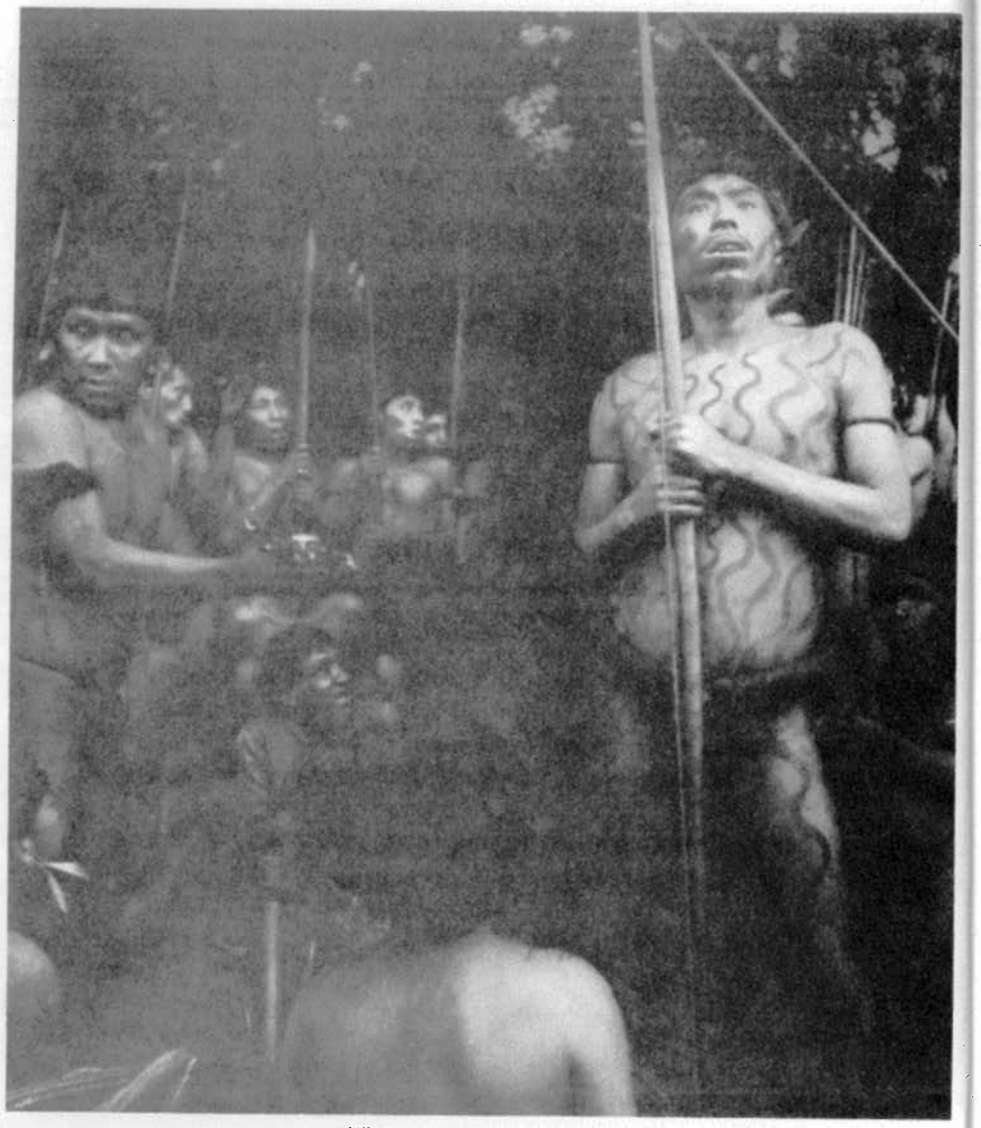

The new Shamatari chief

Yanoáma

THE STORY OF HELENA VALERO,
A GIRL KIDNAPPED
BY AMAZONIAN INDIANS

As told to Ettore Biocca

With a New Preface by Ettore Biocca and
a New Introduction by Jacques Lizot

Photographs by the missionary Luigi Cocco and Ettore Biocca

Translated from the Italian by Dennis Rhodes

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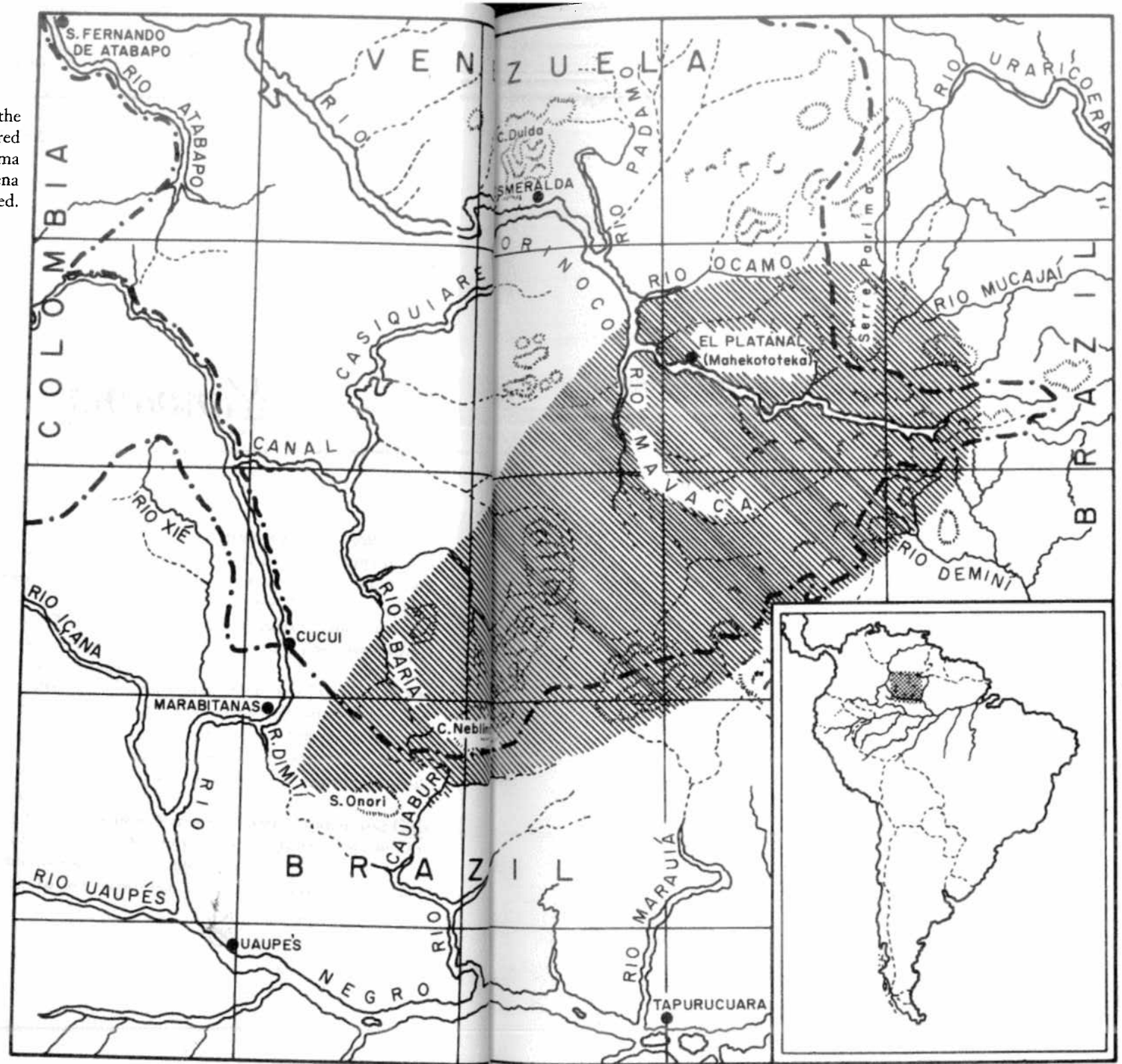
The shaded area shows the portion of the unexplored lands of the Yanoáma Indians in which Helena Valero lived.



CHAPTER 1

On the Rio Dimití

I was a little girl; I was studying at the Mission of Taraquá on the Rio Uaupés. One day the director of the mission wrote to my father, asking him to come and fetch me, because the missions were made for the Indians, not for 'civilized' people. My father grew sad at this and took me back home to Marabitanas on the Rio Negro. Thus about a year went by; during that time we sailed down the Rio Negro as far as Santa Isabel to collect pará nuts in the woods. When we sailed back, my elder sister died in San Gabriel, where we are now.

It was 1937. My mother's brother came to Marabitanas with his family. For five years they had been living along the Rio Dimití; they had built two little houses and cultivated three *roças*, clearings, where they had burnt down the trees. Now they were leaving that place and offering us their houses and their *roças*. They were the only houses along the whole of the Dimití; they were beautiful, with doors and windows.

