



# Three Yanomamo Myths



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## Introduction

The Yanomamo culture is rich in myths and legends which serve as explanations for many of their complex theological concepts, as well as themes upon which many of their practices and behaviors are based.

Myths are not typically told in the linear fashion as in these films, but instead bits and pieces of myths are used when the occasion calls for them during shamanistic performances.

Although myths are never heard in their entirety, by the time a Yanomamo reaches adulthood he has become familiar with the important segments of twelve to twenty myths; the number varies depending on the individual and the area in which he lives.

It may seem unnatural that in these films the filmmakers set the stage by placing the myth-tellers in front of the camera, having them recite the myths

from beginning to end, and editing it accordingly. However, they feel it is necessary in order to make the myths more understandable to our culture, which is accustomed to bearing myths in the linear form. The telling of the myth in a natural setting can be seen in the film *Magical Death* (also available from D. E. R.).

These are preliminary notes. The information and interpretations which follow are the sole responsibility of the authors.

## The Myth of Naro As Told By Dedeheiwa

Hekura spirits play a prominent role in Yanomamo religious beliefs and culture. The Hekura, from whom all Yanomamo are descended, were transformed into spirits and animals long ago in the Yanomamo past. Hekura spirits are summoned by shamans after taking ebene, a hallucinogenic

drug. They are called upon in order to cure sick kinsmen, or else to attack and destroy the noreshi (souls) of those in enemy villages. The Myth of Naro accounts for the origin of some of these Hekura spirits and their transformation into animals. Also brought into the myth is the theme of sibling rivalry over women and the creation of harmful charms and magic.

Naro (Opposum) is jealous of the two wives of his brother Yamonamariwa (Honey Bee). While Yamonamariwa is beautiful and appealing, Naro is smelly and ugly. Naro shoots charms at Yamonamariwa and kills him, hoping to now gain his wives.

However, Reha (Lizard), another brother, exposes his evil-doing and Naro is forced to flee to the mountains. He is finally killed by the Ancestors after they chop down the mountain he is hiding in. They paint their bodies with his blood and remains, and are transformed into spirits and animals.

## TITLES

“The story of Naro relates to the origin of harmful magic and to the creation of many Hekura spirits. In addition, numerous species of animals, particularly birds, are accounted for in this myth. The theme of the story is fratricide: Naro (Opposum) is Ugly, and jealous of his brother’s several wives.

His brother, Yamonamariwa (Honey Bee) is beautiful and attractive. The ugly Naro creates harmful magic to destroy the beautiful Yamonamariwa and thereby acquire his wives. A third brother, Reha (Lizard), discovers the treachery and denounces Naro. The destruction of Naro by the Ancestors leads to the transformation of the Ancestors into

both animals and Hekura spirits.”

## NARRATION

“Naro and Yamonama, lived at the beginning of time. Yamonamariwa, the beautiful one, also lived then. They had a house just like that one over there. Yamonamariwa. (Yamonama)’s house was like that one over there. Reha’s house was a short distance away from theirs. They were brothers.

Hoyayoma and Horedoyoma came to the village to seek a husband. They arrived at dawn, when Yamonama was away... there, from that direction. They strolled casually around the village looking for a handsome husband. The villagers asked themselves, “Who are these strange women? To whom do they belong?” The women went over to Naro’s house and entered; they sat together in a hammock, like this. They both sat in the same hammock.

As they were sitting there together, there were children watching them. Naro’s wife said to the children, “Go to the garden and fetch your father quickly!” The children scurried off. Naro the smelly one had cleared a garden called Tokobonasiwei. Yamonama was also making his garden at some distance from Naro’s. Reha, their skinny brother, was over there working in his garden. Naro had cleared his garden nearby. The children ran, to Naro: “Father! Father! Some strange women have just arrived; they just went into your house!”

