

"Kuma did not want the human race to emerge from the hole in which they were living. She said that much sorrow would come from it to her children. But Hatchawa felt sorry for the people and he coaxed Puanah to make him a rope which he could let down to them so that they could climb out. It happened that way and probably more sorrow than now exists in the world would have been produced if the rope had not broken before all of the people came up.

" Still much sorrow could have been averted if Hatchawa had not given the people fire. Without it they would have lived simply like the animals. But he felt sorry for them and so he threw into the fire which Kuma ~~kept~~ kept a live fish which scattered the coals, ~~and~~ The people rushed in gathered the hot coals and ran away to build their ~~own~~ own fires.

*Ever since then each group of people has fought the other, forgetting that all are the children of Kuma. Before they ran away with the fire they shared even their misery. They were cold and only Kuma possessed fire. Hatchawa wanted to help the people whom he himself had brought out of the hole, but they have forgotten that too. Only us, the Tumul, remember. That is why we are humble, and commune with Kuma and our dead so that we may not go astray.*

*Once we began to possess cattle and pigs we would have to wage war against many animals, and against each other. We would become ugly like the white man. We would kill each other and forget our mother - Kuma.*

*No, it is better to go hungry than to change our mode of life, and make Kuma angry at us too."*

*One*  
"Last night I put this question to Landaeta,

*after several days of poor hunting*  
" Why don't you settle down like the racionales and raise animals ?

Then you would not go hungry."

Landaeta did not answer immediately. He continued puffing on his cigar in silence seemingly seeking the answer in the music of the howling monkeys brought to us by the wind. The men lay near us on the sand the women around their small fires . laughing softly over their own stories. It was late and the children were asleep.

"Adjimai Oten", he began. " you have been among us a long time. You have seen how peacefully we live. We go hungry sometimes but we never know ~~sorry~~ because one of our animals has been devoured by the jaguar or the snake. We live as brothers and no one possesses more than his brother.

We live at peace with animals, killing only the crocodile and the turtle for our food.

When I was young I wanted to earn cloth for my young wife. I went to work at San Fernando. What a life. Covetousness , trouble.

A long time ago to test us Kuma sent us the horse. Our people were afraid and would not get on its back. But a pock marked white man appeared and he to show off his courage mounted the horse . He rode around to show our people his courage. Soon he saw his advantage and made trouble.

"What you want to know," said my newly won friends, "only El Viejo can tell you. He is our musico and a holy person. We are young and not graced, as he is by Kuma."

The "Old Man" apparently was hunting on the lower Capanaparo. Nobody knew exactly where he was. I suspected that they merely pretended to be ignorant of his whereabouts. I had to continue being patient. Patience had converted the unfriendly 'aruro ~~is~~. Patience might possibly carry me further.

I gathered in discussing ~~the~~ "EL Viejo" that he was the high priest and wise man of the tribe. As far as the rest of his people were concerned he was the fountain of all knowledge and wisdom, and since my questions dealt with beliefs and attitudes only El Viejo could satisfy my curiosity.

It took two more days and one night of dancing and singing before I was able to convince my hosts that they ought to lead me to El Viejo. Slyly they took the precaution of asking Kuma if it was allright. Apparently my inoffensive behaviour had won her approval for following an all night session of dancing and communing with the tribal gods I was told that if I liked one of the young man would paddle me down river to where the Old Man might be encamped.

Accordingly in the afternoon we loaded a dugout with my few possessions and as the sun set we left the camp. My hosts looked after us until a bend in the river set them off from our view.

Pedro was not only a notorious romancer but the most dashing llanero that ever bestrode a horse and thrust his big toes into the leather tongs that serve him as stirrups. A small, wiry man, lean as a racing horse, with delicate feminine features, he had the love of women and the respect of men by sheer superiority in the arts of love and war. As my guide across the dry plains of Venezuela I had had occasion to see him in action. I agreed that the stories about his prowess were not exaggerated. He seemed to believe in nothing, fear nothing and to be successful in everything. It was therefore with some surprise that one night at the ranch El Buron after the harp and rattles had been put away and we were lazily swinging in our hammock I heard Pedro announce his belief in magic. His first remark was addressed to me as half an apology for the intoxicating evening of singing and dancing, but it was such an obvious beginning of a story that the company settled itself comfortably and waited in silence.

"Hombre", he said, "we of the llanos are beasts. We know nothing beyond horses fighting and women. Now the savage, los Indios, have religion and they have magic, but we have nothing. We are as free as the animals and not much better."

"Pedro", I teased, "you don't believe in magic? Can it be possible?"

"Can it be possible you ask? When I have seen it at work? Caraje, I, Pedro Bolivar, tell you that there is magic practiced by the Indios which passes belief. If you will permit me, señor, I will tell you the story of Juan. Y myself did not see this happen but I have heard José, my cousin, tell it many times. He saw it with his own eyes.

Juan señor, was a bad man, a very bad wicked man. We, llaneros, are not a good lot though we are better than the Andinos and those dandified Caraqueños who go nowhere without their pollows. They are thieves and talkers, not men. One of us can eat a Caraqueño for breakfast without much trouble. We are bad but we know what honor means. Our guests are safe in our midst and we don't harm the poor Indios. The savages sometimes come to our houses. True we take their women, but we always give them a knife, a piece of cloth or a little food when they are hungry. But Juan was

different. He was like the Caraqueños except in courage. He would take the women from the Indios and beat them besides. When the general came with his pillow-bearing soldiers and killed a hundred of these poor naked folk, why Juan not only helped him but outdid any of the general's slaves. He was cruel and liked being that way.

We can tell much about a man by the way he treats his horse. When there is work to be done no llanero pampers his horse but he works no less himself. We love our horses for what is a man in this country without a horse? We love them better than our women and for longer time. But Juan was not like that. He loved the women better and that is always bad.

We did not like Juan. He made trouble. We knew that sooner or later we would have to settle scores with him. He did not seem to enjoy the free life of the llanero which showed that some Caraqueño poison must have flowed in his veins. He was always talking of leaving the llanos some day to take up real life in Caracas, So it was no surprise when he announced that he was going to abandon his horse for his canoe and seek his fortune in crocodile hides. He boasted that he would force the Indios to hunt for him and thus get rich quick. Nobody tried to dissuade him except his mother, but women are like that. We were more concerned when he prevailed upon José my poor cousin to accompany him particularly when it became rumored that Juan was really after Landaeta's daughter. Then we were worried over poor Jose and the Indios. We knew that trouble would come.