My mother in three days prepared the manioc seedlings to plant in the *roças*; my father prepared the big canoe. It was early in the morning; we set out, my father, my mother, my brother Luis, who was seven years old, my brother Anisio, who was still tiny and myself, about eleven or twelve. We had loaded the manioc seedlings and all our belongings; we didn't have to go very far. We went a little way down the Rio Negro and reached the mouth of the Dimití. It is a small river in the forest; here on the Rio Negro they call such a stream an *igarapé*. All day we sailed back up the Dimití; my father and my mother were rowing.

Every place had a name on the Dimití. I remember that a big dead tree, with very hard wood inside, was lying across the river. The huntsmen had told us that this trunk was an old *pagé*[1] and that everyone who passed by had to leave bananas and *bejú*, manioc cake, on the trunk, saying: 'Pagé, don't let it rain: keep the weather fine

[1] *Pagé* = shaman.

and sunny, so that I can go hunting. When I come back I will leave you the leg of an animal.' My mother left a piece of *bejú* on a branch of that great dead tree and we went on our way. I remember everything; but then, my father has told me about this journey so many times. In the evening we saw, near the river, a hut made by the huntsmen; we slept there.

Early in the morning we began once more to sail upstream in the canoe. The sun was already high, when my father said: 'I can smell smoke.' White smoke was drifting down the stream. My mother replied: 'Perhaps some huntsman is smoking his meat in my brother's empty house.' 'Perhaps,' added my father, 'they have come from Manadono to hunt for the Marabitanas feast.' Manadono is a small village near Marabitanas, along the great river. So we landed; the little houses were some distance away from the river. That low smoke was wafting down the river. My father said: 'I'm going to see who is there,' and he went away with his machete in his hand. He approached the little houses; no smoke was coming out of the houses: the smoke was coming from the edge of the camp.

My mother had got out onto dry land and I was sitting on the stern of the canoe. We saw my father running back towards us; he arrived very pale with his machete in his hand. Blood was trickling down his arm: a poisoned arrow had hit him, but he had pulled it out. My mother asked: 'Carlos, what's the matter with you?' My father did not answer; he couldn't speak. He pushed the canoe with his foot and jumped in. My mother helped him to push, began to row and asked him again: 'What's the matter with you?' He took the *cuia* in which we kept the salt; he rubbed salt on the wound and in a whisper stammered: 'Throw the bunches of manioc in the water, and let's get out of here; the Indians have shot at me with arrows.' My mother cried and threw all the seedlings in the river. We threw everything we had, so as to travel more quickly.

Around us all was silent as we rowed. We were already a good way off. 'Perhaps the Indians have stayed behind,' I thought; but the Indians were running along the banks. Suddenly arrows began to arrive from one side. 'Lie down in the canoe,' said my father. I ducked down, but an arrow pierced the skin of my belly and stuck in here, in my left thigh. I shouted out and tried to lift myself but couldn't. The arrow had fixed my thigh to my belly. I shouted and shouted; my dress didn't get torn because it was new. My mother seized the arrow, pulled it out and threw it in the water; the point broke; one piece remained in my belly and the other in my thigh.

My mother, with her fingers, pulled the piece of arrow out of my belly; the piece stuck in my thigh had gone deep and you couldn't see it any more. Then she tried to get hold of it with her teeth; she bit, she pushed, but the point did not show, it was so deep. In the end she succeeded in getting it out with her teeth; she spat it in the water.

Meanwhile my father was trying to row. My mother threw a glance along the river; in terror she said: 'Children, here come the Indians.' Down there, a long distance away, there were big rocks over the river; on the rocks lots of Indians with bows and arrows. Some were painted black, others were red: red on the chest, red on their shaved heads. The current was carrying us towards them. My mother was crying and shouted in the Tucana language: 'Don't shoot us!' My father said: 'We are not doing you any harm, don't shoot us!' My mother said: 'Don't shoot, we'll be friends, don't shoot!' But the arrows were falling on us. One struck my father on the back, another on his arm; eight arrows hit my father, but he managed to pull them all out. Then we all threw ourselves into the water; my head was spinning and I couldn't swim, but my mother held me up by the arm. We reached the bank; my father took me in his arms and began to run like a drunken man towards the woods, leaning onto the branches. I remember that all the trees were swimming around my head; my sight was growing misty. I could hear the shouts of the Indians nearby, for they had run towards the canoe. Then I remember only that I said to my father: 'Father, leave me, I'm dying.'

