

# Bep Kororoti and The Ancient Astronauts

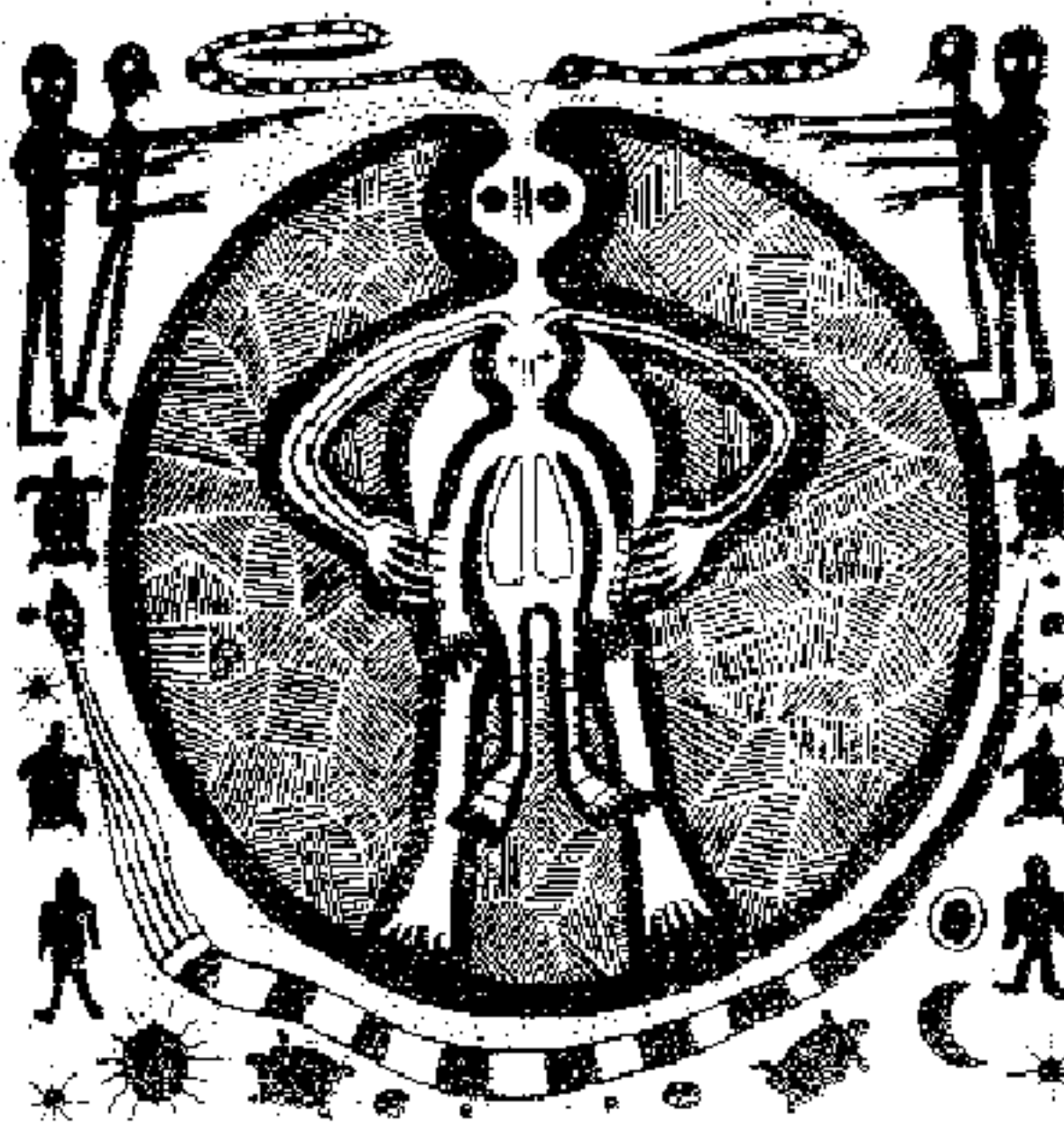
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# Ancient Astronauts

from [CrystaLinks](#) Website



**The term 'Ancient Astronauts' generally refers to extraterrestrials who came to Earth and were in some way responsible for seeding the human race.**

There are references to these entities in the bible, in ancient art and other texts. They are all linked with myths about creation

found in all ancient civilizations.