Naro thought aloud, “Huh! They want me, no doubt!” He whistled to himself happily and trotted home, becoming quite horny as he thought about the two new women. He rushed home and went to his house, whistling

excitedly. Sweaty and smelly, he grabbed a post and swung back and forth in front of the women, whistling. His oppressive stench wafted in to the women; they plugged their noses. Naro called out “Mother! Did you feed these women yet?” “No,” she whined. Naro then ripped a piece of flesh from his thigh. He tore pieces of flesh from his leg and gave them to the women, setting more down next to the fire.

As he was doing this, Yamonama the beautiful walked in with dignity and entered his fragrant house. His house was decorated with magical, attractive adornments. He stalked proudly across the village, his bronze skin glistening, and entered his house. He reclined with solemn

dignity in his fragrant hammock. The two women watched him with admiration, got up, and went to him. They both got into the hammock, on opposite sides, with him.

It is because of this that Naro blew charms on his brother. It happened over there. There is where he blew charms. After he blew his charms, Naro fled to Amana kako Mountain. It was at Amana mountain where Naro angrily took up his charms. He scraped away at the charms to make a powder. Reha, the skinny brother, was near a fallen Abiya tree. Reha was chopping firewood. Naro blew a charm at him as he chopped. It

struck Reha. It nicked his throat. Reha shrieked, “Why are you blowing charms at me?”

Reha gathered up an armload of firewood. He left for the village; there, he threw the firewood down. Yamonama took up his axe. Reha asked him, “What are you doing?” “I’m going to chop some firewood.” “Be on your guard, that stinky bastard Naro will blow charms on you.” Naro blew charms while

Yamonama chopped firewood. Weakened, Yamonama gathered up the firewood. He threw the wood down when he reached home. “Stoke up the fire! I have just been ccharmed with oka! Water! Water! Let me warm myself; I have chills.” He fell over dead while drinking the water.



Thus died the beautiful one. They began mourning as he lay dead in his hammock. Darkness fell as they mourned. The two strange women mourned together and comforted each other chanting “My husband! My husband!” Naro joined the mourners and deceitfully pretended sadness, but he thought to himself, “Now these women are mine.” It was getting daylight as he thought about this. He had lied when he told them that Yamonama had promised him the women if he died. Naro approached the women but they avoided him by moving away. He kept bothering them. They wiggled into the crowd.

Discovered, Naro fled at dawn. He fled and hid at Shodoko mountain, but left because he was exposed. Part of him was visible, so he fled to another hiding place. He hid at Duraema mountain, but he was not well hidden and left for Watorawa mountain. He tried to hide himself in a hole there, but couldn't. He then went to a cave in Yodowa mountain. But fled from there again because he was always partly visible. He hid next at Tairiri mountain, in a cave. That mountain had caves. There was a tall mountain called Kayaba, like this one. He went into a cave there. He hid in a cave.

Meanwhile, the others were cremating Yamonama. By then, they knew Naro had killed his brother. They formed a search party to track him down. The ant ancestors fanned out and moved en masse toward Naro's cave. Reha, his brother, led the party and tracked him down. "Here is his trail," said Reha. Many small toucan ancestors and swarms of ant ancestors went there to search for Naro. They all searched for him. They were climbing the mountain when they heard the rain coming. It was then dusk. Naro commanded the rain to quench the pyre that cremated Yamonama. Reha heard Naro and shrieked, "He's in that den bragging!" They exchanged insults - Naro saying "You skinny bastard!" and Reha retorting "You stinky son-of-a-bitch!"

The bird ancestors began chopping at the base of the mountain. Giant Toucan, who married into the group, ordered them to work. When they broke all their machetes, the Giant Toucan came to their rescue. Their first scaffold was too small, so they made a larger one. The one who married into the group began chopping, and his

machete rang loudly. He worked very hard. Rubble and dirt began accumulating in large piles. Suddenly Toucan also broke his machete. The other Toucans then stopped chopping. At this, the True Giant Toucan stepped forward and chopped.

