



VIEWS FROM THE FIELD

Three essays by people who have worked with communities affected by mechanized gold mining

MOTHER EARTH IS CRYING...

By F. Remo Segalla

Remo was the former parish priest of Lloró, one of the towns where a lot of mining has gone on. One day we were with him, examining mines in the río Andágueda. As we reached an area, a mine administrator said, angrily, "So, you're the priest who thinks he's the defender of the environment?" Remo replied, "That's me!" The other man gave him an angry scolding. Seeing he couldn't shake him, he ended by inviting us all to go up to visit the mine!

The immense forest of El Chocó, woven by the threads of the rivers, resplendent in the sun, greets me with a great and maternal embrace with its emerald green, a messenger of life and hope.

We are in the year of 2005.

How could one not love this land of exuberant water and vegetation?

Loving is not just a sentiment of stupefied admiration, nor of pleased affection. It is assuming the challenge and the responsibility to respect, care for, conserve, and perfect that which is loved.

If the Lord or life's circumstances have put me here, it must be for something. First, I am here for the people who live in this territory; second, for the earth, which allows life. The situation that I find and that I



continue to discover is worrisome. The ancestral rhythm of work has been violently assaulted, which provokes multiple disequilibria in this social reality.

Illegal mining is invading this territory, and it has all the power of money, of heavy machinery and of a brutal force threatening to move their project of exploitation ahead practically without any obstacles. The mirage of easy money conquers or buys the forgotten communities. Peasant families and those addicted to artisanal mining cede their land parcels to those who can pay them in cash. Those who do not permit the exploitation receive terrifying blackmail messages: "We know where you work; we know where your children study..."

Because of this business, problems arise among brothers, fights, lack of understanding. Family members appear whose path had been lost. The money, as quickly as it comes, disappears. Very few families know how to invest it to improve their dwellings, or to acquire a plot in Quibdó, or to give their children a better education.

Nobody stops the advance of the backhoes.

As the pastor of this population, I accept the task of challenging this monster rolling over us. It is not tolerable to be a witness to the progressive destruction of the land; to see the ríos Andágueda and Atrato change their natural color to that of death, whether for the fish or for the people who bathe there; to witness changes in social attitudes.

The continuous increase in the number of heavy machines provokes a boom in shops and stores in Nuevo Lloró, the opening of warehouses, family crises, corruption of the youth.



What to do? Make people aware and denounce.

During the years when I was pastor in the Municipio of Lloró, from the month of August of 2005 until January of 2012, innumerable letters, visits and personal interviews addressed to different authorities that have direct or indirect responsibility over illegal mining (the local municipal government, the environmental prosecutors for El Chocó and the nation, the prefect, the local and departmental Defender of the People, the police CODECHOCO,...),

The reactions are always dilatory. They are afraid to make decisions and intervene. The ones who worry are the owners of the backhoes; they fear some success from the continuous denunciations of the white "little priest." Voices carry threats against the integrity of the priest to the authorities, who send a soldier so that, placed in front of the dwelling of the threatened one, he can watch over the rectory. During a personal dialogue, without witnesses, one of the "Paisa" miners assures that he has intervened in a meeting with other miners to oppose a proposal to dispose of the troublesome priest. The police also ask me if I am feeling threatened...The echo of these intimidations gets to the Superior of my community who advises me (orders me) not to ever go alone in my constant visits to the communities.

The number of backhoes keeps on increasing until it arrives at 75 just in the territory of Lloró. I constantly inform the authorities of the multiplication. "We are at 24. We are at 36. Now we are at 58. Etc." No one reacts, no one intervenes. They promise, and they do nothing, or they fill papers up in order to put their conscience to sleep.

In one of my numerous arrivals in the offices of CODECHOCO, they are barely aware of the presence of the parish priest of Lloró. The Director of this institution, created for the protection of the environment of El Chocó, immediately meets, in a grand room of the institution, with all his main collaborators, demon-

strating a lively interest in listening to my denunciation about mining exploitation in the territory of the municipio de Lloró. He promised to take appropriate actions to stop this destruction. Pure facade! They don't move a finger, The environmental prosecutor assures me in every visit that he is coordinating with the army and the police an operation against the mining activity, but that the cost is very high and it's not easy to find the finances.