As we search to find the truth behind the illusion, who created the human race, or biogenetic experiment, we look to those who came from the stars, ancient astronauts, creational gods, for our answers. All is theory, virtual reality, consciousness, and for the most part not provable, subject to the interpretation of the researcher or experimenter.

Most of us would love to find evidence of ancient astronauts, be visited by friendly aliens who could enlighten us to our true creational blueprint. Throughout the history of the human drama, we find all sorts of evidence that makes us think, believe, and quest for the greater truth. They are all just myths, legends, and theories...

Theories about Atlantis often link sightings of ancient astronauts to Atlantean space ships. This goes to the ancient gods called the Zep Tepi.

In China we find theories about an alien race called [the Droga](#) who left behind fascinating discs.

[The Popol Vuh](#), sacred to the Mayans, unequivocally states,

"Men came from the stars, knowing everything, and they examined the four corners of the sky and the Earth's round surface."

Brazilian UFO researcher **Jean Alencar** has noted that the mythology of this country is replete with descriptions and statuettes of beings endowed with the power of flight. The legends of Brazilian natives, like those of other countries, detail experiences of gods or travelers from the sky who descended to earth when humans were little more than animals to instruct them in the arts of agriculture, astronomy, medicine, and other disciplines.

Alencar points out one figure in particular, **Bep-Kororoti**, a space warrior worshipped by the tribes of the upper reaches of the Xing River. Not unlike the heroes of India's Mahabharata, [Bep-Kororoti](#) possessed a flying vehicle capable of destroying anything in its path. His aspect terrified the primitive natives, until he stepped out of his "rayment" and revealed himself to be fair-skinned, handsome, and kind. He amused the natives with his "magic" until he grew restless for his land in the sky and returned there.

The [Chilam Balam](#), is even more explicit and states,

"Beings descended from the sky in flying vessels...white men in flying rings, who can touch the sky."

There are indications that something very strange took place on our very own continent hundreds of thousands of years ago, before humans arrived on this continent (according to the canon of anthropology).

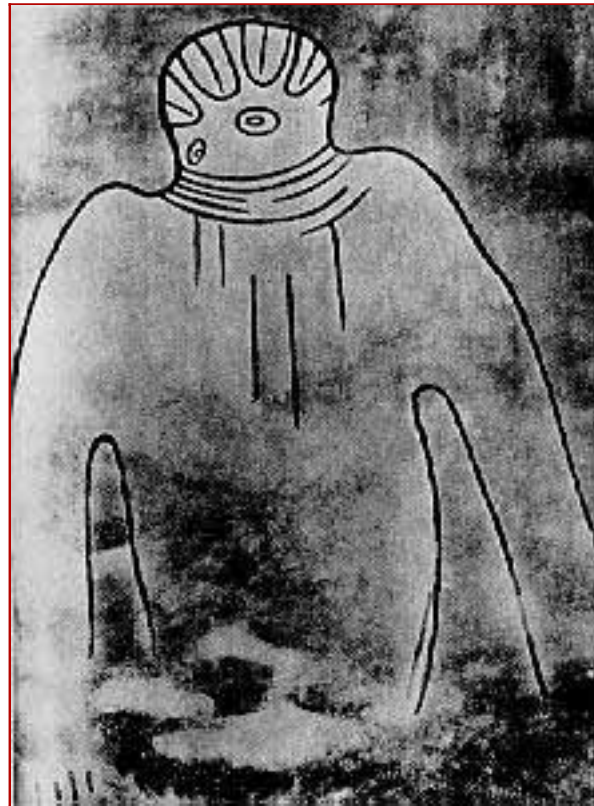
Santa Maria Canyon holds evidence pointing toward the existence of a culture of intelligent beings who raised cattle, built weapons, and practiced funeral rites – one million years ago. If we decide to stick with what academia has to say, in no way could these beings have been humans.

