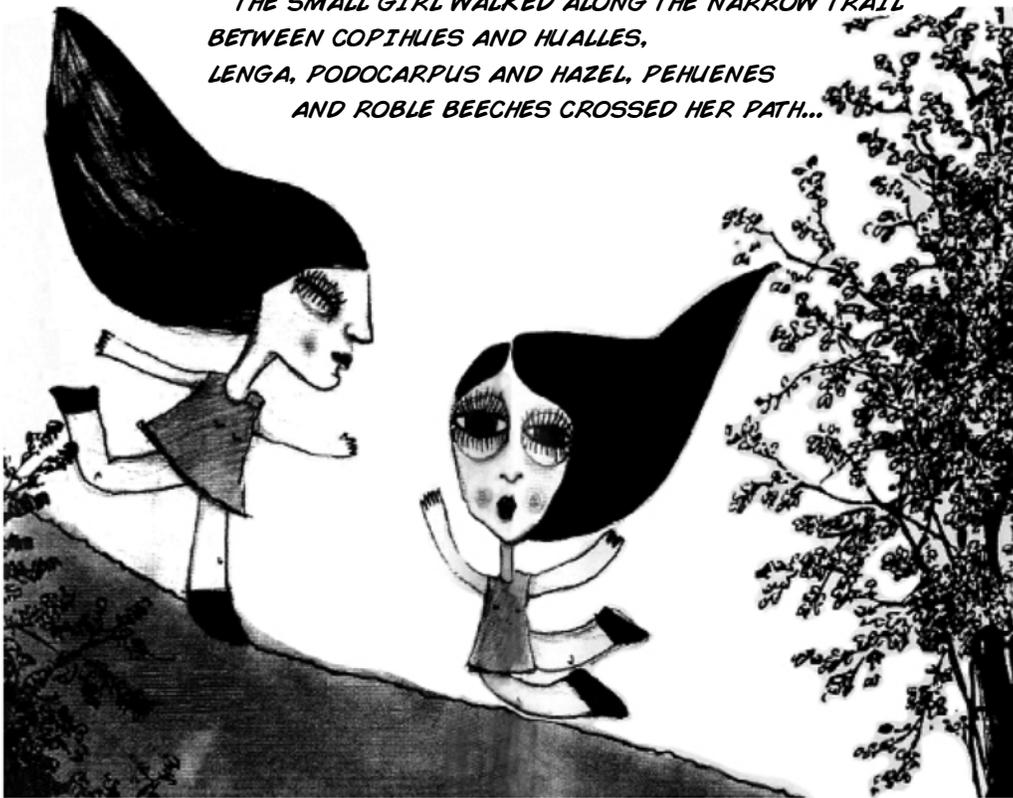




Rayén
and the spirit
of the river

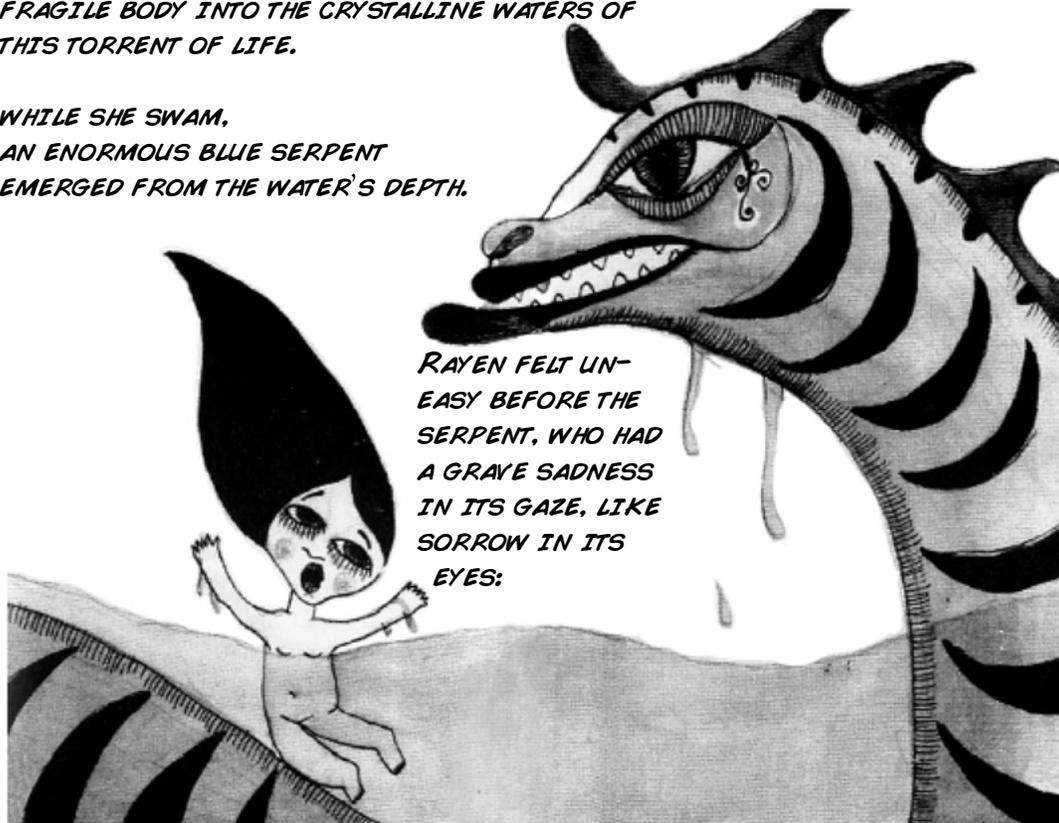
*RAYEN FELT WARM, AND DOWN TO THE RIVER
THE SMALL GIRL WALKED ALONG THE NARROW TRAIL
BETWEEN COPIHUES AND HUALLES,
LENGA, PODOCARPUS AND HAZEL, PEHLIENES
AND ROBLE BEECHES CROSSED HER PATH...*



