



COMMUNIQUÉS OF THE INDIGENOUS  
REVOLUTIONARY CLANDESTINE  
COMMITTEE – GENERAL COMMAND  
OF THE ZAPATISTA ARMY OF  
NATIONAL LIBERATION, MEXICO



[DECEMBER 2012 - MARCH 2013]



Iconic image by Black Panther Artist Emory Douglas, recreated as a mural in Zapatista territory, Chiapas, Mexico.

ORIGINAL COMMUNIQUE IN SPANISH  
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P.S. I put SupMarcos in charge of adding some videos to this text that relate to our little school.

Francisco Gabilondo Soler, Cri Cri, with a track that is now a classic: “Caminito de la escuela” (The Path to School).

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=djk3hrPKAV4>

The Little Squirrels of Lalo Guerrero with “Vamos a la escuela” (Let’s go to school) and Pánfilo’s excuses not to go to school.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DxFHF3SMvCA>

School squabbles to the rhythm of ska, with Tremenda Korte and this track “Por Nefasto”.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pGN6bL8AWg0>

## DID YOU LISTEN?

December 21, 2012

To Whom It May Concern:

Did you listen?

It is the sound of your world crumbling.

It is the sound of our world resurging.

The day that was day, was night.

And night shall be the day that will be day.

Democracy!

Liberty!

Justice!

From the Mountains of Southeastern Mexico,

For the Clandestine Indigenous Revolutionary Committee –  
General Command of the EZLN

Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos,  
Mexico, December 2012

.....

Listen to the audio that accompanies this text: Como la cigarra (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a0qrRu02QX4>). Lyrics and music of María Elena Walsh. Interpreted by Mercedes Sosa-Víctor Heredia-León Gieco.



should come with an adult who is responsible for them.

16. When you register, after having been invited, we ask you to clarify if you are a man, woman, or other, in order to accommodate you, as every one is an individual (individuo, individual, or individuoa)<sup>84</sup> and will be respected and cared for. Here we do not discriminate against anyone on the basis of gender, sexual preference, race, creed, or nationality. Any act of discrimination will be punished with expulsion.

17. If anyone has a chronic illness, we ask you to bring your medicine and let us know about it when you register so that we can keep an eye out for you.

18. When you register, after being invited, we ask that you make clear your age and health condition so that we can accommodate you in one of the schools where you won't suffer more than necessary.

19. If you are invited and you can't attend at this first date, don't worry. Just let us know when you can attend and we will do the course for you when you can come. Also, if someone can't finish the whole course or can't come after having registered, no problem, you can finish or make it up later. Remember though you can also attend the videoconferences that will be given outside Zapatista territory.

20. In other writings I will continue explaining more things and clearing up any doubts you might have. But what I have said here are the basics.

That's all for now.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

Subcomandante Insurgente Moisés.

Rector of the Little Zapatista School.

Mexico, March 2013.

<sup>84</sup> The EZLN often uses the suffix -oa (individuo, compañera) to provide a noun form that is not strictly feminine or masculine.

know that many people will not be able to come because of work issues, or personal issues, or family. We also know that there are people who don't understand Spanish but do want to learn how the Zapatistas have done what they have done and undone what they have undone. So we are going to have a special course that one can take via video camera wherever there is a group of willing students who are ready with their textbooks, and that way, over internet, they will be able to see the course and ask questions of the teachers—the Zapatista bases of support. In order to plan this, we will invite some alternative media to a special meeting in order to come to an agreement on how to do the videoconferences and also so that they can photograph and videotape the places that we will talk about in the classes, so that everyone can verify if what the professors (men and women) say is true or not.

Another form by which people can take the class is with the DVDs we will make of the course, for those who can't go anywhere and can only study in their house, so that they can also learn.

13. In order to attend the little Zapatista school, you will have to take a preparatory course where the life of the Zapatista communities and their internal rules will be explained. So that you don't commit any infractions. And also so you know what you need to bring. For example, you shouldn't bring those things called "tents" that aren't good for anything anyway; we are going to provide you accommodations with indigenous Zapatista families.

14. Once and for all we want to make it clear that the production, commercialization, exchange, and consumption of any kind of drugs or alcohol is PROHIBITED. The carrying or use of any kind of weapon, loaded or unloaded, is also prohibited. Whoever asks to join the EZLN or anything militarily related will be expelled. We are not recruiting nor promoting armed struggle, but rather organization and autonomy for liberty. Any kind of propaganda, political or religious, is also prohibited.

15. There is no age limit to attend the little school; but any minors

## THE EZLN ANNOUNCES NEXT STEPS

December 30, 2012

To the People of Mexico:

To the People and Governments of the World:

Brothers and Sisters:

Compañeros and Compañeras:

In the early morning hours of December 21, 2012, tens of thousands of indigenous Zapatistas mobilized and took, peacefully and silently, five municipal seats in the southeast Mexican state of Chiapas.

In the cities of Palenque, Altamirano, Las Margaritas, Ocosingo, and San Cristóbal de las Casas, we looked at you and at ourselves in silence.

Ours is not a message of resignation.

It is not one of war, death, or destruction.

Our message is one of struggle and resistance.

After the media coup d'état that catapulted a poorly concealed and even more poorly costumed ignorance into the federal executive

branch, we made ourselves present to let them know that if they had never left, neither had we.

Six years ago, a segment of the political and intellectual class went looking for someone to hold responsible for their defeat. At that time we were, in cities and in communities, struggling for justice for an Atenco that was not yet fashionable.

