

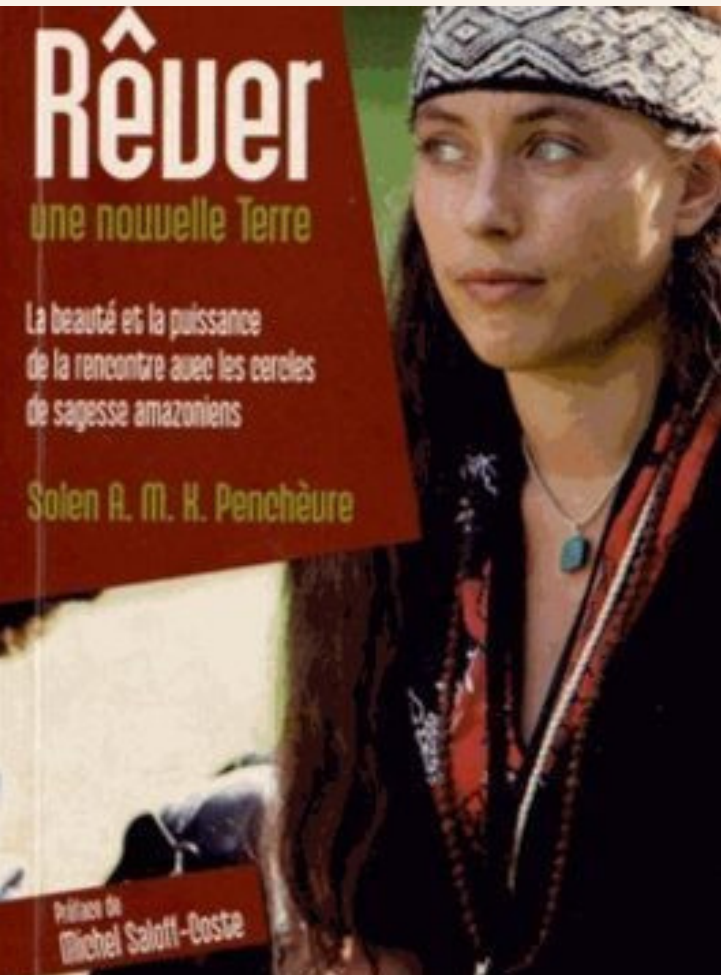
YAWANAWA'S DREAM

Moments of life and study with Matsini Yawanawa

Extracts from the book 'Dreaming a new Earth' by S Penchevre



A PEOPLE WHO REFLECT OUR HUMANITY



Before heading back to the diet house, Raimundo calls me over. He seems satisfied. He introduces me to his son, Matsini, brother of Hushahu and Putany, and tells me that he is going to take me to the place of the ancestors (...). **'I want you to drink this preparation to see who we are'**.

Matsini sits down on a log and rolls some tobacco in a sheet of school notebook. 'Where do you think we come from, Yog? When I was at school in the city, they told me we came from monkeys. And among our people, they say we come from beings who never died...' I'm still surprised by the breadth of his perspective, embracing the same paradoxes that haunt my thoughts.



ANOTHER SCIENCE OF THE LIVING

At a time when the international community is looking for more appropriate indicators to assess the state of the planet, it has not yet agreed to listen to indigenous peoples. For my shaman friend Matsini Yawanawa, what underpins his interpretation of the state of the Earth and the level of symbiosis between the kingdoms living on it is **simply and directly an inner vision.**



He says: 'I saw the Earth very sick, like a human body in pain, all split down the middle. There were also two tendencies on its surface: half was covered with greenery, with plants breathing and climbing on walls and cathedrals, the other half was dark and lifeless.'



A MEMORY THAT CALLS OUT

On my last visit to the old shaman Tata in January 2012, I was able to witness a phenomenal night-time ceremony in which this old man went into a trance-like state, incorporating notable anger at the 'white people who have destroyed everything and listen to nothing!'. Our circle was intimate and closed - three young Yawanawa and myself were his companions, all initiated into the tradition, all in search of truth and wisdom. After several hours of songs and stories from other worlds, punctuated by his violent declarations against the invaders, also interrupted by the appeals of his pupil Matsini to consider alliance rather than war, **Tata suddenly put his hand on the earth. And all the sounds of the forest seemed to fall silent.** His voice took on the poignant tone of a sense of injustice, hoarse with submissive sadness, to finally express, 'Is it so hard to turn to You, Nature, and ask You, simply... how You are?'