Shimoyadobowa, their stupid kinsman, sat there with a hangdog look. The dumb sloth ancestor sat there, stupidly, while the others chopped. They had managed to cut a large notch into the mountain, but it would not fall. The birds exclaimed, "Why won't it fall? What's wrong?" Naro had tied the mountain fast to a tree with his magical rope. Giant Toucan told them what Naro had done. "He tied his vine to that tree over there! Who will go cut the magical vine? My dumb kinsman will do it, I'll bet!" Sloth sat there with a hang-dog look. His head was hanging between his knees. His machete dangled from a string around his waist. Toucan urged again, "who will cut the vine?" He said, "You! Dumbbell! You cut it! It shall be you, Sloth, who cuts the vine!"

Sloth reluctantly made a climbing loop. He ascended the tree slowly. "Hang on with your arms, dummy! Be careful, but cut it!" Sloth climbed very cautiously and very slowly. He was ready to chop the vine. (Dedeheiwa interjects at this point, "Am I not telling the truth? Was it not exactly as I relate it?"). Sloth got to the top and found the magical vine. One end of it was tied to the mountain; the other end was fastened to the sky. Sloth was terrified. He was poised to strike the vine, but he was hesitant. He was sitting in a crotch of the tree. The tree was bent over under tremendous Strain. He chopped.

Sloth was flung from the tree and sailed through the air. He smashed his nose against

Yaharoi mountain. He sailed between the peaks of Yakrai mountain. He flew around “Flying Around” mountain. He bounced off “Bouncing Off” mountain. He flew parallel to “Parallel” mountain. He flew down “Descending” mountain. He finally crashed to earth way over there. Kayaba mountain crumbled. Sloth came to earth far away.

Kayaba mountain was smashed to bits. The peak remained suspended in the tree-tops, and some bird ancestors made their homes there. The others set upon Naro’s remains violently. They destroyed his den. They transformed into animals when they decorated in his blood. The Toucans all painted themselves with his blood. Other bird ancestors also painted themselves with blood. The Karakarari painted red stripes across their breasts. They smeared blood on their torsos. They set aside a small of shit for sloth. They used up all the blood, so they saved the shit for sloth. They used up the best decorations for themselves.

At last they got up and began calling for sloth. Sloth heard their signal and responded with a shrill call. They heard him. “It’s my dumb kinsman! He seems to be all right! I hear him! He is getting closer!” Sloth finally reached them. He was dizzy and weak from his terrible experience. Chagnon, did you know this? I don’t think you did! Back to the part about sloth. There was some shit there. He decorated his eyelids and rump with it. When he did, he transformed into a sloth and hung in a tree, upside down.

The Karakarari and Toucan ancestors transformed into birds and went to the trees. The Aroarori ancestors transformed into birds also, at the same time. Birds chatter all day long where the mountain was felled.

Isn’t that the truth? It happened over there. Yes! Did you get everything I said? My friend, that is how the ancestors transformed. They taught us how to use magical charms at the time. They shot Yanoama with charms to teach us how to use magic. We continue to do it right to this very day.

Afterwards, Hoyayoma went back to her own village. She transformed into a hekura and birds after she reached her own home. That is why there are Hoya birds. She is the origin of Hoya birds. The ancestors blew charms at the beginning of time. Because of these events, the present human beings have taken up the practice of killing. Because they killed Naro.”

## The Myth of Naro As Told By Kaobawa

### Introductory Narration

The mountains and hills are full of hekura spirits. The Hekura are called upon daily by Yanomamo, shamans when they take hallucinogenic drugs. The shamans call the Hekura to help them cure their sick kinsmen or to destroy the souls of people in enemy villages.

