

Chronicles of an announced earth devastation

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Puel Willi Mapu, Lof Newentuaiñ iñchiñ, Costa del Lepá, Chubut, Argentine.

Over these latitudes of Latin America, the “brunette Latin América” which were long ago territories full of life with their own autonomy and sovereignty. In this same place, resistance and territorial recovery keep on being catalogued as terrorists acts in which human rights are constantly violated and the *Mapuche-Tewelche* nation constantly face persecution.

Even when we are used to live shocked by so many abuses, evictions, prosecution and so much pilgrimage, days ago we lived one of the most painful time due to the intentional fires which have burnt thousands of hectares of forest, leaving so many people without houses, animals and risking their own lives as there were not only animals lost but also human lives. It burned our soul, our heart, our body and our memory were hampered in those macabre hours of the great disaster.

Each person in his or her own way, in this ancient space hanged on to a way of asking, praying, even to supplicate and cry. I hanged on to my ancestor's ancient spirituality. I had just returned from an important ceremony raised by our high authority, it was already night, I was in my community Lof Costa del Lepá, when with a weak signal of my cellular phone I got to know the news about the fire which was advancing very fast. It was a spirited river, hot and unstoppable, the forests groaned in pain at the pace of destruction, the animals ran desperately aimlessly, trying to find a way out.

Families were in despair, hopeless because the fire, powered by the strong wind, wouldn't stop, what was worse, it went on unstoppable reducing to ashes everything it found on its devastating way.

A hundred kms straight, the hills (hills), the mountains (mahuiza) and the rivers (leufu) kept me far away from there. I couldn't stop thinking of the *lamngen* (brothers and sisters), friends, partners and families who were downtown at that hours. It hurt in my chest, my pulse got faster, all in these morning hours were questions.

I went outside, looking for some air, or maybe answers, I looked at the stars which shined and twinkled beautifully. I went around in circles, open my arms, my thoughts (rakizuam), my heart (puke) and talked to the nature forces (newenes), with the owners of every form of life (ngen) and asked for the rain (mawün) to come powerful and soon. I asked the wind (kurruf) which was blowing ruthless by that time to soothe its rage and cease its ferocity.

Many mapuche people got connected by the energy of our souls due to this distressing hours, to pray in ceremony, each one to their own way and time. It became an only one request for abundant rain (fütra mawün).

Believe it or not, it rained strongly in that area. After that, there were thunders (tralkan), lightning (lüfke) that dawn. And with the incipient dawning of a new day, the sun (antü) was coming to shine imposing into the sky (wenu mapu).

Maybe thus, everyone can understand what the excessive ambition of the man and the capitalist system, the land owner, miner enterprises interests and all friends of power are able to cause.

They were hours of too much anguish, thinking why, not understanding the greed, the lovelessness, the ambition which rests in beings capable to commit such an evil action.

There are no memories in our territory (taiñ wallmapu) of such a bestiality, at least no one that I remember, I have not lived things like this, or remembered stories of my ancestors about this kind of things.

This attempt is not only towards the woods, but also biodiversity (itrofillmongen) to all forms of life we all coexist with. It attacks our sacred spiritual places where nature forces reveal, those which give us life from a balanced, tidy and circular way. This is the vision that indigenous people have to understand the land we live on, the same that habits into us. That place that feed us from our early uterine existence to embrace our road in the earthly level in the territory (wallmpu).

We know that when this kind of things happen our earthly and spiritual human being existence is in danger and also the rest of tangible and not tangible life.

There exist a plan to attack, to destroy what our ancestors knew wisely how to take care of, keeping a harmonic relationship with the environment full of respect and gratitude.

As sons and daughters of the earth we must not keep silence, we must request, we must speak up, we have felt the pain, the grieve and all that have become resistance more tan ever before, otherwise we would be accomplices of these ecomurderers, earth murderers, mass murderers who have planned this fires. They know perfectly where to attack, taking into account that we never watch Benetton´s countryide or Joe Lewis´, nor Turner´s lands burn on fire; just to name some of the appropriators of the lands over these part of the world.

