

gained in health and that his arguments tended to be closer to the rational, He did not appreciate that and built up a grudge against me.

We made camp in the middle afternoon. After three o'clock, we looked for a good camp site. The prerequisites were a gently sloping bank rising from shallow water and jungle that could be cleared quickly of all underbrush to leave a clean floor, and tall trees. We always looked carefully for ant nests before unloading the canoes. Many a time after everything seemed about ready, there would be the warning shout of "fire-ants", or "carrier-ants"; and off we would paddle again to try another likely spot. When the place was chosen, the baggage was piled in the center of the clearing, the kitchen started to one side and the hammocks hung between the trees. In the shelter of the jungle, after we had cleared our camp of all underbrush, we were more than comfortable. Mosquitos and pñums that would have made life miserable on the sandbars bothered us not at all, and the roof of the interlaced tree branches up above our heads caught the heavy night dew, allowing us to keep dry and warm.

As the days went by, my medical duties increased. Cuts and bruises would not heal, and more were acquired by the men every day. Domingo and Dom João were the first to succumb to malaria. There were no malarial mosquitos there, but the heavy work in the water weakened them so that they suffered from recurrent fevers. Anzil developed ulcers on his legs that became worse each day. Mueller complained of feeling unwell. In fact, from the time we took to the river until the end of our journey, at least three men were incapacitated for work each day by fevers or wounds.

Signs of the presence of the aborigines became more frequent as we moved faster south. Sometimes a paddle or foot mark on the mud of the bank where one of our unseen stalkers had stepped ashore, a whole scooped out

in the sand where they had gathered turtle eggs, a path through the forest marked by broken branches, strange calls which Paghulí and Apacanu recognized as produced by human throats but which to the rest of us seemed to come from birds and animals, the remnants of a small fire over which they had cooked their fish. Sometimes they deliberately left something behind to make their presence known to us. We found broken arrows hanging from a tree, a basket, and one day even a turtle swimming in the river with an arrow thrust through its body. They, and as we progressed down river it was not only the Kayapo; but other tribesman as well, hovered near us day and night, it seemed, but not once did we see them. Columns of smoke would rise out of the forest on some point of land which we were approaching. Sometimes there were suspicious movements of bushes on the banks as if human beings were pushing them aside, to get a good look at us. Whenever we made a move to the bank, all would become still. We attempted to bribe such "peepers" with friendly gestures and offers of presents without success. At night we left pieces of cloth and glass beads several hundred yards above and below to show our friendly intentions. In the morning, our offerings were gone, but the takers kept themselves hidden nevertheless. We dared not pursue them into the forest. It might have been the beginning of a running warfare in which we would have undoubtedly come out second best. It was a delicate situation which kept us anxious and alert twenty-four hours a day. For my men a mistep meant hardships which they were suffering and possible death. For me it meant that also, but in addition, it would ruin my program. I could not hope to study these folk if our relations were to be on a war footing. I had come from too far away to be content with the thrills of such adventure as fighting with one's fellow men supplies. I was seeking a greater kind that of ^{being} ~~living~~ amicably with them

even though we represented such different things.

It was no wonder that the strain began to tell on the men, particularly those who had come with me from Cuyabá. The Bakairi seemed to take it all as a matter of course, but I have doubt but that the others asked themselves why they had been so foolish as enter upon such risky business as we were on when there was nothing at the end trail for them but wages, and for me nothing but painted naked folk. No one ever ~~entered~~ entered the forest alone and only Paghulá and Apacanu ever penetrated it very far. At night, around the camp fires, the talk was all about the people who were stalking us, and in spite of bravado, they did not sleep well on retiring to their hammocks. Several times each night someone was sure that he had seen or heard savages on the edge of our clearing. Mueller and Anzil, being the least familiar with jungle sounds, suffered most. The former would have had one turn back, even, but Anzil was too poetic and adventurous to allow himself such a suggestion.

I did not blame them. I slept tranquility, for the nearer we came to making contact with the primitive forest folk, the better I liked it. I had come for that. For me, at the end of the trail, there was something less tangible than wages, but infinitely more meaningful. When the alarm was given, generally false, I rose from my hammock with the hope that the moment for which I had been waiting had come, and I returned to it always with a bit of disappointment.

The hardships of the trip contributed naturally to the nervousness of the men. The heat was terrific, and the glare of the sunlight on the water could hardly be borne. In the rapids, the Bakairi kept cool by stripping and working in the water but the rest of the men, not accustomed to nakedness and such work, found no such relief. The further we traveled the wider the river became, and soon, the banks being too far apart, there was no canopy

of branches overhead to block the sun's rays. At noon the sunlight became intolerable, and we had to seek the cover of the forest for an hour or so. There was no relief. Each day began cold, but an hour after sunrise we knew we were under a tropical sun. The cold nights might have refreshed us if they had not been so cold, but with a drop of fifty degrees or more between the heat in the shade during the day and the night temperature, we could get only a few hours sleep at night. Two in the morning found everyone shivering by the fire drinking steaming black coffee, all, that is, except the more hardy Bakairi. Not so well equipped as the rest of us for protection against the cold, they seemed, nevertheless, to do very well. During the day, to protect their eyes from the glare, they smeared charcoal on the cheeks, nose and forehead; during the night, if they felt cold, they built small fires under their small hammocks and went back to sleep. The heat they minded not at all.

In their way, the Bakairi taught us a lesson. When traveling in primitive countries, it is best to solve what problems present themselves with the resources at hand. For instance, in solving the problem of the nightly cold in Matto Grosso the use of more blankets won't do at all. It is a burden to carry an extra blanket, and more than one would be needed anyway. Besides, in the early evening, it is warm and the extra blanket is not needed. It is only in the early hours of the morning that the cold becomes intense. A small fire under the hammock is the Bakairi solution, but none of us would apply it. We were afraid of the consequences, should the flames reach us or the hammock ropes break.

The seventh day after the commencement of the "Dance of the Seven Canoes" was the hardest. From early morning until the late afternoon there was nothing but mile after mile of rapids. The men worked valiantly under the guidance of Paghuli and Apacanu, who not only knew the channels,

but possessed remarkable judgment of current, eddies, rocks, It was a primitive struggle, and, once we commenced, there was no stopping. We had to go on to the end.

We had four men on the sick list. Two were alternately shivering with cold and burning in high fever. The other two were incapacitated by foot and leg wounds. These were put in canoes. The rest, with the exception of Paghuli and Apacanu, stripped and went into the water, four men to each canoe guiding it through the narrow channels, now holding it back against the swift current which would have snatched it from the^m now releasing it to the waters to be caught and held safely by their comrades stationed downstream.

Only Paghuli, Apacanu, and, by sufferance of these master canoemen, I paddled our way. With Apacanu standing up in the bows supplying the skill, I, in the stern, supplied the brawn. At a signal from the bowman I would paddle frantically on the side indicated until my arm would almost drop out of its socket, when, always on time, Apacanu would turn his laughing face my way to show me his filed teeth in the smile of a conqueror. We would drift a bit, and the battle would be on again. This little man, - he did not measure five feet and weighed no more than one hundred and ten pounds, - not only got me through safely, but went back and with Paghuli brought the sick men through.

We lost neither canoe, baggage nor men. Only once was any of the canoes about to disgorge its load into the roaring current. Two men were guiding it through a narrow channel between two slipping boulders when one slipped, and, to save himself, let go of the canoe. Immediately, the canoe was snatched from the other by the force of the current. It floated swiftly away, crashing now against one rock, then another. The two men went in pursuit, but the going was treacherous, and they made little progress. Their cries

for help could not be heard above the roar of the water, but Ismerio, an intrepid little Cabalo from Cuyabá, saw what was occurring. Leaving the other men to hold his canoe, he raced across, leaping from boulder to boulder until he was somewhat below the wild canoe. Judging that it would pass by him, he waited waist deep in the water. In fact, as it came within reach, he caught it. Fortunately, I, too, was nearby, and I went in to help. We held against a rock and were having a hard time of it when the other two men came up. A crack in the back canoe, the loss of one shoe by Ismerio, several long gashes on the legs of the canoe's paddlers were the result of this mishap.

We were forced to portage the baggage for several miles by a narrow path used by the local tribesmen. It was more than exhausting work in the hot sun, but the men went to it with a will. There was nothing else to do, and when the native Brazilian, mixed blood or pure Indian clearly understands that, he accepts it and does the work to the best of his ability. At the end of the day when camp was made just below the rapids which had called for so much courage, strength and endurance, there was a hard-earned feeling of relief, but also well-earned feeling of pride. We had matched ourselves against the destructive force of a mighty river, and we had won. As men, we could ask for no more.

Our work in the rapids was done. From now on, there was clear water. No longer would there be the roar of water crashing on rocks, the pitting of muscle against the force of the water to avoid destruction. The river stretched before us, smooth, limpid, mirrorlike, its green walls giving away here and there to a bit of yellow sand. The fierce struggle was over, and we felt at peace.

The men needed a rest. They had brought me through the rapids in record time without a major accident. Our only loss, in fact, was one sandal belonging to Ismerio. The previous expedition that had attempted the descent had not fared so well. One, equipped as we were, had lost equipment and food, and had spent twice as much time. The other, equipped with canvas canoes and the latest London gadgets for exploring the jungle, lost canoes, equipment and a month of time. I felt proud of my men, and grateful too. I had put my faith in the primitive Bakairi, and they had not failed me. My contribution had been small, for neither my science nor my city sophistication had been of the slightest use.

The men were tired and suffering many minor wounds, but not for that did the Bakairi forget that I was in a hurry, nor that they were at last sleeping within a short walk of the location of their former villages. They washed their clothes, groomed their bodies and asked permission to go visit their ancestral homes. I wanted to go with them, but obviously, the visit was a ceremony of such intimate meaning to them that no stranger should intrude. They filed away through the forest, Paghuli in the lead ~~ing~~ walking with the quick, short stride of the barefooted woodsmen. They did not return until late that afternoon, serene, composed. They retired to their hammocks and fire, and, apart from the rest of us, talked in low voices far into the night. Not even Black Domingo, their great favorite, intruded.

Morning brought our work back to us. The canoes were loaded, the men took their places, and we were on our way again, even before the mist lifted from the river. The only sound was made by the quick stroke of the paddle. It was cold, so cold that the dogs, instead of standing eagerly watching and sniffing the air for game, curled up at our feet. Even Tupi, for once, was content to lie curled on a pack, half burrowed under

a piece of canvas. I was glad to have him there. The day before he and Dom João's dog, a good hunter, had dashed off together in pursuit of some imaginary or real scent. We followed as fast as we could but were not able to catch^{up} with them. We heard their frenzied barking sounding further and further away, and then all was still. We called and we whistled, but the only reply was the shrill whistle of the unseen gold bird. Finally we retraced our steps to camp, not in the best of spirits. We gave up the dogs for lost. At sundown, though, Tupi appeared, covered with briars and blood from several deep cuts on his neck, glad to be back but so tired that, after jumping on me once or twice, he curled up underneath my hammock whimpering a little. Nor did he protest when we cleansed his body and nursed his wounds. Dom João's dog never returned, and we never did find out what they had chased. Conjectures there were many, but there was no way of finding out if they had discovered man or beast near the camp. It may have been a Kayapo arrow, a snake, a jaguar, or a puma which did away with Dom João's dog. There was only Tupi there to tell us the story, but the crazy little fox-terrier with the impossible black patch on his white face could only look up at me contentedly and wag his one inch of tail.

Neither Tupi nor I were hunters. I never saw him kill anything, and whenever I shot anything it was always with a guilty conscience. Both of us, city bred that we were, enjoyed exploring the jungles, Tupi with nose in the air and ears erect and I with eyes more accustomed to searching books for words of wisdom than to discover hidden treasures in a matted jungle, peering in every dark recess. Both of us pretended that we were going through the jungle silently as any aborigine, but actually any living thing within a hundred yards of us knew that we were coming.

The strange thing was that they were not alarmed. In fact, it seemed that their curiosity was equal to ours, for they would stand their ground until we were upon them as if surprised that any such tenderfeet should be loose in the wilderness.

Both of us shared the same intense excitement. Tupi would go into ecstatic jumps through the undergrowth, pretending that he was smelling all sorts of things from far away but actually not smelling anything at all, and when he came upon some creature, he would stand off and give voice to his excitement in frenzied barking. He never attacked anything, but then he never retreated. His favorite position was about two feet away from the object of his interest. Any creature would do. An army of ants, an armadillo, a turtle, a bird, a guati. He had most fun with a tapir. This animal was so large and so tame that he would stand his ground in spite of any amount of barking or other belligerent acts on the part of the New York bred fox-terrier. All these creatures seemed to sense that Tupi was a fraud.

As for me, my excitement was no less, and I was only slightly more dangerous. Often I raised my gun and almost as often lowered it without firing. I enjoyed watching animal life at close range and without iron bars to separate us. It thrilled me to stand within ten feet of a tapir without having it go crashing away or fall bleeding to the ground. One time as I came through the narrow fringe of forest which lined the river bank onto the savannah beyond, I found myself within ten yards of a beautiful red deer. It raised its head at my approach and stood there looking at me with its large black eyes. It was not afraid. Perhaps it had never seen another man. It continued its feeding, looking up once in a while perfectly serene, as if I did not hold a deadly weapon that would have ended its life in an instant. I did not shoot, but stood there fascinated.

But Tupi, who never strayed very far away, came out to the forest also, and, catching sight of the creature, made for it. I collared him though. He barked as per custom in spite of my strangle hold on his wind pipe. This struggle was too much for the deer. It trotted off a little distance, turned around to look at us and then made off to disappear in the tall grass.

Such incidents were common. I shot only when there was absolute necessity for meat. The mutung, the Brazilian wild turkey, fell victim most often. It is a large bird and excellent eating.

There were other things in the jungle that excited me but were not properly appreciated by Tupi. The stillness, some little flower hidden away under matted growth, fantastic lacework of vines hanging from a canopy of interlaced branches far above our heads, trees with their bark armed with inch spikes, groves of gigantic bamboo, delicate in structure but difficult to walk through, fields of sensitive plants, and occasionally a monkey face appearing through the thick foliage to withdraw at the least movement on our part. A snake now and then but not too often. Often I would sit by the foot of some giant jatuba or figuero to dream in the silence of the forest, only to be brought back to a sense of reality by the piercing whistle of the gold-bird that sounded as if it were far away but actually was hidden somewhere near at hand. Sitting still that way with my hand around Tupi's muzzle, I was at the theatre with the jungle as the stage and the animal life as the actors. I did not know the technical names of the creatures that I saw, but this did not lower my emotion. Little green butterflies, little red birds, multicolored beetles and flies of all descriptions, spiders, rats, passed before me in all their splendor most unconcerned that anyone was looking. I always rose with a

sigh at having to go back to camp or rejoin the canoes. I was thankful for the solitude, and it was only when I reached camp or boarded my canoe again., that I discovered that Domingo had never been far away from me at all. I didn't mind. He kept silent and invisible, and knowing that he followed only through a sense of duty and love for me, I even pretended not to see his black face when I happened to catch sight of it through the trees. For being born and bred in the jungle, a descendant of countless jungle-bred generations, he could walk through the thickest growths without making a sound.

From the day that we had taken to the river, we had heard one bird call which rose above all other sounds including the roar of the river crashing through fields of rocks. It seemed to rise out of the forest, keep to the top of the trees and travel, then to rise at that level for miles. It was the gold-bird sending its piercing whistle through the jungle at any time of the day. I could never tell whether the bird was at my elbow or a mile away. It was always startling. I never saw it. I was always certain that it had been produced by a bird, but Paghuli would laugh at me for suggesting that it had come from a human throat.

On the morning of our first peaceful day after the rapids, while we were in midstream, the same piercing whistle broke the silence. As usual, I was startled. Tupi pricked up its ears and was for plunging into the water, but I held him securely. I looked back at Paghuli and repeated the Bakairi for gold-bird to show him that at last I had caught on. He smiled as usual and said something to Apacanu. They pointed the canoe towards the right bank. They exchanged a few more words in Bakairi.

"Anakukua", said Paghuli.

We heard the whistle again.

"Aya-a-a, "nahukua," repeated Paghuli.

He meant now that the whistle had been produced by the Anahukua in imitation of the gold-bird and that they were retreating rapidly from the bank which we were approaching. I had been astonished before at the keenness of eye, ear, and judgement of Paghuli, but this literally "beat me". I had noticed no difference in the whistle.

He was right. On reaching the bank, he pointed with his paddle. All of the canoes had followed us. A general discussion followed. There were foot prints and other marks on the soft mud of the bank, and, after Paghuli and Apacanu had examined them a great length, they agreed that they were footprints and paddle marks of the Anahukua, a Carib tribe which occupied the upper stretches of the Kuluseu. The marks were about an hour old. There was no doubt that we were being followed and watched by these people. Perhaps they were nearby watching us then.

This incident increased our alertness, and we were glad we had dogs with us. Often we hugged the banks to avoid rougher water and swifter currents which might put us into difficulties because of the shallowness of the canoes. From the fastness of the jungle, we could be picked off by unfriendly bowman without even having a chance to retaliate. We hoped that the sound of our guns fired at game and our numbers would deter any of them from attacking us. Nevertheless, we were a little uneasy.

The whole day long the older men in the group, Paghuli, Apacanu and Manuelsinho showed us various marks which to them meant a great deal in interpreting the movements of the Anahukua. That night, around the camp fire, they talked late into the night in their own language. Evaristo explained that Paghuli was telling them about former times when the Bakairi were the bitter enemies of the Anahukua, and other lore of the land where

their ancestors had fought, cultivated the manioc, fished, and held their religious ceremonies.

I could only guess at what they were saying, for they talked in their own language which, though I strove to understand, I could not master to the degree of following a conversation.

But there was another circle of men around the fire that night which was not devoting its time reminiscing about the feats of its ancestors. It was composed of the men who had come with me from Cuyabá, - Mueller and Anzil. They talked in whispers and occasionally cast furtive glances about as if afraid of being overheard. ^{The} Several times that I approached them they became silent and looked embarrassed. I retired to my corner, wondering a bit but suspecting a little of what was happening. They were tired, nervous at our proximity to the tribesmen of the lower Kuluseu, quite ripe to listen to some crazy scheme. I had no doubt but that Mueller and Anzil were the ringleaders of anything that the group might be hatching. Mueller had broken down. I believe that on starting with me, he had entertained some hope that in some stream bed he would discover diamonds or gold, something which had not come to pass. His disappointment, the heat, the hard and monotonous work, the daily food of rice, beans and manioc, the fear of the tribesmen had combined to put him into a surly mood. He wanted to avoid the Indians. I wanted to meet them. Anzil, on the other hand had improved physically and morally. He no longer talked as wildly as he had in Cuyabá, and even enjoyed the hardships as something romantic. With improvement in health, he began to acquire self-confidence and no doubt would be willing to plunge into any new adventure. I could not trust him, and, in fact, I knew that he was nursing some sort of grudge against me for insisting that he do some work which I considered the only path to health.

There was nothing to be done except to sleep tranquilly, push on

in the morning as rapidly as possible, and wait for something to happen.

In the morning, all went on as usual; I took stock again of the physical and mental state of the men and decided to utilize the outboard motor which I had intended to use later for quick trips to various villages. There was another reason, also, for taking this decision. Though we had been traveling exceptionally fast, the delay at Simão Lopes and a mistake in Johnson's and my calculations had put us behind schedule. On June 26th, the plane was to fly in to check on our whereabouts and welfare. The meeting place was to be the mouth of the Seventh of September and the Kuluene. Obviously, with the men tired as they were, it was impossible to keep to that schedule. Since we were transporting gasoline for the plane, it was urgent that we make all efforts to do so. I took the decision with misgivings, nevertheless. The dugout was the only canoe to which we could attach the motor, but it was hardly serviceable. There was no time to make another, however.

We had seven canoes carrying sixteen men, over two tons of baggage and four dogs. The motor was attached to the dugout, and the two largest canoes were lashed to it, one on each side. The other four, lashed in pairs, were towed behind. Each canoe crew was given instructions to cut the ropes at the least sign of trouble.

We made much faster time. At first, the men enjoyed it. The Bakairi had never traveled that way before, nor ever seen a motor boat. They sat, bewildered and somewhat scared. The camaradas from Cuyabá liked it better. They had nothing to do now. In fact, the only one who worked now was the capitão, myself, a strange phenomenon in Brazil.