My father tells how, after leaving me on the ground, he saw me get up, then fall back and sit down. He broke two big branches in order to find the place again and ran stumbling into the woods, carrying with him my brother Luis. My mother had Anisio in her arms; she too ran into the middle of the forest and lost sight of my father: they found each other again after two days. So then they went back to Marabitanas. Then they came to look for me with soldiers, but they did not find me. The Indians stayed there many days: the soldiers did not come near, otherwise they would have found me.

CHAPTER 2

Prisoner of the Kohoroshiwetari

When I woke up it was night and I was near a fire; an old man was singing his witch-doctor's song; he had a little white beard. All around were lots and lots and lots of Indians, all naked, with heads shaven in the middle, and each man with his penis tied up. Men and women looked as if they had a swollen lower lip, because they kept a huge lump of tobacco between lip and teeth. I grew terrified. Near me was a woman; I thought she was my mother. I looked at her and I cried; the woman stood up, took a *cuia* of water and offered it to me. She thought I wanted water, but I took none and I continued to cry and cry. Then the men came up and spoke to me in their language; then they took their arrows and beat them to make me afraid. I cried even more. An old woman came up and pointed at the arrows; then I was afraid but I stopped crying.

The Indians stayed there, near my uncle's little houses, about a month. They had built all their own little huts, which we here call in *lingua geral, tapirí*; they were all close together, almost in a circle. I lived near the old woman, who was the headman's sister. She had come with her brother; her husband was dead. She also had a young daughter, who was with her man, and a son, who looked after the old woman's *tapirí*. The men talked to me, but I didn't understand. At night I did not sleep; my wounds hurt me too much. After two nights I felt a bit better, and, shuffling along the ground, I tried to run away. The old woman noticed me: I had hidden myself near her, behind a tree-trunk. The men made a big fire to light up the scene and they saw me. I tried to run: I couldn't for the pain. They caught me again, but they didn't do anything to me; they brought me back to my *tapirí*. The old woman gave me some *bejú*, honey and game to eat.

After a long time, when I was already with the Karawetari and understood their language, I listened to the story of what had happened. Three groups had come together to attack the whites: the Kohoroshiwetari, the Karawetari and the Inamonaweteri. They had

reached the little houses as soon as my uncle had left: the ashes were still hot. They had found the *tipití*, that fibre tube for squeezing the manioc, and they had prepared manioc cakes. After capturing me, many men had gone to look for my father to kill him. They had sailed down the Rio Dimití as far as the Rio Negro, without finding anybody. Then they had come back about six days later, laden with honey, little wild boars, and other game.

One day, about a month later, we left to go to their big village. We travelled for eleven days in the wood; I counted all the days. I still couldn't walk and the women carried me on their shoulders, as they carry their babies. When one was tired, another took me. Sometimes they made signs to me to walk, but I showed them I couldn't, also because I hoped they would leave me behind. Instead they carried me all the time; but if I tried to walk, all my wounds would swell up.

During the journey the men went hunting, killing wild boar and birds. In the morning they set out in line with the women and children who went in the middle; when it rained, they stopped, covered themselves with branches and waited for it to stop raining. But if they were in a hurry, they went on walking. When it began to get dark, they broke down tree-trunks and prepared the *tapirí* for the night: they were little huts, with a roof only on one side. Those who arrived first began to build them for their families too. If they had no game to eat, the headman used to say about midday: 'Now put up the *tapirí*, then let everybody go hunting.' But if they still had some game, they would cook in the evening, when they stopped to make the *tapirí*.

The *bejú* came to an end; then they ate meat and nothing else. First they smoked the animals with their hair on, then they split them open and boiled them for a long time with all the hair in a big earthenware pot. Often the hair floated on the broth; they drank the broth, in which they sometimes put *bacabas*, after having taken the stone out. They ate the meat after they had pulled off the skin and the hair. If they killed monkeys, they burnt the hair, and then cooked them whole, after taking out the intestines. The old woman said to me: '*Yaro, yaro*.' But I could not eat those kinds of meat. Later I saw that, whenever possible, they ate the meat with roast banana or with maize cooked in the water or roasted.

I kept trying to break branches to leave signals, hoping to be able to run away and find the way again. But they did not follow a path, but went straight through the forest. They walked and walked:

then some young men climbed the tallest trees, from which they could see the mountains where their village was. Down below in the forest you could see nothing. Then one man up a tree would bite a branch with his teeth, break it off and throw it in the direction of the mountain; then he would come down and pass in front of the others to show the way.