We have always teased Landaeta about his daughter whom none of us had ever seen. To our questions as to why he never brought her to the ranch he never made any answer. Outside of learning that she is bonita and that she is very white, we had been able to learn nothing. We have attempted to bribe them into telling us more about her, but the more we questioned, the more vacant their faces become, and you must know señor that when an Indio decides not to talk, nothing can make do so. But José has seen her and reports that she is beautiful.

All sorts of stories have grown up about Amá, this girl guarded so jealously by her people. Some say that she is the reincarnation of India Rosa whom the Indios have been waiting to restore their former slate. They say that she is kept in a cave, but that is nonsense. There are no caves in this country.

Bueno. To undertake to steal Amá was a foolish venture, but it appealed to Juan

who thought that he could make himself king among the Yaruros. He would not only have them work for him but even give to him this fabulous creature. A foolish and dangerous venture señores, for Landaeta not only is the jefe of the Yaruros but is their priest, dictator and their most powerful sorcerer.

It is not easy to locate the Yaruros. They are river nomads, fishing and hunting the crocodile which they eat entire. They collect wild roots and seeds. They never stay in one camp more than a few days. Besides it is quite certain that they got wind of Juan's project and as you know news travels fast among them. It was not strange then that many weeks passes before Juan and José came upon a few of them camped as is their custom, on a playa. These people never go far in land. They always camp on the sand bars exposed to the wind and always near the main source of food, the river.

José has told us that during those weeks of wandering upon and down the rivers Juan's soul became blacker and blacker. The hunting was not good principally because Juan's mind was on something else.

One day they came upon a band of Yaruros. It was in the late afternoon. The Indios were camped on a broad sand bar near their beached canoes. Vultures were busy at the refuse pile. The Yaruros nine in number, were busy at their fires roasting changuango and crocodile. They noticed the approach of the two men but they could do nothing, so as is their custom in the face of some unwelcomed event they waited stoically and in silence for whatever the strangers might bring.

A Yaruro camp is not an imposing sight. They build no slate shelter, only a few branches thrust into the sands to give them a little shade. Several water jars, some baskets, some rags and the weapons of the men constitute all of their possessions and these lay scattered about the camp.

Juan and José beached their canoe and greeted the Yaruros in the customary way that is by calling to the men, "Keramia", which means brother-in-law. It was apparent to José that they were not welcomed. The men gathered their weapons but of course did not dare to use them. Reluctantly they gave of their food and Juan tried to win them over by offering some coffee, but it was plain that they were disturbed and afraid.

After they had eaten, Juan inquired through José, who spoke their language, where Landaeta was. The answer of course was that they didn't know. After a while they refused to talk altogether. And so they finally went to sleep without learning anything.

The Yaruros are not cowards, señores. They would have killed Juan except that he carried firearms and had José with him. Besides Juan's death by violence would have been revenged by his kin even though he was so bad and although the Yaruros do not fear death, they don't like to be exterminated as a group. So this first land that Juan met, let itself be dominated by the two men. There was nothing to do. They fed the two men with the products of the hunt and allowed Juan to do as he pleased with the women.

But Juan had a fixed idea. It was Landaeta's daughter. His questions as to her whereabouts went unanswered. Indians can be stubborn. Their answers were simply that they did not know. Juan was not deceived. He knew Indians. He also knew that no threat would wring the secret from them. Besides his presence had been known by this time. Indians make news travel fast, señores. Nobody knows how they do it.

Juan was bad and crafty.

Fate had her hand in it. Sickness made Landaeta stop his flight. His daughter was in high fever and seemed to be moribund. They had to stop so Landaeta could minister to her, to sing and dance before her and suck the sickness from her body. It was on a huge playa that Juan found them. The girl was lying in the thin shade of a branch thrust into the sands. Nearby four women swung back and forth in a hammock singing sacred songs. The men loafed around disheartened in the face of death. The appearance of one made no great impression under the circumstances. That only increased his wrath.

Two days they spent on that beach. Men singing at night, women during the day. There was nothing that Juan would do. The girl was sick. But he made himself disagreeable. He joked with the grief-stricken old man. Get the girl well, brother-in-law, he would say, because I am going to marry her. The old man would make no reply. He suffered indignities in silence.

One afternoon the old man told Juan through José that that night he would ask Kuma if Juan could have Amá. Kuma, señores, is the great goddess of the Yaruros. They worship her as we worship the Virgen.

Cuñado, said Landaeta, Kuma is there at the golden lake. Tonight we shall ask her, to come to us. You shall ask her for Amá. Juan had to satisfy himself with that. Brute that he was, yet he understood the Yaruros. They will say so much but no more. Their secrets are well kept. So Juan, impatient, departed himself with the thought of Amá. The end of the trail was near. He not only would take Amá from Landaeta but force his people to ask for him. He recognized only strength.

The end of the day came and what glory says José! The whole sky was lighted as if it were afire. Beams of light shot up from the western horizon forming lands of gold, blue and white. Before nature all of us are silent señor, even the bad ones among us. One would not suspect that these uncivilized folk would have any appreciation of beauty, but José says that all these people, even women and children sat on the sands watching the western sky. They must have seen something in it unknown to the two racionales for their countenances lighted up with joy. They explained to Juan and José that those beams of light had their scene in Kuma. It was the way the goddess showed that she watched over her children. That was all to the good as far as Juan was concerned.

They ate then their small meal of crocodile and changuango in silence and calm. Wisely, Juan did not hasten matters. As long as he learned the location of the lake he did not care. He could well afford to humor them.

Around eight o'clock, Landaeta disappeared in the dark with his basket containing his sacred trinkets. Have you ever seen them? They are simple things, a stone a carved amulet of ambache, a carved rattle, a breech clout, and paint. Simple things to us but powerful magical implements to them. They are the tools of the magician.

Juan did not follow Landaeta. He knew that the man could come back. He enjoyed himself by violating the customs of the Yaruros. He spoke to the women, manhandled them right in front of their men. As you know señores the men have no social intercourse with the women. Only husband and wife, brother and sister, mother and son can

talk with each other. In-laws cannot even look at each other. Well Juan forced them to do so.