The Hekura spirits were once human beings. These beings were the ancestors of the present Yanomamo. Some of these ancestors also transformed into both animals and spirits in the distant past. One important myth that accounts for this transformation is the story of three brothers: Naro, Yamonamariwa and Reha. It is a story about rivalry between male siblings and the insane jealousy that Naro had for the beautiful wives of Yamonamariwa. It relates how Naro’s jealousy led to treachery, the use of harmful

magic and, ultimately, the creation of both the spirits and the animals. It accounts for the special relationship between mortal men, animals and spirits.

Knowledge of these and other mythical events is passed from shaman to shaman, but rarely are the myths recited in complete form for the others to heed. It is possible, however, to get knowledgeable men to tell the complete myth.

Kaobawa, headman of the Biaaasi-teri village, told me his version of Naro several times. He, his brother-in-law and his wife went to his garden with me, where he told this version.

#### Narration

“When there were no hekura; when those we know did not exist, in the very beginning, just one Hekura lived. In the very beginning, when this first one lived, that is when they chopped Naro out of the mountain, when Naro was squashed to death. The spirits of all the birds - the parrots, parakeets, and others - were created at this time, and shamanism came into being.

The first Hekura was Mayeboritawa, the Giant Toucan spirit, over on the peak of a high mountain called Oma. Oma was a Hekura.

Yes, I will tell you the truth. Human beings

first began to use harmful magic at the time Naro was chopped out of the high place.

The most beautiful ancestor of all, Yamonamariwa, was shot with a charm by his cowardly brother who afterwards fled, and was chopped from the mountaintop by the others. The conflict began with jealousy over women, the two wives of Yamonamariwa, who were visiting Naro’s house to get tobacco from his mother. The wives went back to the handsome Yamonamariwa, their husband, at his command. Naro, ugly and unattractive, was jealous. He thought they wanted him, and was furious when even the children teased him after the women left for the garden of their handsome husband. He falsely thought the women wanted to copulate with him and was furious to learn the truth. Angrily he decided to kill his brother with charms.



Every time Naro saw the wives obey their husband, his jealousy and rage grew. He decided to kill his brother the next day. Just before dawn he plucked a hair from his pubis and went out to the garden to shoot his brother with this, the first oka bana charm.

He saw his other brother Reha collecting honey high up in a tree. Reha was making a scaffold high in the tree when Naro snuck up and shot a charm at him. Reha shrieked as the charm passed through the skin of his throat. It did not kill him. Naro looked for

the handsome Yamonmariwa and found him in the garden. He shot charms at him while he gardened.

Suddenly weakened from the charms and confused, the handsome one told his wives to gather up the ohina roots because he had the chills. He reached home weak and parched and drank many gourds full of water before passing out. The evil Naro returned and deceitfully began weeping for his dying brother: "Now that you are dying, I shall look after your two beautiful wives."

As they were cremating him, Reha entered and angrily said: "Naro is responsible for this." Fearing revenge Naro suddenly said, "Wait, I have to go out to shit." Realizing Naro's guilt, the ancestors chased him. Yobararitawa exclaimed: "Eh! He has hidden himself in an armadillo den." Naro escaped: "Eh! He has now hidden himself in a hollow tree trunk." Naro escaped: "Eh! He hid in a thicket." Naro escaped: "Eh! He hid in another tree trunk." They stood on their tiptoes to look: "Eh! Again he is in a thicket." Naro fled from there to a new hiding place. "Eh. Now he is in that heavy brush there."

Naro finally escaped. They fanned out through the woods to search for him. They searched and searched. Naro was hidden in a cave at the top of Sibara Mountain. The

ancestor called 'Worm' climbed one of the many vines that led to the top of Sibara mountain taking with him a boulder this large. He carried it slowly up the vine with his headband to seal the entrance of the cave.



It was Naro commanding the rain to quench the fire that cremated Yamonamariwa. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" As Naro commanded the rain thusly, 'Worm' approached the cave with the boulder. He plugged the escape entrance. Naro shrieked! "Worm! You have discovered my hiding place and have sealed me in it!" Worm said "stinky bastard! You brag of your treachery!"

