

**Karen Tei Yamashita and Ronaldo Lopes de Oliveira**  
**Manifesto Anthroscene**

*Of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from . . . the inhabitants of Topinambo.*

Jonathan Swift, *A Modest Proposal*, 1729

*Tupi or not Tupi, that is the question.*

Oswald de Andrade, *Manifesto Antropofágico*, 1928

It is befitting to commemorate the 446<sup>th</sup> year since the Caeté ate Bishop Pedro Fernandes Sardinha and some thirty of his companions. What a feast!

*Clink glasses and make a hearty toast with vintage Bishop Sardinha: Saúde!*

When Pedro Álvares Cabral discovered Brazil for the Portuguese on April 22, 1500, there were 11 million Indians in 2,000 tribes. In the next 100 years, 90% of these people were wiped out.

*For those who prefer the cocktail: the muddled balls of Cabral in lime and minty sugar doused in cachaça. Tim-Tim.*

In 1542 in search of El Dorado, Francisco de Orellana discovered the Amazon River, traversing it from Iquitos on the Napo River to its great mouth on the Atlantic.

*For appetizers, commence with Francisco de Orellana's right ear, wrapped in gold leaf and pickled with hints of guaraná, cinnamon, clove, and café.*

In 1550, Hans Staden was taken prisoner by Jeppio Wasu and Alkindar Miri of the Tupinambá, brought to the coastal village of Ubatuba, and ritually prepared to be eaten.

*Additionally, a French paté of Hans Staden's big left toe and liver on a thinly crafted tapioca crepe.*

In 1799, Alexander von Humboldt encountered on the Orinoco River two Amazon parrots who continued to speak the dead language of the extinct Maipure people.

*The first course might be a cabbage and manioc stew of the butt of Alexander von Humboldt.*

From 1848, over a period of eleven years, Henry Walter Bates explored the Amazon from the Tocantins River to Tefé on the upper Amazon, collecting 14,714 mostly insect species – scarabs and butterflies, 8,000 said to be previously unknown.

*An interlude, to cleanse the palate: a sorbet of the lymph nodes of Henry Walter Bates, laden with edible orchids.*

In 1911, Theodor Koch-Grunberg traveled from Manaus, up the Rio Branco to Mount Roraima, documenting the legends of the Pemon people.

In 1928, Mario de Andrade published *Macunaíma*, based on stories lifted from Theodor Koch-Grunberg's ethnographic narratives.

*Second course: a spicy coconut and palm oil muqueca of the tender breast of Theodor Koch-Grunberg.*

Percy Harrison Fawcett, traveling from Cuiabá and crossing the upper Xingu disappeared in 1925 on an expedition set out to discover the Lost City of Z.

In 1952, the Kalapolo tribe returned what were believed to be Fawcett's bones to Orlando Villas Boas who brought them home in a box to São Paulo.

*Accompany the muqueca with fluffy rice seasoned with peppery parts of Percy Harrison Fawcett.*

1966, Claude Lévi-Strauss published *Tristes Tropiques*, an ethnographic analysis of the Amazonian people.

*For dessert: a banana crème brûlée of Claude Lévi-Strauss's spit.*

The Amazon is not a multinational cyber e-commerce marketplace.

The Amazon is not in the Cloud.

*To finish, an aperitif of the distilled brains of Jeff Bezos accentuated with coconut beijinhos.*

The Amazon produces 20% of Earth's oxygen.

The Amazon occupies 40% of the South American continent.

*To paradise, where saudade is eternal.*

3.2 million square miles large, the biogeographic Amazon can just about tuck itself into the space of 3.7 million square land miles that contain the USA. Or, it is the size of Texas times 12.

The Amazon River, eleven-times more voluminous than the great Mississippi, can be 300 miles wide and discharges an average of 175,000 cubic feet per second of water into the Atlantic. The silt deposit at its mouth is an island the size of Switzerland, named Marajó.

The Amazon produces half of its own rainfall, sharing this precipitation across South America as far south as Argentina.

*How tasty tasty was my eco-tourist.*

On August 19, 2019, the skies over the city of São Paulo, a distant 2,000 miles from the Amazon, turned black. In one week preceding this date, satellites located 168,377 fires burning across Brazil.

In 2019, 310,000 acres of the Amazon (172,000 soccer fields) were cleared, then burned in August, deforestation for agricultural conversion.

One in ten species on Earth live in the Amazon, home to the largest collection of plant and animal life.

*Have you eaten your vegetable elite today?*

The husbandry of the richly diverse plant and animal ecosystem, terrestrial and aquatic, in the Amazon has been maintained by indigenous people for over 30,000 years.

The Amazon's matrimony and sustainability is in the care of tribal people.

*Aí que preguiça!*

Today, 300 to 400 indigenous tribes live in the Amazon, 50 of whom do not have contact with the outside world.

In the Brazilian Amazon, where some 305 tribes live, their population numbers 900,000, a scant 0.4% of the Brazilian population.

The largest tribe is the Guarani, numbering 51,000, with very little land left to them. Within the Amazon, 19,000 Yanomami occupy over 23 million acres.