To sum up, this is not other fact but the continuity of the systematic indigenous genocidal plan within new strategies. Nowadays they do not need weapons, nor to move troop or heavy artillery.

As the capitalist, extractivist and predatory system advances, a new way of oppresion and death is born.

In this part of the world, the same powerful people seem to recycle themselves, going for their goals, which are gathering capitals, richness so they get absolute impunity.

Therefore, the ones who bear the consequences of this evil plan are the mapuchetewelche people having our lives impoverished behind this extermination plan.

In the northern area of the country, the lack of water, intensive logging and hunger put in danger the inhabitants, meanwhile in the southern part are the fires and indiscriminate selling of lands that means great business for a few ones.

The operativity with which count on all capitalist mercenaries, the minor enterprises and oil companies, agro and hydroelectric businesses allied with governments that call themselves popular and democratic, signify the perfect combination for these system made for selected group or elite of capitalists and landowners.

On 19th , March, 2021 we could get to a part of razed land which is worldwide known as a touristic place denominated Comarca Andina, parallel 42.

There was still not a report telling us about the environmental, social, economical, cultural and spiritual murder. One that hurt, chokes, mutes and bruises our spirit (püllu) against the ancestral territory (wallmapu) of the mapuche-tewelche people.

The landscape has changed, the air, the mood, everything green became ocre, the quick footsteps of many people raising dust are still mixing with the smoking trees that do not turn off completely.

This is the story of how a few ones led by their greed decided our earth (ñuke mapu) went infertile, grey, death-smelling, burnt smoke, pain, sadness contained rage and tears coming from the depth.

All these feelings gathered with the most pure sense and love emerge these days, mutuality, care and collective help, the strength and hope of being aware of life against all odds, that as long as we have breath there is a possibility of turning the bad into goodness, in a future with caress of the wise sun (antü) that will shine again in our beautiful south (willi).

People who are helping don't have time to wash their faces or change clothes, besides the place has run out of water (ko) , that precious element gift of life which we always defend, so necessary now but only accomplishes for some mates to warm their souls.

Many people go on with the hard work of extinguishing the fire almost without any resources, nor appropriate clothes for this task, without help of the government which keeps absent and silent about this damage. However people go on as they were firemen when they are not.

In Cerro León (Wingkul pangui), lof Cañio, the fire is still on in an inaccessible place but the community is rooted to their feeling of belonging to this ancestral land, also the pain and care for saving the last few native forests that remain; the sense of sheltering the territory as a wise point of origin, lineage, mapuche being and that is what heals us with the goodness of ancestral medicine (lahuen).

It is due to capitalism that beat up on every part of the world, and over here it's even worse, believe it. It has modified thousands of hectares of patagonic geography, it has wired lands, privatized, expelled and taken goods from native people and it has sown millions of hectares with high combustion species such as pines meaning millions of pesos for a selected usurer's group and, as a result of that, the economical devastation for workers, craftspeople, water

defenders and *Mapuche-Tewelche* communities that resist in many ways because to give up is not an option for them.

There are overwhelming words of hope, love, strength, dignity and solidarity from all our beautiful organized town, meanwhile there is a lack of actions from an unscrupulous government -which has not even toured the affected areas- with no contingency measures or any kind of work through this emergency, as they have decided to betrayed the population that stand up for water and does not trade it for “mirrors and beads”.

In conclusion, over this part of the world where we defend LIFE; this beginning of autumn (rilmu) came vertiginous, full of sensations and moods that went through us deeply.

It will be difficult to forget all the ups and downs, the images, those hugs, the encouragement that will remain recorded, engraved in fire into our retinas, in our bodies and memories to become the story of new generations.

Ka pewkallal, petu mongeleiñ, kiñe getuam. Marici wew!

See you soon, we're still alive. We will overcome!

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