

## **Nautull and Lifkoyam Scene**

from

### **Aillaquillén – The Island of Nine Moons**

*(Aillaquillén – La Isla de Nueve Lunas)*

*Based on the epew (story with a lesson) provided by Alejandra Aillapan Huiriqueo. Performed at the Liquen Cultural Centre in Villarrica, Chile, in November 2022.*

*The following scene was the third part of a seven-part show and represented the first half of the actual epew on stage. The scene was written by Peter Petkovsek and was based on the epew, context, and guidance provided by Alejandra Aillapan Huiriqueo.*

Characters:

LIFKOYAM (him, the name means White Oak)

NAUTÚLL (her, the name means the Blue of the Night)

Glossary of Mapudungun terms:

*zollúm* - a mollusc living in the lake, like a mussel

*wampo* – Mapuche boat, made from one trunk of a tree

*piñones* – pine nuts of the Araucaria tree, a principal food source in the region

*pewen* – Araucaria tree

*kultrún* – Mapuche drum

*trompe, pifilka, kaskawillas* – other Mapuche instruments

*newen* – strength

*makun* – coat

Mallolafken – Mapuche name for the Villarrica lake (means, Lake of White Clay)

Rukapillan – Mapuche name for the Villarrica volcano (means, House of Spirits)

*wala* – a water bird

*puelche* – name of the particular wind that blows in from the mountains, very strong

*kuche kalülko, fücha kalülko, ülcha kalülko, weche kalülko* – old woman, old man, young woman and young man = the four celestial beings in Mapuche myth

*kulltú* – gift

*choyun* - daughter

*Darkness before dawn.*

LIFKOYAM

Wake up, wake up my love.

Wake up.

It's time to go.

NAUTÚLL

It's as dark as the shell of a zollúm

It's as dark as the sand of the beach

It's dark my love.

The sun has not decided to take us into his embrace yet.

The baby is asleep in my belly.

I don't want to wake her up.

LIFKOYAM

We need to go my love.

The lake is vast and the waters deep.

The baby will not wait for us to sleep.

Dawn will be upon us soon.

The sun will come and bless our voyage.

It's time to go.

NAUTÚLL

Should we not wait for the sun?

Should we not wait for his blessing?

Will the waters not close their waves to us,

If we tread them without warning?

Without asking permission?

LIFKOYAM

There is no time, my love  
The sun will wait  
The waters will understand  
The journey is long  
We will need all our strength  
All the time of night and day  
To bring our child  
Safely to the other side  
It's time to go  
The deep black of the horizon is thinning  
Time to go

NAUTÚLL

Did you prepare the wampo, my love?  
So that it will take us safely  
Bring us to my family  
And protect our baby

LIFKOYAM

I prepared the wampo  
I sealed the cracks with sap  
I checked the oars for sturdiness  
I cleaned and polished the wood  
It has the strength of the tree  
From which it was born

NAUTÚLL

Did you prepare food for us, my love?  
So that we will be strong  
So that the baby will survive

The length of the lake  
So that we will arrive with joy  
On the other side

LIFKOYAM

I prepared the food  
The flour from piñones will sustain us  
I ground it myself  
With it we gain the energy of the mighty pewen  
So that we will be sturdy and strong  
The honey of the bees will give us resilience  
It will help calm the baby  
It will make it healthy and content

NAUTÚLL

Did you thank the pewen my love?  
Did you thank the earth for growing them?  
Did you thank the rain for sustaining them?  
Did you thank the sun for giving them the energy  
To make piñones?  
Did you thank the wind for caressing their branches?  
Did you thank the bees for the honey?  
Did you thank them for their tireless work?

LIFKOYAM

There was no time, my love  
There was much to do  
I prepared the wampo  
I ground the pinones  
I collected the honey  
The pewen will understand

They will protect us  
The bees are not angry  
They give their honey gladly  
For our child to grow and be healthy

NAUTÚLL

Did you prepare clothes for us, my love?  
It will be cold on the water  
In the dark  
And even when the sun comes out  
The wind always plays with the waves  
Our baby needs to stay warm and safe

LIFKOYAM

I prepared the coats my love  
We will stay warm  
Even in the dark  
Even in the cold  
And our baby will be safe

NAUTÚLL

Did you prepare the kultrún, my love?  
Did you remember to bring the trompe, the pifilka, and the kaskawillas?  
The baby will need company on the journey  
We can play and sing  
When we meet with my family  
The instruments will bring us joy and newen

LIFKOYAM

I prepared the kultrún, my love,  
I prepared other instruments as well,

The baby will not be alone.  
I prepared the wampo  
I ground the piñones  
I collected the honey  
I brought the coats  
I took the instruments  
We will have everything we need  
In the shade of the Rukapillan  
On the waters of the lake  
It's time to go my love!  
The wampo is here  
The dawn is arriving  
Light will be upon us any minute  
We should go  
The baby will not wait  
The baby wants to come and meet us  
We should be on the other side of the lake  
When that happens

#### NAUTÚLL

Here is the wampo  
Here is your makun  
I am wrapped up warmly  
The baby is warm  
And being rocked to sleep  
By the waves of the lake  
The piñones are nutritious  
The honey is delicious  
And sweet  
And the sounds of the kultrún, the kaskawillas and the trompe  
Will accompany our journey

Our journey to the other side

But my love

Did we ask permission to go on the lake?