Then the meat came to an end and there was nothing left to eat; there were no coconuts, there was nothing. Sometimes they found bees' honey. From my uncle's house they had brought a lot of pots; they squeezed into them the bees' nests, with all the young grubs. The old woman passed me that juice and said *'Koari, koari,'* and I drank it. When there was no more honey, they drank only the soft flesh of those young creatures; it was acid, it tasted like lemon and had a strong smell. I couldn't drink it and I spat it out. Then they found *inajá* palms; they cut them down and took the fruit. I had never eaten them before; they were rather bitter.

Their headman's name was Ohiriwe (*Ohi* means to be hungry: I learnt his name a long time after, because they don't allow themselves to be called by name); he made us walk up and down all the hills we came across. Perhaps he did this so that I should not be able to find the way back again. Eleven days later we reached the place where their wives were waiting: it was a group of *tapirí* still a long way from the big village.

Before we arrived, we stopped near an *igarapé* to have a bath. The old woman wanted to cut my hair in a crown; I didn't want her to, and I cried. She showed me her daughter's shaven head, but I wouldn't let them cut my hair, and cried. In the end she cut my hair all round with the bark of that little bamboo. Then she took red *urucú* and rubbed it on my body, making great red streaks on my back and on my chest, then on my legs and arms, only a little on my face. All the others painted themselves too. The men, who were already painted, began to go up to the huts shouting: *'Pei haw, aw, au, au.'* The women answered from a distance. Then they told me that the women had wept a great deal, because, not seeing them return, they had thought that the white men had killed all their men. When we reached their *tapirí*, a lot of people appeared. There were ever so many: old women, old men, women and children; all came around me and stared. I looked this way, I saw people; I looked that way, I saw people. Then I began to cry for fear. I thought they would kill and eat me, and I thought: 'Perhaps they haven't killed me before, so as to eat me here.' Many of the

old men had *cotia*[1] teeth pushed through their ears. I cried and cried for fear. The old woman with whom I stayed spoke loudly to the others; the women and children went away from me. Only the old men, all painted red, stayed behind to look at me.

That same evening the Karawetari, who were also in great numbers, went with the Inamonaweteri, who numbered scarcely thirty, to Ohiriwe, shouting. I understood that they wanted to carry me away with them. Ohiriwe would not let them. They talked and talked; the old woman too, who was looking after me, had a lot to say. The Karawetari shouted and beat their arrows in anger. The same night they parted and the Karawetari went away very upset: they were by now enemies.

The next morning we too left: I began to walk, but my leg still hurt me. We slept one night in the forest and the following day we came near to the big empty village and there we camped. All around there was only forest and no mountains could be seen. The men went ahead to put the village in order; they call it a *shapuno*. On the Rio Negro we call an Indian village a *malocca*. They built a new roof of leaves, changel the rotting trunks which held it up; and cleaned the open space. The village was big, almost round, with a big roof all round and in the middle the large square; it had only two entrances.

One day Indians arrived in the *shapuno*: they brought four big dogs and gave one to Ohiriwe, one to his brother-in-law, one to Ohiriwe's son and one to his son-in-law. They also brought with them a white child whom they had made prisoner. He must have been about ten years old; his eyes were rather blue. I don't know where they had captured him; I asked the child, but he would not give me any answer. They had also stolen the white men's clothes. The little boy would not eat and they gave him to me to make him eat. The child came and sat down near me; I gave him some bacaba juice, but he cried, he cried all the time and would not speak. On the following days he kept coming to me; I gave him bananas, which I cooked for him, and those roots like potatoes which they call *uhina* and which the old woman prepared for us. At night those Indians who had brought him and who slept at the other end of the *shapuno* took him away with them. Then he began to talk to me: he spoke Portuguese and he told me that they gave him to eat the root of a liana which grows in the forest and is bitter. They dig, pull out the root, cut it and cook it; it is yellow. It was very

[1] *Cotia*—a kind of agouti (rodent mammal).

bitter to me too, but they said it was good. The boy didn't want to eat it and only ate game when they gave him any. He spent all his time with me. It seems that they said: 'This child is getting used to living all the time with that white woman. When he grows up, he'll run away with her towards the big river.' One day, while we were with the old woman in the *igarapé* fishing for shrimps, they took the little boy and led him away. I have never heard anything of him since; I have never seen him again.