Landaeta came back sat himself apart from the rest, facing the cart. No one went near him. The moon was shedding a generous glow over the hills of Guian. In the west a golden light had appeared. It is supposed to be the glow from the golden Lake.

After a while when the moon had become a clear white lighting up the sands and the river, the winds had risen bringing on their wings the roar of the araquatos, Landaeta began to sing, at first weakly as if he had no strength, but soon he was singing in a full falsetto. His understudy went and sat behind him. Then his wife gave him a cigar to smoke.

It was now almost midnight José saus, and he began to get sleepy. But not Juan. The singing and dancing had become intense. After a while they sat down, but the dancing around the pole did not stop. Veiled and transparent women took the place of the Yaruros. Seated at the base of the pole there appeared a woman of beautiful proportions with heavy chains of gold falling from her neck. A differed blue light. José wanted to go away from there but he had no power to move. Other figures appeared men in beards and dressed like men of gold. They were small, mean looking in comparison with the dancing figures. The dance became more and more frenzied. Landaeta blew clouds of smoke from the cigars prepared for him by his women. The wind blew the sand so hard that José had to cover up. Even the araquato became louder and louder. In the northern sky stars fell, lighting up the night.

In all this José saw another thing. - Juan was crawling slowly to the pole. He did not seem to want to go and José says that at least once he heard him whisper Help me José. But he was drawn more and more. Occasionally one of the Yaruro women held a gourd to his mouth from which he drank in great gulps. And after an eternity he reached the pole - The bearded men had disappeared. The transparent figures danced and danced around José. Kuma, the goddess did not move. José thought he would go insane when suddenly there was a brilliance as if the Sun had risen. It seemed to last another eternity.

The next thing José remembers is awakening when the sun was coming up over the hills of Guiana. The Yaruros were awake and sitting about shivering in the cold wind. Juan was extended by the pole and looked as if he were asleep. The scene was peaceful. Every one looked tired. No wonder, thought José, after all that dancing. He felt a little nervous, but soon he had a small fire lighted and a sip of coffee restored him to normal.

After a while he tried to awaken Juan but he seemed to be in a stupor. It was only a little later that he realized that Juan was dead. He fled then and nobody hindered him. He paddled away and if we are to believe him, he never stopped paddling until he reached Auraquen. He swears that there wasn't a mark on José. He could not have been poisoned because Landaeta drank from the same gourd. José thinks that magic killed him. Anyway, José won't go near an Indian now.

"A number of times during this Depressed Decade," I said, "I have gone to live with primitive groups of mankind. Under their influence I have looked at our civilization with greater detachment than had been possible before. Swinging in hammocks in the enclosing jungle, listening to the music of the night and the soft laughter of my hosts, or lying half covered with warm sand by some river watching the heavily starred sky values have changed. Many of our achievements have appeared unimportant and many things which we ignore have seemed the important keys to a better life. My primitive hosts have helped this distortion along. They, naked and untutored in the sophistications of our modern life, have said.

"You have asked much about us, our mode of life, our beliefs, and our hopes. Now tell us about your people".

I have tried. I have told them about the great accomplishments of our age. The skyscrapers, the railroads, the automobile, the radio, the cannon. But when it came to giving them a living picture of our people I found an inadequacy. I was ashamed to tell them some things and they always noticed my hesitancy. For sooner or later they asked,

"Your country is magical. It is like the land where we expect to go when we die. Our shamans have told us about it. But your people, do they profit much by this magic?"

Landaeta, priest, magician, doctor and chief of the Yaruros was the most persistent with such questions. For weeks we squatted on the sand by the Capanaparo cooled by the last wind, watching the stars rise and fall in a clear sky, listening to the comforting roar of the howlers as they responded to the mysterious rising of the moon, and conversing about the Yaruro universe. Landaeta told me much about his world of morals, religion, history and magic. One evening when we had finished our dinner of crocodile and changuango and had settled ourselves on the sands and the women had brought us cigars, Landaeta talked quietly with his wife a few minutes, then turned to me and said,

"Adjimai Oteh, elder brother, the women want to know something of yourself, your wife, and your children. Why didn't you bring them so that your wife could have conversed with the women as you converse with me, and your children could have played with our children? They also want to know how your wife paints herself to look beautiful."

*appear*

*Canon*

And then slyly he passed on to things that were of more importance to him,

"Is there an abundance of crocodile in your country? Is it flat and beautiful like ours? Do the monkeys howl and dance at night? Do your people worship Kuma? Do they dance in the moonlight?"

"No," I said, "but we eat other foods. In the great plains we raise a seed which we call wheat. We raise many animals also, and many other foods."

"Good, then your people are never hungry?"

I started to reply "of course not", when I remembered.

"Well," I said, "some of our people do go hungry. You see these cattle and pigs, and the wheat are owned by some of the people. There are some who don't have any. To get it they must do some work, but sometimes there is nothing to do and they go hungry....."

"I don't understand. You say that you have much food and yet your people go hungry. How can that be? Doesn't the food belong to the people?"

It was difficult to explain and I don't think that Landaeta understood me when I was done. The truth of the matter was that I did not understand myself. As they probed me I discovered that there was a great deal that seemed incomprehensible in a well ordered universe such as my hosts lived in. But if I found myself in difficulties when discussing the material benefits of our civilization, I was in greater difficulties when I was asked about our social and religious life.

"We believe in God", I said, "like you believe in Kuma, only God is like a man. Most people think of him as an old man with a beard, but our shamans tell us that this is wrong."

"An old man? Life springs from and is nurtured by the female. How can a man give birth? But the women want to know about your wife and children. Tell us about them".

"Well", I said, "I have neither wife nor children. In my country many of us do not marry at all and many of us do not marry until we have reached middle age."

"Why, are there not enough women there?"

"Yes", I said, "There are many women young and old who also are not married. In my country we marry at an older age than you do. Sometimes we forget to marry altogether."

Landaeta shook his head as I went on to explain this anti-biological anti-social habit of ours. Among his people marriage marks maturity in the life of the individual, and establishment of a whole series of desirable social relationships. A man or woman without a mate does not exist, cannot exist. A man or woman without children is very unfortunate, to be pitied true enough. So to remain unmarried and without children out of choice violated his social universe. I could not explain adequately so we passed on to other things.

