

Every Papuan Death Is the Death of Truganini

Survival and Extinction Manifesto



The Sentence

- 1 *Every Papuan death is the death of Truganini.*
- 2 *This is not a slogan to be shouted and forgotten. It is a diagnosis. In a single breath it names the disease, the stage, and the prognosis. What was done on one island at the southern edge of the old continent is being done again on another, and the world that looked away then is looking away now.*
- 3 *A sentence like this should never need to be written. That it must be written is the first evidence of the crime.*
- 4 *Read it slowly. Not every Papuan death is a murder, though too many are. Not every Papuan death is a massacre, though there have been massacres. But every Papuan death is now entered into a ledger kept by someone else, and in that ledger no name is counted as a life ended. Each is counted as land emptied. This is how genocide keeps its books: not in blood, but in vacancies.*

The Woman They Called the Last

- 5 *Truganini was born around 1812 on Bruny Island, in lutruwita, the country the invaders renamed Tasmania. She was born into a world that was whole: a Cosmobian world, in which land, language, ancestors, and law were one living body. Within her lifetime she watched it torn apart.*
- 6 *She saw her people hunted, poisoned, shot, and herded. She saw her kin taken, her mother killed, her betrothed murdered, her sisters abducted. She saw the survivors rounded up by men who called themselves protectors and shipped to an island of exile, where they died of grief, of disease, and of the slow suffocation of a life without country.*
- 7 *She outlived almost everyone she had ever loved. That was her sentence: not to die with her world, but to be condemned to witness its death.*
- 8 *When she died in Hobart in 1876, the empire did what empires do with the bodies of the conquered. It would not let her rest. Within two years it had dug her up, and her skeleton was later put on public display in a museum as the relic of a vanished race. She had feared exactly this. She had asked to be laid to rest in the waters of her own country. A full century passed before that wish was honoured: in 1976 her remains were cremated and her ashes scattered there.*
- 9 *Even in death, she was made to perform the coloniser's story about her.*

The Lie of the Last

- 10 *Here is the name the empire gave her: the last.*
- 11 *The last full-blood. The last speaker. The last of her kind. The word was branded on her as though it were a fact of nature, and it was repeated by schoolteachers, historians, and tourists for more than a hundred years.*
- 12 *It was a lie. Her people did not end with her. The palawa of lutruwita are still here. They survived the guns, the exile, and the forced forgetting. And they survived the most lethal weapon of all: the story that declared them already gone.*
- 13 *Understand what the word "last" truly does. It is not a description. It is a verdict. It is a eulogy delivered over the living, a funeral held for people who are still breathing. Once a people has been declared extinct, every survivor becomes an inconvenience, every claim to land becomes impossible, and every child who carries the old blood is told that they do not exist.*
- 14 *The final bullet of colonisation is not fired from a rifle. It is fired from a pen, and its name is "last".*

15 Papua must hear this clearly. The settler state does not need to kill every Papuan. It needs only to make the world believe that Papuans are disappearing naturally, inevitably, as though extinction were a kind of weather. Once the world believes the story, the story completes the murder the soldiers began.

The Same Ancient Ground

16 Truganini and the Papuan are not strangers placed side by side for effect. For tens of thousands of years, New Guinea, the Australian continent, and Iutruwita were one great land, joined before the seas rose. The ancestors of both walked the same ancient earth.

17 When the waters rose, they divided the land. They did not divide the fate.

18 What happened in Iutruwita in the nineteenth century is the closest mirror Papua has, and it lies on Papua's own ancient doorstep. Two hundred years ago, one Cosmobian people on that old ground was driven to the brink of erasure by settlers who came for land. Today another Cosmobian people on the same ground faces settlers who have come for the same thing, and for the gold, copper, timber, and gas beneath it.

19 The neighbour that once declared Truganini the last must now decide whether it will stand in silence and watch a second Truganini be written. That is its critical choice, and history is already taking notes.

The Arithmetic of Extinction

20 Settler occupation is, above all, an arithmetic. It does not always need a massacre. It needs only to arrange the numbers.