CHAPTER 3

The Karawetari Attack

An old man arrived at the Kohoroshiwetari *shapuno* to warn us that the Karawetari would come and kill us all. Then the women began to cry and cry. One of them gave me a push and said: 'Must we all die because of this woman?' I was already beginning to understand their speech: I fell down and wept. The men began at once to plant in the ground tree-trunks which I think were about six feet high, all round the *shapuno,* tying them tightly one to another, so that arrows could not come through; the women put short tree-trunks in the low corner below the roof, to protect themselves better. Thus the arrows could reach us only if shot from the other side of the *shapuno.* The *tushaua,* or chief, had a watch kept all night. He sent five men along the path: two men a long way in front, two further back and one near the *shapuno.* They say that if they send more than five men, they begin to talk and laugh; the enemy approaches and hears them. Then he made some of them hide around the *shapuno,* one here and one there, and said: 'If you hear any people making a noise, run and call us, so that everybody can come out.' Several days went by and no enemy came near; then the men began to say: 'No, they're not coming; they're afraid of us, because we are so many and we have arrows.'

One morning two Kohoroshiwetari men had gone to get roots and bark to prepare the curare. From a distance they saw some Karawetari men who were crossing a large bridge suspended over an *igarapé.* The Karawetari saw them too, and shouted: 'You think we are only passing by. No, we shall return to our *shapuno* only when we have carried off all your women.'

That morning the daughter of the old woman who was looking after me wanted to go with some other women into the wood to get fruit from the *buriti* palm. Her mother told her: 'Take this girl along with you.' Then the woman gave me her little boy and I accompanied her. So we went under the *buriti* trees. I remember that I had sat down with the child while the mother gathered fruit.

Suddenly I heard shouts: '*Waiucape, waiucape* (the enemy, the enemy) . . .' and I saw the other women and the young girls who were running in front of us. The mother took the child from my knees, gave me a push and said: 'Let's run! Let's run!' So we all ran towards the *shapuno*; we found it almost empty. The men had gone running to meet the enemy; the other women, with their children, had run away. Only six men and the old woman had stayed behind to wait for us.

It must have been nine o'clock in the morning, and the sun was still low. It is easy to guess the time when the sun is shining. The old woman's daughter untied my hammock from the trunks; I took a basket of *buritĺ* fruit, hung it over my shoulders, holding with my forehead the long strip of bark with which it was tied, and we ran away. We ran and ran to catch up with the others, but we could not do so. At last we caught up with them. There were lots of women, youths, old women and children, but no men. We sat down to rest. Soon after a young man came running and said, 'What are you doing? Run away! The Karawetari have already reached that place where we were catching monkeys that day near the *shapuno*. Every one of them has a bundle of arrows in his hand. They have shouted that they won't go away without taking our women!' Then we fled again. We ran all day. We stopped to rest in the evening and the women said, 'We're a long way off now; they won't come this far.' Then they began to prepare the tents for the night.

It was well into the night when two men came running and said: 'Run away again; the Karawetari have shouted that they will capture you all.' Those Kohoroshiwetari men did not shoot any arrows at the Karawetari; they ran away without shooting and stayed between us women and the enemy. The Indians with whom I lived later did not do that. Whenever the enemy approached, they shot arrows straight at him. We picked up the firebrands which we had brought with us from the *shapuno* and we began to flee again. I, behind all the other women, fell down and wept; I was thin and weak. For some time I had eaten those bitter roots of theirs and I always had a stomach ache. I had spent the nights going to the *igarapé*.

At last we stopped: the night was dark. I lay down on the ground and fell asleep. I had perhaps just gone to sleep when I felt myself being shaken: 'Get up, get up,' said the old woman. Three youths were saying, 'The Karawetari have already arrived where you wanted to sleep and where you had begun to put up your tents.

They have already shot one of us in the shoulder and one in the leg.' The women were crying, because they thought the men were dead; they said: 'Where shall we go now? The big rocks are nearby.' The *tushaua* had sent those three men to guide us among the rocks; they must have known the way, because they had been hunting on that hill, but one of them said: 'Let's go that way,' while another said: 'No, that other way.' So we walked and walked all night. At last the old woman's daughter put the firebrand on the ground and said to me: 'Sit down'; she gave me the little boy and went to look for wood. I immediately went to sleep. It was just getting light again when they woke me up once more. Above us were some very high rocks; it was cold.

Two men came running; one had a child in his arms. 'Run away again,' they said, 'we can already hear the enemy shouting, "Miserable women, miserable women! Why do they run and fall among these boulders? Do they think we shall leave them alone?" ' Then the old woman said to me: 'I am going back down the hill to where my sons are; the enemy want to kill them. You go with my daughter. Climb up towards the top of the hill; you'll be safe, because they won't come up there; they must already be hungry. I'm going back to my children.' I never saw that old woman again.

