

September 2013. I progress slowly, getting closer to the Indian reservation of Hopi and Navajo people, in Arizona. Wild and spectacular. The New World, and its two worlds, Indian and Anglo. Abundance and affluence of the tourists' tide that floods the day. Timeless presence of the aborigines. Brief encounter in full sun. The time it takes to them to sell the visitors the artifacts of their dreams. One is here since time exists, and it seems, until it will extinguish. The other just passing, as he always did, and it seems, always will. The Indian knows his land for generations, and teaches it to the future generations with application, no one here would think of missing a day at school. And carefully too, he learns his visitors. Capitalism, modernity, nothing but the new firearms. Practiced survivalist he is engaged to preserve, for all, the world where he is, its invisible balances revealed by its beauty, that all can see.

On the road, navigating these wide-open spaces, always-visible afar, the three spewing sisters, the high chimneys of the Navajo Generating Station of Page. Day and night burns here the coal brought from the Black Mesa plateau to illuminate hundreds of miles away the cities of Arizona, Nevada, California, and the nights of Las Vegas. Black Mesa, Indian reservation where people do without running water, or electricity.

Marshall and Nicole Johnson are raising here their three children, in Pinion, small community, poor and isolated in the middle of the Navajo Nation, the land that was left to them. Marshall and Nicole are "Nnataanii", "natural leaders", "elected chiefs" as explains Brett Isaac. Navajo native of the area, he engineers solar panels and installs them with friends and family all over the reservation.

Active ferments of a consciousness that has sustained life until progress came threatening it, they watch. Frugal maquisards, the Navajo Indians have invented before we thought it wise to live without spending more than the land could give. And, to not exhaust it in one generation they resist today the pressure of these projects larger than life of power plants and tourists sites to exploit mineral resources and beauty of the Earth. In them this dynamic belief that the land is not something entrusted to them by their ancestors but by their children, just the time for them to grow. Self-reliance is the rule as is this intent education on how to take precious care of the land, that will give back in kind, with food and medicines.

The oppressor is powerful. The Indian apt and patient. Figuring on the list of the endangered species he has a unique voice to speak to mankind of its destiny.