Fred Olsen, Polígono Industrial
Alfaza, S/N; 38109 Santa Cruz de Tenerife, Spain.

The site declares that visits to the Park commenced at the
end of 1997 and that the site comprises the restored pyramids,
the Casa Chacona Museum, a cinema auditorium, cafeteria
and gift shop. “A portion of the revenues from the Park will
be contributed to F.E.R.C.O., Foundation for Exploration and
Research on Cultural Origins, Thor Heyerdahl, President, with
headquarters in the Casa Chacona Museum”. Anyone fearful
of hearing the Heyerdahl name should probably not consider
a visit though since the Museum likely will mention his name
a number of times.

However, dear reader, a Heyerdahl is better than a
Barbie Doll!

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The Kon-Tiki porn item that appeared in the December is-

sue with accompanying limerick has brought out the beast in
some of our readers. The limericks are coming in, as for ex­

ample, the following submitted by Paul Bahn:

Two porn stars while visiting Norway
Decided to try it one more way
So they managed a quickie
on board the Kontiki
Which certainly isn’t the Thor way!

Correction: those who have had a problem reaching the
email address for the CD on Easter Island (see Review by
com>, the CD can be ordered directly from the publisher, or
from an excellent source for anything French, recommended
by McCall: M. David Bancroft; Centre Parisien D’Etudes et
de Documentation pour L’Enseignement et le Rayonnement
du Français;10 Ave. Félix-Faure; 75015 Paris, France; e-mail:
<106275.3245@compuserve.com>

Correction: Dan Gartner of Australia, an alert reader (and
the world needs more lerts), noted an error in our Vol. 11 (3).
In the article by José Miguel Ramírez, the text states that the
Rapa Nui National Park covers 42% of the total area of the
island; however, that number translates into 67 km², not 6.7
hectares as the article stated. Sorry about that.

Reviews

THE EDGE OF PARADISE. AMERICA IN MICRONESIA.
by P. F. Kluge
A Kolowalu Book
University of Hawaii Press 1991 $15.95 (Paperback)

Review by Grant McCall

Let me say at the onset that this is not as its title suggests,
a scholarly study of what the USA has done to and with its
American colonies north of the equator. It is not someone’s
revamped Ph.D. thesis, with a better selling title. The focus of
the book is on the experiences of the author who went to those
outposts of the American empire in 1967 as a Peace Corps
volunteer.

If you were a Peace Corps volunteer, you likely will find
this book interesting. If you did your service in Micronesia,
your interest will mount. I suspect that if you were a male
volunteer in the late 1960s who is now a respectable professor
of English literature, this is the book for you! These are not
cheap shots. The author recognizes that he is a “... Microne­
sia head part of a tiny freemasonry that could indulge itself,
pig out on talk about places hardly anyone else knew” (p. 40).
And, let me be clear also at the beginning, this is very well
written, evocative and almost novelesque story, all positive
qualities to recommend “Edge” as a relaxed read.

Kluge tells a very personal story of callous Yankee
youth in charge of experienced Micronesian underlings and
his reflections twenty years later on what he did. In particular,
he is following up the life of Palau’s Lazarus Sali, who died,
perhaps a suicide, and who Kluge, I think, feels was a kind of
protégé of his. Similar tales might be told of brash Australians
meddling as Patrol and District Officers in Papua New Guinea
during the colonial era. PNG’s attraction was its exotic
strangeness and, even, threatening quality. Micronesia, with
not so much as a painted native or poisonous animal to
threaten, offers no such threat. Kluge tells us of the many bars
he visited, the women that he loved and the people he adminis-
tered. He confesses that his Peace Corps time was an easy
one, stationed at the Territorial Governor’s office as a journal­
ist and general writer, traveling widely on an expense account.

In some of his reflections, there is a kind of Mitchener­
esque “Rascals in Paradise” quality about Kluge with which
association he no doubt would be proud. He looks up a few of
his fellow freemasons who “stayed on”. “Just as the Japanese
left stragglers behind, soldiers who hid out and lived off the
land for years after the war ended, so the Peace Corps de­
posited volunteers, dozens of them through Micronesia” (p.