1. All the gathered ancestors called the bird ancestors - parrots, parakeets, and toucans - from far and wide to help chop the mountain with their machetes. They began chopping at the base - the thickest part - of the mountain. Their machetes rang as they vainly attempted to chop the mountain down. Even the machete of the Macaw parrot was ineffective, but they kept trying.

Then the Giant Toucan came from his mountain and commanded his son-in-law the Small Toucan to chop down the mountain. The two of them built a scaffold so that they

could begin chopping near the peak. The Giant Toucan began chopping and his giant machete rang with every blow. “Whaa!” said the others, “Kinsmen, you certainly know how to chop large chunks but of that mountain!”

Then they sent for Toucan’s father to finish off the job. The first mountain was next to another so Toucan’s father ordered both to be chopped down. They cut a big notch out of the second mountain so it would not impede the falling of the first. Both were then weak. Naro, terrified by the plight he was in began weeping and called for his mother. The ancestors continued to chop with their machetes to weaken the mountain and Naro became more terrified. He saw a giant Kree tree and decided to tie his magical rope from the mountain to the tree and thereby prevent the mountain from falling. The ancestors began to worry: “What will we do now?” Naro then threw his magical rope around the giant Kree tree and bound Sibara mountain to it.

They all looked at Shimoyadaobwa, the sloth ancestor, and knew he was the one to call on. “It shall be you, kinsman, who cuts the magical rope.” Sloth was alarmed for the tremendous weight of the mountain bent the Kree tree way over like this. “It only takes a few chops like this.” When he struck the cord with his machete it separated and Sloth was flung violently through the air. He flipped high and far away. As Sloth was sailing through the air the mountain fell and crushed Naro. Even long after the birds had begun painting themselves with Naro’s blood; Sloth was still flying through the air.

At long last Sloth hit the ground. By then the birds had all gathered to paint them elves with Naro’s remains. ‘His offal was scattered

all over. They found a small piece of shit like this leaf among his remains. By and by Sloth came along and joined the other ancestors. He took the shit and some brains and decorated his snout, his eyelids and the base of his tail by rubbing these colorful materials on them. The Macaw parrot ancestors all painted themselves red with his blood. The Toucan ancestors shouted in joy as they painted parts of their bodies red and yellow and flew away to become birds.

That is what happened when they chopped him out of the mountain. Sibara Mountain was flattened out, leveled to the ground. It is said that somewhere over there, the mountain peak is still hung up in some giant tree. Over there, in the same spot, there are Hekura living around the mountain peak and some are said to be suspended from the trees.

Shamans can hear and see the spirits when they chant. Isn’t it strange that because of this the Hekura come today? When the ancestors ruined their machetes by chopping, they were transformed into birds with crooked tiny beaks. Today all Macaws have twisted crooked beaks because Macaw ancestors twisted and bent his machete by chopping on the mountain. Giant Toucan ancestor did not ruin his machete and the Toucans have straight perfect beaks. Most of the other ancestors of the smaller birds, like the parakeets and parrots ruined their machetes, and today all have tiny crooked beaks. Even the coloring of many birds and animals resulted from chopping Naro out of the mountain as, for example, the red eyelids of biremaritswa, which were painted with blood, the blood of Naro. The ancestors also transformed into Hekura and went to live in all the mountains where they had many children. Today, when we call the children

of the original Hekura, they come to us when we chant like this.

Just as human beings multiplied and proliferated so too did the original Hekura. I have not deceived you. It is the truth. He does not know how to lie.”

Although the basic facts and ideas remain unaltered, a myth varies significantly from village to village and person to person, depending on who is telling it. Versions remain distinct from one another as the myth teller incorporates into the story his own personal views. Myths are also updated; therefore, the reference to machetes in the Myth of Naro, is simply a reflection of the constant adjustment made to fit the times.