The Tikuna number 40,000, and the smallest tribe is just one man. Over the last century, it is estimated that every year one tribe has become extinct.

*Every fifty years, the doctor recommends a settler colonoscopy.*

From 1501 and for the next 400 years, an estimated 5.5 million enslaved Africans were transported into Brazil.

By the end of the 16<sup>th</sup> century, fugitives from slavery established mocambo or quilombo communities, many hidden in the Amazon.

The largest quilombo, Palmares, numbered 20,000 people before it was invaded in 1694 and its leader, Zumbi dos Palmares, killed on November 20.

*French revolution tomorrow. Human rights of happiness the day before yesterday.*

Brazil was the last country in the Americas to abolish slavery in 1888.

*Eat, drink, and be carnival, for tomorrow?*

Since 1988, 3,000 contemporary quilombos have been officially recognized, although half without land titles and spread over 50 million acres, mostly located in the Amazon.

One acre of livestock or soy is worth from \$10 to \$100, compared to one acre of sustainably managed forest at \$340.

*Recycling what goes in, must come out.*

Life in the Amazon exists in the trees in five stories: floor, shrub, understory, canopy, overstory, each layer its unique plant and animal ecosystem.

The Amazon, located just below the Equator, has two seasons, wet and dry, following the Earth's tilting north or south toward the sun. The wet season is from December to May; the dry is from June to November.

In the wet season, 6 to 12 feet of rain will fall, and the Amazon river may rise 40 feet. In this season, forest life moves upward to the canopy.

*There is no sin below the Equator.*

Technology must be employed to protect and preserve the unique Amazonian environment, to continue the study of its complex ecological systems, and to discover the rich and yet unknown resources for biomedical use.

*You eat, therefore you are.*

To preserve the Amazon, its vast ecosystem and its inhabitants, the Earth's largest gaming reserve will be established.

Deforestation for cattle, sugar, and soy production will be permitted only outside the perimeters of the Amazon. While this may produce a scarcity of beef, ethanol, and tofu, these commodities will rise lucratively in price.

The production and export of beef, sugar, and soy has never filled the stomachs of Brazilians themselves.

*Dieting for a small planet.*

Timber, oil and mineral extraction will cease within the boundaries of the Amazon. In exchange, Brazil will garner IMF bartering credits, calculated to match losses amounting to trillions of dollars.

The rest of the planet will pay Brazil for the precious oxygen expelled by the capacious lungs of the Amazon.

*Breathe in. Breathe out. Unite the mind with air.*

A no-fly zone must be adopted to preserve the purity of the area and to prohibit all outside contact.

Remote-sensing, utilizing satellite or aircraft sensor technologies, can be employed to collect data and surveillance and to secure the border and electronic fencing of the area.

As the single major preserve of the nation, the security of this biomic treasure will be of strategic military concern, necessitating the strict coordination and enforcement of the army, navy, and air force.

*Capitalizing on the eternal prosperity of humanity.*

A return to free nomadic living over a great expanse of preserved land area will promote exercise and greater health.

Higher worth will be given to pure indigenous non-contact peoples. For example, quilombolas will be considered of secondary value considering their historic genealogy.

*Toward the preservation of African cultures and enslaved histories.*

The primary concern will be to produce a highly organic and pure native food source.

DNA testing can substantiate the purity of the species.

*Sex or food? Food or sex? You choose.*

Careful calibration of age, sex, weight, and body mass will involve a qualified team of doctors and researchers.

Optimal preservation of healthy bodies within a natural and original environment will create the most excellent model of healthcare on Earth.

*Toward the preservation of indigenous cultures.*

To preserve the appropriate balance and population of the tribes, artificial insemination may be employed.

Embedded chip technology may not disturb or interfere with body art such as tattoos or piercing practices.

The license to game will be determined by high-stakes lottery; to enter the lottery, participants must pay a significant price.

A commission of researchers will convene yearly to decide on the appropriate hunting season, number and selection of Amazonians for eating.

Strict regulations about how to hunt and kill will be enforced. For example, no fire arms will be allowed. Only primitive methods: archery, spears, darts, knives. Any traps must be pre-approved.

*Save Indians by making them Indians again.*

The kill must be clean so as to preserve the integrity of the meat. Overhead drone and satellite filming will meticulously record the hunt.

Michelin-star chefs will compete to craft the most sophisticated recipes. However, only 10% of these recipes may be based on foreign influences, defining a cuisine original to the Amazon, initiating a study of Amazonian food sources.

Careful consideration of the use and value of all body parts – hair, bones, blood, teeth, etc., will be assessed to insure 100% consumption, zero waste.