Finally, the day arrives for the intervention. When? The day of Holy Saturday (I don't remember the exact year). The day in which none of the owners of the backhoes are there; nor do they allow their workers to work out of respect for the "holy days" of Holy Week. That day, soldiers and police arrive in Lloró en various trucks to strike a strong blow at those who were mining without the necessary authorization and are destroying the natural environment. And they find nobody. The machinery is still and unattended. The report on this operation says, without inaccuracy, "In Lloró there is no mining activity!" This is the strategy of those responsible for acting for the common good and for safeguarding the earth in which our descendants will live.

The Environmental Prosecutor of the Nation has the same indifferent reaction—there in Bogotá, in his office on I don't know what floor of his big building—in response to my human and pastoral preoccupation. "While we are conversing, comfortably seated in his office, enjoying the marvelous panorama of our capital, in that moment, there in my Lloró soil, iron monsters are violating the guts of Mother Earth, robbing her treasures, bleeding her and leaving her moribund. Here, now, we spend the time without making any decisions. There, at this moment, the implacable arms of the backhoes work without a break and every moment they turn over cubic meters and meters of earth, depriving it of the hidden seeds of life." These words, full of tears, do not soften the heart of the Prosecutor. Nothing happens in the palaces of public power. The little priest of Lloró is nothing more than a don Quijote, a dwarf in the struggle against illegal mining.



The facets of this human reality are multiple.

The miners look for their pounds of gold to become rich. Women wake up early every day to acquire the little grain of gold to sustain their family. Today. Because the children's hunger is today's, not tomorrow's. Still today after many years, I have printed on the retina of my eyes and in the beats of my heart the image of a grandmother holding her grandchildren by the hands who is returning to the mine. She responds to the routine question, "How many little grains did you get today?" with the same words as always, "A little, very little, Father, now getting gold has become difficult." She stops and thinks. She stretches the hands of the little ones and, looking at them and looking at the sky, she asks, preoccupied,

"But will there be gold for these? Will there be a tomorrow for my grandchildren?"

The necessities are urgent. Somehow, however it is, you have to get food every day. It's the present that is urgent; the future will take care of itself. It reaches the point that the very mothers who sustain their homes with their daily barequeo, feel that the priest who is arguing for the cessation of mining activity by the big machines is a danger, because their work will become more difficult. And they openly declare: If the priest gets rid of the backhoes, we will go to the church with our empty bateas, for him to fill them with rice for us."



From the point of view of a mother's heart, they are right. First comes the food for the children. Since there is no other alternative for survival, aside from cutting down trees—another destructive activity—and some sporadic work for the municipal government, We have to propose something different from these occupations. As the parish priest, with the help of friends in Italy, we began a project to favor the "Lloró Agrarian Productive Families" (FLLAP), through which we gave a good number of families an initial capital in the form of young chickens (to raise for meat, or for eggs), pigs, seeds..., according to what each one chose. SWe accompanied planning, cultivating, development, with the help of students from the UTCH, and with the hope of seeing the initial investment grow and multiply, which would guarantee something for the future. The results, for different reasons, were immediate and did not extend over time, except for some rare cases, when the beneficiaries for their part made a real effort with care.

The proposal remains, which I will never tire of presenting, of repeating, to solicit from the authorities in all the dialogues with them and in written communications: an alternative plan to mining and whatever kind of aggressive and destructive exploitation of the riches of El Chocó's land, A GLOBAL SOCIO-ECONOMIC MEGAPROJECT FOR SUSTAINABLE AND HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

For that, it is not enough that there be a little man; a diminutive don Quijote; a little priest who is isolated and alone; who has not managed to get the people themselves, the victims of the situation involved; nor get the local authorities interested; nor the great political and economic powers who do have the tools to forge a Chocó where the lives of the human beings, of the fauna and of the tropical forest would be respected and could grow in an environmental harmony.

At the personal level, I still have the grandiose dream of a project of restoring the entire area of the río Andágueda, transforming it into an agrarian oasis with production abundant enough to be commercialized and bring well-being to the population. This with the aid of the living forces within the area and economic support from international organizations (like the FAO for example, and others).

In my heart, I still feel nostalgia for those struggles, the joy of having lived with enthusiasm and love, the sadness of seeing that the reality is not changing and the dreams are not becoming reality, the sorrow for a joyful people, with their exuberant and rich land who are still dependent (slaves) and obliged to be beggars for the gifts of the dominant powers.

That is why we love the people of El Chocó, El Chocó's Mother Earth, the rivers of El Chocó, the forest of El Chocó.