Chagnon asked two knowledgeable and highly respected men to relate the Myth of Naro: Dedeheiwa, headman of the village of Mishimishimaboweiteri, and Kaobawa, headman of Bisaasi-teri. The distance between these two villages is two weeks by trail.

There are many differences in the character and experience of these two headmen, which measure significantly in examining their versions of the myth. Kaobawa, the younger of the two, is thought of as a fierce man and a strong political leader. His village is closer to the mission, and therefore he has had more contact with outsiders. Dedeiwa is not nearly as aggressive or domineering (he leaves matters which have to be dealt with in these ways to his son-in-law Moawa); yet his age has provided him with much more experience, and he is considered to be a great shaman.

As can be seen in the films, both men put much into their presentations as they act out the myth - hand gestures, appropriate

sounds, etc. (It should be noted that there was no rehearsal nor preparation before the men were filmed).

They both try to relate what is happening in the myth with their immediate surroundings; they try to bring the cosmos down to their own level on earth. (“A house, just like that one over there!”)

One contradiction between the two versions concerns the relationship between Yamonaina and the two women. According to Dedeheiwa, the women visited the village because they were seeking husbands. Kaobawa, however, states that these women were already the wives of Yamonama. In any case, the main concept - rivalry between the brothers over women - is what is most important. In Yanomamo society there is always a shortage of sexually active women, due to the practice of female infanticide, the post partum sex taboo, and the fact that some men have more than one wife, among other reasons. Consequently, the competition for women is great. Many times -other villages are raided in order to procure more women.

A key notion in Yanomamo culture is that there is no such thing as ‘natural death.’ One dies of charms or Hekura spirits sent by enemies. Therefore, there is this concept of the vengeance of a death, as in the Myth of Naro and in Yanomamo society.

Many events in the myth were mentioned by Dedeheiwa, and not Kaobawa, and vice versa, or else were recounted differently. For example, Kaobawa states that the charm was a hair plucked from Naro’s pubis; Dedeheiwa said the charm was scraped from Amana kako Mountain. According to Kaobawa, Naro ran to hide in an armadillo den, a tree

trunk, a thicket, heavy brush, and a cave, where he was finally sealed in with a boulder placed at the entrance of the cave by the ancestor 'Worm.' Dedeheiwa recalls Naro's escape route as running from mountain to mountain, and gives no account of Naro being trapped in a cave.

Perhaps these distinctions between hiding places can be explained by the difference in the environments of these two men who live in two separate villages.

The integration of nature into Yanomamo mythology reflects the closeness and importance of the natural world to the Yanomamo.

## **Moonblood: A Yanomamo Creation Myth As Told By Dedeheiwa**

A second myth, Moonblood, serves as the charter upon which the Yanomamo justify their belligerence. Peribo, the Moon, eats the souls of children, including those of Suhirina. Suhirina, angered by this, shoots Moon with a single bamboo-tipped arrow - a rahake. He hits Moon in the belly and Moon bleeds profusely. His blood spills to the earth, forming puddles. Mortal men are created from the blood; where large amounts of the blood fall, the most violent and warlike human beings are created. They are so violent they eventually kill themselves off. Where there is only a sprinkling of drops of blood, less warlike humans are created. All men have their origin in Moonblood; if a man is fiercer it is because he has more of Moon's blood in his ancestry.

### TITLES

Peribo was originally an Ancestor, part spirit and part Human. He was shot with a bamboo-tipped arrow by another Ancestor, Suhirina, and his blood fell to the earth creating mortal men. The Yanomamo, have several Creation myths, but the story of Peribo accounts for man's capacity for violence and warfare by virtue of his origin in Moon's blood.

Where Moon's blood fell to earth and formed pools, it created the most warlike humans of all. Most of these people went extinct in the wars they waged among themselves. Elsewhere on earth, only droplets of Moon's blood fell, and the humans created from droplets survived because they were less warlike. However, all humans have some moonblood in their ancestry.