Under Landaeta's socratic tutelage our civilization ~~which I had~~ ~~unconsciously started to describe as a glamour and superior, I took on the rags of the leper.~~ It seemed unnecessarily complex and terribly inadequate to satisfy the primary needs of man. Together we began to search for the reasons which would explain the paradox. So much magic, so much genius, but how much of it directed towards satisfying human wants, basic human wants?

There was no putting off Landaeta and his people, so I set myself the task of telling him about us. I commenced, of course, with the great achievements of our civilization. I drew a map of the United States on the sand.

"My country", I said, "is very big. To cross it on foot would take one entire dry season and one wet season, but we have magical birds, which we make ourselves, which fly through the air and which go so fast that we can cover the same distance between sunrise and sunset.

To reach my country from here it would take two rainy seasons and two dry seasons traveling by canoe every day, but with our canoes it takes only a few days."

"I can travel that fast also", said Landaeta, "I can reach Kuma's land and return the same night. I can also go to your country and return between the rising and setting of the moon".

"My people are scattered everywhere. Some of them live in large villages. Their houses are very tall reaching very high into the sky, many times taller than any tree. At night these villages are lighted just like the sky".

"My people are very numerous, as numerous as the grains of sand on this beach."

"In the land of Kuma, our people are as numerous. Those stars you see in the sky are our people, Kuma's children. Abroad in the land of Kuma

to which we shall return when we die."

"We have trumpets by which we can talk to each other at great distances, at any distance. For instance, if I had one of those instruments here I would talk to my people now."

"I understand that," said Landaeta gravely, "I too can talk with my people far away. I can also talk with my ancestors and with Kuma in whose land they live. I can also do this with the help of the rattle and the Chiupa, the magic root. I am a great shaman."

"We have very large canoes," I continued, "These canoes travel very fast, but they are not paddled by men. We have ~~instruments~~ <sup>machines</sup> that do that for us."

"Is there much crocodile and changuango in your country?"

My difficulties were these. How could I try to explain that we have an abundance of cattle, sheep, grain, cotton and yet our people go without food and without clothing, for they would have wanted to know why the hungry did not take the grain, why the naked did not take the clothing. And if I had explained that it is because these things are owned by some members of my people, they would have wanted to know what is the purpose of owning such thing if it is not to make them available to one's poor relations. Why possess a mountain of corn except to have the pleasure of seeing it consumed by those who need it, why feed pigs except to kill them and to fill the belly with tender morsels? What merit is there in weaving cloth if it is not to clothe the naked? And why, they would have wanted to know, do not the hungry raise their own food and weave their own garments? And how can it be that so large a number of people are kept idle and are not allowed to provide for themselves?

But surely those who have plenty find life pleasant? But the rich are as unhappy as the poor. Maybe its fear of losing their mountains of corn, of being deprived of their spacious homes, but more probably fear of losing their parties, their gew-gaws, their position, all of which they hasten to tell you mean nothing at all to them. Whatever the reasons, they are as unhappy as those who lack the bare essentials.

A primitive tribe spends a portion of every day hunting and gathering wild edible fruits after which their concern is either beauty with the soul or with their families. Whereas our people with a culture which the eulogists have praised as the ultimate expression of man's genius have

failed to solve the problem of food, shelter and comforts, and naturally their attention is fixed on solving these problems. Economic security and lack of security is the dominant topic of conversation among our people, whereas the primitive tribe took the responsibility of security as a matter of course and concentrated on the problem of man, god and nature. The primitive appeared to be the more human, to be closer culturally and psychologically to the goal of mankind, the pursuit of which distinguishes man from the beasts.

It is said that this is because the primitive lives close to nature. It goes deeper than that. The primitive is part of the natural landscape, an integral part of it, whereas the civilized man, for the most part, lives in a world of his own creation. Civilized man is not free, economically, socially, politically, however much the liberals insist that he is. He not only is a slave, but a slave stripped of the privilege of creating himself a world within himself. For a slave at least has some security and protection. The free civilized man, as he exists in our country, does not, for the most part, have those privileges. Irrespective of social or economic class, he must forever strive to keep or find a job, protect or increase his income. If he isn't ever vigilant, he may lose all. He lives under a strain, the strain of insecurity.

We have been told about the wonderful future if we do certain things. By damming the rivers, for instance, we are going to have an incalculable amount of power. But most of us are not so concerned with the future as the present. A young man who has not been able to get to work since arriving at maturity, who sees the days, the months, the years go by without being able to use his body productively and for his own existence letting alone his mind and education is not in a frame of mind to worry much about the future. To say to him that our children are going to inherit the millenim is a little beside the point when he is not in a position to produce any children. To the man in Tennessee who told me that he, his wife, and two children have been surviving on corn bread and fat for five years and who, nevertheless, had no time for recreation, for social life, talk of the future greatness of our country and civilization is incomprehensible. He wants his future today.

People, then, human beings, have aspirations which are not entirely economic. If a civilization, a people, a nation can produce so much, and yet so many of them have nothing, we are talking abstractions when we

chatter about liberty, democracy, rugged individualism, collectivism, business and the survival of the fittest. It is important, therefore, that we turn our attention on people and on ourselves, and not so much on what we can produce, and discover, if we may, who we are, what we are, what we want and how we are going to do adjust ourselves and the country to our needs, now, today, not in the future. The challenge is there, and if we fail to accept it, if we ignore it, unfortunately, it will not ignore us. There will be no future. Man-made things can disappear as quickly as they are made. Other civilizations have flourished and gone. There is no reason to suppose that our will be the exception to the rule. Neglecting the present means neglecting the future. If we today do not have a base to stand on, we cannot build a structure which will endure. If we cannot develop an inner security, an inner strength, and define our goals, we cannot travel the path of the future. We may lose interest unless the future somehow becomes real. Man has taken a road of evolution which may lead him to a blind alley. It has happened to other species. It may happen to us. Certainly if our people feel that culturally they have gone into a blind alley, we had better withdraw or climb the wall quickly. People as people of flesh and blood, rather than as census figures, do not like blind alleys. Even primitives, when caught in such a jam, strive mightly, and often successfully, for a way out. Shall we who pride ourselves on our scientific achievements and God knows what else, shall we be baffled? Shall we forget that we are not Gods, not abstractions, not Titans, not heroes at all, not statistical units, but simple folk, of simple biological makeup, with simple inherent desires that must be satisfied first of all, but also with human destiny stalking us, and that to go forward, must first of all so control our primary needs that we can well forget them?