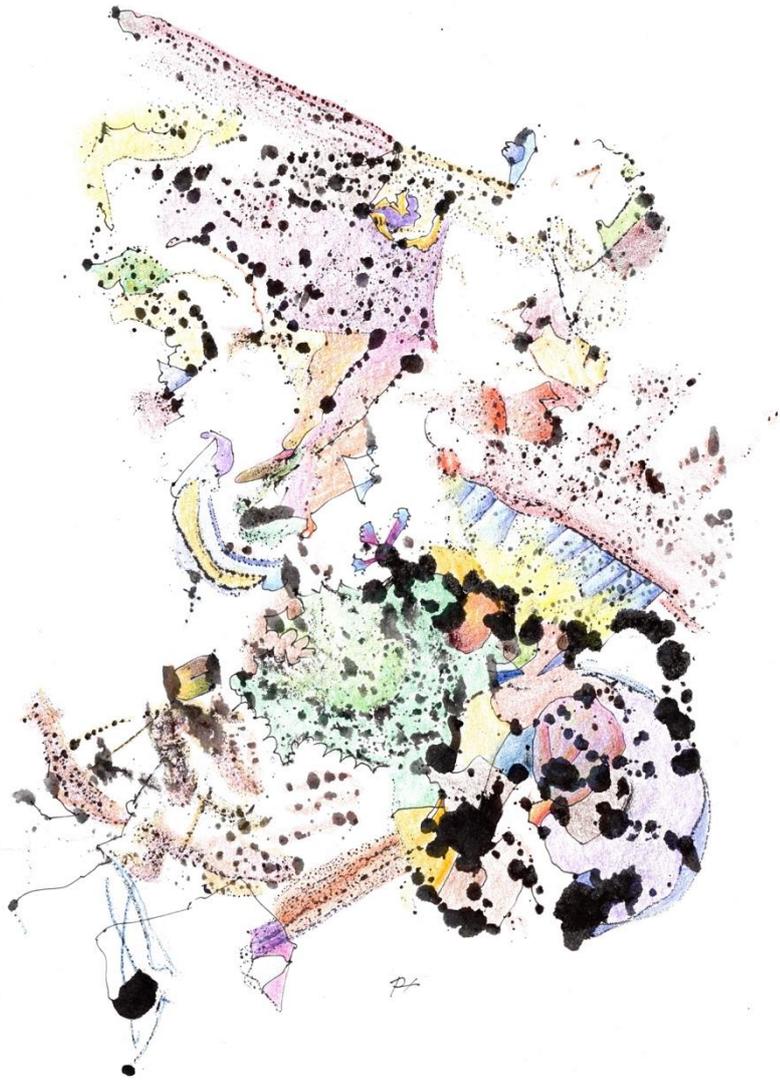
*Eat everything before you die.*

A place at the table will be reserved only for high dignitaries. If 100 dignitaries are selected, they must be carefully culled to ten.

The rich matrimony of Amazonian plant life (fruits, roots, fungi, bulbs, palm, flowers, etc.) and animal life (fish, birds, reptiles, monkeys, tapirs, etc.), plus hallucinogenic and medicinal concoctions should afford new avenues of culinary pleasure.

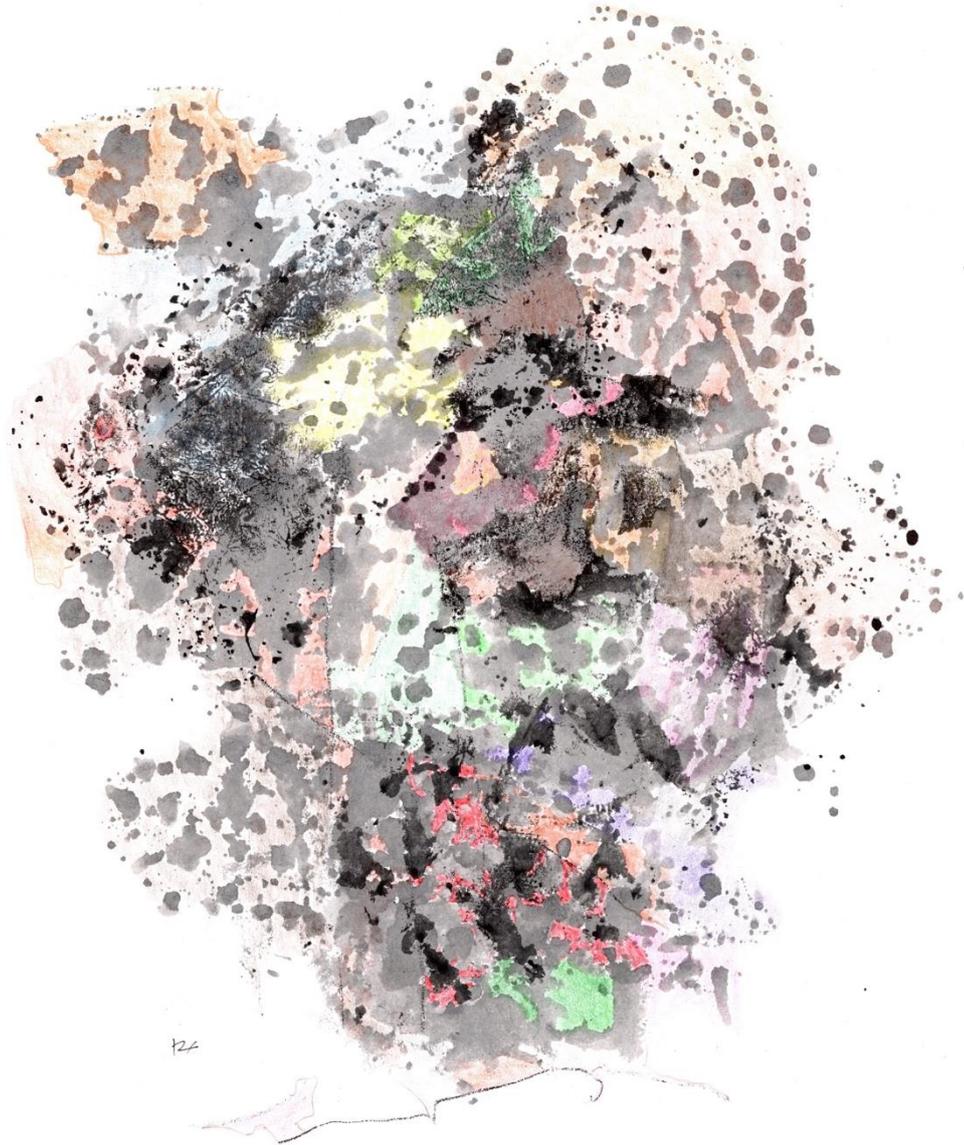
*Save the Amazon. Eat the noble savage.*