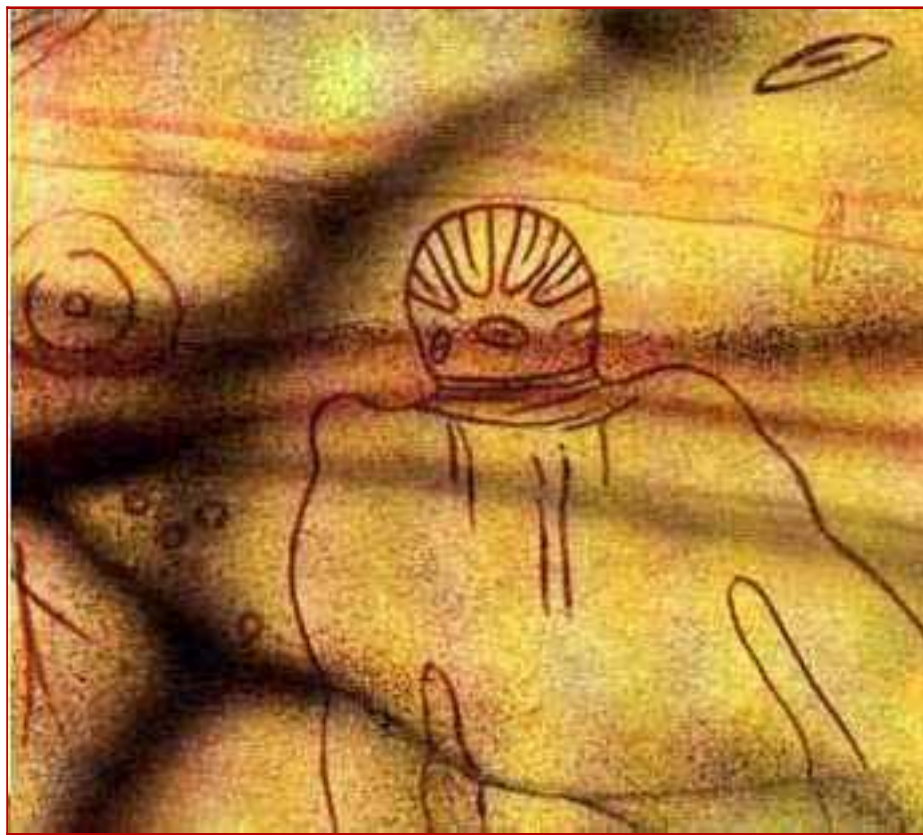
- Were they survivors of a Race of Aliens?
- This brings to mind theories of marooned spacemen, or colonists trying to tame a new planet?

During the Prehistory Conference held during 1962 in Rome, Dr. **W. Matthes** presented the oldest carvings known to exist, created by a forgotten artist two hundred thousand years ago, when humans had allegedly just discovered the use of fire.

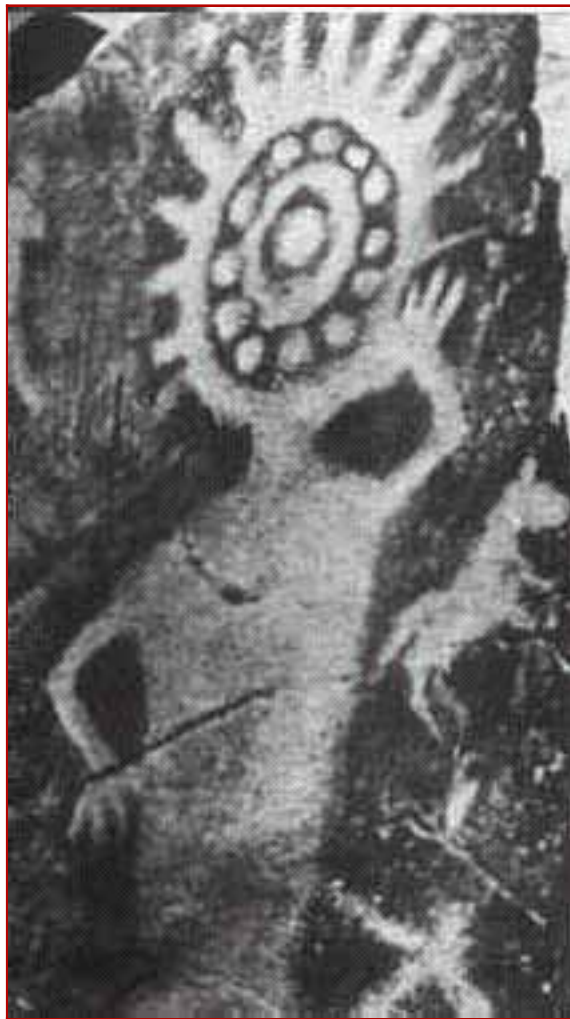
Discovered by the 19th century French explorer **Henri Lhote**, these figures were so unusual he dubbed them Martians, explaining their contour is simple, unartistic, and with rounded heads; their only detail is the double oval at the figure's center, which evokes the image we currently have of Martians.