The roar of the motor frightened bird and animal life away from the banks. We went faster and consequently saw less. For me, anch-

ored to the motor, it was worst of all. The noise, the vibration and the problem of steering seven canoes around the sharp bends ^hut off the rest of the world completely.

"But now the charm is broken," complained Anzil at noon when we stopped for a few minutes of rest in the shade. "Instead, there is the roar of the motor. No longer do our ears catch the faintest sounds, from the surrounding forests, whispers of alarm and comfort to our souls. All that is destroyed by the contraption that is saving our bodies from fatiguing labor, but which is robbing us of a world of beauty."

It was true, and I suffered most of all, since I was forced to run the motor.

In the early morning the signs indicating our nearness to some aboriginal village increased. Columns of smoke, burned fields reaching the river, fish dams across the mouths of streams, now and then a broken arrow, became frequent, and finally in the early afternoon Paghuli told us that we were at the "port" of the Anahuka. Aboriginal villages in Matto Grosso are always located a mile or more inland for better protection from marauding enemies. A path leads from it to the river. The "port" is the terminus of the path at the river bank.

It was time to make camp. We ~~made~~ for the opposite bank. The canoes were unloaded quickly. Some of the men worked equally fast cleaning our cave-in-the-forest. Some kept watch. We were in the land of the Anahukua~~s~~ at last, and we could not afford to be careless. Of all the Carib tribes of the upper Xingu none have a worse reputation than the Anahukua~~s~~. Paghuli had told me. I found it wise to take his counsel.

Camp was ready. Although all of our camp sites were excellent, this one was exceptionally so and perfectly suitable to the drama that we expected would be enacted at any moment. The bank was high and heavily wooded. A sloping path led down to the canoes. Any one intending to

enter the camp from the river had to climb along it. The matted vegetation prevented a quick entrance at any other point. The camp itself was situated on a sort of ridge. On the off side from the river it fell off to a hollow covered with thorny bushes, banbu and creepers. No one could surprise us from that side. Both other sides were well protected with thick growth of trees. We were in a sort of fortress and felt safe enough unless we were so dull as to allow anyone to come within a few feet of camp. As usual, a space had been cleared of all vegetation, except the larger trees, and the ground had been swept almost clear. In the center, was piled the baggage; in the off side, the cook built his kitchen; one end of the ridge was occupied by the Bakairi and the other by Anzil, Mueller and me. Delegão guarded one half of camp, Tupi my half.

On this afternoon there was no fishing. The Bakairi stayed within doors, as it were, examining their bows and arrows and talking with each other in their tongue. They kept a sharp lookout on the opposite bank where they expected the Anahukuas, their hereditary enemies, to appear. As a matter of fact, safe behind our wall of vegetation, we all peered through it from time to time. We could look out, but we could not be seen. It seemed absolutely certain that they were hidden in the jungle on the opposite bank, but unless they stepped out into the clear, we had not the slightest chance to see them. Their signals had been unmistakable. They were on our flanks watching us. The rule of the jungle is that everyone is an enemy until he proves himself a friend. They would not show themselves to us, as we would not expose ourselves to them for fear of being shot. There was only one thing that pointed to a probable peaceful meeting. On our ten day journey down stream they could easily have picked us off from the banks. I did not think that they would attack us in camp, which gave us the advantage.

Nevertheless, those were anxious hours. On this first meeting depended the success of the rest of the trip. Any unfriendliness would mean a hopeless task ahead of me. Were our intentions merely to travel, or map the river, gather plants or animals, hostility would be annoying, damaging, but ^{not} necessarily fatal. Our purpose being to study these people, obviously, we would have no success if kept at long range. To other travelers, these aborigines might be merely an incident, a caricature of humanity to be taken casually or half seriously, but to us, they represented the entire objective of the expedition.

We waited, each man anxious for reasons of his own. An army of umbrella ants, each carrying a section of a leaf about the size of half a penny marched across our camp, following a beautifully open six inch road, entirely unaware of our existence. I sat looking at them, watching their soldiers urging the sluggards on or keeping on, or occasionally helping a too-heavily laden individual. Several of the men watched them too. With a ribald joke, Antonio left his pots to throw a big stick across the road. There was consternation for a moment, scurrying to and fro, but soon reinforcements arrived to help over the barrier those burdened with leaves. We had seen such armies countless times before, but on this day they absorbed our attention.

The snapping of a twig made everyone doubly alert. Flying arrows released from long bows was uppermost in everybody's mind.

As the sun set, a long row of stalwart red men suddenly stepped forward out of the green wall on the opposite bank. Though expecting them, we were somewhat startled. They carried no arms. This appearance without their bows and arrows was significant in a land where there are no disarmament conferences. They did not intend to open hostilities, not at once, anyway. The absence of women and children showed that they did not trust

us entirely.

Though dwarfed by the towering trees in the background, these naked men looked gigantic in size. They were too far away for effective bow shooting; so some of us stood out in the open, also to get a closer view. Twilight in the tropics does not last long, however, and we could not see them very well.

We stood grouped on each side of the river, looking at one another without saying a word, but our dogs, Tupi and Delegão, thought differently about it, for first they rushed to the water's edge for some lusty barking at the strangers, and then, as if jealous of each other's prowess, they turned upon each other to stage their daily battle. This time, before we could reach them, Delegão, the heavier dog with the body of a dachshund and the jaws of a bulldog, had Tupi by the throat. For perhaps five minutes, we forgot all about the Anahukua on the opposite bank as we pulled on the two warriors, held them under water and cursed enough to be damned to hell for perpetuity. They came apart finally, snarling and with bloodshot eyes and were passed back to our companions peering through the foliage with arms within easy reach. We were ready again to give our attention to diplomacy.

One of the naked fellows suddenly began to gesticulate with his arms and to harangue us. I did not understand a word of it, of course, but I caught the word capitão that seemed to be repeated again and again. While he addressed me, with what, I presume, was great Anahukua literary style, his men helped him out with a shout now and then. My own men said nothing. He stopped, and I turned to Paghuli who was standing by my side to translate, but Paghuli's knowledge of Portuguese was limited; so he talked to Manuelsinho in Bakairi, who in turn, translated the speech to me. I have no doubt that in the process the Anahukua's oration lost a great deal.

"He says," began Manuelsinho, "that they are Anahukua," which we

knew already, "and that he is Aloike their capitão. He says that he has seen us for many days but that the presence of the Kayapo kept him away from our camp. He wants to come over to speak to you, our capitão, but he said that he doesn't have any canoes. He wants you to send a canoe across to bring him and his men over. He says that he wants you to give him presents. He wants a knife and a gun."

I was for sending a canoe over immediately, naturally, but when I voiced this decision, there was immediate protest from every one, Bakairi and camaradas. It seemed that no one could or should trust the treacherous Anahuakua. Everybody feared a surprise attack. I insisted but no one would go. They argued that appearing on the bank that way without their bows and arrows, which, of course, were probably hidden close at hand, was only a ruse to disarm our suspicion. If any one went across the river, he would either be shot or taken captive. When I offered to go over myself, their protests redoubled. They would be far worse off if they lost their capitão. So I asked Paghuli to shout across that if Aloike wanted to come over, to either swim over or wait until morning. This seemed to displease him greatly and since by now darkness had fallen and there seemed to be no end to the parley, I went up the bank camp. If the Anahuakua were so suspicious, of there was danger that they might be planning some treachery themselves.

I do not know if they ever intended to attack us, but the fact that about half an hour later we caught the sound of paddling made us more alert. I had been warned by the Bakairi that the Anahuakua were not telling the truth about not having any canoes, that these were probably hidden in a nearby lagoon. I flashed a torch on the waters and discovered the same naked individual, who had done most of the talking, with two other men paddling across to us in a bark canoe. Instead of paddles, they were using sticks, and we saw when they came across, that the stern of the canoe had a

gaping hole in it. Paghuli explained that they came over with such a canoe, because they were probably afraid that if they came over with a good one, we might take it away from them.

The three naked men landed. I kept the torch on them for a moment and then flashed it over the water. Apparently, no others were coming over, but not for that did the men relax their vigilance. The three Anahuakua~~s~~ came up the bank arrogantly. They seemed to be inordinately proud of being Anahuakua~~s~~, and such was their bold behaviour that the Bakairi cringed before them in spite of being armed, whereas our visitors were naked and unarmed. The Bakairi could not forget, apparently, that they could expect no mercy from their hereditary enemies.

It suited my fancy to impose a little ceremony in the reception of these men to our camp. I know that, were we to visit their village, we would be received with great formality and that there they expected me to act in accordance with their concept of good manners. Since they were in our camp, they were guests. I felt free to impose a little ceremony in order to control them better. Aloike, a small but powerful individual, proved to be a very intelligent and keen person. He understood it immediately and strove to deport himself with great dignity!

I sat in my hammock and as they were brought forward, Aloike was asked to sit on a canvas stool. For the other two men there were boxes. Aloike seemed to appreciate the honor and the distinction made between himself and his men. After they were properly seated, I spoke to Paghuli, to tell Aloike that we were glad to see him and his people, that we had come from far away to visit them, and a great deal more. My speech was merely a matter of form for Paghuli made up his own in the proper style I presume. When we were through, Aloike rose and made his speech with many oratorical flourishes. Afterwards, it was translated to me, but while

he spoke, I saw only before me a small, strong and beautifully proportioned man haranguing me in the best oratorical style. He spoke at great length, but the gist of his speech was that he was the headman or capitão and that he wanted presents from us. His logic was good. He said that he had visited the village of the Bakairi at Simão Lopes and seen there that my people had many things that he and his people lacked. Also, several years before, another expedition had passed through there, Dyott in search of Colonel Fawcett, and that he had been given many presents. He had seen us far up the river even where we made our canoes, but he had never attacked us! Afterwards, he and his men had followed us down river without ever harming us, and it was only now that we were in his territory that he had come to our camp, the shrewd fellow! For his virtues, and because we had so many boxes, he wanted presents and a great many of them. On the morrow, he would come again with all his people, and he expected that we would give them all presents.

Everything that he said was true. It would have been very easy for his warriors to have picked us off, one by one, without any fear of retaliation, especially after we began our journey down stream. When we paddled in clear water, often we hugged the banks seeking shade and also to take advantage of the current. A naked savage hidden in the thick vegetation could have shot his arrows and been off silently without fear of pursuit. When we had worked naked in the rapids, guiding the canoes through the tortuous channels, we had been defenseless. Yet these people had refrained from molesting us. They had their reasons. They were afraid of our guns which to them must have appeared to be somewhat magical, and then the proximity of the Kayapo~~s~~ may have kept them peaceful. Often I had gone off wandering in the forests without a thought as to danger from human beings, immersed in the mysterious of the wilderness and often absorbed in thoughts that made me forget where I was. They could easily have put an arrow through me.

Aloike was arrogant and forceful in his demands. Even those of my men who did not understand the language, felt the danger in the air. We had to go further south on our journey to do and to return by the same river. It would not do to leave an unfriendly people behind. Thus, a robber baron of the middle ages may have waylaid travelers in his domains. Here was a naked primitive facing a highly civilized American with demands which he could enforce if he were not outwitted. I decided to be hard with him but to mask my attitude with a great deal of ceremony.

When his speech had been translated to me, instead of offering presents, I had Antonio bring maté. Aloike did not touch it until he saw me take some. He feared poisoning. He did not like it but very politely rubbed his stomach and passed most of it to his companions. Without giving him a chance to start another speech, I played a record on the victrola. The three of them sat unmoved in all appearances as if they had seen and heard such a machine all their lives. They were frauds of course. Inwardly, they were frightened and startled at so much noise coming out of a box, but they were headmen and it was not within their idea of dignity to show emotion. After this, I gave Aloike a long knife, a facão. This interested him more, but when he saw that nothing else was forthcoming, he started another speech. He wanted shirts, pants and a great many more knives not only for himself, but for his companions who were there with him and the rest of his people waiting his return across the river and those who had remained at the village. However, I remained firm and conveyed the message that if they wanted more presents, they would have to exchange food and their artefacts for them. I urged that he come back in the morning with all his people including the women and the children. All of this was done with the greatest amount of ceremony and decorum with the result that this

primitive gentleman responded in like spirit. He suggested that we go to his village right then and there, but we managed to make him understand that we were in hurry to reach the mouth of the river as quickly as possible. Conversation was so painful that we finally stopped talking and our visitors looked around camp. They took in everything with their eyes and probably would have taken everything, had we not watched them closely.

Tiring of the game, finally Aloike made another speech in which he said that he was going now, but that he would be back in the morning with his women and children, with presents of bijju and piki for me. He expected, of course, presents for his people. I replied in a matter suitable to the occasion which in vernacular English would sum up to, "Fine, Bring them along. Glad to see them", and added inwardly I prefer to see you in the company of your women and children rather than accompanied only by your warriors.

Paghuli and Apacanu now volunteered to ferry the three men across the river. I demurred at first and wondered why they were willing to go across now and not when Aloike had first appeared. However, these two men were in their own country and in a sense among their own people. I knew that they had greater knowledge about such things, which, on account of the difference in language, they could not even explain to me. I let them go across but took the precaution to have another canoe ready to follow rapidly, should anything go wrong. Nothing did, though. On arrival at the other side, the three Anahuakua landed, yelled across words of final salutation and were swallowed by the forest. Paghuli and Apacanu were soon among us again.

We made final arrangements for the protection of the camp during the night, nursed the sick and the wounded, and relaxed as much as we

could under the circumstances. The men sat around the kitchen fire telling tall tales of savages' perfidy. I retired to my hammock with Tupi curled up underneath, to write up my notes and to take a stock a little. The first chapter of our life with the unknown primitives had ended amicably. What would the morrow bring?

Chapter XIV

Morning came. As usual, there was a heavy mist over the river, but our own cave in the jungle was dry and clean. The coffee was steaming on the fire, and some of the men wrapped in their blankets were grouped around it trying to get the chill out of their bodies. Tupi was curled up underneath my hammock, his favorite place where he generally always scooped out a hole in which he slept curled up into a ball. His ears, though, were always alert, and once I got into my hammock, no one could approach without his raising a protest about it. As I made my way to the river for my morning bath, he rose, shook himself and trotted along as spry as if he had been awake all the time.

On the river Apacanu and Paghuli were fishing, an activity which the Bakairi yearned for. Paghuli was seated in the stern steering the canoe while Apacanu, standing up in the bow, kept a sharp lookout for fish. As I watched him, he stretched his bow string to shoot his six foot, nail tipped arrow into the water. The water was agitated, the arrow shook, Apacanu retrieved it as well as a large fish which the arrow had transfixed. Paghuli steered the canoe to another spot. It disappeared in the mist until only the head of Apacanu and his bow tip were visible, and soon they were gone also.

I plunged into the river and raced back to the bank; there were too many piranha in those waters to permit a long and peaceful swim. Tupi, who never did learn to like the water, pretended that other business more important than a bath occupied him that morning. I plunged in a few more times, and as the mist began to rise from the river, I made my way back to the camp, Tupi following closely on my heels.

As I dressed, I claimed my cup of coffee. Antonio brought it to me. There was something in his eyes that made me first look at him closely and then at the rest of the men. They were silent, sitting in their hammocks or on some box eating their breakfast of beans, rice and manioc. There was no meat in camp and no fish. Usually they ate their breakfast standing up grouped around the cook's fire. The usual morning horse play was missing. Paghuli and Apacanu returned carrying some fish, which they quickly threw over their own small fire. As usual they offered me a piece. Nothing seemed to be wrong with them, at least.

Dom João, Mueller, Anzil and Antonio whispered to each other a bit and then called Paghuli and Manuelsinho over. I watched them a little. Dom João and Mueller were doing the talking as if they were trying to persuade the Bakairi about something. Paghuli seemed to be replying with his usual quiet laugh. I went about my work without any further thought on the matter.

I have mentioned from time to time the antics of my man Mueller after we left Cuyabá. He had been a great disappointment. His efficient work at Descavaldos had recommended him strongly for the position of headman and companion on this perilous trip. He was a good woodsman and a good hunter. After leaving Cuyabá, he failed to come up to expectations. Whether it was fatigue, premonition as to what would happen to us once we left civilization, or of that nebulous malady that very often seizes white people in the tropics, a general dissatisfaction, moodiness and nervousness, Mueller became increasingly an annoyance rather than a help the further away we traveled from our base at Cuyabá. He complained frequently about anything and had lost his authority over the men. During the trip through the rapids, he had behaved badly, standing aside merely

watching most of the time, the picture of sullenness and sulkiness. Every time he saw indications of the presence of aborigines in the neighborhood, his trepidation increased. Naturally he affected some of the other men, or in justice to him, it may have been ~~that~~ the disquietude of his friend Antonio, who, plainly was scared at the thought of seeing naked savages, had affected him.

I had observed a great many conferences among the men, generally with Dom João, Mueller and Anzil taking part, but I had attributed these talks to the chatter or discussions which workmen have among themselves but will not continue when their employer is in their midst. The night before the possibility of trouble with my men went completely out of my head. To my surprise, Mueller, Dom João, Antonio huddled around the fire, looked as if they had not slept all night, but more than that, it was something about them that made them look more like conspirators. However, I had formed a habit of pretending not to notice moods that might be attributed to their private lives. I went about my work without any further thought on the matter.

The threat that the Anahu~~k~~kuas would arrive in our camp before we had arranged our baggage~~x~~ in such a way as to remove any danger of its being pilfered made every one bestir himself for about an hour, working willingly and hard. In fact, it was not until all was ready and we were sitting waiting for the appearance of the naked horde of the Anahu~~k~~kua village, ~~that~~ Mueller came to me with a set face to request a conference. We sat apart, with the eyes of most of the men on us. Mueller began to recount, in his bad Portuguese, his list of complaints. As far as I can recall them, they were that I was working the men too hard, that they were not getting enough food, that we were running a great risk in waiting for the Anahu~~k~~kua or in visiting any of the villages in the country, and that the farther

we got away from our base, the greatest our danger would be. Then a number of complaints which can be grouped together under the general fact that he had suffered a loss of dignity in countless ways. He ended his discourse by laying down the law that from now on he and Dom João would take charge of the expedition, and that, although I would be allowed to do my work, I would not be permitted to control the affairs or activities of the expedition.

If this had been an old fashioned expedition, Mueller's words would be labeled an act of mutiny. In reality, it amounted to that. In traveling through the wilderness, the relationship of employer and employee involves more obligations than in a city or farm where no dire consequences would follow an act of disloyalty. My duties towards my men involved seeing to it that they ran the minimum of risk and danger of life and limb, and that I should keep them as well as possible, both for their own sake and for the success of the expedition. But I had the further duty of attaining my goal which was the study of the aboriginal population of that region.

Every one of the men knew what I was after before we left the base but they could not understand it. Had our objective been mines, rubber, or even geography, they would have comprehended, but savages, no that could not be. It was too much risk for apparently nothing reasonable. I asked Mueller if his complaints about the work and food were personal, or represented the reactions of the men. With his usual meek mien he answered that he was loyal and faithful to me, that he had no complaints to make personally, but that he was acting for the personnel. He made a mistake when he said that, for I had reason to know that, although at times we had worked hard, still the treatment of the men was far above any to which they were accustomed. As for food, they had all they could possibly eat, and I had heard them boast of that fact. I called

Dom João, Domingo and Paghuli over to us, one at a time. I admit that in this procedure I was taking a slightly unfair advantage of my position, but after all, it was through this means only that I could wield any authority. I asked dom João first, in front of Mueller.

I don't doubt that often this man had comforted Mueller or had even complained to the latter about food and hard work and many other things. He was the type to do that. But on this occasion, on being confronted both by Mueller and me, he apparently decided that his interests lay more in my camp than in Mueller's. Whenever he was agitated, he stuttered badly. This time he stuttered away his denials to all of the complaints raised by Mueller. In fact, he became voluble and started to tell us how on other trips that he had taken, the men were beaten, worked from sunrise to sunset, and fed from the leavings of the capitão's table and whatever they could gather for themselves. According to him, I was the kindest leader of an expedition and that the expedition was the best equipped of all.

Next came Domingo. This black man recommended to me by Major Noronha proved entirely faithful. With a slow drawl, with the greatest courtesy in the world, he answered that he was entirely satisfied in every way, that after all, this was not child's play, but men's work and we should do it to the best of our ability.