Washington Chateaubriand silva (W.C.s)  
in the 466th year  
of the Eating of Bishop Sardinha











## Disclaimer

A parrot told me the following fabula. This parrot claimed to be the descendant of two Amazon parrots, discovered by Alexander von Humboldt in 1799, who continued to speak the dead language of the extinct Maipure people. I calculate my parrot informant to be of the fifth generation of this illustrious couple. Of the pair, one parrot was left behind in Brazil; a single parrot, she continued to nurture her young brood on the abundance of the forest: cacao, macaúba, açaí, sapoti, Brazil nuts, etc. Meanwhile, her partner was sent away to Prussia to be studied. Von Humboldt, a naturalist, must have known that parrots are monogamous, tied to each other for life; but no, it was determined that the talkative one, which turned out to be the male, should be studied. The blabbermouth was sent away, a dead language captured in his feathered body.

However, in fact, the parrot couple were having a conversation, one completing the thoughts of the other. I later discovered that the silent response of the female was quite simply ironic, as if she were rolling her eyes to demonstrate her disgust or incredulity. In the meantime, her male companion pratered on self-importantly; after all, he would be the one chosen for a future in Europe. To know the entire story requires both sides, two memories fused into one. Admittedly, despite faithful transmission over five parrot generations, I have worked with this disadvantage, but after years of careful and intimate study, I have been able to interpret one-half of an extinct language, and therefore, one-half of the story. What happened to the other European half, I can only speculate, but I am told that the deciphering of the captured male parrot's babble was undoubtedly the foundation for the structural linguistic theories of Ferdinand de Saussure. One imagines that the solitary male parrot died piteously in some dank asylum in Königsberg, squawking unintelligible histrionics; however, his stuffed body, gloriously red-crowned noggin and emerald feathers, is today displayed regally in the Museum für Naturkunde in Berlin.

Admittedly, my original plans were to rediscover on the Brazilian coast the location of Uwattibi where Hans Staden was captive to the cannibal Toppinikin in 1550. One hundred and sixty years later, in 1710, Lemuel Gulliver, in the same vicinity would encounter the repulsive Yahoo and the virtuous Houyhnhnm. When I arrived, Uwattibi had been transformed into a tropical hotel resort -- turquoise waves, spume-tipped, tickling pristine and bleached sands; bikinied and speedoed bronze bodies rising from tepid waters in slow liquid motion; palm trees with coconuts filled with cachaça, bending as if in offering. True, the Yahoo population

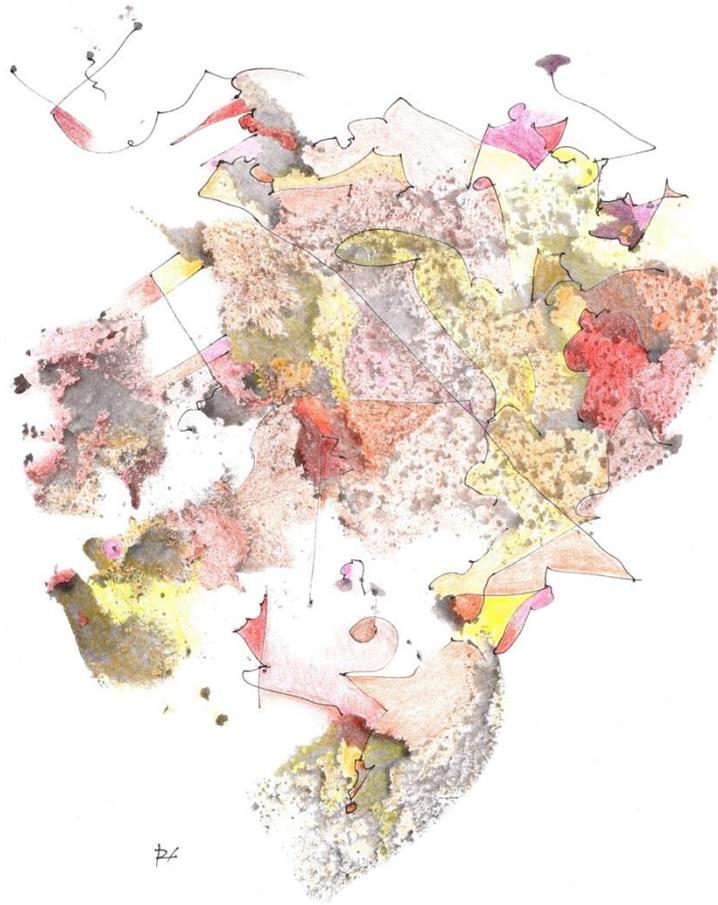
continues in various stages of latent evolution and dissipation, but the Houyhnhnm, like the Maipure, are most likely also extinct.