A JOURNEY THROUGH YEARS OF THINGS LEARNED

By Maryury Mosquera Palacios

Maryury was born in Juradó, Chocó. She has an Agronomy degree from the Universidad del Pacifico in Buenaventura, and is a Specialist in Project Management. She currently works for the defense and protection of the collective territories of COCOMOPOCA [Superior Peasant People's Community Council of the Upper Atrato], She has contributed to plans for training and ethno-development of COCOMOPOCA, and offers accompaniment and orientation to the teams that work in the territory to strengthen their capacity in community work, promoting the recognition and valorizing to new leadership by young people and women.



Remembering my childhood... My first years of life were between the river and the sea, I remember my first experiences in my paternal grandparents' house on the bank of the río Atrato, seeing my grandmother bent over all day moving her batea to get gold, while I took advantage of her not watching to swim until I got tired, playing with my cousins on the bank of the river, preparing food. I remember an Atrato that was very clear and very deep. Living in

Doña Josefa, a community in the municipio of Atrato, Chocó, which in that period did not have a road to get to the other communities or to Quibdó, the capital. I well remember that we had to wake up at 4:30 in the morning to be able to travel in a canoe with an outboard motor downriver to get to Quibdó. At that hour of the morning I could see the most beautiful dawns and feel the tranquility of the river, though I have to recognize that often I stayed asleep, just logical for a girl who gets up at that hour. Ha, ha!

Years later, now a professional and wanting to work for my communities, I confront a reality that I did not know...I'm going up the río Atrato to a community that belongs to my organization, with the goal of accompanying and contributing to the strengthening their organizing and production. We detour towards the río Andágueda, an affluent of that majestic Atrato. I begin to confront a reality that bit-by-bit transforms the expression on my face. As I go further up the river, I see big machinery that with is piti-



lessly tearing out the soil of the riverbanks. Silently, I count one, two, three, four and so on until arriving at 20 I stop counting. At the same time I wonder, why are they doing away with the agricultural production areas of the communities? Who are they, and who gave them permission? As the hours go by and I get closer to my destination, there's something that really attracts my attention, an image that I cannot understand.: women of different ages with their bateas in their hands, seated at the side of the big machines that are destroying the soil. My shock and concern are confirmed by the boatman who is carrying me. "They are waiting for the owners of the machinery to give them permission to work and carry out their barequeo"



But upon arriving in the community I find a much stronger reality. Very young girls drinking liquor next to an older foreign miner, adults lamenting how things have changed since the mechanized mining arrived in their community, pregnant girls, kids taking drugs and who have left school to work in the mine. Meanwhile, others—on the contrary—talk about the blessings this has brought: to be able to build cement houses, to be able to buy clothing and send their children to study elsewhere. "What a contrast!" I say to myself. I'm losing sleep because I'm worried that I won't know what to do in the face of this situation. I conclude by saying I have to go on making this known, empowering and strengthening the leadership among the youth in the communities in order to go on guaranteeing the defense of their territory—"the territory is the guarantee of the defense of the permanence of the peoples."



Another day on my journey...I'm going to visit Villa Claret, a community in the Municipio of Lloró, Chocó, in the territory of the Community Council of COCOMOPOCA (the Superior Community Council of the People's Peasant Organization of the Upper Atrato). On arriving, I find the río Capá, another affluent of the río Atrato. This one is resisting mining with machinery. It's beautiful, crystalline. Women are washing clothing [in it] and lots of kids are swimming after getting out of school. I go towards the house where I would be staying. Three girls approach me and invite me to swim. I argue that I don't have a suit to do it, and I keep walking. On arriving at the house these same girls arrive with floppy shorts in their hands, and they say, "Miss, here we brought you what you can swim with; go with us!" How could I deny such a lovely invitation and such an incredible river, very different from the other I visited. That night around a campfire we shared our life stories and tales, verses and couplets. What a pleasant experience, the great cultural richness that there was in that community!

An afternoon of conversation with a young woman from a mining community. ...After an educational period, during my break I'm walking through the community. I sit on a chair to share with some of the young people. Among them is Lucia, a 14 year old, who tells me what the changes on the community have been for her since the arrival of mechanized mining. "Before, the artisanal mining that our parents practiced

was more secure. It didn't have as many risks as the mechanized mining that's being practiced now. It didn't contaminate the environment so much. They used shovel and pick." She goes on, "With the mining before there weren't conflicts because families worked together; today there are many conflicts between those who want mining with machines and those who don't. We have seen cases where people die in the mines." She concludes saying, "I'm young, and I don't like this kind of mining with machines because it has brought many problems to my community."