Paghuli, who came next, and who spoke for all of the Bakairi, laughed when I asked if he and his men were getting enough food. Obviously although some discontent troubled his men, it did not seem to be enough to mention to me. It seemed that, with Brazilian and Indian courtesy, they had merely been polite in agreeing with any one who complained.

I turned to Mueller. It was ^a difficult situation because, in spite of the failure of any of the men to support him when face to face with me,

I did not know whom to trust. From his point of view, he had chosen the best possible moment to notify me of his intentions and those of Dom João to take matters into their own hands from now on. We were in hostile country, far away from any contact with the outside world, and moreover, the Anahukwas the most primitive tribe in those regions, was due in our camp at any moment. Therefore, if his intention was to bully me and into one attitude or another, no better moment could have been chosen.

Instead of holding Mueller up as an example before the men or showing any chagrin, I merely disregarded what had been said, and asked him instead, if he thought that the camp was ready for the reception of the Anahukua. Such was the psychological advantage I had over him as the leader and the man of higher education that he had been trained to obey in his native Germany, that he quickly fell back to his accustomed relationship to me, at least for the time being. He answered, "Yes, senhor Professor," and quickly moved off to inspect things anew.

It was high time, for we heard shouts coming from across the river, heralding the approach of the morning guests. If there was going to be any dissension in our camp, it was apparent to all that this was no time for it. Danger was approaching; and we had to band together, and the natural easy thing was to fall back on our previous organization and relationship.

I don't think that I fully grasped Mueller's intentions. I had listened to him carefully, but somehow personal matters had little meaning for me that morning! My attention was focussed on the imminent visit of the Anahukwas. For almost a year, ever since I had been asked to go to Brazil by the University Museum, everything had been pointed for this meeting. I had thought of, studied, and lectured on primitive peoples for five years, and this, in a sense, would mark the end of one road and the beginning of

another. It was not that I was meeting half-civilized peoples, but a full tribe who had yet to feel any pressure from any foreign influence. ~~ce~~ It was as if a fully equipped laboratory were offered to a biologist. This visit would open or close the opportunity of studying primitive life at first hand. If I was successful in making friends with these highwaymen of the Kuluseu, I had reason to hope for a successful trip. If on the other hand I failed to win their goodwill, then we might indeed go back to our starting point. I was young, and such things meant a great deal to me. I realized that in a more experienced man, failure would be laid down to fatuous circumstances, but that in my case it might well mean the end of expeditioning on a primitive scale for me.

But even above all these considerations, there was the thrill of meeting face to face peoples of a different background, whose mode of life would be not far different from that of our ancestors many thousands of years ago. It was in a sense, a trip back to the primitive world of bygone ages. There was romance in that, and I was young enough to appreciate its beauty without feeling disloyal to the fraternity of scientists. I could not and have never been able to think of human beings impersonally, as mere subjects of objective studies, nor to reduce anthropology, the science of man, to a technical jargon dissociated from its subject matter. To me, the most intense thrill came from the fact that I was about to meet and know primitive human beings who might or might not be identical in make-up with other human beings that I had known all my life.

There was then a great deal to occupy my attention that morning, both intellectually and emotionally, and what was merely a case of hurt feelings in my company, in comparison to the great event that was about

to take place and which I dreamt about for so long. I thought not of danger, not of protection, not of food or work, but of one thing, the approaching Anahukua. We simply had to establish ourselves on a friendly footing.

We watched the opposite bank. Nothing stirred. The cries died down, and we wondered what had happened to our visitors. There was nothing but the smooth river, the high red bank and the solid wall of forest. Life seemed to be at a stand-still. And then suddenly they began to pour out of the jungle to line up at its edge, overlooking the river. Men, women and children, bows and arrows^w, feathers, and what among them goes for baggage. Aloike, naturally, was in the front line, peremptorily calling to us to send over the canoes. On this occasion we did not hesitate to do so. The presence of the women and children, we knew, was a preventative to any warlike demonstration.

As several canoes paddled quickly across to them, I took a last glance at our camp. Everything seemed to be satisfactory. Our reception room was to one side, as far away from the baggage as possible, and it was my intention to keep them interested in the mechanical toys and the victrola during their visit. A number of trinkets had been selected carefully and put in a bag to be kept readily at hand for distribution.

Aloike arrived first with his wives and children, all dressed in their smartest fashion. He came up the bank, his family following in single file behind him. He sported two wives and six children. In one hand he carried a huge bow, almost three yards long, and some long arrows^w. He was painted red from head to foot and carefully oiled. His hair was cut as if someone had put a bowl on his head and cut off the hair that straggled out of it. The crown of his head was shaven.

Because he was the chief, he wore a piece of cotton rope, dyed red and yellow, tied around his head. Around his waist, he wore a similar rope, and tight strings accentuated his biceps. These things completed his costume. From our point of view, he was a naked man. From his and that of his people, he was dressed both formally and stylishly.

The women that followed him were even in a greater state of undress than their husbands. They also were painted and oiled from head to foot. They wore their hair in the form of a bang over the forehead and full length down the back. Around the neck a string or two, of shell beads and around the loins, the thinnest possible string, and nothing more. They carried bundles on their heads.

As Aloike came proudly up the bank, he began shouting in a monotone "capitão", "capitão", a word which he had picked up somehow. He quickly made his way to where I awaited him, hesitating a little upon seeing Tupi struggling to get ^{at} him, Paghuli was at my side. I made what passed for a speech of welcome and Paghuli translated it into Carib. Antonio brought us maté which my guest politely tasted and put aside. The Aloike made his speech. It was practically a repetition of what he had said the night before, except that he boasted that he had kept his word and had come with his women and children and with food and presents for me! In the meanwhile, the women sat on the ground with their legs crossed under them, looking up at their lord with pride and devotion.

Canoe-load after canoe-load of these people came over until I was surrounded by a crowd of them. With so many people around Aloike had trouble maintaining discipline. Although the chief, it was apparent that his authority was not very broad. Every one spoke at once, and when I asked Aloike to calm them down, he tried it but without success. When I gave him something, fish-hooks, his people, suspecting that I would not give them any, became more and more excited, snatching

them from him. However, soon each one received his share, and calm was restored. As a mark of special favor, I gave him a pair of pants, which pleased him, but they also soon disappeared in the crowd.

When I had distributed these presents, the women came forward to give me food. They brought three things. The gritty toasted flour of manioc, unleavened manioc bread and piki, a soft yellow mass prepared from a wild fruit. These food offers made the eyes of my Bakairi light with pleasure, but ^{to} the rest of us they just represented scarcely edible foods.

After this, trade began and continued lively all morning. For bows, arrows, strings of beads, hammocks, they received fishhooks, knives, mechanical toys, a few pieces of cloth, glass necklaces, safety pins which they immediately added to their strings of beads as decoration.

All morning we were surrounded by these naked folk. I watched closely one manoeuvre famous in the history of contacts between European explorers and South American aborigines. The use of beautiful ladies to destroy a man has not been unknown in Europe, but the South American primitive folk invented a new technique. Hans Staadt, a Dutch sailor, has left us a wonderful account of his capture and subsequent life among the Tupinamba living on the coast of Brazil in 1546. He describes vividly how a party of sailors went ashore, were approached and surrounded by the women, and when off their guard, were clubbed to death from behind by these primitive Eves. The technique seemed to be well known to the Anahukuas, whatever their intentions might be. The women simply did their best to overwhelm every one of us. They came close, they tried to throw their arms about us, and always some tried to get behind us. They carried no clubs but we were not sure that there weren't any hidden in the milling mob. Their demonstrations of affection for us were too

artful to be sincere, it seemed to me . We were distrustful. My khaki shirt soon changed color, becoming a rusty red from the rubbing of the women against me and from their attempted embraces. Most of the oily red paint with which they were smeared was transferred to our clothes and baggage. There exists an enmity between civilized people and savages that is world-wide and has existed in all ages. By civilized villagers or townsfolk living at the frontiers savages are used to frighten children. If some of the latter appear in the community they are treated badly. Every citizen, convinced that he is far superior to the barbarian, does his best to strut about in the safety of his own heart, as it were, to show off his high level in human society. It is a common sight in border-towns to see small groups of primitive people huddled together in fear, in discomfort, in the midst of crowds, busy teasing them; they are treated as wild animals held prisoners in strong cages at the zoo. But when a civilized person goes into a primitive community, the whole thing is reversed. There is no respect for civilization. There is only evaluation of power and ability. So it is an equally common sight to see the proud representative of civilization cowed and often in actual fear in the midst of aggressive haughty, naked tribesmen, the subject of ridicule and often of mild torture.

I was too busy that morning to think of taking photographs of my "civilized" crew, surrounded by the laughing, curious and arrogant Anahukuas. They looked very much like a herd of deer brought to bay by a pack of dogs. Although each of them held in his hand a gun or a long knife and the savages had not even their bows and arrows with them, it was obvious that they were mortally afraid of these representatives of the Carib peoples. The Bakairi, Caribs themselves, were as much as the men from Cuyabá. A few years ago, their tribe was one of the

most aggressive and feared of the entire Xingu region. But now they wore shirts and pants, they considered themselves "civilized" and consequently shared with the others the fear of the naked savage. Imagine then the state of mind of my caboclos. Antonio's fright was so evident that he came in for some badgering on the part of the other men to which he responded in a loud voice that he was afraid of no one. To prove this, he held firmly to his shotgun in one hand and knife in the other and threatened to defend himself to the last drop of blood in his veins against one and all primitive peoples. But his bellicose declaration was far from convincing to his companions and even less so to the naked women that surrounded him and proceeded to rifle his pockets. It may be also that the proximity of these primitive Venefres was too much for Antonio for his protestations of courage became rather feeble after, a while, and he disappeared from sight completely in the midst of the aggressive red women.

My German friend, Mueller, was no more assured of his safety than any of the others. But in justice to him, I do think that had our guests made any attempt to break the peace, he would have defended himself and us. As a matter of fact, he presented an entirely different problem from Antonio. I was in suspense lest he should mistake some friendly overture on the part of the red-colored folk for an act of aggression and should so lose control of himself as to act on it. Only Ismerio, an undersized light-weight whose face clearly showed confusion of the three races that are mixed up in Brazil, that is the White, the Indian, and the African, took his station behind my back with his hand on his 38 and while laughingly flirting with the women, carefully watched their behaviour, especially when they came too close to me. He allowed none of them to approach me from behind. "nzik, the gigantic Italian

poet, could not resist the temptation to hide his feelings under a cloak of poetic confidence and a gesture of sangfroid. He took his position on the sandbank, and there he sang Alpine songs and turned himself into a one man circus for the pleasure of the host of younger people and let them feel his beard. The Anahukua increased their nakedness by eradicating all body hair. Anzil had allowed his beard to grow; it was a poor sparse beard at that, but it was the object of their curiosity. Before the morning was over, every visitor to our camp had at least pulled it once, which pleased them no end.

Our preliminary courtesies over, that is, after we had exchanged gifts, Aloike backed by the entire crowd, became more aggressive. He decided that since we had a great many boxes, we must have a great many possessions, which he coveted. He proceeded to make long speeches, emphasizing his remarks, pointing to this article and that, such as guns and knives, the victrola, my shirt, which he demanded for himself and his people. I did not understand his language, but his intentions were quite clear. He was supported in his demands by a chorus from his men and women so that after a while everyone was making an individualistic speech without respect, either for their host or their chieftains. This situation, of course, did not reassure my men, and I noticed that several of them were making ready to fight or to flee. I had in my pocket a metallic toy, a "krazy-kat" picked up at Woolworth's, which, when wound up, could be made to dance. This I pulled out in this emergency and, placing it on a box, let it careen across its surface. This little toy was enough to save the day. The clamor ceased, and all adults and children clustered around to watch this strange contraption. As a special favor, I showed Aloike how to wind it up, which he did gingerly, with an expression of mingled pride

amazement and fear. Having wound it up successfully and the "krazy-kat" having danced for him, he very carefully and proudly again went through his little performance before the admiring throng. Obviously, this was an occasion for a speech which he proceeded to make in his best oratorical vein. He must have told them that here he was handling something magical for when he offered it to another of his men, that individual turned it down in real alarm. In this way, I discovered that I had done Aloike a favor since now he could boast that he had performed something which only chief/tains as brave as himself could do safely. His prestige was thus raised and in gratitude this savage called upon one of his wives to give me some biiju.

Aloike could not however be weaned away from his demands by a mechanical toy. He seemed to be endowed with great intelligence and a practical sense. As the interest in the toy abated, he declared again in no uncertain terms what he wanted. He made his demands as a right. The Anahuakua, living so far up stream are considered to be the highwaymen of the Kuluseu. Formerly, the Bakairi occupied that strategic position, but with their withdrawal to Simoe Lopez, the Anahukua fell heir to it. Immediately above their village commence a series of rapids which we had fought for seven days; below it there is open water. Any tribesmen, or party such as ours, attempting to use the Kuluseu as a highway, can be easily attacked by the Anahukua as they struggle in the treacherous waters of the rapids or as they drag their canoes through the shallow channels which are often obstructed by fallen trees. There is practically no defense against any enemies who wish to attack from

the safety of the jungle which covers both sides of the stream. Naked bodies and lack of baggage make it easy for them to travel rapidly to take up strategic positions at points where the difficulties are the greatest. What chance can canoe-men, struggling to control their primitive contraptions, have against men hidden in the thick foliage and whose attack is made with the silent arrow. To attempt to pursue them would be suicidal, for in the jungle an attacking party could be most easily picked off one by one.

We had been fortunate in not being attacked. Perhaps our numbers, our guns which we fired at game, had held them back from any aggressive action. But once having made contact with us opposite their own village, they showed no hesitancy in asserting their prerogatives. Aloike proceeded to make heavy demands. He wanted us to give them everything that he saw, and to make sure that he obtained these precious goods, he urged that we visit his village and stay there. Part of his argument consisted of vivid descriptions of what would happen to us if we proceeded any further in the territory of the tribesmen who inhabit the lower Kuluseu. According to him, these people were monsters who would kill and eat all of us without giving us a chance to defend ourselves. In pantomime, he demonstrated how, under the guise of friendship and affection, the men would shoot their arrows at us and the women would club us to death. It was logical then that we should stay with him and his people, who had already demonstrated their friendliness by coming to our camp unarmed and unafraid. Now, he argued, we should go to his village where he would return our hospitality and, of course, we would pay for it with our goods.

When the gist of his discourse was made clear to my men, they protested vigorously. The Anahukua were brigands who wanted us to go to

their village where they could play upon us the treachery that Aloike was describing as characteristic of the other tribes further downstream. Fearing that I might be persuaded by Aloike, they out-did each other in portraying the ferocity and animal qualities of the tribe and our own defenselessness.

However, I needed no urging at this time not to stay with the Anahukua. My interest, of course, lay in studying these people, irrespective of the dangers involved, and I had no guarantee that other tribes would behave differently. But there was a practical reason for our hastening to the mouth of the Kuluseu. Before starting our trip from Cuyabá, it had been agreed between Johnson and myself that he would fly in on June 26 to the south of what we thought was the Seventh of September or Torogne River. We had made rapid progress in the rapids, having spent but seven days from the time that we launched our canoes until we came to clear water, whereas, another expedition had taken forty days; however the delay at Simoe Lopes counted heavily against us. My men had worked hard and skillfully but now they were tired out and every day at least three of them were helpless with fever. It was obvious that we could never descend the Kuluseu and go up the Kuluene to the mouth of the Seventh of September in the time left to us unless we should proceed onward with our out-board motor without stopping to visit any village on our way. The matter was serious for, if Johnson did not find me in the place agreed upon, he would be in a precarious position since he might not have enough gasoline to fly back to Cuyabá. There was the chance too that something might happen to the plane in landing, in which case the crew would be at the mercy of the tribesmen. I knew that if Johnson would not make contact with us, he might decide that something had happened to our party and go back to

Cuyabá to organize a relief expedition for us, or, if stranded, he might arrange it by radio. Haste was imperative, therefore, and as the sun climbed to the noon-hour, I gave orders to the men to load the canoes in order to proceed onwards.

The keen-eyed Aloike was quick to notice our preparations and equally quick to protest against our leaving. His people, likewise, understanding that all the wealth contained in our boxes was about to slip through their fingers, set up a terrific clamor and bedlam reigned for a while. To our great surprise, some of the men produced bows and arrows, and for a while, matters took an ugly turn. However, calling Paghuli to my aid, I had him make a speech to Aloike, in which he explained our need for haste, but what was of greater importance and value, the fact that the plane was about to fly into the country again. The Anahukua apparently had seen the air-monster on its previous flights, and since they had never witnessed such an event before they, of course, could make nothing of it except that some mysterious being had visited and was about to visit their country. Paghuli gave them to understand that the monster belonged to me and that it was coming back at my bidding. This, in itself, had intrinsic value as a magical, romantic episode which distracted their attention and also made them more cautious in their demands. Paghuli talked for a long while, describing the plane vividly, using words and gestures, such as "huge bird which makes a noise louder than thunder". Paghuli, himself, had seen the plane fly over his village at Simoe Lopes and, since it was as mysterious an object to him as to his listeners, he needed no urging to portray its potential destructiveness to Aloike. The Anahukua on their part, listened attentively and quieted down. To make up for their disappointment, I distributed a few more presents, and succeeded finally in making Aloike clown a little before the camera.

Taking advantage of the lull, my men prepared the canoes. In the meantime, I measured and photographed our guests, making of the whole matter a game. I made a long speech, as I knew was proper, and after Aloike had answered me with an even longer oration, I took my place at the stern of the dugout, started the motor and off we went downstream. The sound of the outboard caused great consternation to the Anahukua. Men, women and children made as if to flee to the protection of the jungle, but in all fairness to Aloike, he bravely stood his ground and watched us move away with only a certain amount of amazement. I believe we all felt relieved when a bend in the river hid this troublesome tribe from view.

Chapter XV

Running an outboard motor attached to a leaky clumsy dugout and towing six canoes each loaded to capacity, was pure work which left no time to think of the events of the morning. The event which I had been looking forward to for many months had taken place, and I would have wanted to go off by myself to some spot in the cool jungle to think about it. Instead, I found myself holding on to a vibrating steel tube with which I did the steering, and looking ahead at the glassy river stretching before us. Tupi, after the excitement of the morning--he had spent most of it tied to my hammock which he guarded fiercely against anybody who dared to approach too closely--was lying at my feet, resigned to the heat and the cramped quarters of the canoe.

I kept the canoes to the middle of the river. The astonishment of the Anahukuas on seeing us depart so swiftly had been great, but I could not hope that it would last all day. Though we were moving comparatively fast, the river meandered so that they could easily catch up with us by cutting across overland, and once their disappointment, over not having succeeded in detaining us and receiving all of the treasures which they were convinced we carried with us, began to be felt they might decide to start the much delayed attack to take by force what they had not been able to take by guile. For that reason, I stayed away from the banks. It would be an easy matter for them, hidden in the forest, to pick us off with their long arrows if we tempted them too strongly by coming within short bow range.

The men talked among themselves about the events of the morning but what preoccupied me more was that they had not gotten over their own uneasiness at being transported at such a speed in the canoes without any effort of their own. When we had struggled in the rapids or had paddled in the quiet stretches, they were masters of the river, but now

they sat half-frightened, some with crossed arms, others holding on to baggage or canoe as if we might capsize any moment. They were glad that they had no work to do, but they were uneasy. Ordinarily they could move in the canoes with complete confidence, taking liberties that no one not accustomed to river work would ever take, but now they were acting as if they found themselves in a canoe for the first time. They sat stiffly, and if the necessity arose to move, they did so gingerly and clumsily. As to the "mutiny" led by Mueller, nothing more had been said. The job on hand after the incident of the morning had been to protect ourselves from the common danger; the Anahukuas, and everybody had responded to the work on hand without the least murmur. For the time being, they had rallied about me as their capitão on whom they depended to get them through safely. I had no way of knowing if, now that we were on our way again and the danger of the Anahukua attack was becoming less every minute, the trouble would be revived. But obviously nothing would be done until we made camp that night, if anything. Some of them, overcome by the heat and having nothing to do, began to doze. I, myself, struggled against sleep also, but the necessity of covering as much distance as possible kept me holding on to the motor instead of pulling up at the bank to rest.