**Great Martian Gods c.6000 BC from Tassili Mountains**





**Sahara Desert**



North Africa

Lhote's round-headed denizens of the Red Planet were depicted by the primitive cave artists as wearing suits strongly reminiscent of those worn by our own astronauts on the Moon, down to the detail of the boots.

Several hundred such drawings exist, scattered over many miles of desert: strange helmeted and figures *with antennae*, often floating in weightlessness as if the artist had been able to witness one of our modern space walks. Other images are of a technological bent, showing what could be taken as solar panels, space stations, floating spheres containing humanoid figures.

Unwilling to be caught up in the ancient astronaut craze, anthropologists have suggested that *the Tassili "roundheads"* are merely *ceremonial dancers or priests wearing empty gourds over their heads*.

The problem with this *rational approach* is that the agricultural know-how and resources to grow pumpkins were nonexistent in North Africa at the time the Tassili drawings were created, and would probably not have been available for another thousand years.



Sego Canyon, Utah, c. 5,500 BC





Val Comonica, Italy, c. 10,000 BC



More Images







### Kokopelli

The examples of cave art found in the Spanish caverns of *Ojo Guarea* and *Altamira*, and the French ones at *Lascaux* and *Font de Gaume*, have proven that our distant ancestors were able to represent what they saw with a clarity and simplicity that is stunning to twentieth century eyes.

This skill extends to depictions of things that anthropologists and archaeologists often find troublesome: equally faithful representations of domed objects, some of them in threes, others with legs or antennae.

Ancient astronauts have been described as bi-pedal entities often with beaks or wings, or reptilian looking, gray aliens, ethereal, or humanoid coming and going in space craft of some kind or moving in and out of our dimension. Different theories or stories of creation cite these entities, not unlike gods from heaven who many believe seeded the human experiment and will return one day. The feeling of a god returning to Earth, a savior, if you will, who restores balance, is a metaphor in the journey of the human experiment in linear time and emotion. All virtual created by consciousness. All are theories.

The *Ojo Guarea* complex, weaving its way for miles into the earth, poses an undecipherable riddle. In his book *En Busca de la Historia Perdida* (In Search of Forgotten History), Spanish author and filmmaker [Juan G. Atienza](#) states that some of the cave systems many entrances are considered "evil," and the local farmers will not till the soil near them nor even come close to them.

Contained precisely within one of these "evil" points of access is an ancient petroglyph of what could only be, astounding though it might seem, a representation of *the helicoidal structure of DNA*.

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## **Bep Kororoti**

from [LeyendaryTimes](#) Website

The *Kayapo tribe in Brazil* worship a being called **Bep-Kororoti** - "astronaut-like" god today symbolized by a straw man - and recite its messages - more proof of a living mythology that, to this day, relates information from a dark past.

This picture was taken in the Contact-Sideshow of the Mystery Park.



Photographer: Tatjana Ingold

## **The Story of Bep Kororoti**

as Told by Indigenous Scholar **Felicitas Barreto**

by **E. V. Daniken**

from [SpiritWheel](#) Website

From a conversation with **Felicitas Barreto**, the celebrated Indigenous scholar, who has lived in the jungles with the Natives on the banks of the Rio Paru, lost to civilization, on the border of Brazil and French Guiana for 20 years,.. also author of "*Danzas Indigenas Do Brasil*", "Native Dances Of Brazil" with descriptions of the ritual dances of various [Native] tribes.

**Author E.V. Daniken:** "Tell me, do the [Natives] still have any rites or ritual objects that point to any kind of connection with the universe?"

**Felicitas Barreto:** "Oh yes! There are the feathered men, [Natives] who cover themselves with feathers from head to foot, to make themselves look like birds who can rise into the cosmos so easily. And then there are the countless types of masks, which, if one likes, can all be interpreted along the lines of your theories. Many of the masks have branches with several forks springing from them like the antennae in your [photos of the Hopi and others'] cave drawings. Often the [Natives] completely disguise themselves in straw to make themselves resemble their [distant] ancestors.