How to understand the significance of the river for the riverine communities... It's 6 in the morning and this time I am visiting the community of la Playa, of the Municipio of Lloró. I sit on the bank of the river, intending to bathe, since the community does not have an aqueduct. While I'm there, all around me I see children bathing before going to school, mothers washing the plates they could not wash the night before, others washing clothes, and on the other side a man organizing his canoe, (his means of transport) ,while he scolds the children for playing on it while they are swimming. I smile on seeing the happiness of the children, but it also makes me laugh to hear the stories that are told among the women. It's amazing how many stories interlace around the river, I say to myself. I give myself the task of asking some people what the river means for them. An 11-year-old girl says: The River is the source of life, it's our only means of transport, it represents our identity." What profound words! On returning to the city, I ask a friend who lives in another department of the country, "What does the river mean for you?", to which she responds, "It's the place where I go to pass time, and where I bathe every once in a while." Her response surprises me, and at the same time it makes me understand and reconfirm that to take care of the river is to guarantee the survival and permanence of some populations.

After more than six years of travelling through all the territory of my organization I have learned to see life in a different way, and the concept of development. I know that we are called to understand that there are many ways to see life, and this does not mean that we are wrong.

Today, with the birth of decision T-622 of 2016 [by the Colombian Constitutional Court], which recognizes the río Atrato as a subject of rights, I see the opportunity that the communities have to consolidate their plans for their own development. Today I have the honor to be one of the persons delegated to be a Guardian of this majestic river; it's something that fills me with pride and generates a great responsibility for the defense and protection of the environment. Every visit to a community, every training workshop that I do, every conversation that's an exchange with people who live in the watershed is another lesson. It has made me understand there is much I can contribute in defense, protection and care of the communities and their people



THE DUALITIES OF ILLICIT GOLD MINING IN THE RÍO QUITO, EL CHOCÓ

By Diana Clavijo and Marcelo Montaña

Diana has a history of working with the communities of the río Quito. Currently she is pursuing doctoral studies in the University of São Paulo, developing her doctoral thesis on social-environmental consequences of mechanized mining in El Chocó under the supervision of Marcelo Montaña. In this essay they present testimonies of the community, using the methodology of Discourse of Collective Subject of Lefevre, F., & Lefevre, A. Ma. C. (2012), which contains the argumentation of points of agreement and disagreement about the presence of mining in their territory. It also permits us to offer the participants in the investigation anonymity to protect the community's security..

The río Quito is not just a river or a Colombian municipio, it is also a connector of lives, of persons, of nature, of histories, of wealth and of the forgotten. It would be impossible to speak of El Chocó without speaking about its tradition of mining, whose origin is in the indigenous communities of the region. Later, the Spanish exploited it, introducing African slaves, who took over the activity as their own. Thus, the río Quito is the piece that connects the social with the natural, permitting the construction of societies and generational transmission of fishing, agricultural, climatic, hydric, cultural, recreational and economic knowledge, as well as of artisanal gold mining, or bareque.



In 1961 I enjoyed the water of the river, fishing, artisanal mining, lumbering, My happiness was working in traditional mining enjoying the river, fishing, and carrying out agricultural work shared with a neighbor or family member. The older people knew when the period of the upriver migration of fish was, and when it was that the river rose, and when the dry season was. The times were delimited, the people knew: from such a date to such a date is dry season, and also the rainy season. And when it rose, and in the same way the fish rose. We ate bocachico, dientón, doncella. You would go from here upriver and in any beach you could make a fish stew. We women would go to wash clothes, to wash plates in the river, to do your mining... And bathe in the river. We would take the water. We would drink that water...That is, the river was

everything. All along the shore you would see people living in the rural area; you could get any kind of fruit in the bank of the river. Then, you could go to shore anywhere and you bought, or you asked for things. The río Quito had a spectacular bed. The water of the river was crystalline. Like that water they buy now. It was like when the rain falls and you see the stream. We worked in the river with bareque mining. The water would purify quickly...yes, from one day to another the water would become clear...or even the same day in the afternoon. In the past, you went to barequear there. When the people got their tomín [a very small measure] of gold, as it were...You came with your little bit of gold to support your children.