After several hours of running, the motor began to sputter. I began to play with the carburator trying to discover what was wrong. In order to work better, I took off my gun belt and laid it at my feet. The motor almost stopped but picked up in time. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Paghuli in the next canoe lean forward to grasp a bundle that seemed to be slipping off into the water. I heard a yell above the hum of the motor and caught a glimpse of Antonio leaping from my canoe. Tupi rose and began barking violently. Water began to pour into the canoe. I

turned the tiller around trying to make for the nearest bank, but as I did so, I heard another yell from Antonio. I caught another glimpse of him jumping to the next canoe which he missed with his feet, but as he landed in the water, he grasped it with his hands and upset it. I went down with the dugout, still holding onto the motor in the impossible hope of towing the canoes to the bank and safety.

I went down for what seemed to be a very, very long time and a great distance before I let go and began to struggle to reach the surface again. Fortunately, I was wearing sneakers and having stripped myself of gun and knife belt before the accident, I found no difficulty in swimming to the top. The confusion was indescribable. Men, boxes, articles of clothing were floating everywhere. Either through surprise and fear, or because they could not swim some of the men seemed to be struggling desperately to keep themselves afloat. Antonio was gasping for breath and shouting for help when he could. Apacanu, Paghuli and Manuelsinho were also in the water, and as I lifted myself up a little out of the water, I saw Tupi on top of a gasoline box barking excitedly. I suppose he thought that we were playing a new type of game, but I was relieved and glad to see him there, and thankful that he had not been tied to the canoe as I often had found it necessary to keep him from diving overboard and making for the bank to chase some real or imaginary animal.

As soon as I appeared, I heard shouts to "save the doctor". Four of the seven canoes were afloat, but no one seemed to know what to do. They were too overloaded to take in anybody; so I ordered two of them to help hold up the men in the water while the others raced for shore to unload and return to take them aboard. There was danger that at any moment the dreaded piranha, the "cannibal" fish of the South American tropics would be attracted to the scene to eat us alive; so the men did

not need much urging once they were told what to do. The bank was about fifty yards away. The men paddled fast and furiously, unloaded in no time at all and returned. It was time. Antonio and Apacanu were about to give up. They and Manuelsinho were dragged aboard. Paghuli holding onto his bundle of clothes and hammock, and I swam ashore. A canoe put out again to retrieve Tupi, but he would not allow himself to be taken off his gasoline box until I went after him myself. Whatever was afloat was gathered and soon the sandbar on which we had landed looked like a Mexican market place.

A market place, but the bustle, the shouts, the laughter was not there. The men stood or sat on the sand as if stunned. Everything was still, the forest behind us, the broad river a bright shield of reflected light, the white sky and the sun. Only the yellow butterflies moved, and they, too, were silent. Anzil sat contemplating his bare toes, thinking not of poetry, perhaps, but of his luck in not being in one of the canoes which foundered, for he could not swim a stroke. Antonio for once forgot to strut his courage which seemed not to have been with him that day. Mueller gazed at the view. He would not look at me. Dom João stood legs apart, barefooted not able even to stammer. He had lost his Mauser, and that went hard with him. Black Domingo gazed at the forest. Calm and conscientious, he remembered that we were in the wilderness. Without being asked, he mounted guard. Little Ismerio kept his hand on his gun. I knew why. Should Mueller make any attempt against me, he was ready for it. Of the Bakairi, the younger men looked disturbed but kept knife in hand. Only Paghuli laughed shortly occasionally and examined the four small canoes we had left. Tupi, of course, was raising a row in

the nearby bushes, though he, no doubt, was doing his best to act woods-wise.

The whistle of the gold-bird sounding close at hand broke the spell. Paghuli looked up, but I could see from his face that in his opinion, the sound had been produced by the bird's, not Anahukua throat. Some of the men drew their knives and began to cut a chamber out of the forest. I told Antonio to get the kitchen ready, but he replied in a pathetic tone that everything, every pot and pan was at the bottom of the river. He sounded so miserable that it brought a laugh. It reminded me that perhaps we could salvage some of our equipment and with luck might even drag the canoes to shallow water. Taking stock, we found that we didn't have much rope, and that in any case we had nothing to substitute for grappling irons. Dom João made something out of the crook of a branch, weighted with an ax blade. Others prepared our largest fishhooks weighted down with knives. We had to risk losing ax and knives, for there was no stone in the neighborhood. With this crude equipment some of the men paddled out to midstream and starting dragging the bottom. They soon reported that the canoes had sunk in about fifty feet of water. I don't think that there was another spot in the Kyluseu that deep.

Mueller, Anzil and I began to take an inventory. We had lost our two largest canoes, the worthless dugout and the motor. Half of our firearms, ammunition and trade goods was gone. Most of our food also, but the ten gasoline cans partly filled with emergency rations had floated. Some of the men had lost all of their personal equipment. The portable phonograph and records were at the bottom. I was the chief sufferer. My personal arms, my still and motion picture cameras, my diaries and

notebooks, my anthropometric instruments were missing. My work among the Bakairi, the Anahukua, and my observations from the time I left Cuyabá were gone forever. I could not hope to remember all that I had seen, heard and measured. And worst of all from the point of view of the men, I had lost my medical kit, and a great deal of the tobacco which had been rationed out each day with the beans and rice. For Anzil and some of the other men the loss of the tobacco was the supreme calamity.

A shout from the men in the canoes made us look up. We could not hear what they said, but they seemed to be laughing. One of the canoes started for us. The rejoicing was over the recovery of most of Antonio's kitchen equipment. Another shout. Some one had brought to the surface the salt sack with several pounds of salt still in it. The work continued out there only too often with only amusing results. A pair of pants, a shirt, a sugar bag without any sugar, somebody's sandal were fished out. One thing recovered made us glad, and encouraged the men to continue their efforts,—a rifle!

There is nothing in my notebooks written on the day of the disaster but the following two sentences:

"We left the Anahukuas about noon, feeling relieved that we had no trouble with them. Two hours later we found ourselves on a sandbank, having lost three canoes and over half of our equipment."

As a matter of fact, these words were originally written on a scrap of paper and later were transferred to a notebook. They were intended as the opening statements to a full description of the events of the day, which was never written and never has been written.

The failure to write up my notes is eloquent of my mental state at

the end of that day. I was so empty of feelings that I could not even write an account of what had happened. It would have been in the literary tradition to describe my emotional reactions of despair, of gloom, of fear, and yet I felt nothing like that. When resting on the sands at the end of the day, I felt myself, instead, stripped of all thoughts and feelings and in a mood of supreme indifference. It seemed I was not able to disassociate myself from the calm spirit of the jungle evening, when everything seems to rest waiting the coming of a new day. I saw only a placid river playing in the moonlight, the dark forest and great silence. Everything about us was so tranquil that it seemed impossible to have any feelings but those of calm and peace.

I didn't even think much about what had caused the accident, if it had been an accident. The men gave different versions. Some said that a bundle was slipping off the canoe in which Paghuli was sitting and that in reaching for it, he upset the canoe. Others intimated foul play of some sort and on somebody's part. Some blamed it on the motor, a contraption, they said, which they had never trusted because it was not natural for man to travel in the river without paddling or poling. Dom João advanced the opinion that we had hit a huge fish and upset. All agreed in blaming Antonio for swamping the other two canoes. He, poor fellow, at first tried to excuse himself on the basis of the general fear of piranhas, but soon gave it up when he saw that no one listened to him. Those who had had enough sense to cut the towing ropes which saved four canoes for us described their act with a certain amount of pride.

I frankly was not interested in the conjectures. Whether it had been foul play or an accident, the fact remained that the canoes with most of our equipment were resting at the bottom of the river below some fifty

feet of water. If it had been foul play, the results could not be too pleasing to the plotters. As long as I kept guard over the rest of the material to prevent any one from making away with it and the canoes, all of us were in the same fix. Some of the men were unquestionably loyal. They would no doubt keep a vigilant eye on what the others might be planning, and fortunately I always slept little and very lightly. Besides, I depended on Tupi who had developed a proprietary attitude towards the entire equipment, which he somehow understood belonged to me, to help me keep guard.

I reviewed the situation and planned for the future. We did not have enough canoes to transport ourselves and our baggage either upstream or downstream. For a portion of us to embark and another portion to walk on land was impractical. There were no paths to follow, and that would mean that the party traveling on the bank would have a difficult task making its way through the thick forest. Traveling in that fashion, we could never hope to reach our destination on time to meet our companions flying in from Cuyabá. And yet, unless we could make new canoes, which was dependent on finding the proper bark, or unless we could obtain canoes from the aborigines, that would be the only possible mode of travel. These two alternatives would take time, and it seemed quite plain that we had to give up hope of keeping our scheduled meeting with the airplane.

Our food supplies and ammunition were low, too low to make it safe to plan on carrying out our explorations to the end. As it was, we did not even have enough to last us on the return journey to Simoe Lopes, should we decide to do that. There was not much food to be found in the country. Although we could always obtain some fish and game if we stayed close to

the river, unless we spent a good portion of our time fishing and hunting, this was too uncertain a source. Also, it was quite certain that now that we had lost so much of our equipment and the men were exhausted from the heavy work on the rapids, that we would run into trouble with the Anahukua, should they discover our plight. We would have to abandon the entire project, and I could see myself returning to Cuyabá, without a single note and without a single specimen and the probable loss of some lives. We were caught in a veritable trap. It was dangerous and fruitless to start back, and equally dangerous to go forward.

I had to give some thought to the temper of the men. That very morning, their dissatisfactions, jealousies, fatigue and nervousness had culminated in a sort of mutiny led by the German, Mueller. It had been my hope that by speeding up our journey, we could meet the plane on the scheduled day and possibly avoid open conflict with the men by so doing. I could then send Mueller back to Descavallos. With the loss of the canoes and equipment, it did not seem possible to carry out this plan.

I wondered a bit about how many of the men were loyal to me and also whether Mueller would bring about an open conflict now that we were short of provisions and general equipment. There was Mueller, huddled with the other men around the fire, talking in whispers. Would morning find them willing to follow my leadership, and to share whatever we had before us? Or would they have some plan of their own, one that they would put into effect at my expense? There was nothing to do but go to sleep. Such problems could not be solved ahead of the destined time. It was best to accept the country's medicine for fears and uncertainty, sleep and the awaiting of new events. Tupi, curled underneath my hammock, had already put that into practice.

In the course of the weeks that followed, I learned that a plan was made that night to abandon me at the first opportunity. At least, that was the plot which was told to me little by little by some of the men. It

It appeared also that loss of the three canoes spoiled this plan. In the first place, there was no longer enough food to last many more weeks and a great deal of the equipment had been lost. The four small canoes that remained could not transport all of the men and the baggage. Therefore, any group that insisted on carrying out this plan would arouse the enmity of those that would be left behind, which would mean an open fight. That would not only have the obvious disadvantages, but also would be an added danger to the men, since unquestionably the hostile aborigines would take advantage of the weakness of the two groups fighting with each other. The danger to all of us was equal, and under the circumstances, every one realized that only by acting together, could we hope to avoid further disaster. I did not know at the time about this plot, nor of the discussions that took place in the course of the night among the men. I slept tranquilly with Tupi lying under my hammock, ready to bark at friend or foe that should approach us.

When morning came and the sun rose as usual, there did not seem to be any special cause for worry in the air. The temper of the jungle seemed to be my own. Everything was quiet and still as it had been for many mornings since we left Cuyabá. A heavy mist rested on the river but was soon dispelled by the hot sun. Behind us the tall forest seemed to brood over the naked sandbank occupied by us, which it had not been able to cover. There was Antonio, as usual, with a cup of thick black coffee. I looked at the men busy at their morning ablutions. They seemed to have regained some of their stolidity. True, there was even a little merriment in the camp. The anxiety of the previous day seemed to have disappeared. I marveled at this, since it seemed to me that now was the opportunity for Mueller and

his henchmen to cause open trouble. But there he was standing in front of me with eyes downcast, murmuring, "Senhor Profesor" and what was my pleasure that morning.

Still hopeful of being able to pull to the surface one or more canoes, and perhaps to pull up some of the baggage, I sent the men out to drag for them with the only implements that we had, fish lines and hooks. Anzil, and Mueller continued the inventory. Realizing that we had to act quickly, I went over the situation again, consulting with the men when I needed information.

It was obvious that we could not reach the Seventh of September in time. I was still under the impression, of course, that on our second flight we had landed in the Kuluene at the mouth of the Seventh of September. Somehow I had to get a message to Johnson when he flew in. I thought at first of leaving the men to transport the gasoline to the mouth of the Kuluseu, and taking one or two with me, attempt to cut across to the Kuluseu and replenish its gasoline supply. On reflection, I had to reject this plan. With my departure there was no telling what the men might do. The chances were that the Bakairi would bolt for Simão Lopes, and the rest of them might attempt to follow them or perhaps be led by Mueller into some foolish venture. I discussed this plan with Black Domingo who very respectfully urged me against it and also insisted that he would not leave me whatever I might decide to do. He had received his instructions from Major Noronha, he said, and he would follow them. I discussed it with Paghuli. He also rejected it, but volunteered to cut across to the Seventh of September. Finally, I decided to form a party of Mueller, Paghuli, Dom João and another Bakairi to try to reach the Seventh of September with a message for Johnson. The rest of us would somehow make our way north to the mouth of the Kuluseu

to meet the plane there. In this way, I hoped to accomplish several things with the minimum of risk for the men. I was certain that the group would keep together either to reach the Kuluene or even if they returned to Simão Lopes. Since Paghuli was the only one who knew the country, the rest would necessarily have to be guided by him, and I had great hopes that of the four he would be most loyal to me. Since Paghuli's son remained with us, there was no doubt in my mind that he would rejoin me. At the same time by/^{removing}the two chief troublemakers, I might have less trouble with the rest of the men.

Neither Mueller nor Dom João raising objections to this plan, I equipped them as well as possible with firearms and food. Each carried a long knife. Mueller and Dom João and Paghuli carried rifles, the other Bakairi as well as Paghuli, bows and arrows. Out of the emergency rations, we gave them canned meat, chocolate and canned condensed vegetables. Salt, coffee, some beans, rice and manioc were added to each man's kit. To Mueller I gave a small first aid kit containing the essentials. We ferried up river, about a kilometer to where Paghuli said there was a path, landed them and after a final shy laugh from Paghuli on whom so much depended, they entered the forest and immediately disappeared.

We returned to our trawling for whatever the river might give up. I did not have much hope of bringing up anything of value, but it was something to do for the men until we could either make several more canoes or some natives would come to our help. Ismerio yelled. He had hooked a rope the other end of which was tied to a canoe. We had a faint hope now of either raising the canoe or dragging it to shallow water. Unfortunately, we did not have enough rope to reach the bank. All we could do was to try pulling on it from the canoes. We labored hard in the hot sun moving the

submerged canoe inch by inch towards shore. At one time, it seemed to come easily, and everybody cheered. We dragged it to within fifty feet of the bank, and then it stuck. We knew why. The water was about thirty feet at that point, but the bank rose abruptly. There was nothing that we could do. Another disappointment to add to the despair we were beginning to feel.

I went out to midstream again. Soon it seemed that I had hooked another canoe. I pulled on my line. First it gave easily, and I shouted the news, then it gave a jerk that almost pulled me out of the canoe. I let out line and raced for shore. Safe on the bank, we pulled with a will. The strong line held. We pulled, and after a while we saw in the shallow water what we had hooked. There on dry sand lay a hundred pound jahu, a species of catfish, hooked through the lower lip. It snorted and bellowed, and Tupi barked at it, but a blow of the ax finished it. We had enough fish meat now for a week, but it wouldn't keep more than a day. Nevertheless, the incident revived a little the spirits of the men. The prospects of a full stomach were good and that in the wilderness always makes one feel better.

Black Domingo, whose eyes never stopped searching the river and the forest for signs of man or beast, interrupted our happy reverie over the jahu. He pointed across the river. There close to the opposite bank some five hundred yards away was a native canoe with a man standing up in the bows fishing, a companion paddling in the stern. Some of the men were for going after them immediately, but I doubt if we could have ever caught them. It didn't suit my plans. If we alarmed the countryside, news would spread fast and we would perish. We needed friends and help. I decided to wait.

The fisherman had seen us, of course, but was afraid to come clo-

ser. We hoped that he wouldn't disappear without paying us a visit. After a while, he made for the opposite bank where a tiny figure met him. We had the satisfaction to see as the sun set a small cheerful fire on the opposite bank. The fisherman had not fled. During the night, we kept calling each other's attention to that little flame. It meant a possible solution to our problem.

In the morning, the mist lay over the river as usual, and we spent several anxious hours wondering if the fisherman had fled. But no, we saw him when the sun had cleared the river. He was on our side now above our camp, slowly drifting towards us. He was standing in the front part of the canoe, looking in the water for fish, bow and arrow ready. A naked woman was sitting in the stern guiding the canoe. A child sat on her lap and was feeding at her breast. On the bank a little girl of five or six years was following turtle tracks to the nests, scooping out the sand with which they were covered, and gathering the soft-shelled eggs which form an important ^{part} of the diet of the Kuluseu tribesmen.

We pretended not to see them. Our two dogs were tied in the forest, lest they should frighten our prospective visitors away. We did our best to appear ignorant of their presence, and in half an hour there they were, the canoe beached, looking at us wonderingly. Several of us approached them, Paghuli saying a few words in his tongue which our visitors did not understand. Paghuli guessed that they were Mehinaku, repeated the word with good results. The man nodded his head and spoke in his language. Noticing that there was nothing on the small fire built in the stern just behind the woman, I called to Antonio to bring them a large piece of jahn fish caught the previous day. Our visitors smiled. The woman placed it immediately on the fire. The man made a speech, of thanks, I presume. I placed a

red glass necklace around the little girl's neck. The parents beamed, and the man made another speech. Finally, reassured of our friendly intentions, they came ashore to look at so many curious things. Timidly, they touched our clothes and Anzil's beard. I picked up a facao and told Paghuli to give it to him. Paghuli did better than that. He first gave a superb demonstration of what the heavy steel blade could do. He did no less than chop down a small tree. Then he handed it to the man. Although this was serious business, it pleased me no end to see the joy on their faces.

I told Paghuli what I wanted. Would our visitors paddle to their village and come back with several canoes so that we could proceed our journey? Not having a common language in which to talk, this proved a difficult task. Paghuli had recourse to gestures, and the half dozen words of Mehinaku he knew. Calling off the men, I left him to do what he could in his own way. An hour later he came to report that he thought he had succeeded. In fact the man, a tall pale elderly person suffering from a stomach tumor, I supposed, since it was horribly swollen, came to me, made a speech with ample gestures which I hopefully interpreted as meaning that he could be back in two days with two canoes. He stepped into his canoe with his family and was about to start off when I held him back. I had forgotten something. I gave the woman a necklace, and a bracelet for the baby at the breast. She smiled shyly but was very pleased. I hoped that if the men could not be enticed by the knife given to her husband, she would influence the women. They pushed away, paddling with the quick stroke common to the region, and soon a bend of the river hid them from view. I released Tupi from his confinement.

The presence of the Mehinaku had symbolized hope. In his presence, we had acted almost gay, as if he possessed some magical power to free us from our problem. With his disappearance, our spirits dropped. Had he

actually understood what we wanted? Would he return with the canoes, or would he simply serve as a messenger to spread the word that we were stranded on a sand bar and easy to attack? If neither happened, what were we going to do? The longer we stayed where we were, the greater risk we ran that the Anahukua would discover us if they had not done so already. The only answer to these problems was action, but I admitted to myself that there was not a great deal to be done.

But we had to keep working if the morale of the men was to stand up under the strain. Some of the men I put to resume the trawling. The Bakairi I sent to look for suitable jatuba trees from the bank of which we could make new canoes. Antonio was busy with the kitchen. Anzil I kept busy arranging what equipment we had left. For myself, I set the task of now working with one group, now with another, in order to keep the men from developing a pessimistic mood too far.

Night came upon us again without any encouraging incident to record. Those who had spent their time trawling came back empty handed. The Bakairi had found no suitable trees. It was a beautiful serene night with a full moon set in a rainbow colored corona cutting paths of silver in the river. From across the river, came an occasional throaty cry of a jaguar. The fish frolicked in the water a bit. We lay in our hammocks or on the sand each somewhat busy with his own thoughts. As usual, I gave myself up to the world about me. Tupi likewise, apparently. We slept and came awake at the slightest unusual sound, but nothing more serious happened than finding the men helping themselves to coffee of which now we could no longer boast an excessive quantity, in the early hours of the morning.