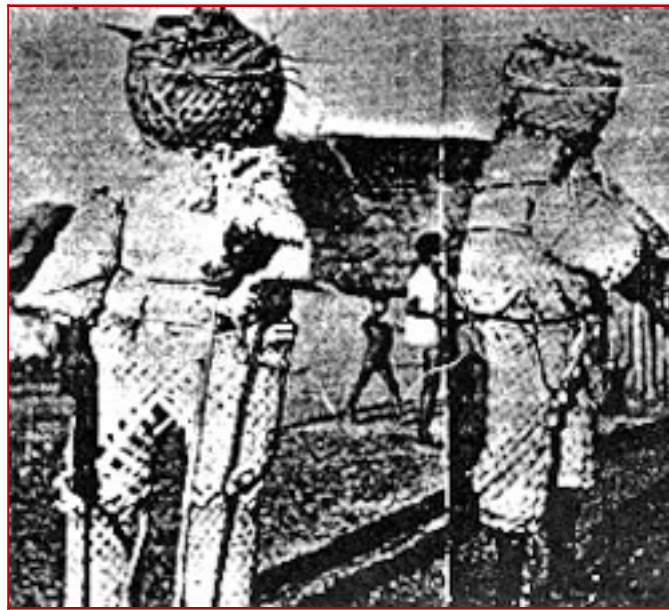
Joao Americo Peret, one of our outstanding [Native] scholars, recently published some photographs of Kayapo [Natives] in ritual clothing that he took as long ago as 1952, long before Gagarin's first space flight! If you look at those photographs, the first thing you think of is astronauts.



The Kayapos, not to be confused with the Kaiato, live in the south of the state of Para on the Rio Fresco."

These photos, were taken in an Indian village on the Rio Fresco, south of Para. In view of this really astonishing masquerade I feel that it is important to re-emphasize that Peret took these photographs in 1952 at a time when the clothing and equipment of astronauts were still not familiar to all us Europeans, let alone these [Native] Indians!





Yuri Gagarin orbited the earth in his spaceship Vostok I for the first time on April 12, 1961, and only since that event have astronauts in their suits become as familiar a sight as mannequins in shop-windows. The Kayapos in their straw imitation spacesuits need no commentary apart from the remark that these "ritual garments" have been worn by the Indian men of this tribe on festive occasions since time immemorial, according to Peret. The *Kayapo legend* that Joao Americo Peret told needs no commentary either.

Peret heard it in the village of Gorotire on the banks of the Fresco from the Indian Kuben Kran Kein, the old counselor of the tribe, who bears the title of *Gway Baba*, the wise.

This is the legend which the sage related:

"Our people lived in a big savanna, far away from this region, from which one could see the mountain range of Pukato Ti, the summits of which were enveloped in a cloud of uncertainty and this uncertainty has not been cleared to this day. The sun, tired from its long daily walk, lay down on the green grass behind the brushwood and Mem Baba, the inventor of all things, covered the heaven with his cloak full of hanging stars. When a star falls down, Memi Keniti traverses heaven and takes it back to the right place. That is the task of Memi Keniti, the eternal guardian.

"One day, **Bep Kororoti**, who came from the Pukato Ti Mountains, arrived in the village for the first time. He was clad in a 'bo' (i.e. the straw suit in the pictures), which covered him from head to foot. He

carried a 'kop', a thunder weapon, in his hand. Everyone in the village was terrified and fled into the bush. The men tried to protect the women and children, and some of them attempted to fight the intruder, but their weapons were too weak for they crumbled to dust every time they touched Bep Kororoti. The warrior who had come from the cosmos (or the future? - Red.) must have laughed at the weakness of those who fought against him. To demonstrate his strength he raised his 'kop', pointed it first at a tree and then at a stone, and destroyed them both. Everyone believed that in so doing Bep Kororoti wanted to show them that he had not come to wage war with them.

"Confusion reigned for a long time. The bravest warriors of the tribe tried to organize resistance, but in the end they could only succumb to the presence of Bep Kororoti, for he did no harm to them. His beauty, the radiant whiteness of his skin, his obvious affection and love gradually enchanted everyone. They felt safe with him and became friends.

"Bep Kororoti took pleasure in learning how to use our weapons and how to become a good hunter. He progressed so well he could handle our weapons better than the best men of the tribe and was braver than the bravest men in the village. It did not take long before Bep Kororoti was received into the tribe as a warrior and then a young maiden sought him as a husband and married him. They begot sons and a daughter, whom they called *Nio Pouti*.

"Bep Kororoti was more clever than anyone else so he began to instruct the others in unknown matters. He led the men in the construction of a Ng Obi, the men's house that all our villages have today. In it the men told the youngsters about their adventures and so they learnt how to behave when in danger and how to think. In truth the house was a school and Bep Kororoti was the teacher.