The systematic state oblivion situates the department of El Chocó as one of the poorest in the country, making it vulnerable to the dualities that illicit economies offer: a greater economic access in exchange for the exploitation of its natural riches, affecting its customs and culture, and putting its nutritional autonomy at risk.

Here, these communities have been very forgotten by the central and departmental governments. There isn't even a representative of the departmental government here in the municipio. When we belonged to the municipio of Quibdó, we were a rural community of Quibdó. Communication was awful. You had no way of communicating with those who had left. We did not have television; we did not have telephones; transport was scarce; there were no public services; the businesses did not sell food or perishable items...we were living very badly. Today, unemployment continues to be one of our principle fears. Because there is nothing to be done; the government does not help us to do anything at all; this is a town that is completely forgotten. Here there is no one who generates employment. Work is scarce; we women here have no work. Since we don't have any work options, the people see themselves obliged to do this, the people themselves, angry with the government, end up working with the dragas. Because there is no option for making a living, so the people look for a way to survive; and if it's necessary to give the land to the miners, it's given to them, because they



practically buy the land from the people, because they pay money to the families to work on their land.

Illicit gold mining is characterized by the use of heavy machinery with greater technology, such as the dredges and backhoes. These were installed because of the increased international price of gold, the growing demand for primary materials as a consequence of the different worldwide economic crises, and the policies of the most recent governments.



The mining began in 1999. It created a total change. Mr. Julio, the Brazilian, was the first to arrive, and he brought his dredge. It was he who enjoyed the gold; when he inserted the dredges, he was taking out tons of gold... he left and never came back here. And those Brazilians, when they arrived with the first dredges, at that time there was no cell phone, the telephone was a public one, you saw those Brazilians talking, no one understood them, and about two weeks after the call more of their coworkers came to see if there was gold, and that was how dredges arrived and the río Quito filled with the dredges of the Brazilians. Those dredges have been very, very, very useful for the people of the municipio, even though we don't have any direct work with them. When they come to arrange their dredges, they rent those houses to live in. Or people go to practice bareque in the dredges, and that way people can bring some things for their houses, some economic incentive for their houses. They take the mats and the cloths that have the sand in the hold of the dredges. After they clean the gold out of the mats, the women go and say please to give them to them so they can clean them again...and there are some that don't give them...there are some that do, who we like a lot, they say yes and collaborate with you, and others do not...There are people for whom this works well, who make 2 million pesos in a day. Mining has brought us happiness because of the money, the improvement of our houses and more access to education, because the people have more resources to be able to send their children to study in Quibdó. What's happening is that there are people who had never seen 5 million pesos, and now they have 2 million. There are people who are earning 30 million a year and before you wouldn't put together 5 million pesos, and you had to do things slowly, and today you say: I'm going to make a house with cinder blocks with everything that's required, and you do it; so those who have had this big sums of money are those who are well off. The quality of life of those inhabitant who could construct their houses improved, but not that of the whole population..

These realities—on one hand the poverty of the communities and their dependence on the environment to subsist, and on the other the absence of the State, which generates exclusion—created a fertile space for illicit mining, which supplied the opportunity to be economically productive. In a way, it was established as a stand-in for the State in providing what the communities needed: work, sustenance, and the power to acquire goods and services. However, in order for those “benefits” to last, it is indispensable that the exploitation of their resources be continuous, resources which paradoxically they depend on to live and with which they have tight relationships which permeate their customs and cultural traditions. This configures the trap of poverty.

The changes

There exists a strict relationship between poor communities and the medium in which they live, established by dependence on the quality and availability of subsistence resources that they traditionally acquired and found in their environment.. Thus, the benefits offered by nature permeate every aspect of the human being: nutrition, hydration, natural medicine, cultural identity, traditions, and ethical, spiritual and recreational values, among others. The following collective statements clearly bring out the effects illicit mining has generated in their environment, creating a greater vulnerability for the communities based on subsistence economies.

“When was this seen, by God!”