### NARRATION

1. The story about Suhirina you want me to tell had its beginning over there. Close by.
2. It happened in the region of the upper Mahekoodo River.
3. Suhirina lived there.
4. Suhirina lived at the same time the Manakaya-teri did.
5. Those people lived at that time and they had a shabono just like this one.
6. Their shabono was at least as big as this one.
7. There were vast numbers of them.
8. Just like our group today.

9. There were very many, like us - they lived over there.

10. Moon also lived there. He ate the souls of their children.

11. When Moon ate the souls of their children, they became very angry.

12. Indeed, he ate Suhirina's children.

13. They were very angry with Moon. They were dismayed at the loss of their children.

14. Because of their anguish they packed up and went out to live in the woods away from their village.

15. Some people called the Waika, the Shiryana-teri who also lived then, decided to invite them to a feast at that time.

16. The two men who were to bear the invitation left.

17. They arrived at Suhirina's village very late in the afternoon.

18. The two men were disappointed when they reached an empty village.

19. Because it was very late they decided to sleep there that night.

20. The village was deserted.

21. Gourds containing the ashes of dead children were hanging from the roof.

22. The two visitors noticed that they had left the gourds behind.

23. They speculated, "Somebody must have forgotten to remind them to take them."

24. The two men who carried the feast invitation strung their hammocks, one here, one there.



25. Soon after they had settled into their hammocks it became dark.

26. Before very long the whole village was lit up from the glow of the moon.

27. Moon was descending, his brilliant glow lit up the entire village.

28. The two visitors were terrified and carefully tied their hammocks one on top of the other for safety.

29. They huddled close together.

30. The big one (Moon) settled right over the roof of the village.

31. Two gourds of ashes were hanging like this, moon untied them and took them down.

32. Moon chanted and crunched as he ate the ashes, and he gloated to himself over his evil tricks.

33. That is what Moon did as he ate the

ashes.

34. The-two visitors saw him do this mischievous thing and groaned.

35. He was low in the sky like this and very close.

36. At dawn the two visitors fled from the village, and crossed a low flat valley.

37. They traveled a long distance, but finally heard the others.

38. They found their camp, entered it, and chanted the news.

39. “This one here, who has a staring, glowing eye, this one and only, with his very fingers has eaten your remains, and you should get him for it.”

40. They became very angry and said, “Let’s get the bastard.”

41. They got up and left.

42. They reached their old village and Uhidimariwa screamed, “Let me get him, let me shoot first! I want to be first!”

43. Meanwhile, Suhirinariwa got up after all of the others had left, and he went to the village alone.

44. He had a Uambo tip on his arrow, like that one leaning there.

45. Suhirinariwa left with just a single arrow.

46. They had all left their hammocks behind when they left to see where Moon was.

47. Suhirina was the last to get up and leave.

48. He picked up his bow and plucked the string.

499 He strutted casually out of the village.

50. Suhirinariwa was beautiful and tall.

51. He went to have a look for himself, “He is still up there.”

52. “The big one is glowing, low down - the big one is glowing.”

53. While Moon was still hanging there glowing, Uhidima said, I want to be the first. Wait, younger kinsmen, let me shoot first.”

54. So Suhirina sat down and put his head between his knees.

55. He sat there patiently, and he began working on his rahake - bamboo tipped arrow point.

56. Uhidimariwa began shooting his arrows, arrow after arrow, one after the other.

57. As he shot each one it fell harmlessly back to earth.

58. Many of the arrows are still caught in the trees, to this very day.

59. As he continued to shoot, Moon kept fleeing higher and farther away.

60. As Moon was getting farther away, they became alarmed, “Quick, you get him, go ahead, shoot, you get him!”

61. By then, all of Uhidima’s arrows were

hung up in the trees.

62. Moon had nearly disappeared, but nobody would step forward to shoot.

63. While Uhidima was standing there helplessly, Suhirina was still sharpening his arrow point.

64. Finally, after Moon was nearly out of sight, Uhidima sat down in despair and stared at the faint speck that remained.