But forget them we do. I think that reason for the American attitude towards your people is based on this forgetfulness, We talk and write about Mexico, an almost abstract quantity, but not about the flesh and blood Mexicans. You do the same thing when discussing my country and my people. You forget that we are flesh and blood too. "

Father of Juan Bario. On horseback. I greet you. I am waiting in Kuma's land for you. This land is very poor now for you to live in. It is no longer as Kuma wants it to be. Kuma's land is good and rich. When you die you will be reborn in Kuma's land, young again and you will be rich. You will have cattle and horses. See, you are poor. It was the same way when I lived with you. Now I am rich. There is much cattle here. Treat your wife well. That is Kuma's law and I want you to follow it.

The shaman was brought back on horseback.

Last Night

Kuma came very near as well as Itciai', Puana' and Hatchawa. Keberoh never sings with shaman. Her people are the frogs.

Shaman spoke with Kuma. She gave him message. So Puanah and Itciai. Hatchawa answered him, saying that he sings with me in my country, that I am a good fellow.

India Rosa seems to be distinct from the Great Kuma.

The maracca is not shaken until shaman has made contact with spirits. Shaking of rattle announces it. The more viloent it is shaken the better the cntact.

Flutes, formerly the Jaruros had large clay flutes or pipes. (Used also for signaling but shaman also belw on them)

Cosmology:--Every species has its representative in <sup>the</sup> other world. It is very large, etc. Two tales--one about chief tiger and the other about chief bird. Will have to get them again, but jist is that one of Kuma's people married tiger, and tiger ate children, and Jaruros are descended from the progeny.

Other about huge chief eagle that also ate children and dinall was kiled.

Shaman asks Hatchawa and others how people are--when far away, and also about future. Boss spirit f north wods.

Juan Bario on events of night of 10th

Paneme' Tsio' brought a horse for the shaman to go to Kuma's land and house. He is the boss of the jaguar of the people represented by archaeological figurines etc. found in high spots of savanh. While the shaman was away the spirits of the dead Jaruros came visiting. (only a few are listed) The first to come was the father of Fernanda. He counselled that his people should live good lives, and that they should not mistreat each other. He counselled his son-in-law to treat his wife well, because it would please the gods.

Father of Brigida was next. He counselled the new wife of his grandson to treat him well, and enjoined his grandson to treat his young wife with consideration and delicacy.

Brother of Brigida. After greeting his relatives he describes his life in Kuma's land where he possesses many horses and cattle.

Mother of Brigida. Counsell'd grandson to be good to his new young wife other wise even his relatives in Kuma's land would lose their riches. She greeted her brother, Juan Bario and gave him the news that their mother was happy in Kuma's land.

Brother of Juan Garcia. ~~M/B/Y~~ (N/B. This fellow died uncared for, among racionales, away from his people. His clothing was even stolen from his body. His relatives are full of pity for him) He said: that he had gone to Kuma's house without even seeing his relatives before dying; that he was buried stripped of everything; that he was well off now; that dying was not disagreeable since his grandfather (father of Juan Bario) had come for him to take him to kuma's land, since his uncle (Juan Bario) was far away and to there to take care of him. The uncle did not know of the nephew's sickness.

(N.B. Grandfather and uncle are often mentioned as taking care of one, but rarely the father.)

Finally came Itciai. He came on a beautiful horse, wearing shoes, a hat, clothing like mine. He greeted us and said.

That he had come to greet me especially since I was among the pume' his people. He came to see who I was and how I was. He told Juan Bario to translate to me everything since I did not understand pume' language. He said that I am dear to him and he loves my family also. He loves a man who ~~walks~~ visits his pume'h with love as I have done. When the world comes to an end, I will not be left in a cold dreary dark land like the others (rational) but will be taken to Kuma's land with the pume'h and will be made rich. My wife, son and family were well and anxiously awaiting my return. He knew this because not only had he gone to see them that very night but he lived so close to them that he watched them often. He said further that he made this earth so that the people could live on it in a good way as I lived, that I am very good and that I know a great deal about everything including Kuma. As an example of my knowledge he mentioned the fact that he found me waiting with a cigar for him. He then said that Hatchawa was coming and left.

Hatchawa. Came on horseback, with shoes etc. a gold necklace, and bow and arrow. He said, "I have come to greet this man and all of you. What do you say among yourselves and think about this man? Isn't it true that he loves you? The man came to you with love in his heart for you. He is like you and of the same family. Puana is coming.

Puana' arrived on a horse which makes a noise like an Anaconda--tcio--tcio. He is white, fat, beautifully dressed. The men seemed to find especial joy at this coming (Puana is the doer, inventor, fixer. He made everything. Hatchawa more or less trickster and Prometheus type)

"I have come to greet this man and you punch! Haven't you heard him sing far away in his land? He has come to you with love in his heart. He is of your family. Take good care of him. Raise him as one of your family. He knows very much, like the shaman. He is a great shaman in his land. That is the reason he sings as you do. In his own land he sings the same way. I have watched him and over him often and from very near. He lives in a land just like Kuma and I live. It is mountainous and very beautiful. (I had previously described my land) Where he lives it is very cold sometimes. Tell him that when he sings and dances to keep claro (rum) for me. Doesn't he drink corotu? Ask him if he will drink it. Kuma is coming.

Kuma. On horseback. She wears shaman outfit of necklaces, only hers are of gold and very beautiful, between the breasts.

"Greeting! This man has come to live among you. It is as I want it to be. He is of our family. He is a pume' not like the racionales about here. That is the reason he has so much love for you. I know him and he knows much about me. He knows as much as your shaman. That is why he has a cigar ready when we arrive. That is as I like people to be. Tell him that when the world ends he won't suffer like the other people. He won't be left here in a cold dark world. He will live with you in my land, and like you he will be very rich. He is a pume' and of our family. It is very beautiful where he lives. It is like my land. I made this earth for good people like him to live on it. For this reason I told Puana to come to greet him; for I love him very much. Your father is coming to greet him and you (Juan Barrio)

When San Sylvester was an old man he became blind. He was the oldest child and he had many beautiful sisters. He guarded them but when he became blind one by one they ran away with their lovers. Only the youngest sister remained and the bishop was determined that she should remain chaste. He took good care of her but his sister had a lover and she was determined to run away with him at the first opportunity. A long time passed and no opportunity presented itself until a scheme suggested itself to her lover. He told her to get ready and to take her afternoon walk with the bishop as usual.