Unable to pay the exorbitant resort prices, not having anticipated a package deal, I ventured on foot up to an altitude of 1,500 meters above sea level into the Mata Atlântica where I fortuitously met the parrot. Living in a thatched mud hut tucked within a hidden valley of flowering ipe at the effluence of seven natural springs and protected by raucous hives of African bees, I communed with the parrot for the next decade. Indulging on the providence of the forest -- mango, banana, guava, caju, amidst the wafting stink of rotting fruit, the result of our exchange follows. As I eventually discerned from careful listening, the parrot was performing in dialogue her half of the story. What I have recuperated here is of course speculative, however confirmed by the parrot herself; that is to say, she would only continue her dialogue with me if my responses were, in her keen discernment, passable. I am entirely indebted to the parrot's patient and repetitive instruction and fully acknowledge my own incompetence. I have endeavored to translate as fully as possible her story, and any errors are mine alone.

Washington Chateaubriand silva



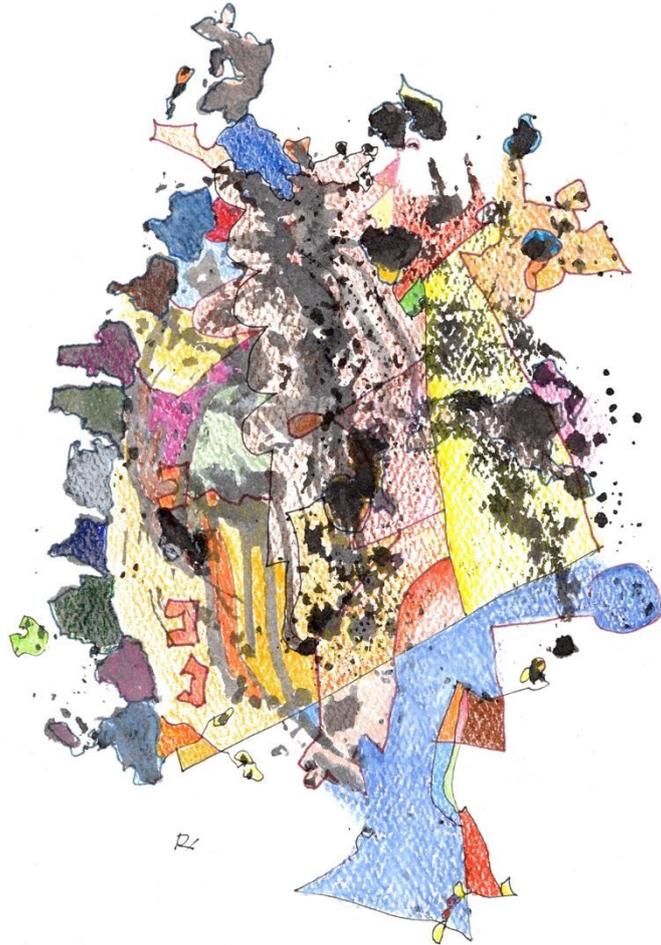




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## M'boitata'

Deep in the dark virgin forest, Mother Tongue met Father Penis. Mother Tongue filled the forest with laughing chatter and gutturals. Father Penis, deaf and dumb, slithered round and round, doodling nonsense on the loamy earth, leaving a wake of slime on everything: foliage, butterfly, sloth, fungus, stone.

Mother Tongue savored everything: foliage, butterfly, sloth, fungus, stone. She crooned and conjectured, what was that additional slimy taste?

Hungry and to light the way, Father Penis ate the eyes of everything: monkey, cicada, frog, toucan, potato.

Mother Tongue, sightless, heard their cries.

Filled with eyeballs, Father Penis became a long luminous sausage.

But blinded, what good is light?

Water dripped to stone. Drip drip drip.

Tatá tatá tatá.

Stone opened a space to water. This took a long long time.

But what is time?

Time is work.

What work?

I'm a parrot. How should I know?

Lazy creature.

Days, weeks, months, years. Sun days. Moon nights. Rain and flood. Dry and drain.