SHE TOOK OFF HER CLOTHES AND SUBMERGED HER FRAGILE BODY INTO THE CRYSTALLINE WATERS OF THIS TORRENT OF LIFE.

*WHILE SHE SWAM,
AN ENORMOUS BLUE SERPENT
EMERGED FROM THE WATER'S DEPTH.*

*RAYEN FELT UN-
EASY BEFORE THE
SERPENT, WHO HAD
A GRAVE SADNESS
IN ITS GAZE, LIKE
SORROW IN ITS
EYES:*



"WHO ARE YOU?" THE GIRL ASKED IT.

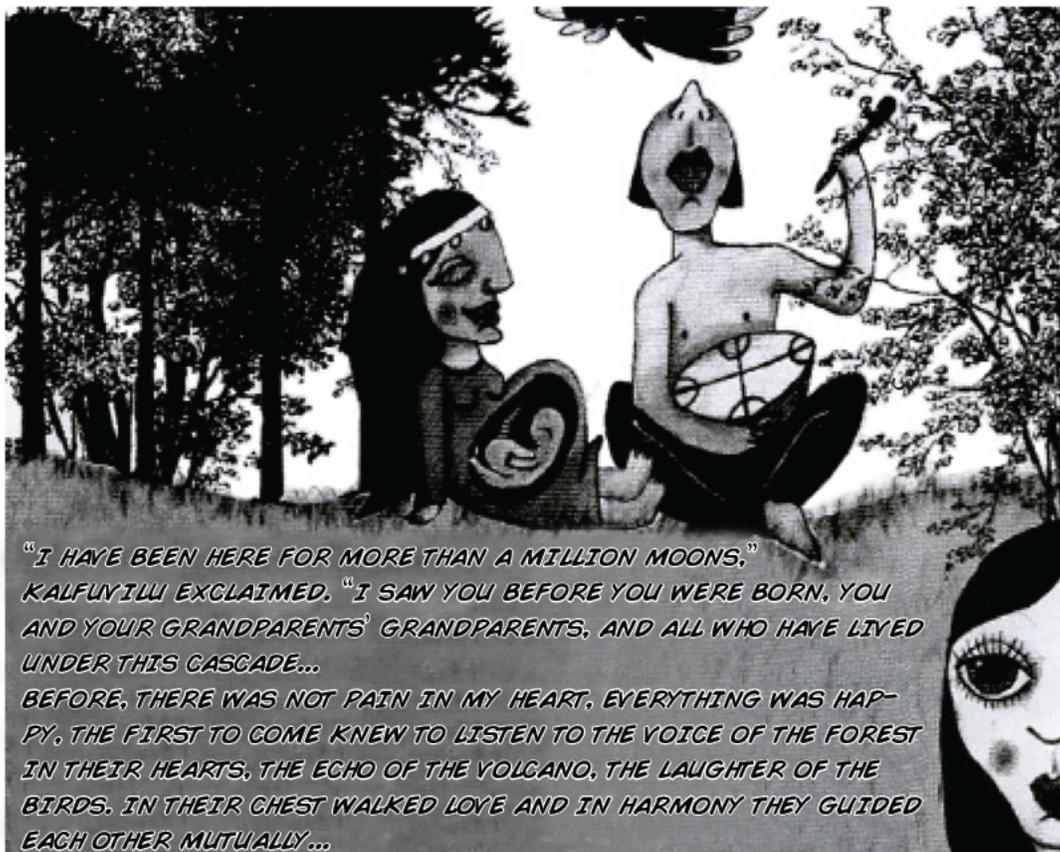
"I AM KALFUYILL, THE SPIRIT OF THIS RIVER."