To make sure that no lovers were lurking in the bushes when San Sylvester went walking with his sister he threw stones into the bushes. If ~~birds~~ he heard the flight of birds he knew that it was safe to go ahead. The lover bought a cage and filled it with birds. He then hid himself in the bushes. When San Sylvester and his sister came along, the bishop threw a stone and the lover released the birds from the cage. The bishop satisfied that it was safe released the hand of his sister in order to let her go first in the narrow path and she immediately flew to the arms of her lover and they fled.

El Buron.

A pole was fixed to the ground. The men put each other's arms around the shoulders, sided by side and danced around and around moving three steps forward and the same backward. Sometimes the pole is decorated with feathers, I was told. The songs consist of one phrase repeated four times, and then the musical phrase is repeated with different words over and over. There did not seem to be any stylistic beginning or ending.

The more interesting dance was the following. The men lined up as before with the exception that the leader with a small carved rattle held in the right hand stood in front of the last man to the right. Women lined up separately forming a slightly outer circle. The leader sang the first phrase in a high pitch, with a fast simple tempo. and this was repeated being joined in by the men and the women. This was repeated in different words. For sometime there was no shaking of the rattle and no dancing. After some time he began to shake it with an up and down movement very fast without keeping time to the music, in a simple straight rhythm. Finally they began to dance around the pole as before, and then stopped in front of the pole still singing, standing still and finally they ended. Very pleasant voiced and very pleasant music.

Caracas to the Capanaparo

Feb. 2nd. 1934, left Caracas at 12:30 noon.

Los Teques 1:30

Tejerías 2:30

El Consejo 2:55

Ia Victoria 3:10 Motor stalled. Pushed to start it.

San Mateo 3:25

Cagua 3:40 Stopped for gas.

Villa de Cura 4:20

San Juan 5:00

Ortiz 6:45 A deserted and sickly place. Spent the night here. About three kilometers out of Ortiz there is an inn called Los Dos Caminos, which is a better place to spend the night than at Ortiz. There is also a gas station at Los dos Caminos.

3 Left Ortiz at 7:15

El Sombrero 9:00 Stopped for gas. Left El Sombrero at 9:15

Calabozo 12 noon. Had lunch. had the brakes fixed. Got gas.

Left Calabozo at 2:30.

Crossed the Guárico on a raft, at 3:15.

Arrived at Miguel Gómez at about 6 PM. Stayed over-night. Gas is sold here.

4 Left in the morning at about 6.

Arrived at Coroso Pando, Octavio Sopardo's house at about 9:10. Had breakfast. It's about 70 Klm. from Calabozo. There's a telegraph office, as well as post office, there. *Gas sold here.*

Got stuck in the sand just before entering Camaguan. were pulled out by three llanero horses.

Got into Camaguan about 1:20. Had some soup and boiled eggs, and left at 3:00. Got stuck at the caño about a league from Camaguan. Got out and continued, but got stuck again about three kms. away. Walked over to Guzman's "quesera" with a chap that volunteered. We lost our way but found the house. Got the necessary help and pulled and pushed the car out. Passed the night at the ranch and

5 left the next morning with Mr. Guzman at about 6:00.

Got stuck at the British company's ranch and the motor stalled. went through the ignition system. Got the car started once more and continued until Puerto Miranda arriving there at 12:noon.

Since we left Calabozo the clutch was not functioning well; it got worst at Camaguan. It got worse as we continued, making it necessary to run in second gear even on level stretches. At the river I stopped the motor to wait for the raft, and from then on could not start it until the afternoon of that same day after it had been repaired.

At San Fernando we were received very well by the authorities.

8 At San Fernando we stayed until the 8th. when we left in a government car at about 8 AM. for San Juan de Payara.

Arrived at San Juan de Payara at about 3:30.

9 ~~Spent the night~~ and left at noon the ~~train~~ on horse back for El Paso Arauca. *Arrived at about 2:00.*

10 Left Ia Candelaria for Cunaciche. Arrived at Cunaviche at about 5:30 that same day. We left Ia Candelaria at 4 AM.

- 11 Spent hte 11<sup>th</sup> packing etc.
- 12 Went on donkey to Don Cosme Lopez. Met Antonio Torre Alba, a very intelligent fellow with knowledge of the indians and their habits etc. Visited Los Caballos; excavated. There are indications of arqueological deposits.
- 13 At noon the thirteenth we left for El Baron accompanied <sup>by</sup> with Pedro Bolivar as guide, Ramon Garcia as arriero. In sight of the house or Hato, after having crossed the river Cunaviche, we took some pictures of the expedition. An oxen, three horses and a donkey. We arrived about four thirty and were received very well by Gregorio Hurtado, Doña Ana's son. We visited our first indians that same afternoon. They were nine children, six women, two girls and four men. That same night we visited them again and joined
- 14 in their dance and songs.
- 14 Took a pig to them as a present. Pictures were taken of them. Some sketches were also made of their pots, baskets etc.
- 15 Left at 6:30 for the Capanaparo. Stopped for lunch at Doña Luisa Solorsa's. Here we snapped a group picture of all present, about twelve or thirteen. Sent Ramon Garcia back. Stopped at Felix' place, arriving there at about 4:30. Left right after with Pedro Bolivar for don Fausto's for horses. we got two.
- 16 Continued our trip the following morning just before six. Arrived at don Ambrosio's at about two thirty. Found Pedro Sanchez and the corporal. Spent the night here.
- 17 Left the next morning for don Evaristo's place at Laguneta. Got t there after a two-hour's ride. Visited the indians at his property. A young cow was killed for meat.
- 18 Took pictures of them. Visited them last night and the night of this day. Danced and sang with them. Sang London Bridge is falling down, to them. Showed them how to play leap-frog.
- 19 Left at five thirty for don Ambrosio's. Left here at four thirty for the Capanaparo. Piedra-Azul. After a bath, we ate and started down the river. About 6:45. Camped at 10 PM.
- 20 Got up very early and continued the trip. At about noon we passed Pedro Franco's two bongos, on their way to hunt for caimanes. Soon after we caught up with Captain Landaeta and his men. Camped with them. Had lunch; continued without them. Camped about six thirty, ate something and continued. Arrived at Iaa Mercedes about nine. We were refused admittance, so we camped about a block down.
- 21 Next morning we went up to the house and were received well. Sent back the two indians that came with us. They left at 8 PM.
- 22 Received a visit from Captain Juan Barrio, Juan Garcia and another indian. Went out fishing with Leoncio. The searchlight and lance system.
- 23 Left in the morning forha trip up stream to meet captain Landaeta. We did not see him. He had passed down river last night. Had a Visit from Landaeta himself. We went to his place to witness a dance he gave ourhonorof
- 24 Went back the next morning to Las Mercedes. At 3:30 we swam in the river disregarding caribes etc. At 5 I went out with Leoncio to hunt "pato reals"
- 25 At about four thirty in the afternoon we left la Fundacion for la Urbana. At Landaeta's we changed boats. Stopped for Martin and Continued. Spent the night about amile from the mouth of the river. Slept on the sand.