Tatá tatá tatá.

Water impressed its translucent liquid into stone. Kiss kiss kiss.

Áí, what boring allegorical foreplay. Get on with it.

Okay, okay. But first, a tiny cradle, a hammock, a lovers' nest, had to be made.

A stone basin?

Minimalist and natural.

Uncomfortable, but so Zen.

Father Penis slithered into that stone indentation, a kaleidoscope of shimmering color cascading from above. A beautiful haunting sight worthy of the colored pencil of Paul Klee.

That? The luminous dick?

Meanwhile Mother Tongue wandered toward the liquid sound:

tatá tatá tata.

Parched, she thrust herself into the mellifluous cataract. And that was that.

What?

Mother Tongue and Father Penis played in their stone nest. Ah ah hmmm hmmm hmmm  
ah ah ah AHA! Water and slime. Light and sound. M + Boi / tata' = M'boitata'. The birth of our  
hero.

Correction: heroX.

Like LatinX.

Like SeX.

True, this naturally camouflaged child of the forest, M'boitata', had a black penis and green  
breasts

(although those little titties would appear much later),  
double-jointed appendages that embraced forward and behind, as well as swivel feet  
pointing forward and back. Baby M'boitata' straddled Mother Tongue's back, their little penis  
wiggling behind, attentive to a receding world. When Father Penis commanded, follow me,  
M'boitata' obeyed the direction of their swiveling feet, losing the way in circles, impossible to  
track.

I thought Father Penis was deaf and dumb.

Ah, but he gesticulated in queer penis sign language.

And M'boitata'?

Apart from or perhaps aided by an eccentric physique, a robust child. Super functional.  
The birth of song and storytelling.

Oh, another one of those predictable creation myths.

M'boitata' was a prodigy.

Of, course.

Spoke in full sentences and complex algorithms at three months. Sang opera in seven  
languages, anticipating, on harmonica, the haunting repetitive compositions of Villa Lobos and  
Philip Glass. Interviewed the virgin forest and memorized her memoir. Recreated the last supper  
of Bishop Sardinha and his forty companions in a mural intricately employing 100,000 feathers of  
1,300 species of tropical birds.

The mural was ephemeral;  
the feathers blew away in a hurricane. What a beautiful sight, all those feathers flying into  
the atmosphere for one last time.

Hey, there are no hurricanes in Brazil.

Okay, the mural, along with 20 million objects, the archeological repository of the South American continent, was destroyed when the National Museum inside Quinta da Boa Vista in Rio de Janeiro burned to the ground.

You lie.

What does it matter?

True, except for us, all those birds are dead or extinct.

Aí que saudades.

Aí que preguiça.

You got ahead of the story.

That's because you interrupted my story.

Our story. Continue please.

M'boitató, our heroX, found themselves crawling and climbing backwards and forwards, spiraling and circling the great forest, licking and fondling everything in their path. Like Father Penis, with a tiny lantern dick, they scavenged the midnight forest floor.

Like Mother Tongue, deploying echolocation, they spiraled the canopy, bounding in monkey loops and twists, fluttering with birds, following insects up and down, backwards and forwards.

Similarly, they dove into the rivers and flooded forest, ate dropping fruit with tambaqui, followed schools of piranha, hid in the shallows with electric eel. M'boitató mimicked the movements and life cultures of every living creature, of every living plant that waved, shuddered, or shook in the wind or rain, in growth and death.

M'boitató, tongue-penis, mimicked, sang, and conversed with every animate and inanimate sound.

M'boitató, penis-tongue, cajoled, postured, danced, and played, arousing desire in every living thing. Forest imp and trickster, embedded spirit and sentient angel.

But, there must have been a down-side. After all, M'boitató was rather ugly and very clumsy. They didn't even make a nice-looking bird.

Maybe a good-looking spider?

Do you remember the time M'boitató tried to weave their shit into a web? What a mess.

M'boitató ate everybody's detritus: poop, guano, spider web, shed skin, wing, shell, rot. Scooting around as they did and coming upon the stuff, it was out of curiosity.

Processed food.

To be honest, M'boitata' ate everything and anything, an equal opportunity feeder, an environmental recycler.

Taste tester. Foodie connoisseur. Over-exercised palate. Gourmandism.

Iron chef.

Iron stomach. The forest was its own feast, recycling itself into itself.

Exuberant. Extravagant. Overabundant. No one should go hungry. Isn't this paradise?

No one *could* go hungry. If you could go hungry, would you be better?

Better what? I'm a parrot. What sort of question is that?

Spit out from the combining genitals of Mother Tongue and Father Penis, baby M'boitata' was so cute, cradled under a constant shower in that perfect nest of stone.

Mother Tongue licked and lullabyed. Father Penis prodded and tickled.

M'boitata', nestled and nurtured, sucked in sound and sensibility. One day, too big, they fell out of the stone nest, tumbled away, and set forth to discover their world, journeying in the rainy season with the birds, butterflies, monkeys, and fish from place to place and pausing in the dry season to sample one tribal concentration after another.