Here there is no river, there's nothing. It's all been used up. It was the mining that dirtied it. Because it moves a lot of earth. It's been a long time since we've seen this river clear, it's always dark. Now its course is not the same. It's totally sedimented. Before, there was very little erosion, there were more plants and trees, as I have told you, and now, as that was all taken away by the dredges, only gravel is left, and nothing grows there. Before it was like the forest that you see, one on each side of the river's course, like that forest is, like that on one side and the other, with barely the space that was planted removed, where the yuca was, the plantain seed lot, things we produced. Today there are no beaches, there are mountains and sand and stones that look like a desert. When the river would crest, all of this would flood, the town would flood, and this would last four, five or six days before it would go down there were you are. Now, the mining has carried away the banks, the water expands into the savannah and the forest. The water gets into the swamp, because it has many entrances, so it gets in there, the water gets into the entire savannah that you see from here on down. The river does stabilize, today it can be to here, but tomorrow with a little rain-storm it can rise. A person who has not been here in the río Quito, for ten years would not know it today, because the course is totally different. Now we don't know where the river ran originally. Today the river crests and when it rises a lot it gets to there, where those trees are, when it rises a lot, and the next day it's up to here, because it's totally sedimented. There are places where one can cross the río Quito on foot. When we say that, oh God! This river was very deep; today if you're going in a panga you're scared to go there. To get here is a problem, and before it was normal; the river could be down and that, but we would arrive.

“The destruction...we cannot hide it”

We cannot hide the destruction of the flora and fauna; the species have been giving out on us...there are



species that are no longer here. It's that the animals get scared because of the noise of those dredges. Now everything changed, you find the animals very little. The fish have become extinct. The river has an extreme level of contamination. The water cannot be used because it has many chemicals. The guys in the dredges dump mercury when they concentrate the sand, and the backhoes dump it in the river, because you see that they throw in 5-10 pounds of mercury to get the gold. There's a fish that's called boquiancha, more than 10 years ago it disappeared from this



region, and it was a delicious fish and it completely disappeared. And doncella, before, when the river was clear, we would go fishing, we would catch that fish, we would throw it there in the canoe, and it would last all day, there, neat, today you catch a little fish and you barely throw it into the canoe and some red veins start flowing out, that's because of the contamination. Today it's not the same, and someone who catches a fish has to see what species it is, to see if they can eat it or if they can't eat it, so many customs have been changed. People from the University of Valle did a study here, and they brought us together and they prohibited our eating fish from the river. There's a lot of restrictions with quicharo because since it is one of the most carnivorous, catfish also...they are the species that are not eaten and it turns out that they are some of the most resistant to the environment, they adapt, they get more than other species. The organic material of the soil has all gone downriver, now there are no trees to secure it. The crops—rice, sugar cane, pineapple, yuca—are planted in the banks of the river because that bit of land, which holds, or used to hold, the river, is sandy, clay soil, which produces very easily, and all that land is no more, they did away with the banks of the river. Now there is no kind of native fruit from here in our region. The majority of the places where we cultivated the plants we ate have been destroyed by mining, although we have areas where we can still plant, but they are much further inland. Now there are some gold buyers here in the community who burn the amalgams of mercury and gold in the open air and could be contaminating the air. Fortunately, we still have a lot of trees, virgin forest, but it's being reduced, it's being eliminated.

"A little town like this is not for that"

We had the particular quality that here we all knew each other and we knew who everyone was. And now, with the rising of the mining, it's very hard, because our population has grown by the number of people whom we call outsiders who have arrived here at our community. There are Brazilians, Argentines, Venezuelans, and people from our country, from the lower Cauca, from Antioquia, all in the large-scale exploita-



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tion. Mining has given us a lot of those changes, because it has changed our culture; the people who have arrived are from a culture completely different from ours. We feel wronged. Every day we see new people, foreign people; we don't even know their names, where they come from, what they're doing here and...we have to survive with them. But with the mining prostitution arrived as well. Women arrive from all over the country, from Pereira, from Armenia, from Bolivar, from Cali, from Buenaventura, from Quibdó, from Istmina, from Medellín. From everywhere...60...100 women arrived to work. Girls as young as 15 come to the call of the mining, young girls, girls, and it's terrifying to see them...here there is a wild prostitution. They arrive, skinny, fat, short tall, all kinds...here, the women of the municipio don't look at them, because we're afraid they might be murderers...no one gets involved with them. It's hard to see all those women arriving here. The kids see these examples...a little town like this is not for that...they say there are a lot of sexual diseases It isn't strange that we have AIDS. That also brought vices, people began to smoke cocaine paste, marijuana, I don't know what...cocaine-laced cigarettes. Before, they didn't have these things in this region. That influences the new generations.



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