- 26 The next morning we started out earley and reached the point of Lindavaro at about 8. We stopped here to visit Pablo Reyes, an old Yaruro indian. We gave up all hopes of crossing the other piece of the Orinoco to get to Ia Urbana because of the strong wind that was blowing. Margarita, an indian was very interesting.
- 27 At six we made an attempt to cross, but were unsuccessful. We camped at the south-east point of the island and waited for the wind to calm down. At four we made another start which was sucesful. At eight the first conoe arrived and at nine the second, for I had borded another canoe that was also going to la Urbana in order to lighen the first.
- 28 We hardly slept last night; sore feet was the main reason. Went to visit Sr. Joseph M. Pierold, secretary to Ms<sup>gr</sup>. De Ferr de Ferrari. Saw his specimens of arqueology, botany, zoology, and geology, which he has been collecting for the Salesian museum at Turin, Italy.
- Bought some provisions this morning. Went to see a sick girl. The attentions given are taken for granted and no thanks are given; Something very strange indeed. Organized or rather attempted to organize a dance which did not go through for lack of players.
- 1 The first day of March. Bought some more things. SAW the girl; she's better. Leoncio got drunck and lied his excuse to stay one more day. Finally he changed his mind and we left at three that same day. Slept on the sand at Ios Manglales. Leaving Ia Urbana we saw millions of bats flying from the south side of the Ia Urbana hill forming a cordon about twenty five feet square and losing oneeend at the other side of the river. This lasted for
- 2 more than an hour.
- 2 Left early and arrived at Lindavaro at 10 in the morning. Left Lindavaro at about 1:30 and cont.nued until Martin's place, Urañon. Slept there. Continued at five thirty the next morning
- 3 and arrived at Ias Mercedes at 8:30. Walked over to Juan Parrio's place to give him a message.
- 4 Juan Parrio arrived at 7 AM. Arrangements wer made for leaving Ias Mercedes and at five we left to camp a km. down river with Iandaeta's people. The bunch of canoes filled with indians going down stream made an impressive sight.
- 5 Had beans and rice for supper and dinner. Fixed the shed by covering it with branches. Built tables and benches.
- 6 The night was cold. Martin brought two terecaies, fifty eggs and three chicken eggs. So we had for breakfast terecai omelets. Spent the evening under the stars.
- 7 While I was taking a bath Dr. killed a large bird at a distance of about fifty yards with his 44. Juan Parrio and his family came over to spend the day with us.
- 8 Went to Ias Mercedes. Took Juan Garcia with me. Sharpened the kn knives; brought the laungry and a piece of pig meat. These last few nights we've been eating pine apples - five we brought from Ia Urbana.
- 9 Martin is going to Ia Urbana. Gave him 15 bolivares to buy lani-lla and panela.
- 10 Went to Paco's for meat. He did not kill. We ate turtle instead. Last night Capt. Iandaeta sung from about halfpast seven to five thirty in the morning.

Redmen.

*Expand to twice as long and include geographical details and note about purpose of the expedition*

Our first sight of them was from the air. We had taken off a few minutes before from the Kuluene river to return to Cuyabá somewhat disappointed that we had failed to see any natives after two flights into this almost unknown part of Brazil when suddenly we found our selves directly over a clearing and village. We made out huts, a tipi like structure, and human figures running wildly, *some to disappear in the surrounding jungle; some to run into huts, then bobbing out.* Of course we swooped down to a few hundred feet.

to have a closer view. As the giant Sikorsky roared over the village we received our thrill. We were gazing down upon *what appeared to be* ~~Red~~ *we had found our aborigines, and could justly call* ~~from head to foot.~~ *them red men* ~~At last we~~ *had found the real Redskin, or red man, or red varmint* ~~as the indigenas inhabitant of the new world had been~~ *all of us* ~~named.~~ *in the plane* ~~All of us in the plane had seen Infians before~~ *wondered at what we were seeing below. The people seemed to be up on* ~~but this was the first time that any of us had really~~ *looked red like their* ~~seen any "red people."~~ *skins. Their bodies were in sharp contrast to the green jungles - the yellow of the grass thatched huts.* ~~Even their hair would have~~ ~~the mot redheaded of the redheaded Irishmen.~~

We circled again, and noticed that most of the people had disappeared. Only a stalwart group of men holding huge bows in their hands were lined up gazing up at us. They looked big and strong- powerful, so much so that Johnson who stands well over six feet exclaimed,

"Jesus Maria ! What men !"

*the thought of all free*

It was becoming late and our gasoline supply was becoming low, so Joe Saucedo *the pilot* dropped a sack of presents and off we went to Cuyabá, putting entire trust in Charles Lorber our pilot to find his way back over this scarcely mapped

region. Bill Dew kept at his radio. We all felt better. We had found a spot ~~where~~ <sup>it was</sup> the plane could land and we had located an Indian village. We flew over the three hundred miles of jungle, open country and bare rock, keeping a sharp lookout for any other signs of habitation. Several times we saw smoke, but too far away to investigate at the time. Finally we picked up the Cuyabá river, and soon after we had made a smooth landing before the city. amazing for the second time ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> native-Brazilians-citizens who had remained skeptical as to whether ~~we~~ <sup>our</sup> would ~~ever~~ <sup>safe</sup> return.