We were now very high up. I looked down and saw the enemy, all painted black, running towards us: I pointed them out to the old woman's daughter. The three men, who had accompanied us during the night, met those who had arrived and they disappeared together. Thus we women were left alone with the children. We tried to climb up the rocks, but we could not flee any more; the Karawetari were by now quite close. They had split up into two groups. One group had climbed up the rocks and were already above us, while the other group was following us from below.

Then a woman began to shout loudly to the enemy, who were below: 'Karawetari! Have I by chance killed your fathers, so that you should persecute me like this? You have pursued us all night and still you pursue us!' While she was shouting, those who had climbed up the hill and were above us began to shoot arrows: tak, tak. Six or seven arrows fell, but did not hit us. A child, trembling with fear, climbed up a tree. Then the woman shouted louder: 'Karawetari, dirty bunch!' Behind us a voice replied: 'I'll carry you off to my *shapuno*; you have a big mouth for talking, but you can't frighten us. So much the worse for you, that you have no arrows and you have a husband who's afraid! He threw his arrows down

on the path and ran away. I'll catch you and take you away with me.' Several times before the Karawetari had seized Kohoroshiwetari women, but many of them had succeeded in escaping. Meanwhile the enemy continued to shout: 'Kohoroshiwetari women, your husbands are miserable! They make you eat roots from the forest; we eat bananas and *pupugnas*. Your husbands make you eat only the roots of wild plants.' The women replied: 'Yes, we eat fruit out of the forest, and roots of plants, but we haven't come to ask you for fruit and bananas.'

In the meantime I had seen a little grotto among the rocks and I had gone inside; behind me other women had come to hide. Outside there were many women, a lot of them with children in their arms. The enemy were coming down from above and climbing up from below. The boy who had climbed a tree shouted at a man who was coming nearer: 'Father, don't shoot me!' 'I'm not your father,' shouted the man; 'if I had been your father, you would have been happy to run towards me'; and he shot him. The arrow hit the little boy from behind in the leg and came through in front. The child fell, picked himself up and ran with the arrow still in him.

The men began to seize the women; they caught them by the arms, they caught them by the wrists. '*Ahi!*' shouted the women. Some said: 'You won't take only us away; inside that grotto there are other women hiding.' The men came closer: 'Come out; if you don't come out, we'll shoot arrows inside.' One woman came out at once. Another wouldn't come out and hid in there, but the Karawetari pointed their arrows at her: 'Don't do that,' she said, 'I'll come out.' I was still hiding at the back, but I heard the voice of a woman who was saying: 'In there at the back is that woman whom they caught not long ago.' Then a man came and shouted: 'Come out!' He threatened with his bow as though it were a spear. I came out and stood in line with the other women.

One woman had a baby girl in her arms. The men seized the little child and asked: 'Is it a boy or a girl?' and they wanted to kill it. The mother wept: 'It's a little girl, you mustn't kill her.' Then one of them said: 'Leave her; it's a girl; we won't kill the females. Let's take the women away with us and make them give us sons. Let's kill the males instead.' Another woman had a baby boy only a few months old in her arms. They snatched him away from her. 'Don't kill him,' shouted another woman, 'he's your son. The mother was with you and she ran away when she was already pregnant with this child. He's one of your sons!' 'No,' the men

replied, 'he's a Kohoroshiwetari child. It's too long since she ran away from us.' They took the baby by his feet and bashed him against the rock. His head split open and the little white brains spurted out on the stone. They picked up the tiny body, which had turned purple, and threw it away. I wept with fear.

So we began to go down the hill. The men held their women prisoners by the arms. When the forest had thinned out and they were afraid that the women might run away, they put them in the middle; one man stayed on one side and another on the other. While we were going downhill, we saw a woman hiding among the rocks; she couldn't run away any more. She had three children, one strapped to her back, one on her knees and the biggest by her side. They were near a precipice of rocks. One man came up to her, saying: 'What are you doing here?' He kicked the woman and the children and hurled them all down the abyss. They rolled right down among the rocks to the bottom. When we arrived, we found them all injured, but still alive: the blood was flowing from so many wounds and the children couldn't even cry. One woman prisoner recognized them: 'It's the wife: they are the children of the brother of that Kohoroshiwetari who lives with you.' A Kohoroshiwetari did in fact live with the Karawetari; his name was Matahewe (*Mata* is a big snake). He had married a Karawetari woman and had grown-up children.