The sun brought us another day with the suddenness that is a daily event in the tropics. A few minutes of a glowing sky, and there is the white globe which eats up the mist and the chill in one's bones. Again I sent the men out to trawl and to search for jatuba trees. Black Domingo and a Bakairi I sent into the forest to scout for game and Anahukua. The men went reluctantly and soon returned completely discouraged. Hoping to set them an example, I went out to midstream with Black Domingo. I had a quick swim, I brought up my gun belt with revolver still in the holster. Encouraged, men put out in the other three canoes.

I was out in midstream trawling again when I thought I heard the purring of an airplane motor in the distance. Tupi, who as usual accompanied me, pricked up his ears too. Apacanu stopped paddling and listened. In a moment, we were sure of it and raced for the bank. We supposed that Paghuli's group had reached the Seventh of September, transmitted my message and that Johnson was now looking for us. The joy was universal, a mad hopeful joy. We set fire to several piles of brush which we had prepared for such an event, hoping that the smoke would attract the attention of the crew. The plane came in sight, a tiny speck in the southern sky. It grew in size, the roar of its motor increased, it was above us, it flew on. We on the sand ran frantically about desperately making all sorts of signals to be seen. Some waved shirts, Antonio beat his pots, all yelled, but it went on and soon disappeared in the northern sky. All was quiet again, quiet except for the even voice of Black Domingo cursing the plane, not the crew, with a string of oaths so potent and so long that were there magic

in words, the plane would have crashed. Anzil composed some sarcastic couplet. The rest stood silent, crestfallen, and sullen. Their last hope was gone.

I could sympathize with them. For a moment, when the plane was overhead and it became clear that our signals were not attracting any attention, I not only felt helpless, but was victim to an overwhelming rage at our impotency. I too shouted, which only increased my anger, for I knew that we might be seen but not heard. For a few minutes, we had gone completely mad, with the kind of madness that comes upon one in the tropics. It is like a tropical storm. It comes suddenly, it passes quickly, but while it rages it has tremendous destructive power. It passes leaving havoc in its wake. Our madness left us weak.

There was nothing that I could do to animate the men, and I let them alone for the time being. How long could I keep them together? Would the Mehinaku come in time? Would Johnson look for us? Another afternoon and night dragged on. If the Mehinaku did not arrive, I was determined to start down river with as much equipment as we could carry, and abandon the rest. If it came to the worst, we could try making our way to the Amazon.

Fortunately for us, the Mehinaku kept his word. About noon next day, a shout from the men dragging for the equipment made us look down river. Coming around the bend, were two ark canoes, each containing two naked red men. They made their way slowly towards us, keeping close to the bank where the current was not so swift. We were glad to see them. At least we could now move down river to a more hospitable neighborhood. Even if we did not make contact with

the plane, we could at least obtain the help of the aborigines or make other canoes. We hastened to gather our baggage together, but when it came to loading it on the canoes, we discovered that we had to leave a portion of it behind. I decided to leave the now useless gasoline and motor oil, and seven cases of the aviation gasoline, taking along three with us, which I considered enough for the plane to fly back to Cuyabá in safety. I hoped that we could go back for the rest or send some of the friendly natives back for it. We had to take precautions of course in hiding the gasoline so that they would not be destroyed or be a source of danger to any aborigine prowling around for anything that we might have left behind. We hid it then in the jungle as safely as we could, but we hoped that no one would visit the spot, rather than depend on our ability to hide anything from the primitive folk of the region who knew how to read the ⁿjungle so well.

All was ready by noon, and we started our journey down river, somewhat crowded in the six bark canoes, but anxious, nevertheless, to cover as much distance as possible. In spite of the difficulties and the danger we were in, we recaptured our enthusiasm for the silent river travel which had been destroyed by the roaring motor for the two days that we used it. Again we seemed to be moving in an enchanted land of jewelled light and dark shadows, with strange bird calls to keep us wondering and alert. Tupi, of course, smelled many a thing and was for dashing off to the forest on the slightest pretext. We resumed our battle, he doing his best to leave the canoe for the fascinating jungle and I doing my best to keep him in a prosaic canoe.

We paddled onward until about four o'clock, and then we stopped

to prepare dinner. The men, perhaps because of the physical effort of paddling, had regained some of their ligh-heartedness. The irrepressible Anzil burst into a song. The kitchen was quickly arranged, lines were thrown out for fish, and we bathed in the river.

Ordinarily, Tupi would have been occupied in walking with me to the jungle or in fighting Delegao, but the latter had gone with the four men to the Kuluseu. It looked as if Tupi missed his daily licking. Although the other dog was much larger and a better fighter, Tupi never lost heart and was always the aggressor. On this day, he found an even bigger antagonist. I was bathing in the river when the men shouted that Tupi was swimming across to the other bank. Knowing his propensity for disappearing into the forest when in pursuit of some game, imaginary or real, and fearing that he might cause a long delay, I called to Evaristo to help me chase him in a canoe. We took the precaution of taking with us a shotgun and a revolver. We paddled furiously across, but caught up to Tupi only when he had almost reached the other side. He was actually in difficulty, for the current that swept around the bend was unusually swift, and he was being carried away from his objective. I collared him and tied him in the canoe, holding him down between my legs.

We were about to return to camp when Evaristo pointed to the dead tree fallen from the bank and partly submerged in the river. On one side of its largest branches, right over the swift water, was a huge anaconda, curled in concentric hoops and apparently fast asleep. Tupi had seen it or smelled it from across the river and with less judgment than might have been expected from a fox terrier had unhesitatingly made for it. It was the largest snake that I had ever seen. It

was difficult to judge its length, but it appeared to be exceeding fat, no less than a foot in diameter. It is easy to exaggerate lengths and thickness in snakes, and in this case, Evaristo claimed that I underestimated both. He stoutly maintained that it was at least 12 yards long, whereas I leaned towards an estimate of about nine yards. At any rate, the snake was large enough, and it was alive. Thinking that we might be able to preserve the skin, for it would have been a unique specimen of scientific value if we had, we approached within ten feet of it. The water was too swift to allow us to get close to the bank. So while I, paddling in the stern, held the canoe firmly against some branches, about ten feet away from the ~~anacoda~~ ^{anacoda}, Evaristo took the shotgun and crawled out on the tree. Tupi, in the meanwhile, had gone crazy trying to get loose from me, and barking his head off, but the snake never budged. It watched Evaristo approach it foot by foot, walking erect on the slippery trunk with the agility of a monkey. I was somewhat apprehensive, as it seemed to me that he was approaching too closely. In fact, he walked right up to it, placed the barrel of the gun within a couple of feet of its head, and then shot both barrels at the same time. I had the distinct impression of the booming of the gun, a flash of wild motion such as one might expect in an explosion, and the snake dropped from the branch into the water and disappeared. So we did not get the skin after all, nor an opportunity to measure its length and thickness. The river at that point was too deep, and the current was too swift to allow any hope that we might raise the snake, if indeed it were entirely dead yet. We paddled back to our camp with Tupi somewhat mollified.

While dinner was being prepared, I attempted a conversation with the Mehinaku, but what could we say to each other when we did not know a single word of each other's language? None of my Bakairi paddlers knew a word of the language, but they seemed to have a common sketchy sign language, and, through these means, we learned that the main body of the Mehinaku ~~was~~ encamped about half a day's travel below us, and that upon reaching them, we would receive presents of manioc, flour and bread. I presented each one of them with a knife, fish hooks and some other trinkets which pleased them no end. Unlike the Anakukua, these men seemed to be modest and pleasant, never making any demands, on our property. In a sense, they behaved like gentlemen.

Dinner over, we embarked as the sun went down, but a bright moon gave us enough light to travel in comparative safety, especially since we had native guides who apparently knew the river foot by foot. This was the first time that we had traveled after sunset. If anything, the mysteries of the silent world increased. During the day, whenever possible, we sought the shadow of the bank in order to protect ourselves from the sun's rays, but now we kept ourselves as much as possible to where the river was lighted up by the moon. The shadows were of course deeper, and the jungle took on darker and more gigantic proportions. The sounds that emanated from it were more numerous and more varied, and received an addition in the noises made by fishes leaping out of the water.

Travel by night always seems to last longer. There is a magical stretching of the hours which has the effect of seemingly increasing the labor that one expends to reach his destination. Although the men had started out with good humor and with vigor, as the hours

hours passed, they became sullen and began to slow down. Fortunately, I had placed those who were most apt to grumble in the same canoes with the two Mehinaku, and the latter, happy at escorting us to these people and anxious to reach them, never let up. Nevertheless, when the Mehinaku gently glided to the bank, it seemed to me that the end of the journey had come at an opportune moment. Had we gone further, there might have been open complaint.

So thick was the canopy of leaves at the top, that although the moon was high, as soon as we left the river's edge and walked a few steps into the jungle, we were in pitch blackness. As we progressed along a broad dry creek bottom, following several naked savages who were leading the way to a place that was completely unknown to us, I could not help but wonder what might happen to us. For all we knew, they might be leading us into a trap from which there would be no escape. The men were dog-tired. It was too dark to see even a few paces ahead so that we could be easily lost, should our guides take it upon themselves to disappear, in which case, they could easily seize our canoes and provisions and leave us stranded. Yet, there was nothing to do but place a great deal of faith in human nature, whether it be civilized or savage.

It has been my experience that men seldom act meanly in situations where something large and important is at stake. Men are more apt to help one another than to disappoint each other when once they have overcome the first feeling of suspicion or enmity and they realize that they are made of the same stuff. Of course, in spite of this philosophy, I could not help feeling a little uneasy, for after all, I was responsible, not only for my own life, but for that of fifteen men, whose only interest in the region lay in the few dollars that

they were receiving for their labor. We walked on, one behind the other, I in the head, immediately following one naked Mehinaku.

It would seem that it was foolhardy for me to be in the van of the procession, but two reasons regulated that. In the first place, any sign of timidity on my part would have been reflected on my men and on our hosts themselves to our detriment. Also, I had discovered that the rule in Brazil is that the chief of the party must always go first, whether it be amongst savages or among the native Cabaclos. No other position is fit for him, the Capitão, as the Brazilians call the leader of a party; he must be at the head always, not only in a honorary sense, but also in a physical sense when they are traveling. So it was that there was no choice on my part, where I had wanted to risk a final breakdown in discipline. As a matter of fact, so deep-rooted is this sentiment among Brazilian peoples that I doubt very much whether anyone would have budged if I had suggested that someone else should lead the column. We walked on then in this fashion for what seemed to be a long time but actually for a very short distance. A turn of the path revealed a number of small fires and a natural amphitheatre in the creek bottom. As we approached closely, we saw that about fifty naked men, women and children were warming themselves by either standing up, squatting beside the fire, or sitting in swinging hammocks directly over the fires. It was a weird sight and one of poetic beauty that one could not fail to appreciate in spite of the serious and practical problems with which ^{we} were faced. Here and there a shaft of moonlight made its way down to us. The rest was intense blackness with the exception of the glow given off by the smallest of fires and moving mysteriously, dark shapes of naked peoples. Our guides called out a few times as we

came close, and, added to this idyllic picture of primitive untamed human life, was the subdued murmur of human voices that, though they spoke words which none of us could understand, still held out a hope of warmth and comfort for the shipwrecked strangers that we were, approaching a haven.

Nor was this impression destroyed by the subsequent behaviour of our hosts. No sooner had we arrived, than they broke up into small groups. Each one of us was surrounded by a few of these primitives who outdid each other in offering us refreshments, such as they had, and which, unfortunately, we, with the exception of the Bakairi, could not enjoy. In countless ways they demonstrated their affection and happiness at our being there in their midst. Those that were lying in hammocks, gave them up to us and by word and sign indicated their desire that we should occupy them in order to rest. Naturally they were curious about us, never having seen any human beings with clothes before, and although they could not see very much of us in the dim light, their excitement was intense just the same. We subsequently learned that they had seen the plane flying overhead the two times that we had made the trip, and, of course, they like the Anahukua had followed our progress, step by step from the time we had launched our canoes at the Rio Arame. They treated us very much like long-departed and beloved members of one family - the human family. They were considerate ; we, basking in this sense of security and kindness, slung our own hammocks and went to sleep, relaxed and contented.

I was awakened by Tupi, who curled under my hammock, ^{as} was his habit, growled at something that approached too closely to us. I lay quietly in my hammock with eyes opened, though naturally enough, ex-

pecting anything to occur. I soon discovered that there was nothing to fear. Dawn was approaching, and already the Mehinaku were beginning their day. It was cold, and I shivered a little in spite of my clothes and the huge capa in which I was wrapped. Imagine these poor folk, naked as they were, sleeping out in the open with nothing to shelter them from the night air- nothing except the small fires over which they hovered. I fully realized the significance of the gift of Prometheus then. Imagine primitive man of several hundred thousand of years ago existing without fire, if you can, lacking body covering, such as the low animals possessed^{ess}. Can one wonder why the fire myth, representing fire as a gift from god - a gift which raised mankind from the level of wild beasts - is so widely believed in throughout the world?

I had hoped to be able to continue our journey early in the morning. With that end in view, we packed our gear and took it down to the river bank, but upon loading the canoes, we discovered that two of them leaked badly. I noticed also that the men looked very tired, and since we had a number of days of hard paddling ahead of us, I decided to give them some rest. Hearing that the Mehinaku were building a new village on that side of the river, I decided to visit it, taking with me three Bakairi and Domingo, and leaving the others to mend the leaking canoes.

We followed the creek bottom, which looked like an open highway in the forest for about half an hour when we arrived at the newly made clearing. To my great surprise, I saw that the only structure that was completed was a tall cone-shaped one made of long poles tied together with Lianas. I recognized the structure as the cage for the gaviao or hapij which is found in every village of the upper Xingu.

What surprised me, though, was seeing this structure already in use when the village houses were in preliminary stages of construction. In fact, there were only two large communal houses, one still without any thatching of any kind and the other baly half roofed over. The cage contained the bird, and we noted that on the floor there were bits of meat and fish which the warrriors had brought to it. The Mehinaku indicated through gestures that later on they would pluck the bird and that each warrrior would receive one feather from it. I was suprised at the size of the houses. One of them measured fifty-feet feet in length, forty two feet in width and about twenty feet height. The unfinished house gave us the opportunity of studying in detail its construction. The walls were about 5' high and were made of poles from 3' to 4' in diameter, thrust into the ground closely together. Long, thin, flexible poles were lashed to these, bent at the top where they met to form a dome supported by three large poles; cross pieces bound to the uprights with lianan, held everything in place. The house was orientated on the northeast-southwest axis with the main entrance on the northwest side.

Nearby this half-finished village another clearing was being prepared where the manioc would be planted. I was interested to see how these people, lacking iron and stone tools, would cut down the forest in order to clear the land for planting the only vegetable food that they had brought under partial domestication. Most of the trees had been burned down; that is, dry grass had been piled at their bases and ignited. By replenishing the supply of grass and keeping the flames low, the trees were ringed by fire and felled. A similar technique was practiced in obtaining the thicker poles for the house structure. In addition, the Mehinaku had several machetes or axes, for I noticed that they had

been backing with some none too sharp implement. I could not help marveling at the amount of labor expended to build a house and to clear a field for cultivation. When it is remembered that on the death of a tribal member, the house in which he dies is burned down, and that many fields are productive only for several harvests, and furthermore, that the village must always be located close by the manioc field, the problem of leveling in the Brazilian woodlands, and for these primitives is not an easy one, and certainly their life is not one of leisure, such as was pictured by the philosophers of the naturalist schools or the early explorers of the new world. On the contrary, there is a constant struggle and daily struggle for life. The only food that may be stored ~~is~~^{is} vegetable food and in the lowland jungles where it is impossible to cultivate anything else but a few plants, it means that man must forge for his food daily. Meat, again, can not be kept unless in the form of charqui; that is, the meat is salted and dried out in the sun, but even in this form, it will keep only a short time. The primitives of South America generally have not been acquainted with salt; so they can not keep meat through its chemical action. The forests of Matto Grosso are especially difficult to live in, because they produce very little in the way of food.

We spent several hours in this village, making observations and resting, for in the tropics one does not take a five minute walk without making use of a hammock, if one is available, and the Indians always have them at hand, of course. Our camp was but a half hour's walk away from this clearing; yet we arrived at it drenched in our perspiration and fatigued. It was natural to rest. The psychological

element entered into this also. Neither a Brazilian nor a primitive will undertake two journeys without separating them by a rest period. When one journey is done, one must fall into the nearest hammock and swing back and forth meditatively before starting on the homeward trek, although the visit may be to one's next door neighbor. There is never any need to arrive anywhere, and haste is frowned upon as being unnatural and inhuman. Seconds, minutes, hours are meaningless divisions of time. Days have no great meaning. Weeks are long enough to lose one, making one forget what one set out for in the first place. Months act as charms of forgetfulness, and years mark new ages and new centuries. Yesterday has no significance. Today and tomorrow never arrive. That is the tempo of the tropics, never changeable, never hurrying, never slowing down, always waiting and never finding itself.

This was the first time that I was able to look upon the primitives that I had traveled so far to find leisurely. As I swung in my hammock, it suddenly occurred to me that I had failed to have any marked reaction to the first experience of my life that I should have expected to have produced a deep impression on me. It was a simple thing and perhaps naive, but nevertheless, one that can be easily understood by everyone, for probably the question that I had asked myself is of the universal type. I had wondered what my reaction would be when I would find myself among a host of naked people. I had been brought up in the tenets and taboos against showing human flesh, common to all westerners; so my surprise can be readily understood when now that I had seen naked people for a couple of days, I should suddenly realize that I had scarcely been conscious of the fact. I can only attribute it to the habits of these people and their utter unconsciousness of being without

clothing. The men wore nothing but a string around the loins which accentuated the physical organs. But the utter unconcern and their naturalness did not give me any sense that I was in the presence of naked people. All this came upon me with startling suddenness. And all that I have to report is that I accepted this nude state as I accepted the forest, purely as a natural phenomenon.

Our return journey to our camp was uneventful, except that I had the occasion of admiring the lithe grace of these people on the march. They walked with small steps, with an erect carriage, the chest thrown well forward and the torso resting easily on the pelvis. They moved rapidly for all that, and it was difficult to keep up with them. It was also an adventure in a different way. The white man going into the Brazilian jungles insists on being heavily armed, fearing wild animals and wild men; yet these individuals, naked as they were, carried nothing in their hands and could have offered no defense, had they been confronted by a venomous snake, jaguar or human enemy. Yet they walked along unconcernedly and cheerfully.

In the afternoon, the canoes were ready, and we decided to resume our trip. More of the Mehinakus joined up; so we redistributed the baggage in order to travel more lightly and faster. Before leaving, I gave trinkets to every man, woman and child. These good people asked for nothing, and it was a pleasure to give them what I could. I regretted that I didn't have more. They had been very good to us indeed.

I had noticed among them five little men, darker in color, and considerably smaller. They had kept in the background. I had

wondered a little about them but attributed their self effacement to primitive shyness. Now, they were brought forward. Would I not give them something too? They were not Mehinaku but Trumai visiting them. Trumai! I recalled that they were one of the most interesting tribes reported by Von den Steinen in his trip down the Xingu in 1884. They were one of the peoples that I had hoped to come upon and to study. Here were some of them, and I had no way of talking with them, for they spoke a language unrelated to any other spoken on the Kuluseu. They indicated that their village was many days walking away to the north, and that they had come on foot. They were very short and very slight in build. They were the smallest people I had ever seen, appearing to be almost pygmoid in stature. I gave each some fish hooks of which I still had a goodly supply, with which they were delighted. I would have liked to give them knives which they so obviously wanted, but I could not spare any. I had to nurse my store of trade material carefully, for there were many other tribes with which probably we would come in contact, and in this country it was only with knife, cloth glass beads and other trinkets that I could purchase services. I left these Trumai behind with a great deal of regret, and with the hope that I might visit their village later.

We started down river, our flotilla increased to nine canoes. We waved a final farewell to the Mehinaku who stayed behind. We were indeed grateful, and I promised myself that at the first opportunity I would recompense them for their kindness and hospitality. They, on their part, looked somewhat wistfully. As usual, a bend of the river quickly shut them off from view.