"In the Ng Obi handicrafts were developed and our weapons were improved and there was nothing that we do not owe to the great warrior from the universe. It was he who founded the 'big chamber' in which we discussed the trials and needs of our tribe, and thus a better organization came into being that made life and work easier for everybody.

"Often the young men resisted and did not go to the Ng Obi. Then Bep Kororoti put on his 'bo' and sought the young men; once he had done this they could no longer resist and came quickly back to the Ng Obi because only there were they safe.

"If hunting was difficult, Bep Kororoti fetched up his 'kop' and killed the animals without damaging them. The hunter was always allowed to take the best piece of prey for himself, but Bep Kororoti, who did not eat the village food, only took what was essential to feed his family. His friends did not approve

of this, but he did not change his attitude.

"His behavior did change with the years. He no longer went out with the others. He wanted to stay in his hut. But when he did leave his hut he always went up into the mountains of Pukato Ti from which he had come. One day he followed the will of his spirit, for he could no longer master it. He left the village. He assembled his family and only Nio Pouti was not present, for she was away, and his departure followed rapidly. The days passed and Bep Kororoti was not to be found. But suddenly he reappeared in the village square, and uttered a terrifying war cry. Everyone thought he had gone mad and they all tried to calm him down. But when the men tried to approach him, a terrible battle took place. Bep Kororoti did not use his weapons, but his body trembled and anyone who touched him fell to the ground dead. The warriors died in swarms.

"The battle lasted for days, then the fallen groups of warriors could stand up again and continued to try to subdue Bep Kororoti. They pursued him almost to the crest of the mountains. Then something happened that left everyone speechless. Bep Kororoti walked backwards to the far edge of the Pukato Ti. With his 'kop' he destroyed everything that was near to him. By the time he had reached the very top of the mountain range, trees and bushes had turned to dust. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash that shook the whole region and Bep Kororoti vanished into the air, surrounded by fiery clouds, smoke and thunder. By this earthshaking event the roots of the bushes were torn from the ground and the wild fruits destroyed. Game disappeared so that the tribe began to suffer from hunger.

"Nio Pouti, who had married a warrior and bore a son, and was as we know a daughter of the heavenly Bep Kororoti, told her husband that she knew where food for the whole tribe could be found, but first they would have to follow her into the mountains of Pukato Ti. Urged on by Nio Pouti her husband plucked up courage and followed her into the region of Pukato Ti. There she looked for a "special tree" in the district of Mem Baba Kent Kre and sat on its branches with her son in her lap. Then she told her husband to bend the branches of the tree down till their tips touched the ground. At the moment that this contact took place, there was a big explosion and Nio Pouti disappeared amid clouds, smoke, dust, thunder and lightning.

"Her husband waited for a few days. He had lost his courage and was almost dying of hunger when he heard a crash and saw the "tree" standing in its old place again. His surprise was great, his wife was there again and with her Bep Kororoti and they brought with them big baskets full of food 'such as he did not know and had never seen'. After a time the heavenly man sat in the "tree" again and ordered him to bend the boughs down to the earth. Upon contact, there was an explosion and the "tree" disappeared into the air again.

"Nio Pouti returned to the village with her husband and made known an order of Bep Kororoti's. Everyone must leave immediately and erect their villages in front of Baba Kent Kre where they would get their food. Nio Pouti also said that they had to keep the seeds of fruit and vegetables and bushes until the rainy season so that they could put them in the earth again and reap new harvests.

"That is how agriculture started. Our people moved to Pukato Ti and lived there in peace; the huts of our villages grew more numerous and they could be seen stretching from the mountains right up to the horizon..."

I had this *Kayapo legend*, which was told me by the Indian scholar **Joao Americo Peret**, translated literally from the Portuguese.

Equally old as the legend is the straw spacesuit which the Indians wear in memory of the appearance of **Bep Kororoti**.

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## **La Leyenda de Bep-Kororoti**

por **Jaime Padilla Ruiz**

del Sitio Web [OtrasHistorias](#)

La etnología no es, como muchos creen, algo raro carente de interés. Esta disciplina puede ser sorprendente y puede depararnos algunas sorpresas si sabemos ver el trasfondo de las leyendas populares que generalmente tienen una base real: algún suceso dejó profunda huella en la comunidad y la historia de lo ocurrido es narrada a los hijos, y estos a los suyos y así sucesivamente hasta llegar al estudioso contemporáneo como una leyenda de la que se desconoce el origen y en la que se mezclan hechos ciertos con mitos religiosos o adornos.