A MYSTERIOUS FRAME OF REFERENCE

It's a very special bird that has just sung. It only comes to announce the change of seasons. When it comes here, it also comes to other places in the forest. It appears in several places at the same time. It only sings a few times a year. **The stories and symbols of knowledge that Matsini drip-feeds me are always an added charm for me, demonstrating the complexity and delicacy of the Yawanawa referential (...)**

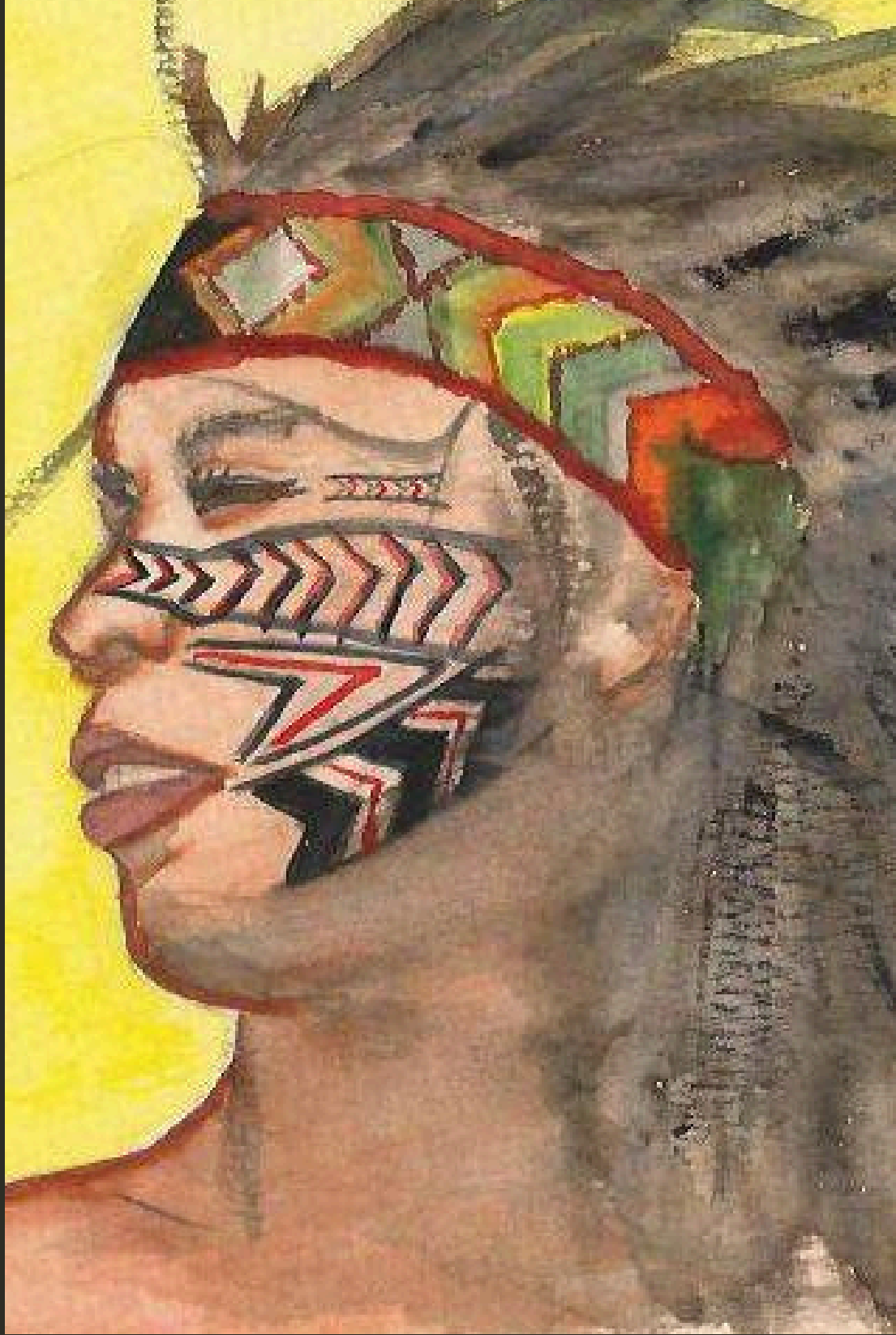
EXAMPLE OF A PATH

You know, Yog, I'm going to **transform** myself. I'm going to do that diet my sisters are doing. When you see me again, I'll be a different man.'



On the way, I sang a Sikh mantra and Matsini asked me to translate it for him. (...) Matsini retorted with visible excitement: 'Ah, but that's exactly the description of the Vana, what you've just said! Vana, the great creative Spirit of the Kawanawa world, is a spirit that is both universal and individual, evolving and growing through each person's spiritual practice. I'm touched that our frames of reference understand each other so well again.'

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