Nomadic peregrinations, zigzagging the forest, sampling every desire and delight.

One dry season, M'boitata' met AiAi. Maybe it was the shimmering rainbow. She reached through, one bold graceful arm, parting its curtain and appeared, dazzling, the most beautiful creature M'boitata' had ever witnessed.

And to be sure, by this time, they had been everywhere and seen everything.

How had they never run into AiAi?

A mythical being conjured by M'boitata'. A tropical apsara.

Ah, but a shapeshifter to be sure. At night, she returned to her other self.

What other self?

A slow moving, hanging upside-down hairy sloth.

At night, M'boitata' could snuggle into her immense rocking hammock of a body.

AiAi AiAi AiAi.

Short story long, they fell in love.

You mean, they and she fell in love. Takes two to tango.

We don't tango in Brazil.

From that time on, M'boitata' and AiAi peregrinated always together, sharing a nomadic life.

Many years of nomading, communing with every tribe.

All four hundred?

Yanomami, Xipaya, Wariku, Txikao, Sikiana, Saliba, Nutabe, Mayorun, Nanao, Kayapo, Kandoshi, Haumbisa, Duit, Cashibo, Bora, Baniya, Arua, Arabela, Zoe, Yaminawa, Wirina, Wapishana, Tuxinawa, Shuar, Poyanawa, Muiniche, Matis, Madi, Kaxuiana, Jurti, Huachipaeri, Deni, Cara, Baure, Bakairi, Arawak, Apurina, Amuesha, Aikana, Yawanawa, Yabirana, Wayana, Waiiai, Tubarão, Shibibo, Pasto, Munduraku, Maco, Kaxarari, Jebero, Hixkaryana, Chayahuita, Capanahua, Bare, Atruahi, Arawa, Apinave, Amarekaeri, Aguaruna, Yawalpiti, Yabaana, Waura, Vilela, Tacana, Sharanahua, Paresi, Mvima, Mrubo, Mchiguenga, Katikina, Irantxe, Guarequena, Chamicuro, Cahuarana, Bara, Ashaninka, Arara, Apalai, Amahuaca, Achuar-Shiwiar, Yaruma, Xiriana, Warao, Urarina, Suruwaha, Saluma, Palikur, Meinaku, Maquiritari, Kuikuro, Kankuamo, Huarayo, Guarani, Cashinahua, Bororo, Baniwa, Aruan, Araona, Ankoke, Akurikyo, Achagua.

One day, M'boitató and AíAí happened upon a new tribe, the Fraugudomijesu.

They weren't really a tribe.

Not a tribe per se. More like a mocambo of escaped missionaries excommunicated from a theology of liberation.

Liberation?

Liberate the Indians.

What a concept. Then what?

They welcomed the wandering M'boitató and AíAí into their fold.

Folded in like mashed bananas into vanilla cake batter.

But, fortunately, not baked. They escaped.

I heard they were caught red-handed.

But you can imagine how tempting it must have been to partake of that gorgeous blond body, lying in waxy state under dim lights.

Only if you're an urubu.

What did they eat? The fingers? The toes? The nose? The ears?

Who knows? Maybe the nipples. One each. And then they ran, that tribe of crazies chasing after.

Luckily, it was the crack of dawn, and AíAí turned from nighttime sloth into her visceral flying acrobatic self. They ran like the wind, M'boitató's feet swiveling this way and that so that their tracks were incomprehensible.

And that pack of liberationists yelling after hysterically and every which way: The body of Jesus! The blood of Jesus!

It was an exciting escape, finally leaping into a tremendous waterfall, riding its resplendent cascade, plummeting, then churning, then floating until beachside.

Beachside in Uwattibi.

Where the Toppinikin had settled strategically in a serene, apparently safe bay, to catch those unaware explorers, come to colonize the savages.

Little did those explorers know.

Like tourists, they paddled their boats and trinkets into that calm and balmy bay, looking for the red-light district. The Toppinikin got lasciviously naked and greeted those men like they were the first ever with pink skins to arrive in paradise.

It was a trap.

They were treated very humanely. Fed and sexed. Fattened and greased. An organic-only diet. And free-ranged.

There was nowhere else to go.

Why would they want to leave paradise?

But, what about M'boitata' and AíAí?

Oh, they were already brown and naked; they just blended in with the natives.

Uwattibi turned out to be very cosmopolitan.

M'boitata' and AíAí could stroll the outdoor markets, the sweet smoke of barbecued humanity wafting. The venders called out, invited them to experiment, a tasty morsel of carefully cultivated français, or português, or alemão, or holandês. A mixed skewer, if you please.

Aí que gostoso! What about the indígena?

A little gamey, extremely lean and a bit stringy, but of course completely multi-natural.

Unlike the sophisticated savor of the fatty foreigner. A carnivore's delight, but it couldn't last.

Maybe it was the export business. Maybe that guy Brillat-Savarin wrote an article, and folks got greedy. Who knows. Before that, everyone was fed and satisfied, a utopian ideal. Then, they desired more.