"AND WHY DO YOU CRY?" RAYEN ASKED AGAIN.

*"IT IS A SAD STORY, BUT IF YOU WANT I CAN TELL
IT TO YOU..."*

*"YES, I DO WANT THAT," SAID THE SMALL ONE
WHO, SITTING UPON A WARM ROCK,
WARMED HER BODY IN THE SUN.*





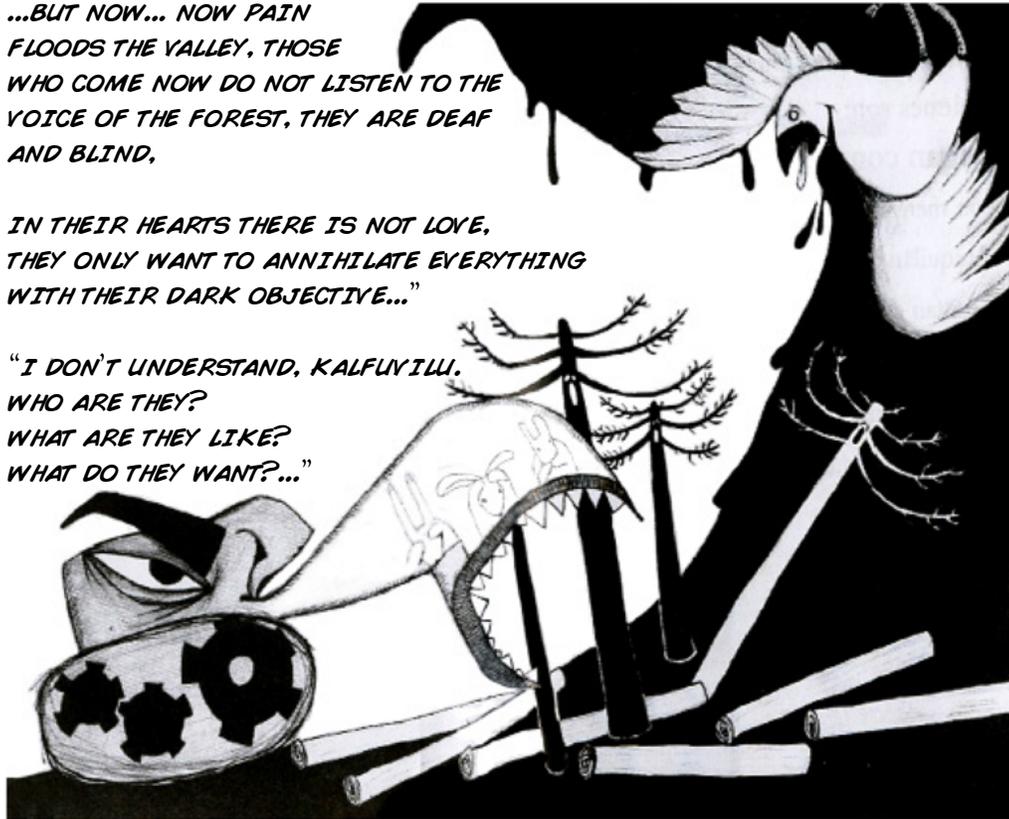
*"I HAVE BEEN HERE FOR MORE THAN A MILLION MOONS,"
KALFUYILLI EXCLAIMED. "I SAW YOU BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, YOU
AND YOUR GRANDPARENTS' GRANDPARENTS, AND ALL WHO HAVE LIVED
UNDER THIS CASCADE..."*

*BEFORE, THERE WAS NOT PAIN IN MY HEART, EVERYTHING WAS HAP-
PY, THE FIRST TO COME KNEW TO LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF THE FOREST
IN THEIR HEARTS, THE ECHO OF THE VOLCANO, THE LAUGHTER OF THE
BIRDS. IN THEIR CHEST WALKED LOVE AND IN HARMONY THEY GUIDED
EACH OTHER MUTUALLY..."*

*...BUT NOW... NOW PAIN
FLOODS THE VALLEY, THOSE
WHO COME NOW DO NOT LISTEN TO THE
VOICE OF THE FOREST, THEY ARE DEAF
AND BLIND,*

*IN THEIR HEARTS THERE IS NOT LOVE,
THEY ONLY WANT TO ANNIHILATE EVERYTHING
WITH THEIR DARK OBJECTIVE..."*

*"I DON'T UNDERSTAND, KALFLYILLI.
WHO ARE THEY?
WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?
WHAT DO THEY WANT?..."*