Two months later I learned of the consternation that the giant Sikorsky had caused ~~in~~ <sup>in the</sup> the vilage of the Yawalapiti. The people that we had seen running ~~wildly~~ were the women and children, some ~~making~~ for the jungle others running into the huts where they cowered in fear ~~weeping and praying~~ <sup>weeping and praying</sup> ~~wept and prayed~~. The women even threw ~~off~~ the string worn about the loins which under no circumstances is taken off. It is the dress of the women, having in fact more than a mere ~~social~~ moral significance. The men on the other hand ran for their huge bows and they stood in the center of the village groped together, ready to protect their homes from the supposed danger that threatened them from the skies. Some of them even shot their arrows at us.

One man recounted ~~he had been fishing~~ <sup>that</sup> was fishing in the river. Hearing the strange noise in the air he looked up, and saw the monster coming closer ~~to~~ him. He paddled ~~furiouslly~~ <sup>furiouslly</sup> for the bank, abandoned his canoe and hid in thickest jungle, but before he was able to go

very far from the bank, he saw the plane sweeping up the river. He ran away as fast as he was able then.

Can we place ourselves in the position of these primitive peoples, whose mechanical appliances are almost limited to the fire drill and the bow, when they saw and heard descending upon them from the high heavens as if about to destroy them, the huge plane? I was told that ~~they~~ <sup>some</sup> thought that it was a heavenly body ~~by~~ others that they thought that it was an unknown monster. What fear and consternation would we suffer were we faced with the apparition of a satellite crashing upon us? Can one have anything but admiration for the handful of men that instead of fleeing like the women-folk

went for their bows and arrows instead and stood ready to their best to repel this unknown thing? Must we not concede a place to them beside the great mythical heroes that fought giants and monsters? Only in this case the heroes were not faced with mythical dangers but menaced, as these Indians thought, by a very real one.

They told me afterwards that one of their number did go after the sack that fell on a roof one of the huts. It was then that they realized that some kind of beings Gods or men had come to them from the sky, and who apparently did not wish them harm. It was then that they were rejoiced. They soon learned that no other village had been so favored. Then it was that orders were given by the chieftains to the women to the men and the children. Manioc flour was to be prepared as much as possible, fish were to be brought in, everything was to be held in

readiness for our return. They called to us in the direction facing in the direction that we had disappeared in the sky and called to us to return, that they wanted to make presents to us. They waited many days, in fact many weeks, but no plane came in sight. They speculated and prayed, and hoped.

If these simple, primitive Yawalapiti awaited with anticipation our return we no less desired to see them again, although we were not moved by any religious or sentimental reasons. We were flying over unmapped country in the service of science, and we were anxious to find these naked people in order to record their language their ideas, their physical type and study in general their culture. But to do so a great deal of equipment was necessary, as well as necessary men power. Our first job was done. We had located a landing place and a village near by. We would now make our way to the village over land and then down stream, find the village as well as other villages. The plane would come many weeks later to pay us a call. For the present it would return to our base camp and engage in other work. I was left alone in Cuyabá.

One morning two trucks heavily loaded with food supplies, an outboard motor, gasoline for it and air gas taken so as to be able to do some further exploration by air when the plane would call, four citizens of Cuyabá, three of whom celebrated the occasion by getting drunk as was fitting, this being the last chance they had to do so until our return, rolled away to

the north. Our goal was the Indian outp ost Simoẽ  
Lopes where the Bakairi Indians have been gathered  
and from whom I expectee to recruit ten of the  
best canoeemen. Although less than 200 hundred miles  
away it took us three days to reach it. We climbed to  
the plateau that stretches to the north of Cuyabá  
in one of the hardest and most interesting rides that  
I haveever made. Erosion has created color and  
formations that call forth ones admiration. Here we  
passe ancient gold diggings, abandoned for over a century  
There is still water, gold but no water to wash the gold  
dust. We looked down in to the Hell's Gate and finally  
we were treated to piece of delicated beauty in  
the falls called the Bride's veil by the Brazilians.  
After that came the plateau with its scanty vegetation  
its shy deer, andthe fast rheas, three of which ran  
for about a mile in front of thetrucks before deciding  
to turn off to one side. Finally the pest, the dismissal  
of the trucks, andthe wait for thirtysix bullocks and  
mules that were to transport the three tons of  
baggage to the margin of the Kuluseu river. Had I wished  
to return to Cuyabá now it would havetaken about three  
weeks to cover the distance that had been made by motor  
truck in three days.

Children of Kuma.

I was almost annoyed at the howling monkeys. Their roar was brought to us on the waves of the wind, swelling ~~rythmically~~ <sup>rhythmically</sup> and subsiding ~~rythmically~~ and incessantly. They, at least, were performing their function without concern; ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> I was waiting for something to happen which would open to me a new world. It is not pleasant to wait especially when ~~the~~ outcome is in doubt, but there seemed to be nothing else to do. There was the star dotted sky overhead, the shimmering line of silver that was the river not far away, and we on the broad expanse of sand ~~bordered by a shimmering line of silver that was the river,~~ underneath, waiting, waiting for each other's patience to give away. I had traveled far and hard to reach this sand bank, to lie on it in the midst of the people that surrounded me in the hope that they would talk, but though I was in their midst they chose to ignore me, and even to fear me in spite of my efforts to appear friendly.

The howling monkeys became silent; the cowbird mooded once or twice; the toninos came up to blow; the southern corss began to peep over the horizon; and still we waited. My offerings of tobacco were received in silence; my attempts at conversation were gently brushed aside, and still they sat on the alert, but still, waiting for me to tire and disappear and go away. They were puzzled too. I had not brought any rum to entice them into an orgy; I had not asked for their women; they did not know what I wanted. I did, and so I waited patiently. And then it happened.

I asked for a gourd rattle. After a discussion in their own language it was given to me. Without much heart I began to sing a song, a song of another tribe, accompanying myself ~~with~~ the rattle. It was a poor song executed badly, but they, my unwilling hosts, listened. So I sang another, and another, and they listened more carefully, and commented upon this and that among themselves. My repertoire exhausted I put away the rattle and smoked in silence. A hand sought the rattle and a voice said, "*Ahova canto yo.*"  
~~You have sung for us. Now I will sing for you.~~

The rattle shook, a right voice took up a chant and I was introduced to Yaruro religious singing. A barrier had been destroyed and it was destined never to be built again. Soon I was ~~to~~ received by them in their midst as their elder brother, and be the recipient of <sup>such</sup> loving care. The gods were to speak ~~soon~~ <sup>to them</sup> and they were to tell this strange people that I was a blood relative <sup>of theirs</sup>. With a song I had opened the new world that I sought.