65. It was then that Suhirina got up to shoot.

66. Moon was nearly out of sight when Suhirina shot, and he hit him in the belly.

67. When the arrow struck him, Moon said, "BERIBORI." The blood gushed forth.

68: The blood fell and covered the entire earth.

69. Human beings were created from the blood of Moon.

70. Some of the blood flowed over here and I came from that.

71. I myself came from that blood - the droplets.

72. You Chagnon are also made from the blood of the Moon.

73. You are without doubt from the blood of the Moon. Yes!

74. By contrast I am descended from just the droplets of Moon's blood.

75. I am just from the very tiny drops of

Moon's blood.

76. I am just from the little driplets that washed over there.

77. You however are from the true blood. From the center where the blood spilled on the earth.

78. You are really from the spot where the blood was thickest.

79. There are still very many of your kind living there.

80. By comparison my village is very weak.

81. (Chagnon) Were the people who were created from Moon's blood very fierce?

82. Where the blood fell on the ground exceedingly fierce people were created and they made war on each other constantly.

83. They kill each other and fight incessantly because of Moon's blood.

84. Over there, for example, the Hasuboweteri kill because of Moon's blood.

85. And it goes without saying that the cause of Boreta-teri's ferocity is also Moon's blood.

86. Other fierce people over in that direction are also descended from Moon.

87. The fierce one named Kitanawa, who lives over there is also from Moon's blood.

88. There are sore other violent people named the Hisiwa-teri, and they live over there.

89. These people, fierce ones, are truly from the blood of Moon.

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## Film Credits

### The Myth Of Naro Films

Films by Napoleon A. Chagnon and Timothy Asch

Edited by Anne Fischel and Paul E. Bugos Jr.

Photography: Timothy Asch

Production Manager: Paul E. Bugos Jr.

Script and Narration: Napoleon A. Chagnon

Production Assistance: Frank Galvin, Seth Reichlin, John Marshall, and Jean Carroll

Sound Mix: Chas Bicking, Cody Co.

Titles: Miret Film Services

Optical Titles: EFX Ullihited

Color: Cinema Magnetics

Negative Cutter: Ben Cantessano

Camera: Arri BL Film: ECO 7255

Sound: Nagra III Radio Sync, Laurie Fitzberald

Sound Mix: Magno Sound

Optical Effects: Film Opticals

Produced at the Center for Documentary Anthropology with the financial assistance of Documentary Educational Resources, National Science Foundation, Coast Community College, and District Telecommunications.

The collaboration of our colleagues at the Instituto Venezolano de Investigaciones Cientificas (I.V.I.C.) is greatly appreciated.

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### Moonblood: A Yanomamo Creation Myth as told by Dedeheiwa

A film by Napoleon Chagnon and Timothy Asch

Edited by Paul Bugos

Photography: Timothy Asch

Sound Recording: Craig Johnson

Production Manager: Paul E. Bugos Jr.



## Film Credits cont.

Script and Narration: Napoleon A. Chagnon

Production Assistance: John Marshall, Jean Carroll, Sue Marshall, and David Green

Sound Mix: Chas. Bicking, Cody Co.

Titles: Miret Film Title Service

Optical Effects: Film Opticals

Color: Cine Magnetics

Negative Cutter: Ben Cantesano

Camera: Arri BL Film: ECO 7255

Sound: Nagra III Radio Sync, Stuart Cody

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Ocamo is My Town  
Tapir Distribution  
Weeding the Garden  
Yanomamo Multidisciplinary Study  
Yanomamo of the Orinoco

## Purchasing Information

### Myth of Naro as Told by Dedeheiwa

color, 22 minutes, 1975  
dvd/vhs

Institution sale \$145

Consumer sale \$49.95

### Myth of Naro as Told by Kaobawa

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### Myth of Naro as Told by Kaobawa

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