21 Every Papuan who dies young, every Papuan child never born, every Papuan family driven from its valley by military operations, is subtracted from the land. Every soldier stationed, every transmigrant settled, every trader and official arriving by ship and by plane, is added to it.

22 Subtract on one side. Add on the other. Wait. That is the entire strategy. It is written in no single order because it does not need to be; it is written into the logic of the system itself. This is genocide by attrition: slow enough to be denied, steady enough to be fatal.

23 In 1969, the fate of an entire people was decided by a little over a thousand hand-picked men, assembled under the guns of the occupier and the silence of the world. The empire called it a free choice. Papuans have always called it what it was. That vote was not the end of the arithmetic. It was the first line of the equation.

24 The settler counts the census and smiles. The Papuan counts the graves and weeps. Both are reading the same numbers.

25 When Papuans become a minority in their own land, they do not merely lose a vote. They lose the right to be the measure of what is normal in their own home. Their language becomes foreign in their own markets. Their faces become suspect in their own streets. Their very presence on their own ground becomes a security problem.

The Parasite and the Host

26 Name the relationship for what it is. The settler does not come to live beside the Papuan. The settler comes to live off the Papuan. This is not coexistence. It is parasitism.

27 A parasite does not kill its host at once. It enters quietly, feeds slowly, and rewires the host until the host defends the very thing consuming it. The colonial state feeds on Papuan land, Papuan gold, Papuan forests, and Papuan labour, and it teaches the host to call the feeding development.

28 Here two worlds meet. The Cosmobian lives from the land and answers to it: the mountain is kin, the river is law, the ancestors are present. The Synthobian lives from the machine and answers to the market: land is property, the river is a resource, the ancestors are a superstition to be cured. One worldview holds the cosmos as a living relative. The other holds it as raw material.

29 When a Synthobian civilisation meets a Cosmobian world, it does not see a people. It sees a deposit. And so it does what parasites do. It feeds until the host is hollow, then calls the hollowness progress.

The Four Deaths

30 A Cosmobian people do not die once. They die in four movements, and the body is only the first.

31 The first death is the body: the bullet, the beating, the untreated illness, the shortened life, the alcohol poured into the wound, the despair that turns young hands against themselves.

32 *The second death is the tongue. When a child no longer speaks the language of the ancestors, a whole universe of naming falls silent. The rivers lose the names that made them rivers. The mountains forget who they are. A language is not a tool for describing a world. It is the world itself, carried in breath.*

33 *The third death is the land. When the forest is felled, the mountain mined, and the sago swamp drained for plantations, the people are not merely relocated. They are severed from the ground that was their archive, their teacher, and their ancestor. A Cosmobian people without land is a library with its shelves burned.*

34 *The fourth death is memory. This is the death the coloniser most desires and the world least sees: the moment a people forgets who it was and begins to see itself through the eyes of its occupier. This is Psycho-Cosmocide in its final form. The host recites the parasite's story about itself and calls it truth.*

35 *Truganini suffered all four deaths in a single lifetime, and the empire added a fifth: it put what remained of her on display. Papua is suffering all four now, slowly, across generations, and the empire is already preparing the display case.*

The Display Case

36 *Look at how Papuans are shown to the world: the feathers and penis gourds on tourist posters, the "Stone Age" headlines, the documentaries about lost tribes, the museum halls filled with carvings taken from villages that still exist.*

37 *This is not admiration. It is embalming. A people placed behind glass has already been declared past tense. The visitor admires the artefacts of a vanishing world and goes home comforted, believing the vanishing to be natural, beautiful, sad, and nobody's fault.*

38 *Truganini's skeleton stood in a glass case in Hobart for decades so that colonial society could look upon what it had done and call it the passing of a race. The Papuan, still breathing, is already being fitted for that same case, one photograph and one exhibition at a time.*

39 *Refuse the glass. A living people is not an exhibit. A living culture is not heritage. A living struggle is not folklore.*