Phoenix and unicorns. Desire for the mythical.

One day, someone discovered that the beautiful AíAí became a sloth a night. She would be unapproachable in the light, but in the dark, hanging from a tree, she was the slowest creature in the forest. A forest apsara, a changeling. What would it be like to eat such a gorgeous creature?

To eat aphrodisia herself?

M'boitata' and AíAí heard the rumors. They made a plan to escape, but AíAí knew.

After day came night, again and again.

The Toppinikin sent their finest hunters; there would be no escape.

Deep in the forest, M'boitátá croaked and croaked, and hundreds of frogs – yellow, blue, green, red, copper, gold -- heard their love call.

AíAí pressed her lips to each phosphorescent frog and sucked out their poisonous glands. Then, at nightfall, she hung lazily, M'boitátá cradled as always in her soft bosom and cozy tummy. They made sweet love and slept. The hunters arrived, unsuspecting of such easy prey. AíAí tumbled to the forest floor, and M'boitátá scampered to the top of the canopy.

Back in Uwatibbi, the hunters were regaled with honors and great ceremony, and AíAí was trussed and recreated into a cuisine extravaganza, a sliver of her poisonous body tasted by everyone.

Her deadly exquisite corpse.

And that is how the entire tribe of the Toppinikin vanished from the face of the earth.

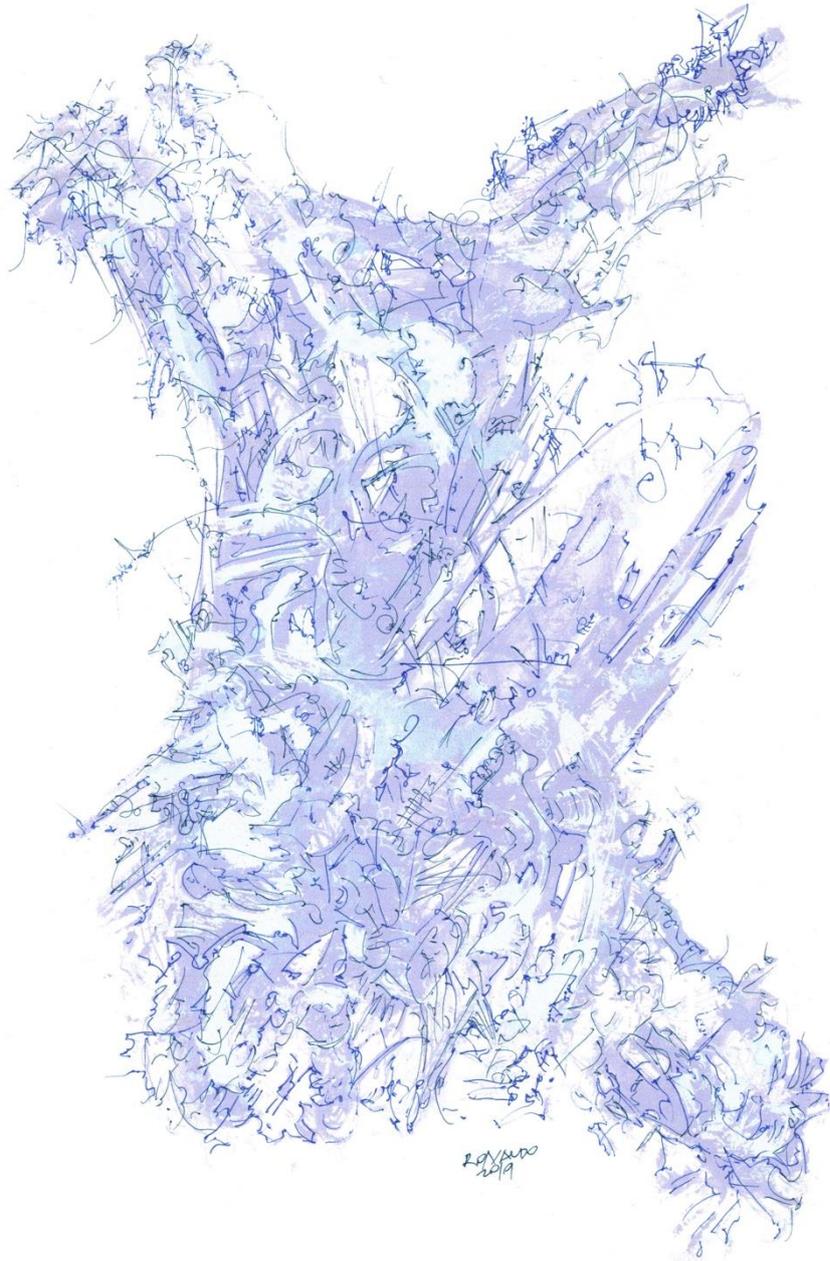
Heartbroken, M'boitátá wandered in a direction divined to be home. Over time - - their lifetime, dripping water had carved a larger nest into the stone basin birthplace.

M'boitátá curled into that smooth slippery bowl and waited.

Waited for the dissolution of stone and self.

Tatá tatá tatá.

Fim.



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