*"RAYEN, YOU KNOW WELL WHO
THEY ARE: THEY COME WITH
MACHINATIONS, WITH SUGAR-
COATED LIES, THEY ANNIHILATE
THE FOREST AND KILL THE
RIVER, THEY SET UP CAGES
IN THE CURRENT, THEY
INTRODUCE VERMIN.*

*THEY DARKEN THE
WATERS...
THEY ROB ITS LIFE,
KILLING THE HEART
OF THE LAND."*





RAYEN WAS DISCONCERTED BEFORE THE IMMINENT TRUTH. IT WAS CLEAR: DOWN-RIVER THE CURRENT DISSAPPEARED INTO A METAL TUBE AND REAPPEARED HUNDREDS OF YARDS BEYOND, WEAK AND LIFELESS. ANOTHER RIVER, THIS ONE'S BROTHER, HAD IN ITS ENTRAELS SOME FOREIGN FISH THAT WERE THEN TRANS-FERRED TO THE SEA WHERE THESE SMALL INVADERS WOULD GROW, THE LIFE WOULD DISAPPEAR AND THE RIVER WOULD TAKE ON A HORRIBLE STENCH.

UPHILL THE FOREST WAS DEVASTATED BY UN-SCRUPULOUS MEN WHO KILLED THE OLD AND MILLENNIAL TREES, IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS AND WORK.

RAYEN KNEW THAT THE SERPENT WAS RIGHT, THAT ITS SORROW WAS ALSO HER OWN...

THAT DAY RAYEN HEARD THE VOICE OF THE FOREST AND UNDERSTOOD ITS SORROW...



*THE SERPENT SUBMERGED ITSELF IN
THE DEPTH OF THE WATERS AND FROM
THE ROCK RAYEN GAZED AS ITS BLUE
TEARS DISAPPEARED DOWNRIVER...*

*THAT DAY, THE SMALL GIRL AND THE
SPIRIT OF THE FOREST WERE ONE,
THE MESSAGE WAS CLEAR...*

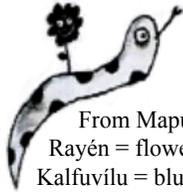
*RAYEN SWORE THEN TO DEFEND THE
FOREST FROM ITS ENEMIES FOREVER...*

*BECAUSE RAYEN TOO
WAS THE SPIRIT OF THE FOREST.*

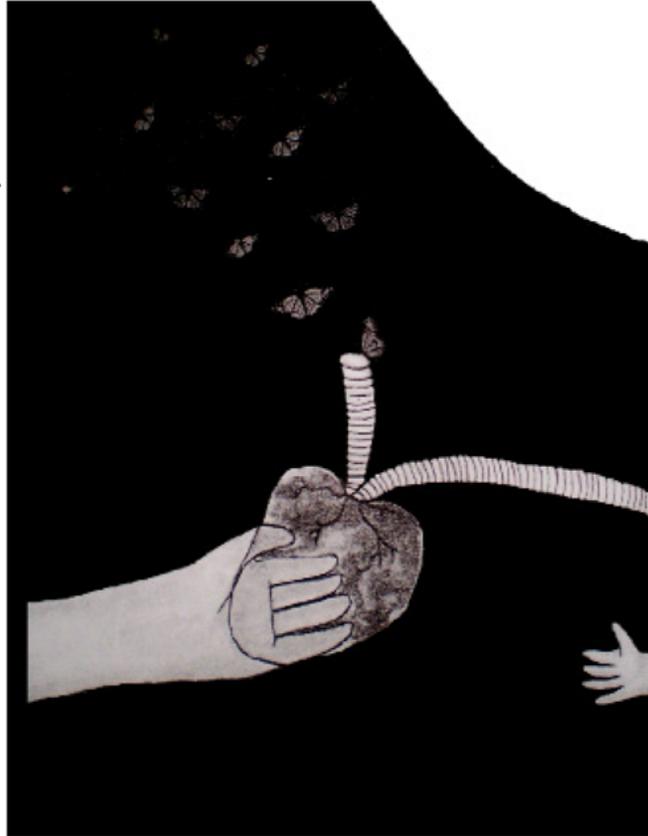
*"AND MY ACTIONS UPON
SLEEPING ARE AIMED
SO THAT ON WAKING IN THE
MORNING, I WILL BREAK
WITH ROUTINE AND IN INDI-
VIDUAL ACTION WITH A CHEST
OF STONE, SWELLED BY THE
DESTRUCTION OF THIS AND
ANY SOCIETY..."*

*DO ME A FAVOR: ENSURE THAT
ANARCHY LIVES"*

MAURICIO MORALES



From Mapudungún:
Rayén = flower
Kalfuvilu = blue serpent



What I'm saying is that every day we are more distant from wild nature,
domesticated from childhood to the idea of the clock and to civilization...

Mauricio Morales



Translation by War On Society