

EKKELAND GOETZE - AMAZONAS - THE STORIES

In the beginning there was one single village in the forest, in which two brothers lived. The two brothers were called Suyirina and Uyutimariue. A man called Periporiue also lived in the tribe.

Suyirina means "good shot", Uyutimariue "bad shot". And Periporiue means "moon man".

The family of the two brothers had never been fortunate enough to be able to bring up a child. All the children who had been born either disappeared or died. The tribe of the two brothers was therefore never able to grow any stronger. When one day, another son, Suyirinas, died, the tribe moved away from the area in which there was so much death.

They all left the area, apart from one who remained in order to watch over the place where the child had been cremated.

One night he saw this man who lived with him descend down from the moonlight to the place at which the child, Suyirinas, had been cremated. And then he heard how the moon man said to himself: although I have eaten this child myself, I shall search for the remains of his burnt bones. The man from the tribe of Suyirinas heard and recognised the voice and was himself surprised and shocked when he discovered that this man was a cannibal.

That very same night he carefully packed his hammock and left the area and made his way to Suyirina. He walked the entire night and arrived at daybreak.

He shouted to give the alarm that he had found the murderer of the tribe of Suyirina. All were very distraught and wanted to know what had happened. He told them that he had seen Periporiue and had become aware that this was the one who had killed the new-born child. Now it occurred to them that Periporiue had not accompanied the tribe and had remained in the old village.

Straightaway, the two brothers began to prepare their arrows for their revenge. When they had finished they set out immediately so as not to lose any time and so as to prevent the man from getting away.

When they arrived in the old village, the man stood on the roof of the house. They noticed that he made a connection with the sky, an invisible path to the universe.

They carefully neared him but he pulled back, saw them and cried: Periporiue! and claimed to be the moon man. He began to move away from the roof of the village and to slowly rise, very slowly.

The older brother, Uyutimariue, was frightened and asked Suyirina: Brother, may I shoot him with my arrow first? The younger one let him and Uyutimariue began to shoot one arrow after the other. But they only hit the roof or they pounded against the woodwork of the house. Unimpressed by this, the moon man gradually drew further and further away. Uyutimariue shot off more and more arrows, but it was all for nothing. They either ended up hanging in the tree or they pounded off the wood or they hit a liana, or the bowstring broke. The arrows of the older brother ran out, the moon man hadn't been hit and was rising further and further away, the brothers firmly fixed in his gaze.

He's going, he's disappearing, cried the older one. Then Suyirina calmly took an arrow and lay it on his bowstring.

At that moment when the moon man opened the door to the universe, Suyirina tensioned his bow almost to breaking point, and shot off the arrow pfuiiiiiiiiiii....

The moon man was hit in the heart with the sure arrow just as he was about to walk through the door to the universe. His breast and heart burst, the blood sprayed and he cried: Periporuie. He sprayed his blood in the air and drenched the whole world with it.

The blood of the moon man fell in the forests and many tribes were created with different languages. Where it rained down, far from the tribe of the two brothers on the other side of the world, the Napre, the white people were created.

After this there began wars between the tribes and the tribe of the two brothers was destroyed. Yet the whole world began to populate.

There came the Yanomamis and the Napres and many other tribes, with lots of different languages, with different customs and ways of life.

This is how we, the Yanomamis and the Napres, the whites, came to be on the earth and we are all the blood of the moon.

Told by Julio Goes Pinto Ronsowe, in his house in Aldeia at Rio Maturaca, on 9th October 2000.