The Civilisational Savages

40 *For five hundred years the empire has called the Papuan a savage. Turn the camera around.*

41 *Who paid bounties for the capture of the people of lutruwita? Who dug a woman from her grave and strung her bones together for display? Who bombs highland villages, poisons rivers with mine tailings, and sells the forests of the ancestors by the hectare? Not the Papuan.*

42 *These are the civilisational savages: those who murder in the name of order, steal in the name of development, and erase in the name of progress. Their savagery wears a suit, carries a flag, and speaks the language of law. It is the most dangerous savagery the planet has ever known, because it believes itself civilised.*

43 *Every genocide has called itself a civilising mission. Every civilising mission has left graves.*

The Silence That Kills

44 *Truganini's people were not destroyed by settlers alone. They were destroyed by the silence of everyone who knew and said nothing: the church that blessed the conquest, the press that called it progress, the government in London that read the reports and filed them away.*

45 *Papua has its own silence. Foreign journalists kept out. Researchers watched. Reports written and shelved. Neighbouring governments trading with the occupier while murmuring about territorial integrity. Churches preaching love, forgiveness and patience. Every one of these silences is a nail in a coffin that has not yet been closed.*

46 *One day the world will say of Papua what it now says of lutruwita: "If only we had known." Let it be written here, so that no one can ever plead that excuse. The world was told.*

What Survival Is

47 *Survival is not merely continuing to breathe. A people can breathe and still be extinct inside. A people can multiply in number and still be dying as a world.*

48 *Survival is a mother teaching her child the names of the ancestors in the ancestral tongue.*

49 *Survival is a garden planted on ancestral land, and the refusal to sell it at any price.*

50 *Survival is a song sung in the mother tongue when every institution demands another.*

51 *Survival is memory recorded, written, recited, and carried, so that no archive of the occupier can ever be the only archive.*

52 *Survival is the refusal to see yourself through the eyes of those who want you gone.*

53 *Survival is Wonesis: the return to right relationship with Wone, with land, with ancestors, with the unborn, and with the living cosmos that made Papuan existence possible. It is the only medicine the occupier did not manufacture, and the only one it cannot confiscate.*

The Critical Choice

54 *Every Papuan now stands at an existential crossroads, and there is no third road.*

55 *One road lead into the parasite's house. It promises comfort, salaries, titles, and a seat at the coloniser's table. It asks only one thing in return: that you forget. At the end of that road stands the Synthobian Papuan, fluent in the empire's language and a stranger in their own valley, the host who has learned to love the parasite.*

56 *The other road leads home. It is harder, poorer, and more dangerous. It asks you to remember when remembering is punished, to speak when speaking is watched, and to stay rooted when everything is designed to uproot you. At the end of that road stands a Cosmobian people, still alive, still Papuan.*

57 *This is not a choice between the modern and the past. It is a choice between existing and being erased. Neutrality is not on offer. To refuse to choose is to let the parasite choose for you.*

58 *Truganini's people were given no time to choose. Papua still has time. That is the whole of the hope, and the whole of the danger.*

The Refusal of the Last

59 *No Papuan will be the last Papuan.*

60 *No Papuan child will be taught that they are the remnant of a vanishing race.*

61 *No anthropologist, no state, no museum, no census, and no history book will be permitted to write the word "last" over a living people.*

62 *Truganini was not the last of her people, and the palawa who are still here are the proof. Their survival is not only their victory. It is a message carried across the old land to Papua: the empire's verdict can be overturned.*

63 *Every Papuan death is the death of Truganini. But every Papuan who lives, remembers, speaks, plants, and refuses is the resurrection of everything the empire said was gone.*

64 *Let the empire keep its clocks, its censuses, and its display cases. The Cosmobian people of Papua will keep the land, the language, and the memory.*

65 *And they will still be here.*

The words, views, and ideas expressed in this manifesto are personal, reflective, and diagnostic rather than declarations of settled truth — a reading of the human condition through the Psycho-Cosmocide lens, offered to provoke thought and questioning rather than to close it.

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