En 1952 Joao Américo Peret tradujo una leyenda de los indios Kayapos que vivían al sur de Para, a orillas del río Fresco. En ella no sólo sorprenden los hechos sino también los atuendos típicos con los que se visten en las celebraciones para recordar el hecho. A continuación se transcribe el texto traducido de la leyenda:

"Nuestro pueblo vivía en una gran llanura muy lejos de aquí y desde donde podía verse la cordillera Pukato-Ti, cuyas cimas estaban siempre ocultas por la niebla de la incertidumbre, y continúan estándolo hasta nuestros días (...). Un día llegó a la aldea un visitante desconocido; se llamaba **Bep-Kororoti** y venía de la cordillera Pukato-Ti. Vestía

un bo (el traje de paja de las fotos) que lo cubría de pies a cabeza. En la mano portaba un kop, arma que lanzaba rayos.

Todos los de la aldea huyeron al monte aterrorizados, los hombres corrieron a proteger a mujeres y niños y algunos intentaron rechazar al intruso, pero sus armas eran insuficientes; cada vez que con ellas tocaban a Bep-Kororoti, caían inmediatamente derribados. El guerrero venido del cosmos se divertía al ver la fragilidad de sus adversarios. Al fin de darles una demostración de su fuerza, alzó su kop y, apuntando sucesivamente a un árbol y a una piedra, destruyó ambos. Todos comprendieron que Bep-Kororoti había querido demostrarles que no había venido a hacer la guerra."

"Así, durante un buen tiempo, no hubo mayores problemas. Los guerreros más valientes de la tribu intentaron oponer resistencia, pero a la postre fueron viendo que Bep-Kororoti les estaba resultando cada vez más imprescindible, además, no molestaba a nadie. Poco a poco fueron sintiéndose atraídos hacia él. Su hermosura, la blancura resplandeciente de su piel, su afectuosidad y bondad para con todos fueron gradualmente cautivando a aquellas gentes. Todos fueron experimentando una sensación de seguridad y fueron haciéndose sus amigos."

"Bep-Kororoti comenzó a tomar afición al manejo de nuestras armas y empezó a aprender el arte de la caza. Al final, sus progresos habían sido tan grandes que llegó a aventajar a los más diestros de la tribu y sobrepasaba en valor a los más valientes de los nuestros, y así fue como al poco tiempo Bep-Kororoti fue aceptado como guerrero de la tribu y una joven lo escogió como esposo y se casó con él. Tu vieron varios hijos y una hija a la cual pusieron por nombre Niopouti."

"Bep-Kororoti era más inteligente que los demás y pronto empezó a enseñar cosas desconocidas para aquellas gentes. Enseñó a los hombres a construir un ng-obi, esta asociación masculina con que hoy cuentan todos nuestros poblados. En ellas, los hombres relataban sus aventuras a los jóvenes y así ellos aprendían cómo debían comportarse ante los peligros e iban formando su criterio. La asociación masculina era en realidad una escuela y Bep-Kororoti su profesor."

"En el ng-obi se hacían trabajos manuales y se perfeccionaban las armas, y todo se lo debíamos al gran guerrero del cosmos. Fue él quien fundó la "Gran Cámara" donde se discutían los grandes asuntos de la tribu y así se logró una mejor organización, lo que facilitó la vida y el trabajo de todos.

A menudo los jóvenes se resistían a ir al ng-obi. Entonces Bep-kororoti se ponía su bo y salía en busca de los rebeldes obligándolos a cumplir con su deber."

"Cuando la caza se hacía difícil, Bep-Kororoti traía su kop y mataba los animales sin herirlos. Siempre el cazador tenía derecho a reservarse para sí la mejor presa, pero Bep-Kororoti, que no se alimentaba con la comida del

poblado, sólo tomaba lo imprescindible para la alimentación de su familia. Sus amigos no compartían su opinión, pero él no alteraba su forma de proceder.

Pero, a medida que transcurrían los años, Bep-Kororoti comenzó a comportarse de un modo diferente. Empezó a eludir a los demás, quería permanecer en su choza. Cuando salía de su morada se dirigía siempre a las montañas de Pukato-Ti, desde donde había venido. Pero un día no pudo resistir más a su anhelo interior y abandonó el poblado. Reunió a su familia, sólo faltaba Nio-Pouti, que andaba fuera del poblado."