Meanwhile from all sides the women continued to arrive with their children, whom the other Karawetari had captured. They all joined us. Then the men began to kill the children; little ones, bigger ones, they killed many of them. They tried to run away, but they caught them, and threw them on the ground, and stuck them with bows, which went through their bodies and rooted them to the ground. Taking the smallest by the feet, they beat them against the trees and the rocks. The children's eyes trembled. Then the men took the dead bodies and threw them among the rocks, saying: 'Stay there, so that your fathers can find you and eat you.' They killed so many. I was weeping for fear and for pity, but there was nothing I could do. They snatched the children from their mothers to kill them, while the others held the mothers tightly by the arms and wrists as they stood up in a line. All the women wept.

Meanwhile the Karawetari began to call and insult the Kohoroshiwetari, shouting in a loud voice: 'Kohoroshiwetari, Kohoroshiwetari, cowards, cowards; you ran away! Come and avenge yourselves and kill us! We have killed all your children, take vengeance

on us!' No one answered. They went on: 'Kohoroshiwetari, from afar you are brave, at close quarters you are the biggest cowards! You run away and leave your women with their children! It's a good thing that we have killed your children!' So they continued to shout for a long time. Then a voice was heard from afar: 'You Karawetari, you are cowards too: you have the courage to take women and children among rocks where there's no way out. We'll see your courage when the Shamatari come and make war. Then you'll be the biggest cowards!' While he was shouting from a distance, the Karawetari were saying: 'We'll make him talk; we'll find out where he is and we'll go and shoot him.' They recognized him by his voice: once Kohoroshiwetari and Karawetari had been friends. The men shouted: 'Eh! Amiana, Amiana!' This was his name. 'Come here, come here.' The man did not answer. A group of Karawetari went among the rocks to kill him. They came back not long after saying they had shot arrows among the rocks where he was hiding, but they had not hit him: they brought back a bow.

All we women stood still together. It was perhaps eleven o'clock, and the sun was very high, when the Karawetari *tushaua,* whose name was Maniwe, arrived. He had been in the quarrel with the others; he said: 'Now let's go away; you have already done plenty of killing. I don't want any of these women for myself, because they are too clever at running away. The last time we caught them, they nearly all escaped.'

Shortly afterwards Matahewe, that Kohoroshiwetari who lived with the Karawetari, arrived, and saw his sister-in-law with her children all bleeding: 'Who has done this to my brother's wife and to my nephews? Children must not be killed.' He shouted and shouted: 'If I had been up there, when you hurled them down the precipice, I would have shot you!'

Then in a very loud voice he called his brother, the father of the three children who had been thrown down the abyss. We women were all in a line, waiting to leave. A voice was heard from a distance and soon the man appeared. The Karawetari looked at him; the brother, who was with the Karawetari, said to him: 'Why did you too run away from the *shapuno*? You should have waited for me with your wife and children. Have you seen what they have done to your family?' the other replied: 'You came with the Karawetari; you too came with the intention of killing my children.' 'No, it's not true; if I had been there, I would not have let them do what they did.' The other looked at that heap of dead children.

There were children of one year old, of two years, three years, and bigger ones. Matahewe said: 'Why have you killed these children? Children don't know what grown-ups are doing. We are here to make war on adults.' He shouted, and he wept also. The Karawetari looked at him and wanted to shoot him.

The Karawetari *tushaua* said to his own men: 'Let him speak! Let no one point his arrow at him; let everyone keep their arrows in their hands.' The man continued: 'Children don't know how to take an arrow or stretch a bow; why have you killed them? No; you shouldn't have killed them, you should have sought and killed the fathers. When I go to make war and give the command, I say to my men: "Don't shoot your arrows at little children, at old men or at women." ' All listened to him without a word; even the Karawetari *tushaua* listened. At last the brother, who also had two grown-up sons with the Karawetari, said: 'Now we are leaving. If you want to come to us, to the Karawetari, you can; nothing will happen to you. The fault for all this is with the Kohoroshiwetari; their chief, Ohiriwe, speaks very badly of us. We wanted to kill him and his son-in-law, not your sons, nor yourself.' The brother replied: 'Now I will gather wood and I will burn the bodies of the dead.' The Karawetari left that man his wife and three injured children.

Before leaving, the men began to shout loudly, *'Au, au, au . . .'* in a ranting voice. This is the cry of the enemy when attacking and it is the cry which they make when they go away after the attack.