We paddled the rest of the afternoon, and the moon being still with us, we continued on into the night, keeping to the silver streaks, rather than the shadows, as we did during the day. Bright as the moon was, as soon as a canoe became separated from the rest by a distance of ten yards or so, it became practically invisible. For that reason, I changed the usual order, and instead of letting my canoe lead, it formed the last of the procession. I did not want any of the canoes to make for the bank and stay behind.

It was this precaution which led me to discover that our troubles were not over. I came upon three canoes clustered together in the shadow of the high bank. Above the murmurs of the night, Antonio's voice was excitedly urging the men to "assert their rights as men". Were they beasts that they had to work day and night? He could bear no more. He was for turning back to make for Simão Lopes. We had enough equipment to buy off the aborigines, such as the Anahukua if it became necessary, he said. Besides, we had guns. If any of the tribesmen attempted to stop us, we could use them. If the "doctor" persisted in going forward, they could give me a canoe and some food and leave me. After all, it was my business, not theirs.

I waited to hear no more. I interrupted to say that we were going to make camp immediately, and that if any one wished to turn back, he could do so, but not with any of the equipment nor with any of the canoes. There was deep silence. I repeated my orders to make for the bank and establish camp. We had gone far enough for that night. They obeyed. The Mehinaku, surprised that we interrupted our journey so suddenly, tried to tell us that it was a bad and dangerous place to stop there, that we should go further downstream to stop,

nearer to their village where we could sleep in greater security. They were right, but under the circumstances, I could not risk the chance of some of the men deserting, taking with them some of the baggage.

Camp was made in the dark with the help of two torches that we had left. I had Antonio set up his kitchen and prepare coffee. The baggage was piled near my hammock which I slung near those of the Mehinaku. Hammocks make an excellent barrier, particularly at night time. Those of the Mehinaku protected me on one side. As usual, I medicated the wounds of the men, and then gathering a shot gun and rifle, I placed them close to Tupi, who was already curled up beneath my hammock. The men watched me silently. The Bakairi arranged their hammocks to one side, the camaradas to another. Anzil elected to sling his hammock near those of the Bakairi. I said nothing more. It was late. It was time for sleep. The moonlight filtering down through the trees brought peace and rest. I fell asleep. Sleeping lightly as usual, I awoke several times. Tupi barked once. I watched the flickering fires. All was quiet. It was the Mehinaku replenishing their fires. They were naked, and the night was cold. Sleep again.

Usually, I was the first one awake in camp, but in the morning, I found that not only the Mehinaku had preceded me, but that some of the men were grouped around the cook's fire, shivering in the cold and looking very tired, sleepy and miserable. The shotgun and the rifle were in place. My revolver was at my side in the hammock. I rose, went to the river to bathe as was my usual custom in the morning. This time I had an audience. All of the Mehinaku, men and women followed me. They squatted on the bank and watched as

I dived into the river, came out, lathered my body with soap, and plunged in again. They, themselves, bathed the first thing in the morning, but they had no soap. The putting on and washing of the suds must have appeared strange to them. I walked back to camp. The men had not moved from the circle around the fire. They looked sullen, and Antonio was talking to them in subdued tones. I dressed, strapped my revolver to my side and walked over. There was nothing to do. Either I dominated them all, or everything was lost. I pushed my way into the circle. No one looked at me directly. I repeated my speech of the night before. If anyone wanted to leave the party, he could do so, but he could not take anything with him, not even any of the canoes. I looked around to each and waited. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that Ismerio, his thirty-eight strapped to his side, and Domingo had stepped back a bit. They too were waiting. I was thankful. They were loyal to me and ready to give up their lives if necessary. They had pledged their word to Major Noronha to protect me, and they would not go back on their word. I looked at Antonio and asked him if he had anything to say, but he half turned away uttering a word. I looked at the others. Several made as if to speak. Their jaws worked, but not a sound did they make. I looked at Anzil. He was quiet and watchful, his hand on his revolver. If the other men acted, he would be with them. But they didn't, and, tired of the silence, I gruffly ordered them to load the canoes. We were going on.

My order broke the spell. Their minds were made up for them, and they reacted almost automatically to authority, and with alacrity.

I think that they were relieved. Ismerio and Domingo kept careful watch. Antonio hurried the cooking. In record time, we were ready to start our journey. The men were seated in their canoes, waiting for me, and Antonio who was gathering his last pots. I thought for a moment that he would refuse to enter his canoe, but after a despairing look around to see what men might encourage him, he stepped aboard and sat down. The Mehinaku were waiting for us in midstream. We pushed off and were on our way.

I didn't realize that morning how close I had been to serious trouble. The full story was told me gradually by the Bakairi later. It seems that Antonio had arranged with Mueller to abandon me with as much of the equipment as possible and to wait for Mueller at the mouth of the Kuluseu. Their plan was to continue onward to the Amazon searching for diamonds and gold as they went along. Antonio had been urging the other men to join him in this plan and apparently had made some progress. The talk about returning to Simão Lopes was only a ruse to excite the Bakairi. Anzil, ready for any adventure, of course was willing. Even some of the Bakairi had been won over. But Ismerio and Domingo remained firm. During the night, Ismerio had sworn to the men that before carrying out their plan, he would empty his revolver on them. They knew his courage and his ability to shoot. They had wavered. It never became clear if they intended to kill me or merely leave me to shift for myself. The Bakairi of course would have bolted for Simão Lopes. Ismerio, a dark little man, forced them to wait for morning.

The men paddled hard and silently. We hugged one bank and then another, seeking to take full advantage of the current. The

Mehinaku were busy with bow and arrow shooting fish. As soon as one was transfixed with it, an arrow was placed on the small fire located just behind the stern paddler. Each of their canoes carried some portion of our baggage! They were gay and talked continuously among themselves. We did not understand their language. Their frequent shy glances at us left no doubt but that their curiosity had not abated. My canoe brought up the rear. One of the Bakairi paddled bow. I paddled stern with Tupi at my feet and my revolver within reach.

The river and jungle were unusually silent that morning, or it may have been that my attention, being fixed on the problem of keeping the men together, I heard nothing. Only the gold-bird whistled shrilly occasionally, to remind us that the world about us had not really changed. The gold-bird and Tupi, who was as irrepressible as ever. He was for making for the bank where he could have a good time chasing anything that moved.

Sandbars became more frequent. The Mehinaku examined them carefully for turtle tracks. Often they landed and scooped out of the sand twenty or thirty turtle eggs. They had no other food than what they gathered as they traveled, fish and turtle eggs, but not for that did they forget us. They offered both with a smile. We met with some naked folk standing in the jungle. The Mehinaku told us that they were Aura, another Arawak tribe. They looked at us with great curiosity and half afraid. The Mehinaku talked with them reassuringly, apparently, for one canoe load of them joined us.

Noon came. The sun was terrifically hot. The glare from the river was hardly bearable. It was our practice to stop an hour or so, to rest in the shade, bathe, and sometimes to drink coffee. I signaled to the men to pull up on a sand bar. There was a little discussion from canôe to canoe, and then they converged upon me instead. The Mehinaku stopped and looked in silence, not understanding what was up. Neither did I. Revolver and shot gun were at hand. I waited. They came close and the Bakairi, Manuelsinho, a young man to whom the rest of his companions had truly granted the rights of leadership, spoke in broken Portuguese.

"Senhor Doctor", he said. "You are our capitão, and we want to do what you command. We know that it is best for you and all of us to reach the airplane before it goes back to Cuyabá. We are tired, but we are men too. We want to paddle on without stopping to rest. We will paddle all night without stopping to rest. We will paddle all night too if you think it necessary. We won't rest until we reach the plane. We'll eat what we can in the canoes, and since there is a moon at night, we need not stop."

I relaxed, surprised at the change. In the morning, there had been mutiny, now complete surrender to my interests. It was no time, however, to look into the reasons for the change. I said:

"Manuelsinho, it is noon and very hot. I think it best that we stop as usual to rest. We shall be able to work better after that."

The men protested in a chorus that they did not need any rest. I knew better. They were tired and hungry, for they had not eaten much breakfast. I headed my canoe for the bank. The rest followed. We rested, bathed, ate fish and drank some coffee. I distributed a little

tobacco. We smoked. An hour later we were on our way again. The spirits of the men were better. They carried on a bantering conversation with each other from canoe to canoe. Some of the crews raced. Anzil sang. The Mehinaku~~u~~ looked in wonder, talked among themselves and laughed. The men talked hopefully of reaching the plane that very same night, if it had landed at the mouth of the Kulu~~u~~seu. This gave new strength to their arms. They paddled with a will. I was not so hopeful though. The plane was to land on the Kulu~~u~~ene at the mouth of the Seventh of September, not at the mouth of the Kulu~~u~~seu, but I let them build up their enthusiasm. We were traveling fast, and that was the most important thing.

The sun was setting. There was a fiery glow on the broad river softened with shades of violet and gold. The sky was alight too. The forest was dark and still as usual. Capivaras leaped from the banks into the river as we approached them. Birds flew overhead leisurely. The men were paddling cheerfully and furiously. One of the Mehinaku pointed ahead and said something to Apacanu paddling bow in my canoe. He understood and turned around to tell me. We had reached the juncture of the Kulu~~u~~seu and Kulu~~u~~ene. As the men understood this, they cheered. They were sure the plane was nearby. They redoubled their efforts and made for midstream where the waters of the two rivers mixed. They stopped and looked at me. Which way should we go down or up the Kulu~~u~~ene?

I looked around. There was something familiar about the place. But it could not be. We had landed, in our exploratory flight, far up the Kulu~~u~~ene at the mouth of the Seventh of September, not at the juncture of the Kulu~~u~~seu and Kulu~~u~~ene. In any event, I would give

a signal. If Johnson and the plane's crew were in the neighborhood, they would reply. I fired both barrels of my shot gun in the air. The Mehinaku and Aura were frightened and started to paddle away. My men laughed and reassured them. The echo of the gun shots died away. There was silence except for the cries of some birds. Such sounds were new to them also. We could hear no shots in reply. I loaded the shot gun again and laid at my feet. I shot my revolver three times, waited, and shot three times again. The same silence again broken a bit by bird cries. It was hopeless. The plane had not landed in the neighborhood.

Listlessly, now that their hopes were shattered, the men paddled to a high bank which dominated both the Kuluene and Kuluseu. We landed and prepared camp with great precaution. We were in the center of the aboriginal territory. Some twelve tribes had villages in the area. We did not know what to expect. Antonio prepared food. Fish, a few beans, a little rice, and coffee.

I medicated the wounds of the men with what little I had left. The Mehinaku crowded around watching all curiously. They tied their hammocks near mine and looked to their bows and arrows. We were in the territory of the Kamayaba, bitter enemies of all the Arawah tribes, such as the Mehinaku. On the Kuluene lived more Carib tribes. The semi-nomadic Suya roamed in the neighborhood. We needed to be careful.

Tupi curled up beneath my hammock. It was time for bed, in spite of the bright moonlight and the silvered river. Tomorrow would bring new and more serious trouble and problems. We needed rest to face them.

Chapter XVI

Q I awoke before sunrise but lay for some time in my hammock. The camp was lighted only by a few flickering fires. Around our own were hunched the Bakairi, wrapped in their blankets. The other men were in their hammocks. No one stirred. Other fires marked where the Mehinaku and Aura were sleeping, but I could not see them. Tupi lay under my hammock.

The silence was ominous and oppressive. For the first time since the beginning of the trip I felt defeated. I did not want to get up, and I did not want to lie in my hammock...

But I did get up though and soon; leaving Tupi behind to guard my belongings, I made my way down the steep bank to the river's edge. Naked men and women were already there bathing. The sun had appeared and was lifting the mist that lay over the river. I swam a bit. The aborigines watched me. I went back to camp. Antonio had the coffee ready. The men were up and rolling up their blankets. There was no laughter that morning, each keeping his own counsel in the deep silence. We felt our trouble. What to do? I knew the answer to that for the immediate future. The men being too exhausted to continue heavy paddling, we would stay where we were for several days, leaving before moving on to anywhere. My task was to keep them in good spirits for that length of time. I hoped that we would have no trouble with the natives. Q More naked men! Three of them, powerful looking fellows, carrying their bows and arrows, came up the bank excitedly, just as we were preparing to eat our breakfast of fish and beans. Tupi barked at them, and they stopped short but continued to gesticulate and shout in their own language. We understood finally and forgot our breakfast. Somewhere in the neighborhood was the plane. Ex-

citement ran high. I asked for a volunteer, for this might be a trick, to go with me. Everybody stepped forward, protesting that I ought not to go accompanied by only one man. Finally, I consented to take two Bakairi, but Domingo, quietly but firmly, said that he would come also. I had to consent to it, and of course, Tupi went along too.

Delighted at being understood, the messengers,--they were Kalapalus, a Carib tribe living in the Kuluene,--started off first in their canoe. We followed. Our companions lined the bank and other natives prepared their canoes to follow us. We poled up the Kuluene slowly, for the current was swift.

As we doubled on one sandy beach after another, turned into fresh straight stretches of the river, it seemed that we were on a wild goose chase. Had we not, after all, fired our guns the night before and received no answering signal? Besides, should the plane not be at the mouth of the Seventh of September instead of at the mouth of the Kuluene? So we went on poling and paddling with a will to see the end of the adventure, hoping that the next bend of the river would solve the mystery. And it did! After one and a half hours, we sighted the plane, a huge silver bird with outstretched wings anchored to a wide sandy beach, on which naked red figures were running to and fro. Pointing my revolver skyward, I fired off a shot to the consternation of the natives accompanying us and those on the bank. Many of them screamed and dived into the water or raced for the jungle. But my signal brought about, for me, a more interesting phenomenon. I saw hurrying to the edge of the water three clothed figures. I recognized them as Johnson, Captain Lorber and Rossi. My men needed no urging, and soon I was shaking hands and talking English which sounded so odd

to my ears. I welcomed it though. It was a happy ending to a troublesome episode. The plane was there, untouched. My friends from Descavallos were there unharmed. We were there too, tired, wounded, sick, but safe, having arrived in the nick of time. After waiting five days during which they had exhausted their supplies, our friends had decided to take off for Cuyabá. They had almost given me up for lost. They intended of course to return both by air and with an overland expedition to look for me. They were making preparations to leave when we arrived.

I sent Black Domingo and the Bakairi down river to our camp to pass on the glad news and with instructions to move up men and personnel. They needed no urging. Accompanied by several canoe loads of aborigines, they set off paddling merrily to get their companions.

There is one unwritten rule followed conscientiously between white men in the wilds. When they meet, if one has mail for the other, it is turned over immediately. All other business is put aside. It was followed in this case. After greeting each other, the first thing that Charlie Lorber did was to hand me a package of letters. I retired to Johnson's hammock to read them. There were several letters from home. These were read first. Then the others. Practically all of them contained the same questions. What are you up to, and how are you doing? Well, I was among primitives at last and I was doing all right.

The letters read, Lorber asked me the question which was uppermost in his mind.

"Where is the gasoline for the plane?"

"It will be here soon", I replied.

Relieved, Lorber and Saucedo went back to their work on the motors of the plane.

"Ten," I said, "how did you accumulate so many naked folk around here? There must be two or three hundred around here."

"We have had more. Some have gone back to their villages to get food."

"Some nudist camp, huh," said Rossi.

"Sure," I said, "you will be fit to run one back home, Art."

"We're waiting for you to tell us about them."

"Give me time," I said.

"Some cute monkeys in the lot," said Rossi referring to the naked women. "Can you get them to wipe off their red paint? For one thing, it doesn't smell any too good, and every time they come near us they leave some on our clothes."

"We'll see what we can do about that," I said.

"Oh, here come your men," said Fen.

Poling and paddling hard towards us were in fact a dozen canoes, some filled with red, naked folk, and others with my men and baggage.

We went down to the water's edge to meet them. They were happy now. They feasted their eyes on the plane. None of them except Anzil had ever seen one at so close range.

"You came very quickly," I said to Anzil after introducing him to Johnson and Rossi.

"We have never moved so fast," he replied, "not even when we had the motor working for us. When our comrades returned with the news that

you had found the plane, we went mad with joy. Foolish of us, but we did. I am afraid that I was excited as any of these savages."

In fact, I had some difficulty in getting the men to prepare camp. Most of them in the company of the naked folk were paddling cautiously around the plane but keeping at a good distance away from it. They still did not know what sort of bird it was and were somewhat afraid. I called them back, and soon knives were flashing again clearing the ground of brush.

Our friends had employed their time well, while awaiting our coming. What a camp they had made! Tables, benches, shelters, and even a small pier so as to get in and out of canoes without stepping into the water. But what interested us more was a freshly killed deer. We hadn't had meat for some time, and it was welcome. Our cook fairly glowed with pleasure.

"Now," said Johnson after we had finished a good dinner of meat, beans and rice and had drunk the full beauty of the short lived tropical sunset over a river, "let us catch up with each other's news. I don't see Mueller among the men. Has anything happened to him?"

"It's a story," I said. "You had first better tell me something about Descavalodos and your own adventures."

"All right," said Johnson. "We have been waiting a long time for you and your stories. I suppose we can wait a little longer.

"First of all, every one at Descavalodos sends his regards. ~~I don't know how or why you rate it. It must be due to the call of the wilds.~~
We have been talking to them every night.
~~We have been talking to them every night.~~ It seems that every one, including every Bororo man, woman and child is determined to come up here to search for you if they have to walk all of the six hundred miles.

I don't know how or why you rate it. It must be due to the call of the wilds."

"Go on," I said, not minding the banter at all.

"Even George the monkey has been asking about you," said Rossi. "He says he no longer finds any pleasure in scratching himself. He wants to know when you are coming back."

"Go on," I said.

"Your roommate Rehn has collected I don't know how many new species of birds. We have built a corral with a high wall. We expect to take some good pictures with the animals we have in it. Siemel and some of the boys have been hunting, but so far we have not been to get a picture of him spearing a jaguar."

"You remember the radio operator? Remember the stories he told us about his experiences in the revolution? He was a one man circus. He got into the habit of going hunting, upsetting his canoe and spending the night up a tree. He would tell us about it afterwards. It was funny always but he became so interested in hunting that he forgot all about the radio. We had to ship ^{him} off to Rio.

"Well, we flew in, as you probably know, five days ago. By the way, Major Noronha and General Rondon, as well as the rest of your friends in Cuyabá, send their regards. We took off in the morning, and followed as closely as we could the route we had followed before. Simoe Lopes looked as tiny as ever from the air. We landed when we spotted the green waters of this river a little above here. It seems to be wild country, heavily forested. What I don't understand is why Major Noronha told us that the Seventh of September is a small river. It

seems to be large enough."

"Where do you think you are, Fen?"

"At the juncture of the Seventh of September and the Kuluene, where we said we would meet."

"You are not, " I said. "You are at the juncture of the Kuluseu and the Kuluene, some fifty miles further north."

"Are you sure?" said Lorber.

"I am," I said, "and I am glad of it. If you had landed where you thought you did, I might not be among you now or ever."

"Well," said Johnson. "Then what village was it which we saw? I thought it was the Naravute."

"I don't know," I said, "but it wasn't the Naravute. We'll find out later."

"Go on. Did you have any trouble with the natives?"

"We landed here, beached the plane and made camp as we could before any of these naked folk should arrive. They didn't delay long. Canoe load after canoe load appeared from every direction several hours after we landed. They wouldn't approach the plane but stood off paddling gently back and forth. None of them has been so bold as to get within a hundred yards of it. We didn't mind. The further they stayed away the better we liked it. I guess they haven't been able to figure it out. Later they came ashore. We traded a few things with them but didn't encourage them to stay around. They did though, and by nightfall several hundred of them had slung their hammocks where you see them now. It seems that every tribe in the area is represented here. There is a constant going and coming as some go away and others

arrive.

We expected that you would come around on our landing, but when the first day passed, then the second, and then the third, we became worried. We couldn't scout around for you for lack of gasoline. There was nothing for us to do but to wait here, keep watch over the plane until you arrived. Our food gave out, but Joe here shot a deer and that's been keeping us going.