"Partió precipitadamente. Pasaban los días y Bep-Kororoti no aparecía. Hasta que un día se presentó nuevamente en la plaza de la aldea y lanzó un terrible grito de guerra. Todos pensaron que se había vuelto loco y trataron de calmarlo, pero él se resistía a los que pretendían acercársele. Bep-Kororoti no hizo uso de su arma, pero su cuerpo se estremecía y el que lo tocaba caía muerto, uno tras otro iban cayendo los guerreros."

"La lucha se prolongó durante días enteros ya que los guerreros derribados volvían a levantarse nuevamente y trataban de dominar a Bep-Kororoti. Lo persiguieron hasta la cumbre de la montaña. Y ahí sucedió algo tremendo que dejó a todos espantados."

"Bep-Kororoti volvió hasta los primeros contrafuertes de la cordillera. Con su kop destrozó todo lo que había a su alrededor. Cuando llegó a la cumbre de la cordillera había reducido a polvo árboles y matorrales. Entonces se produjo una formidable explosión que conmovió toda la región y Bep-Kororoti desapareció en el aire en medio de nubes llameantes, humo y truenos. La tierra se había estremecido de tal manera que había hecho saltar hasta las raíces de las plantas y había arruinado los frutos silvestres: la selva desapareció de modo que la tribu empezó a sentir hambre."

"NioPouti, la hija de Bep-Kororoti, que se había casado con un guerrero y había dado a luz un hijo, dijo a su marido que ella sabía dónde podrían hallar alimento para todo el pueblo, pero que deberían acompañarla a la cordillera de Pukato-Ti. Ante los ruegos de Nio-Pouti, su esposo cobró valor y la siguió hasta la región de Pukato-Ti. Al llegar, Nio-Pouti se dirigió a la región de Mem-Baba-Kent-Kre donde buscó un árbol especial y se sentó en sus ramas con su hijo en la falda. En seguida, pidió a su marido que tirara de las ramas hacia abajo hasta que sus puntas tocasen el suelo. Cuando esto sucedió, se produjo una gran explosión y Nio-Pouti desapareció entre nubes, humo y polvo, rayos y truenos."

"El esposo aguardó unos días, estaba desmoralizado y deseaba morir de hambre cuando de pronto oye un estruendo y ve que el árbol está nuevamente en su lugar original. Su sorpresa era grande; ahí estaba de nuevo su mujer y con ella Bep-Kororoti, y traían grandes cestos llenos de alimentos que él jamás había visto.

Después de algún tiempo, el hombre del cosmos volvió a sentarse en el árbol fantástico y ordenó otra vez flexional

las ramas hasta tocar el suelo. Se produjo una explosión y el árbol volvió a desaparecer en el aire. Nio-Pouti volvió con su marido al poblado y dio a conocer un mensaje de Bep-Kororoti todos debían emigrar y erigir sus aldeas a Mem-Baba-Kent-Kre, lugar donde encontrarán alimento. Nio- Pouti agregó que debían guardar las semillas de frutos, legumbres y arbustos hasta la época lluviosa y sembrarlas entonces para tener una nueva cosecha.

Así comenzó nuestra agricultura. Nuestro pueblo emigró al Pukato-Ti y allí vivió en paz; las chozas de nuestras aldeas se hicieron cada vez más numerosas y, desde las montañas, se las veía tocar el horizonte."

Unos interpretan esta leyenda como un cuento para niños, otros como otra leyenda más, pero hay algunos que ven claramente la visita de un extraterrestre (humanoide), con su *traje espacial* (bo), *rifle laser* (kop) y sus amplios conocimientos.

Seguramente nunca sepamos la verdad, pero la leyenda está ahí, para que cada uno crea lo que quiera.

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to scorn. But the stranger stayed with our ancestors in the village. The inhabitants got used to his presence and learnt the language of the Kayapos from him. He also taught them many tricks for using weapons when hunting, he set up the first school, the young men's house, and taught them the laws of agriculture. The stranger was called **Bep Kororoti**, which means 'I come from space'. One day, the legend still relates today, **Bep Kororoti** put on his strange gleaming white suit again and told them that his time was up. He would be 'fetched' and no one must follow him. Nevertheless some curious youngsters sneaked after him when he went up the mountain. They saw smoke and fire again and heard a terrible noise . . . and

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[In Search of Ancient Gods](#)

By Erich von Däniken