Did we ask permission to enter this place?

Did we ask permission to cross the waters?

Did we ask permission from the wind?

Did we ask permission from the earth?

Did we ask permission from the fire of the Rukapillan?

We are but two small persons,

And a third even smaller person,

on a journey to the other side of the Mallolafken

We should ask for permission and protection

Our baby will need it

LIFKOYAM

There will be time for that later, my love

We have everything we need

I prepared everything myself

The baby is warm

The baby is not hungry

The baby has company

And the rocking of the boat is filling her dreams

I need to row the boat

It is hard work

I need to conserve my energy

And you need to rest and protect the baby

The elements will understand

We are in haste

In urgent need to get to the other side

I am rowing with a steady rhythm

NAUTÚLL

The light of dawn is approaching slowly  
But it is still dark  
I can hear the lonely cry of the *wala* bird  
And the splashes of fish  
Jumping around us  
They seem agitated

LIFKOYAM

I can feel something, my love  
Something troubling  
Something that I have feared  
Something we do not want to happen

NAUTÚLL

What is that, my love?  
What is happening?  
The baby is stirring  
It is afraid

LIFKOYAM

The wind is rising, my love  
I'm afraid the Puelche is coming  
It will not help us  
It is blowing against us  
As if it was angry  
Can you hear it, my love?  
How it roars?

NAUTÚLL

I can hear it, my love!

The Puelche!

It is getting stronger!

It wooshes past my ears

It roars and screams

It has awoken the baby

She is kicking and stirring

She is moving too much!

What if she decides to come out now?

LIFKOYAM

We will not reach the shore today, my love

The Puelche is too strong!

I am rowing as hard as I can

My muscles are taught and tired

My hands are hurting

I have blisters on my fingers

I cannot go on for much longer

And yet we are not moving forward

I can only hold us in place

In the middle of the lake

The baby cannot come now

It is too soon!

We cannot bring it into the world on the boat

It will not end well

You need to keep her warm and safe inside

Until the wind calms down and we can reach the other side

NAUTÚLL

But that could take days!

She is coming now

I can feel it

She will not take no for an answer

Headstrong like her father

Who gathered food without asking permission

Who took the boat out without permission

Careless like her mother

Who left the shore without addressing the elements

And without asking the protection from the celestial family

From the old woman, the old man, the young woman, and the young man,

The kuche kalülko, the fücha kalülko, the ülcha kalülko , and the weche kalülko

LIFKOYAM

The Puelche is here!

NAUTÚLL

The Puelche is strong!

LIFKOYAM

The Puelche is strong!

NAUTÚLL

The food will not last!

LIFKOYAM

The instruments will be swept into the water!

NAUTÚLL

The coats will not be enough!

LIFKOYAM

Our baby!

NAUTÚLL

Our baby!

LIFKOYAM

What do we do, my love?

I am rowing as fast as I can

And we are barely moving

We will not make it to shore before the baby is born

She will not be well if she is born here in the wampo

My heart is bleeding at the thought

I am sorry my love

I am sorry for not asking permission

I am sorry for hurrying too much

What can we do?

NAUTÚLL

We need to pray now

We need to beg forgiveness

We need to ask permission

Dear Mallolafken,

Forgive us for entering without permission

Please hear us now

We come with open hearts

We come with love and respect

All we want is for our baby to be safe

So that we can raise her

And teach her how to respect the land

How to respect the elements

We ask forgiveness, Mallolafken

And we ask permission to cross safely!

LIFKOYAM

Water, the source of all life,  
Sun, the giver of all strength,  
Earth, the mother of all,  
Wind, the mover of all  
Please hear our repentance  
We ask to be forgiven  
In our hurry and haste,  
We did not spare a thought to things bigger than ourselves  
We now ask permission  
To be accepted into this place  
To be able to cross the waters  
So that our baby can enter the world safely  
So that we can continue to show reverence  
To the land around us  
To the Rukapillan  
To the Mallolafken  
To the Puelche  
Please help us now  
In our hour of need

NAUTÚLL

Dear mighty pwen  
Dear bees  
Dear trees that gave wood for the wampo  
For the instruments  
Thank you for your gifts  
We will offer gifts back to you – kulltū for you  
And we ask forgiveness  
For we were too occupied with ourselves  
And did not think of you

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PhD Practice Portfolio Submission Piece

But we reach out to you now

To the animals and plants

To the waters

To the winds

To the land

To the fire of the Rukapillan

To help us and protect our baby

Our future

Our choyun of life!