"Jim, I am puzzled as to how some of these savages knew your name. The third day of our waiting for you three men arrived much excited. Like the others, they came to us to beg presents and to smile in friendliness, but in addition, they began to make all sorts of signs repeating meanwhile a word that sounded much like your name. We paid no attention to it at first, but they repeated it so often that we began to ask each other what it could possibly mean. When the following morning they returned to commence the whole thing anew, we decided that they might be trying to tell us where you were. We feared, of course, that you might be in trouble. So when in the course of the morning they pointed upstream and it became obvious that they wanted us to go with them, Art and I strapped on our forty-fives and followed them determined to solve the mystery.

We paddled and poled upstream for several hours. Our guides, reenforced by half a dozen canoe loads of men, women and children kept up a merry chatter. It was clear that they were happy, but there was something in the air that made us a little suspicious. Were they leading us into a trap? Yet whatever it was, we had to find out about you. The three men we left to guard the plane we knew could take care

of themselves, but after all, there were only three of them in the midst of hundreds of the savages, and a well placed arrow is as fatal as a gunshot. Art and I sat in the same canoe, back to back, with our gun holsters loose. If there was going to be trouble, we would not be caught napping.

However, nothing happened. We arrived at the port, left our canoes there and began the inland trek. We did not know where we were going, but the repetition of your name gave us the idea that they were leading us to you. We noticed though that none of them would lead the way which made us more suspicious than ever. There was the path, a thin line heading straight inland. They pointed to it and signaled to us to go first. Since all of the men had their bows and arrows with them, we considered it prudent to insist that a number of them precede us. Obviously they were afraid to do so, and we stood there on the bank wondering how the problem was going to be solved. We were quite certain by that ~~time~~ time that if they could shoot us down, they would do so. Finally seeing that we would not be the first to lead the march, several women and men started off. We followed them, and the rest followed us. Talking over the situation with Art, we decided that a show of the effects of firearms would serve a good purpose. So we shot several times. The noise and the effect of the lead striking the target scared them. We marched with more confidence after that.

We left the narrow fringe of trees by the riverside and walked across the savannah. It was hard going. The path was too narrow for our shoes, and it was very hot with the sun beating down upon us. These people, small as they are, walk at a rapid gait and soon both

of us found ourselves scarcely able to keep up with them. Naked as they were, they were both cooler and freer than ourselves, and we envied them.

At one point, we saw a deer gazing unalarmed at us. Thinking that here was a chance to impress them with the magic of our firearms as well as to treat them to fresh meat, I shot it down. To my great surprise, these people refused to touch it. In fact, at our suggestion that it would be good eating, all in sign language, of course, they turned away in disgust. We had trouble in getting them to carry it slung on a pole.

After this incident, we continued our march in the same style as before. The going became more difficult. We had to wade through marshes, and soon we found ourselves in the forest. The dangers to ourselves now became greater, and we were more than ever on the alert for any treachery. We noticed a queer thing. Logs were dropped across the path purposely. It was evident that they were barricades to any approaching marauding band. When crawling over them, we were almost defenseless. We went on though without any further incident, except that we noticed what appeared to be disputes among our red guides. Several times several of them pointed at our guns. It is not at all unlikely that had we not been armed and had they not been afraid of our magical instruments of death, they would have attacked us.

We came to a clearing suddenly. There was the village, a few large thatch houses arranged in a circle and a smaller house in the center of the village. As we approached the center of the clearing, our guides began a singsong chant. They led us to where a log was

placed close to the house occupying the center of the clearing. The village was deserted when we entered, but soon men, women and children began to pour out of the houses. They brought us stools to sit upon, and then several men, oiled and painted, who appeared to be the chiefs, made a long speech in which your name was mispronounced more than once. Art and I were more at sea than ever. Then the women came forward to present us with a mixture of manioc flour and water. It was a refreshing drink. It did not occur to us that they might attempt to poison us. Then we distributed a few trinkets and knives which seemed to please every one though when they saw that we had no more, they became a little annoying in insisting that we give them our clothes, our guns and everything else in our personal equipment.

Art and I were anxious to search the village in the suspicion that we might find something that would give us a clue to your whereabouts. Accordingly, keeping guard over each other, we strolled around with them following us everywhere and entered all of the houses one by one. We examined everything under the pretext that we were interested in their artefacts. Obviously, you were not hidden anywhere in the village. The houses were large one room affairs. Nor did we discover anything of yours. We also repeated your name to them, and that usually started long excited harangues which we could not understand. As darkness came on, we decided that it was time to return to the plane, though we were as much in the dark as when we had left our camp in the morning.

To our dismay, we found that none would go back with us. There we were miles away from the river so dark that we could scarcely see each other in a village which we suspected was none too friendly to

us and our hosts refusing to take us back. Our suspicions seemed to bear fruit at last. Why had they brought us to the village? Was it to take us away from the plane? Were our companions safe there? What should we do? There had been no overt sign of hostility, and we were a little afraid of starting any. To what purpose after all? Though both of us were armed, if we tried to make a dash for the river, they could easily pick us off. Undoubtedly, we would get lost. So we argued with our hosts. Every one spoke at once, and most of them turned away. The case seemed hopeless. Finally, when we were on the verge of taking stern measures to compel some action, we succeeded in bribing them. Art had a pocket knife. He dangled this as a bribe before one of the men. In my pocket I found one red glass necklace. I put this around the neck of a girl standing near me. The others gathered around. We emptied our pockets and promised to give them more presents at camp. We had the satisfaction of seeing some get ready to leave with us, that is, they appeared with their hammocks rolled up and pieces of dry manioc bread. But when everything seemed to be settled, we were faced with the same difficulty that had delayed us in the morning. No one wanted to lead the procession. Art and I were even less willing to do so than in the morning. It would be easy for one of the naked savages to steal up on us from behind to crush our skulls with a club or to put an arrow through us. The problem was solved as in the morning. Some of the natives reluctantly went first. In this way, we felt protected. If we were attacked, those in front of us were our safeguards. They knew, I suppose, that were we attacked by those in the rear, we would not waste any time in disposing of them.

We started finally a long line of us to trudge back the miles of narrow path through forest and savannah. Every one was silent. The leaders walked so fast that we could scarcely keep up with them. But we had to. We felt that if they got so far ahead that we couldn't see them, we would be at the mercy of those behind us. Though our feet bled and we breathed hard, we stuck close. The trip seemed to be an eternity. We were apprehensive and concentrated our attention on the savages. Afterwards, when we reached the river, I suddenly realized that I had been oblivious to everything else except dark bodies moving as shadows in front of us. By a sixth sense, I seemed to feel the presence of those that followed. When they pressed too close, I looked back or on some pretense stopped for a moment. They would drop back, and we would start off again. No one said a word.

We reached the river. It was lighter there, and we felt a little relieved. There was another delay. Again no one wanted to go down river with us, and when we made as if to take one of the canoes, they protested. Some of them tied their hammocks to the trees growing on the bank and lay in them swinging back and forth through the flames of small fires. It looked again as if at best we would have to spend the night there. But we were anxious to learn the fate of our companions here, and so we urged them to enter the canoes. For a long time nothing happened. It was only when we appeared to be angry and to be fumbling with our guns that several reluctantly entered the canoes. The others followed and the squadron was off.

We had not gone far when they stopped. A fierce argument followed out there in midstream. We could make nothing of it, but finally some

some of the canoes turned towards shore. Their paddlers suddenly changed their minds, and we went on again. We traveled that way for some time when Art warned me that something was up. We were in different canoes this time. Out of the darkness came Art's voice. "Fen," it said, "several canoes are closing in on each side of mine." I looked around and noticed that the same tactics were being executed in respect to my canoe. On each were several canoes filled with savages. A number of the men were standing up with their bows and arrows in their hands. It seemed as if they intended to finish us off. We whipped out our guns and yelled. They stopped paddling. We motioned to them to paddle towards shore. They obeyed us though only after another fierce discussion among themselves. At the bank we transferred all of the equipment to one canoe and both Rossi and I entered it too. We sat in the middle with our backs to each other, each facing a paddler. Then we motioned to them to go on. Another altercation followed, but they must have seen that the game was up. They started to paddle to midstream again. Art and I held our guns in our hands. We traveled perhaps half a mile when following a speech made by one of the men they stopped again. Slowly, the other canoes were brought towards us. It looked nasty. To all our urgings to go on, our paddlers remained indifferent. Art shot his revolver into the air. The other canoes quickly moved away while a hubbub of cries was set up. We moved off again, but slowly.

Then it was that Art, in desperation, started to sing, giving the stroke to the paddlers in our canoe. That amused them, and their attention was distracted. We moved rapidly for a while, the other canoes keeping up with us. Art stopped, and the paddlers stopped. The noisy

shouting began again. We realized then that singing might bring us to push the canoe on. We no longer dared to stop singing. We sang song after song. Such things as "It's a long way to Tipperary" and "London bridge is falling down". We couldn't think of a song which we ourselves would have enjoyed. Well, we got here all right. I'm going to commemorate Art's terpsichorean talents in some way. I've never heard better music in my life, even though he was off key now and then.

Ever since then we haven't moved from here. It was too risky to leave the plane. We had decided to take off this morning. Charlie and Joe were checking the motors when you arrived. We're glad we landed at the mouth of the Kuluseu instead of the Seventh of September.

Now it's your turn to tell us what you have been up to."

I told my story as best I could. My friends were sorry over the loss of my notes, and incensed over Mueller's antics. We talked far into the night as friends will, now seriously, now intimately, now jokingly.

Due, the radio operator, talked with Descavaldos. He gave them news of my safe arrival. Descavaldos was glad. We talked far some time with our friends at the ranch, exchanging news and banter. Nothing that we said made much sense, nor was it of any importance. It felt good, though, to be in contact, even though it was only through the radio.

In the morning Lorber, Saucedo and Due busied themselves preparing the plane for the flight back to Cuyabá. The three cases of gasoline were enough to fly back safely. Johnson and I made plans. Our first problem was to locate Mueller's party. We arranged that the plane would fly low over the Kuluene to the Seventh of September. If they located the party, it was to land, take aboard Mueller if necessary and

proceed on to Cuyabá and Descavaldos. The other men, Dom João and the Bakairi were to continue on down the Kuluene to my camp; Antonio, we could put aboard that very morning. His expeditioning days with us were over. Johnson would fly in again within a month this time to the mouth of the Seventh of September. I would retrieve and transport there the seven cases of gasoline left on the Kuluseu. With it we could do a little more exploratory flying.

Rossi elected to stay with me. Having lost my photographic equipment, I was more than glad to have his services, but also he is one of the best companions that I could wish to have. He is cheerful always, courageous and energetic. Besides, to have some one in whom I could have complete trust under the circumstances in which I found myself, was more than welcomed. I appreciated Rossi's determination to stay with me the more for his knowing the dangerous position we would be in. There was hard and dangerous work ahead of us.

It was a treat to eat breakfast sitting on a bench with our legs under a table, the food resting on top of it, and no need to hurry. There were no loaded canoes waiting at the bank calling to us to hurry on our way. Simple little things like that become pleasures when one has been away from them for a long time. The fish, rice and manioc flour which Antonio brought to us took on extra flavor that morning for me simply because I was sitting at table in the company of good friends. I admired the table--partly because there was a table at all and partly because it was so ingeniously constructed. Johnson, a very orderly person with a penchant for constructing things and calm determination not to sit around doing nothing and waiting to do nothing, had occupied himself

with designing and building tables, benches and even a little pier from which they could step into the water for a swim. His enthusiasm for such work had infected the others. The camp was a sort of example of what can be done in the tropical jungle with a knife, intelligence and will to employ them. I admired their handiwork. In making the table, they had driven forked branches into the ground in rectangular pattern and laid sticks across them as a support for the table top which consisted of a series of round sticks laid side by side and lashed together with liano vines, which, when softened by twisting, make a tough flexible rope. The whole thing was surprisingly steady. The benches and pier were constructed in the same fashion. They had even done a little carving for decoration.

The strain of the five day wait had told on my companions. They had slept little, eaten little and kept guard over the plane day and night. They did not know my whereabouts. The natives might attack them and the plane at any moment. They did not dare roam far even for game. But they had taken it all cheerfully. They were strong men. Such men show the strain only after the danger is over, and they relax. It may take strange forms. At breakfast that morning, Captain Lorber, whose coolness and courage we had been admiring, caused us a little merriment. For a moment, he forgot that we were hundreds of miles from Cuyabá, that I had lost much of my provisions, and that in any case, I could not have had the things he asked for.

We sat around the primitive table eating ravenously the beans, rice, gritty manioc and fish which Antonio had put before us. Between mouthfuls we carried on the customary teasing conversation of the Descavaldos breakfast table. For my part, having been deprived of Americana for so long,

it added extra flavor to the ordinary food before me. All was interrupted by a question from Lorber.

"Jim, where's the bread?"

We looked at him and smiled. He was joking of course.

"Where's the bread and butter, and tell your cook to bring along the jam also?"

His tone of voice puzzled us. We noticed then that he had not touched either beans, rice, maniôc or fish, but we still persisted in our idea that he was teasing.

Rossi, assuming a comic-serious expression said,

"Jim told Antonio to throw it away. I heard him. Why, there was one loaf that had a speck of dirt in it. 'Man, that's awful,' said Jim to Antonio and had him feed it all to the fishes--and the butter was sweet instead of salted; so he gave it to the Bakairi to grease themselves with--the jam wasn't the right color, and that made him mad, and he smashed every single jar of it. I saw him do it. 'You know,' he said, 'this machine age you can't get anything like mother used to make--everything is diluted, artificially colored...'

"Dammit," said Lorber, "I want bread and butter and not a lot of silly chatter."

He meant it. I saw that something was wrong, and motioned to Rossi to stop his banter. Johnson seriously began to explain why there was no bread, butter or jam.

Lorber looked furiously around the table at each one of us in turn. He was not listening. Then, without saying a word, he got up, took several strides, tripped over to Tupi. He stopped, turned slowly around, seemed

to see where we were for the first time. He sat down again and broke into laughter.

"Sorry, boys," he said, helping himself to beans, rice and fish. "I forgot where we were for a moment."

Things like that happen to men in the tropics. Strong men, men of the highest courage will give in to a sudden irritation. Anger mounts in them and bursts forth upon their companions or merely is directed against the world in general, like a tempest. If the man is strong, it passes as quickly. He will laugh at himself and forget about it. Weak men give way to it at moments of tension, at a time when they need all their resources of skill and courage. Captain Lorber, so calm and laughing at the controls of his plane even under the most trying circumstances, flying without maps over country in which any forced landing meant a crash, whose ability, moral strength and physical courage had made us lavish praise on him in abundance, all behind his back, of course, gave expression to his irritation that morning when all the problems which had been facing them were happily solved, not before. We laughed with him, as comrades will, who do not misunderstand each other. Among us there was no posing. A man's strength and weakness became open pages under the stress of the life we were leading. Today we laughed with Lorber. Tomorrow Lorber would laugh with any one of us who acted as humanly.

We walked towards the plane, Tupi trotting at my heels. Rossi was telling Lorber what a good time he was going to have in his own uninimitable style. His theme that morning was gastronomic and cannibalistic. He was going to have for breakfast nice juicy native maidens, but first he would wash off their paint. For dinner he would fall back on the matrons. Lorber said nothing. He merely grinned. What was there to say when Rossi started

on one of his verbal fantasies? Johnson walked along silently, a tall heavy figure in khaki shirt and pants, and army shoes. He looked a scholar rather than an explorer. Behind trailed Anzil who could hardly restrain his excitement at being so close to a plane. He had been a student pilot in the Italian army, a career which he wrecked by taking up a plane without orders and burning it. Behind us followed several hundred of the naked red folk. We could not make a step without having some of them follow us to see what we were up to.

On reaching the plane, we shook hands. There wasn't much to say now. The time for talk had been the night before. Those of us who remained behind wished the others a safe journey to Cuyabá. They wished us good luck. But there was one thing to be done, to put Antonio into the plane by force, if necessary. He had been told to get his bundle ready. The idea of a plane ride back to Cuyabá had excited him. He wanted to go back, he wanted to fly, but he was scared too. He stood there pale and wild-eyed, handling his long knife nervously. His gun had already been taken away from him under the pretext that it needed going over. We did not know what he might do. His fright might make him go mad. We surrounded him and quietly started walking towards the plane. Saucedá and Due were already inside. We made Antonio turn over his bundle and his knife to them. We asked him to climb in. He glanced nervously about, but we had closed in on him. He took a step forward. Joe Saucedá extended his hand as if to help him, grabbed his wrist in an iron grip. Lorber pushed on his elbow. Antonio disappeared down the hatch. Johnson climbed in after him. Antonio reappeared at one of the windows, his face very pale. He was strapped to his chair.

"Boy," said Rossi, "the poor guy looks as if he's strapped to an electric chair."

The rest of the men were subdued. Antonio's predicament affected them. For the first time since our departure from Cuyabá, an action was being performed which had no subtlety about it. They understood it clearly. It was the application of force to accomplish a certain result. Antonio had become impossible. He was being summarily removed from the scene, his wishes on the matter not being considered at all. Up to now, they had felt a pressure, but principally a moral pressure to keep together and to do the work set for us. It had confused them. They had fought against it, but with poor weapons. Antonio had lost now, but the situation was clear. We were stronger than Antonio in a physical sense, and we were imposing our will.

Lorber thrust his head out of the cabin.

"Jim," he said, "what about getting those savages out of the way?"

Some twenty canoes each loaded with naked folk had formed a circle around the plane keeping at some fifty yards away. If the plane taxied through them, the waves would probably swamp the canoes. I communicated what we wanted to the Bakairi. They shouted to those of the naked folk who understood Carib to get out of the way because the bird was about to start flying. The result was nothing. More canoes put out to join the others lazily floating in midstream. I fired my revolver, an act which usually caused a panic. There was a flurry of excitement, some women dived overboard, some of those near us started running away, but since nothing more happened, they ~~xxxxxx~~ drifted back. It was a stalemate. Lorber shrugged his shoulder and gave the signal to start to Saucedá. Joe cranked the motors. As they began their roar, bedlam broke loose. All the birds in the surrounding forest began to fly about and to cry out in protest at so much noise. All of the aborigines ran back or paddled

away from the vicinity of the plane. Only my Bakairi and cabaolos held their ground, drawing closer to me though, for the moment their tower of moral strength. They were proud of their greater sophistication, and to bolster up their courage, made fun of the naked folk. Those who were immediately in front of the propellers or behind the plane suffered the greatest consternation. The wind disturbed them. They ran and paddled away as if pursued by a monster. As the plane began to move out to midstream, the panic of those on the river became violent and general. They raced for the opposite bank to disappear in the forest; they cast themselves overboard; they paddled back to us, abandoned their canoes and ran for the protecting jungle. Only some of the men stood their ground and looked to their bows.

The plane was in midstream. Lorber and the rest waved a final goodbye. The roar of the motors increased, its speed increased, it bumped over the water a few times and then rose swiftly to the sky. As it circled overhead, I waved again. Saucedá and Lorber waved back. Then it straightened its course and flew northward, keeping above the Kuluene. The noise of its motors diminished with its size. Soon all that was left of the huge silver bird was a hum and a flashing speck in the sky, and after a while even these faded into nothingness.

Rossi and I became aware of the world about us. We were almost alone on the beach. On the river were floating some empty canoes; the rest were abandoned on the bank. Little red groups of people dotted the banks and as we looked, more came out of the forest. The cries of the birds gradually subsided. Soon the jungle silence was upon us again. There we were, small human beings in a big world in the midst of an army of red folk. To work.

Chapter XVII

Work is the key to sanity in the tropics. Whether one is in the city or the wilds, the problem of how to keep from going mad is ever present. There is the heat, the rain, the dry spell, the monotony of facing another day exactly no better and no different from the preceding days. One wants peace and rest from the daily torture. Had it not been for the sunsets, so sudden and marvelous, the flower-carpeted landscape, the river, the bird and animal life in the flanking jungle, and the primitive life I had come to study, I also might have felt the strain, even to the breaking point.

I had learned my lesson in the months I had spent in Matto Grosso. On the expedition's journey up the Paraguay when we had nothing to do, we became increasingly nervous and irritable, and it was only the romance of being on our way to the land we had come to explore that kept us from becoming impossible to each other. Marooned at Corumbá where our most strenuous activity was the continuous wiping of perspiration off our bodies, it was only the evening breeze, the evening walks and conversations with my friends and the novelty of the flooded pantanal with sunset or moonlight playing over it which refreshed me enough to face the next day more or less tranquilly. At mudlocked Descavaldos, there were times when we felt that we could bear no more, and, as a result, attempted things which were against our better judgment, like Siemel who went off on a hunt which his experience told him should not be undertaken and almost lost his leg as a result of it. Frequently, we made attempts to travel, knowing beforehand that we could not reach our destination. Sometimes our irritation would break over us violently. Two of our companions quarreled over a cause so small that no one could discover it afterwards, but the two went for their guns. One day we found the gigantic cook brought to bay by

little Oscar, the ex-German soldier. Spearman Marco went berserk and started a one man riot for no apparent cause. Sometimes we found some relief in clowning, behaving not at all like grown up men, but more like little boys at a Halloween party. There was never any tangible and rational reason for the occurrence of such things. Activity which kept a person occupied all of his waking hours was the answer. Without it, a man goes to pieces in the tropics.

My men were tired, but already they had loafed too long. With the departure of the plane, the excitement began to subside. They counted heads and found that we were twelve in the midst of hundreds of aborigines. Our food supplies were low. With great care, they might last us until the plane would return to replenish our stores. Our equipment, particularly firearms and ammunition, ~~were~~ not as adequate as when we had started. Johnson had left us what he could, but still we were low. Worst of all, was the scarcity of tobacco. We had only a small supply left, enough to last only a few days more. This was serious, for men who endure every hardship, including hunger, often crack when they cannot get tobacco. For Anzil, particularly, this was the greatest calamity. They inquired when the plane would fly in again with supplies. I replied vaguely that it would not be for some weeks. Their faces fell. When I tried to make them understand that repairs had to be made on the plane without which it would be dangerous to fly, they listened politely, but they were not convinced. They moved off despondently, beginning to remember that they were tired, far away from home and their families and in hostile country without enough food and implements of war. There was nothing to do but to put them to work.

Fortunately, Anzil had given up all thought of going off on some ad-

venture of his own and from the time we made contact with the planes, he changed becoming a faithful worker and companion. Him I put in charge of supplies and for the immediate present gave him the task of rearranging camp, cleaning it further and building a fence behind which it would be easier to keep an eye on our belongings and give both Rossi and me, who had work to do, a chance of some privacy from the aborigines, who were always eager to crowd around to see what we were doing. We had no tents within which to withdraw, and if we had had them, we could not have stayed in them an account of the terrific heat. Ismerio I promoted to cook. Since our fare was simple, this was no great thing. He took to it willingly. Some of the Bakairi I put to fixing the canoes, others to fighting.

I had arranged with Johnson to meet the plane at the juncture of the Kuluene and Seventh of September. We still hoped to fly over the unmapped country between the Kuluene and the Araguaya which raised the problem of retrieving the gasoline left on the Kuluene at the place of the loss of the three canoes and transporting it up the Kuluene. If we did do ourselves, it would seriously cut into my time, which I wanted to give to studying the aborigines. Nor could I further split my party. We were few, as it was. There was only one possibility left, that I might prevail upon some of the aborigines to go for it and transport it to the Seventh of September. This solution raised another problem. The waters of the various rivers are divided among the villages. There are no boundary markers, but each village exercised "baronial rights"; as it were, over a certain area. No Mehinaku would trust himself, unless accompanied by most of his people, in that section of the Kuluseu which the Anahukua considered their preserve, for instance. For the same reason, none of the tribesmen living on the Kuluseu would dare to ascend the

Kuluene. It seemed best to approach some of the feared Caribs of the Kuluene to go for the gasoline. I thought that I could prevail on our good friends the Mehinaku, to give the much feared Kalapalu, possibly, free peaceful passage on the Kuluseu. Once on the Kuluene, no one would dare attack them.

I tried to arrange with one of the Kalapaly headman to lend us two large canoes and crews to carry this plan out. He pleaded that he did not have the canoes at our camp, but that he would go overland to his village and do what I wanted. We did not know for certain that he fully understood my request, but we felt reasonably sure. He seemed to understand some of the Bakairi fairly well. If this could be done, I thought, my men and I could retrace our steps up the Kuluseu visiting the Mehinaku and the Anahukua on the way. On our arrival at the latter's village, I and some of the men could cut across to the Kuluene in time to meet the plane coming in from Cuyabá with its load of supplies for us. The rest of the men would wait on the Kuluseu resting preparatory for the last lap of the trip through the rapids and then overland the Bakairi outpost. With carriers that were to be supplied by the Kalapalu, we would take overland to the Kuluseu the supplies which were to be brought by the plane and which would be sorely needed by that time. This plan had the advantage of putting my men closer to home and would give them more rest. But it was never executed for the simple reason that the Kalapalu did not have the same conception of time that we have. They never got started. When many days afterwards we met them far up the Kuluene near their own village leisurely fishing and charged them with the failure to keep their word, they were surprised. Why they were on their way to us! Who can blame them? To them all that is needed when travelling

up

is a bow, arrows and a hammock. Nature supplies everything else, the daily food included. And then why should there be any special time to do any particular thing? The days are all the same, and nothing is lost by postponing until tomorrow what we should expect to do today. Looking at it from their point of view, they were perfectly rational and sensible. They had no schedules, and they were not interested in cramming their lives with activities which had no meaning for them.

When it became evident that the conversation with the Kalapalu were producing no results, I listened to the Bakairi, who felt certain that even if the Kalapalu did transport the gasoline for us as planned, they would never supply the necessary carriers for the transportation of the food from the Kuluene to the Kulusue. They explained that none of the tribesmen were accustomed to carrying loads on their backs. They were river people, liked to travel overland even without any load. If the Bakairi were right and I persisted in my plan, it would put the entire expedition in jeopardy of their lives. Besides, I could see that the men did not relish the idea of being left leaderless, even though only for a short time. There was greater satisfaction expressed when I decided to move in a body up the Kuluene to meet the plane, although this meant more work for everybody. I welcomed this plan also, since it would give me the opportunity of studying the least known tribes of the entire Xingu region. Accordingly, we arranged with the Mehinaku, who knew exactly where the gasoline was cached, to bring it down to us, to the mouth of the Kuluseu, and when they arrived, we would move it ourselves with the help of natives up the Kuluene. For this service, the Mehinaku were promised knives and pieces of clo-

thing. The Mehinaku set off that very day. They not only kept their promise, but afterwards decided to stay with us until the end ~~and~~ transported the gasoline up the river for us. I shall have occasion to speak of these men later, for they performed valuable services for us in a simple honest kindly fashion which won me over to them completely. Unquestionably, the Mehinaku are the most progressive and intelligent, as well as peaceloving people of the Xingu area.

The other serious problem was the whereabouts of the men sent across to the Kuluene following the loss of the canoes. I hoped that Johnson would locate them on the Kuluene, take Mueller off and send the other three down to us. Until I was assured of their safety, we could not move from where we were, unless it were to search for them. I decided to give them a few more days. If they did not arrive, we would set out to look for them.

Most of the anthropology of the region could have been studied in our camp. Every tribe of the Kuluseu and the Kuluene was represented there. We had with us: Carib tribes, the Bakairi, the Tsura, the Kuikutl and the Kalapalu; Tupi tribes, the Kamayula and the Auti; three Arawak tribes, the Mehinaku, the Yawalapiti, and the Aura; and the lone Trumai. Not very long after the plane took off, who should present himself but the Anahuaka, Aloike and a sort of praetorian guard. No women and no children were with him. Of course, I showed that I was glad to see him. I need not have been too kind, for in the midst of so many tribesmen, he seemed cowed, and, in fact, I took over the function of protector.

Six languages were spoken by the crowd around camp, the "lingua franca" between my men and myself was Portuguese; with Rossi I spoke English, with Anzil, Italian. In addition, the Bakairi, Anahukua, Kalapalu

and the Tsuva spoke Carib dialects, the Mehinaku, Yawalapiti and Aura Arawak dialects; the Auti and Kamayula, Tupi dialects; the Trumai, their own isolated language. All of us practiced a vivid and ancestral sign language. If any of the folk wanted to tell me that so and so was his brother, he pointed to his umbilicus. If a woman wanted to tell me that such a boy was hers, she marked her groin a few times or pointed to her vulva. Sleeping was indicated by an indication of snoring, distance by describing a portion of path of the sun, and indicating whither one walked or paddled, and so on. It was really surprising how much we could communicate with others and what complicated conversations we could hold.

The villages encountered on the Kuluseu and the Kuluene, as roughly shown on the map, are grouped on the lower waters of both rivers. The region between Simão Lopes and the village of the Anahukua is uninhabited. Habitation begins where the rapids end and the rivers become deep and, in the case of the Kuluene, broad; that is, where they become easily navigable. This also is, approximately, the border line between the open barren lands of the chapadão and the forest belt that stretches northward to the Amazon. Thus, the aborigines who have permanent settlements occupy the region that borders on deeper waters well-stocked with large fish, where, although mammalian life is poorer, bird life is richer, and the soil is better.

I would have been happy if some Kayapo or Suiya had been with us too. They speak Tapuya and if they had been present, we would have had five languages families represented in camp. Most of the Tapuya tribes are scarcely known even by name, but ^{it} is generally held that they are

the oldest inhabitants of eastern Brazil and that they were dislodged by the Tupi. In this region, the Tupi, Carib and Arawak were holding the more desirable locations near the rivers, and that all of them had as their common enemies tribes speaking some form of Tapuya, whom they kept away from the deep waters and the fish. The Caribs are the most numerous, with five villages, the Tupi having two, and the Arawak three, speaking related languages, are united politically. Each village in a separate political community, and apparently language affiliation plays little part in political or social alliances. The tribes change their village sites every few years, because of the periodic need for fresh manioc fields, or sometimes because of defeat in war. The Anahukua, for instance, claimed that their former home was to the east of the Kuluene, but that following a disastrous attack by the Jaruma, they moved westward and settled on the Kuluseu. Formerly, the four Bakairi villages were located below the Taunay Falls. They controlled the upper portion of the Kuluseu. These villages they have now abandoned, and the people, including those of the Rio Novo who are almost extinct, have withdrawn to the government post on the Paranatinga.

Of all the peoples with us, only the Trumai had no canoes. I learned that their village was located close to the Batovy. These people lived in semi-dependence on the Mehinaku, and are one of the most mysterious tribes. They are few in number, exceedingly small in size, and they speak a language unrelated to any of the others in the region and perhaps in all of South America. Much to my regret, I had no time to study them.

I inquired as to the location of each village in order to plan my travelling schedule. They gladly gave me the information and

urged me that I visit them immediately. Most of this~~n~~ was done by sign language or with the use of a ~~re~~lay of interpreters. I found that below the mouth of the Kuluseu and above the mouth of the Batovy, there is a lagoon and biritisal on which are located three villages. The southernmost is that of the Auiti, a Tupi, who have in addition, a port on the Kuluseu. Next to them to the north, are the Yawalapiti, who are Arawak. Close to the mouth of the river, are the Kamayula, also Tupi, a numerous and much feared people. By mutual agreement, they have divided the lagoon into three sections, each tribe having exclusive fishing rights in the section assigned to it.

All of the Kuluene river is in possession of Carib peoples. Just below the rapids are the Naravute, and north of them are the Kalapalu, the Kuituti and the Tsuva, all having their villages on the west bank. These groups are in constant war with the Tapuya-speaking people that wander over the territory east of the Kuluene and forage westward, keeping to the higher ground around the headwaters. It would seem that the Tapuya tribes actually surround the other peoples of different linguistic stocks that have more permanent settlements.

All of these people live in a state of armed peace with each other, though, of course, quarrels arise at times. Their common enemies, however, are the tribes that live to the east and west, tribes that roam across the headwaters and depend on hunting rather than fishing for food.

You would suppose the villages which speak the same language would form some sort of confederation, band together against the villages which speak a different language, but such is not the case.

In view of the above linguistic grouping of the tribes, it is interesting to note their attitude toward each other. There exists no

confederation of villages, in spite of the fact that several may speak the same language and intermarry. The closest approach to alliance is a mere feeling of friendliness toward certain tribes. Each village lives its own life, fights its own battles. The Bakairi, who are Caribs, distrust and fear the Carib Anahukua, whom they consider bellacose and ruthless. My men were relieved when we left their neighborhood. On the other hand, they praised the Mehinaku and were not even afraid to leave their good about when among them; the Mehinaku are Arawaks. The Bakairi were also at ease with the Aura and the Yawalapiti, and seemed to expect nothing from the Trumai whom they considered inferior and poor people. The Auiti (Tupi) they are watching suspiciously, but they are actually afraid of the Kamayula as well as the Carib Tsuva, Kuitkutl and Kalapalu, but the Carib Naravute they praised for their honesty and peaceful disposition, whom they seem to recognize as kinsmen. .

In our contact so far with these tribes, the fears of the Bakairi and the Mehinaku seem to be somewhat justified.

All these tribes have been little affected by the outside world; in fact, the only articles I have been able to discover which are not of their own manufacture, are a few nails that had been converted into arrow points. To a slight extent, we are changing this condition. In all our dealings with them we have to depend entirely on trade goods, money meaning nothing to them. You notice that they are eager to get knives, but axes are turned down. Fish hooks of all sizes, and fishing lines are highly prized.

"Art", I said after sundown when we were swinging in our hammocs, "do you know the name of the village which you and Johnson visited? "

"No", said Rossi.

"It is called the Tsuva",

"Suva?"

"No, Tsuva. Prepare yourself for a shock. You and Johnson have discovered a new tribe. As you know, Major Noronha is the only one who has ever traveled on the Kuluene. He reported the presence of the Naravute and the Kalapalu and Kuikutl. You and Johnson have won your spurs as explorers. You went to search for me and discovered a new tribe. Not bad."

For the first time since I had known Rossi, he was impressed. He listened attentively to what I had to say about the people of that region, and did not counter with his usual banter. In fact, he encouraged me to go on. He began to look at the people about us, with a new interest. They became for him more than odd naked savages, good subjects for photography. They were now members of the human family, human beings of flesh and blood. When I suggested that we visit the Tsuva village in the morning, he accepted it with enthusiasm.

Taking two Bakairi with us, we accompanied the horde of Tsuva to their village. Johnson's description of the trip was accurate. We merely duplicated it. We poled and paddled up the Kuluene for several hours until we stopped at the "port" of the Tsuva on the east bank of the river. Of course, there was a secret waterway directly to the village, but we did not have the confidence of the Tsuva as yet to be taken to it by that route. Leaving the canoes on the bank, hidden of course, we took the trail across a wide stretch of grassland to the village. As usual, there was difficulty as to who should go first. I did. Rossi brought up the rear. The Tsuva followed behind me, and the Bakairi looking to their arms were interspersed in the line of march. Tupi was, of course, always nearby, now walking in the path in front of me, now jumping ecstatically in the grass ~~trying~~ trying to entice me to go off hunting with him.

I went first, but soon I didn't know which path to take. Laughingly, a young woman ran forward to lead. Behind her, trotted a boy of four or five. She not only led but set the pace. She was small and lithe, walked with a quick short stride into which she seemed to put no effort at all. Her walk seemed to be merely shifting of weight from hip to hip, somewhat similar to the motion of skating. She held herself erect, of course. On her head, she carried her bundle, consisting of hammock, calabash and some biiju, manioc bread. She walked so fast that I could not keep up with her, and again and again when she had left us behind fifty yards or so, she would stop, turn and laugh at me, whether to encourage me, or simply out of pure fun, I don't know. The path was very narrow, having been made by naked feet, and somewhat depressed. Both Rossi and I found difficulty in walking. Our shoes did not fit into the path, so that either we had to take to the fields, or walk with our feet inclined sideways. Walking where there was no path was even more difficult. The grass grew in great clumps close together. The sun beat down on us. As Rossi put it, "it was tough going". By the time we reached the village, my feet softened by very little walking and work in the water, were bleeding.

After walking in the dark forest where at times it was impossible to see more than several yards ahead, coming out into the sunlit clearing of the village took me by surprise. One moment we were in a darkness in a forest rich with life but silent, and the next morning we were in a deserted village. I stopped. My female guide stopped too and laughed. Before me was a clearing stripped bare of even a blade of grass. Five enormous grass-thatched houses of the same type as those of the Mehinaku

were arranged in a circle. Slightly to one side of the center, was another and smaller house, doorless. Beside it rose a huge tipⁱ like a conical structure made up of poles. There was no one in sight, and the silence was complete.

Several men from our group came forward now. They took their places at the head of the column and led us into the clearing, shouting, calling out three times and then singing a sort of chant until we reached a log lying in the center. They motioned me to sit down, and they became silent. I waited until my Bakairi came close and then sat down. I did not want to find myself sitting down in the midst of the horde and helplessly have my skull bashed in. We waited about five minutes, and nothing happened. Finally, two men appeared from the houses. Each one carried a stool. They approached us, chanting. When they came up to us, they placed the two stools, each carved in the shape of a bird, on the ground and motioned to Rossi and me to sit on them. We did so. Each of the two men made a long speech; My Bakairi understood the gist of it. They were speeches of welcome in which they reviewed their acquaintance with us. They, too, had seen us when we were marching across the barren plateau but had never dared to come close for fear of the other tribes, ^{who,} of course, were "very bad people". They had hovered around our camp while we were making the canoes and afterwards had kept an eye on us as we made our way downstream. They were not afraid of the plane, the liars, but they loved me and wanted to give me presents. They also wanted me to give them presents, fish hooks, clothes, knives and guns and not being at all bashful, even asked for the big silver bird, nothing less than the plane, which they assured me they would take as good care of as the village eagle, their totem bird.

Their speeches over, I made one. Of course, they didn't understand a word I said, since I spoke in Portuguese, and when words failed me, I would break into English. My Bakairi did understand to some extent, though. Their dialect was close to that of the Tsuva, and so they translated my speech, adding much to it, no doubt, in order that their chief should appear as well versed in oratory and good manners as our hosts. They told the Tsuva that I had come from very far away to pay them a visit, that I had brought with me many presents for them, but unfortunately, most of them had been lost on our way down the Kuluseu, that I had some left and these I would distribute gladly. As to the plane, well, it was a very powerful and frightful bird. It was coming back later to take me away. I couldn't give it away for fear that it would harm them. Besides, it was sacred to me, as the eagle was sacred to them. They wouldn't give up their eagle now, would they? No, of course not. Then they understood. The Tsuva listened attentively and nodded affirmatively. They understood.

One of the headmen, a powerful, chesty individual with a Plains Indian type of face, replied, but while he talked, files of women came out of each house loaded down with food and drink. They made their way through the crowd of men. They stood before Rossi and me, a little shy and afraid of Tupi sitting between my feet. The older women, first, then the younger ones, offered us manioc water, a mixture of manioc and water, toasted manioc flour, *biiju*, the unleavened manioc bread and a yellowish paste made of the fruit *paki*. Rossi and I, tired and thirsty, drank some of the manioc water and passed the rest on to our men. We needed food. We would take all of the *biiju* and the flour that we could get. The Bakairi standing behind us, guarding our backs, gladly collected

these presents.

It was now my turn. Since every woman and child had given us something, everyone was entitled to something. I dug into my pockets for fish hooks, glass beads, combs, colored handkerchiefs, toys and other five and ten cent store products. For the men, I had small knives, calico and beads also. These "presents" having been exchanged, our hosts invited us to rest, but we preferred to look around the village instead.

We were taken into the men's house. It was a grass-thatched house, like the rest, but not so large. The roof was supported by three painted and carved poles. Running lengthwise to the house, two logs rested on forks. We were asked to sit on this. With a great show of ceremony and secrecy, three large flute pipes were brought and played by three men who danced as they played. The flutes were about three feet long and about four inches in diameter and were played like clarinets. The mouth piece was cut in such a way as to make a form for the chin. When played, they were so long that, to reach the lower holes, the player had to throw his hips back and stiffen his legs. The dance consisted of three steps forward and three steps back.

They explained to me through the Bakairi that these pipes were sacred and had magical power. Should a woman ever lay eyes on them intentionally or accidentally, she would most assuredly die. Yet, whenever the women heard their music, they were happy. They asked me to look out. Pushing aside some of the grass, I peeped through. The women had linked arms and were also dancing. They appeared to be quite gay. One of the Bakairi asked me to be careful. He whispered that to stay in the house was dangerous. It was dark, and he thought he saw some of the men