In that yesterday, they slandered us first and wanted to silence us later.

Dishonest and incapable of seeing that it was within themselves that there was and still is the seed of their own destruction, they tried to make us disappear with lies and complicit silence.

Six years later, two things are clear:

They don't need us in order to fail.

We don't need them in order to survive.

We, who never went away, despite what media across the spectrum have been determined to make you believe, re-surge as the indigenous Zapatistas that we are and will be.

In these years, we have significantly strengthened and improved our living conditions. Our standard of living is higher than those of the indigenous communities that support the governments in office, who receive handouts that are squandered on alcohol and useless items.

Our homes have improved without damaging nature by imposing on it roads alien to it.

In our communities, the earth that was used to fatten the cattle of ranchers and landlords is now used to produce the maize, beans, and the vegetables that brighten our tables.

Each student will live with an indigenous Zapatista family. During the days that they are in school this will be the student's family. They will eat, work, rest, sing, and dance with this family, who will also walk them to their assigned school, to the education center. And the "Votán," the guardian or guardian, will always accompany them. That is, we will watch out for each student. If they get sick we will cure them, or if it is serious we will take them to a hospital. But whatever is in their head when they arrive and when they leave, well, we can't do anything about that; what each *compañero* or *compañera* does with what they see, hear, or learn, is their responsibility. That is, we will teach them the theory; the practice they will see about themselves in their own corner of the world.

11. The costs of the school we will figure out ourselves. Maybe we'll have a festival of music and dancing, or some paintings or artisanal goods, but don't worry, because we will find a way and in any case, there are always good people who support good things. For those who would like to make a donation to the school, we will leave a jar in the student registration area at CIDECEI, with the *compas* from the University of the Earth, in San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Chiapas. Whoever wants to donate some money can put it in the jar, no one will know who gave money or how much they gave; this way those who gave a lot won't think too much of themselves and those who gave a little won't feel sad. We will not allow gifts of money or other things to be given in the schools, *Caracoles*, or families to which you are assigned. This is to avoid an unfair situation where some people receive things and others do not. Whatever people would like to donate should be left at CIDECEI, with the *compas* from the University of the Earth, in San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Chiapas, Mexico. They will collect it all and then we will divide it evenly among everyone later, that is, if there is anything. If not, it doesn't matter, what matters is you.

12.- There are other ways of taking the course at the little Zapatista school. We are going to ask for support from the *compas* of the free, independent, libertarian, and autonomous media, and from those who know about this thing called videoconferencing. Because we



will invite people directly. We will take care of these compas who we invite, we will give them food, a place to sleep that is clean and satisfactory, and we will give each of them a guardian (or guardiana), their own “Votán,”<sup>83</sup> who will make sure that they are well and that they don’t suffer too much in the class, only a little, but always, yes, some.

7. The students will need to study very hard. The first level has 4 themes: Autonomous Government I, Autonomous Government II, Participation of Women in Autonomous Government, and Resistance. Each theme has its own textbook. The textbooks have between 60 and 80 pages each, and the parts that SupMarcos already gave you to look at are only a tiny part of each book (3 or 4 pages). Each textbook costs 20 pesos, which is what we calculated as the cost of production.

8. This first level of the course lasts for 7 days and/or however much time a compa has available, because we know people have their work, their family, their struggle, their commitments, that is to say, their own calendar and geography.

9. The first course is only first grade, there is still much more to come, meaning that the school isn’t finished quickly; it will take a long time. Whoever passes the first level can go on to the second one.

10. Regarding costs: each compa has to cover their own costs to get to CIDECI, in San Cristobal de Las Casas, Chiapas, and to get back to their corner of the world. From CIDECI they will go to the little school to which they are assigned and when they finish, they will return to CIDECI and from there each one will go home. In the school, which is in the village, they won’t want for anything; it may be beans, rice, or vegetables, but their table will not be lacking. There the costs for each student will be covered by the Zapatistas.

<sup>83</sup> In the lexicon of the EZLN, Votán is usually used in reference to the legendary Votán – Zapata, in which the spirit of Zapata lives as “the guardian and heart of the people.” See “Closing Speech to The National Indigenous Forum,” EZLN, January 9, 1996.

Our work has the double satisfaction of providing us with what we need to live honorably and contributing to the collective growth of our communities.

Our sons and daughters go to a school that teaches them their own history, that of their country and that of the world, as well as the sciences and techniques necessary for them to grow without ceasing to be indigenous.

Indigenous Zapatista women are not sold as commodities. The indigenous members of the PRI attend our hospitals, clinics, and laboratories because in those of the government, there is no medicine, nor medical devices, nor doctors, nor qualified personnel.

Our culture flourishes, not isolated, but enriched through contact with the cultures of other peoples of Mexico and of the world.

We govern and govern ourselves, always looking first for agreement before confrontation.

We have achieved all of this without the government, the political class, and the media that accompanies them, while simultaneously





resisting their attacks of all kinds.

We have shown, once again, that we are who we are.  
With our silence, we have made ourselves present.

Now with our word, we announce that:

First – We will reaffirm and consolidate our participation in the National Indigenous Congress, the space of encounter with the original peoples of our country.

Second – We will reinitiate contact with our *compañeros* and *compañeras* adherents of the Sixth Declaration of the Lacandón Jungle in Mexico and the world.

Third – We will try to construct the necessary bridges toward the social movements that have arisen and will arise, not to direct or supplant them, but to learn from them, from their history, from their paths and destinies.

For this we have consolidated the support of individuals and groups in different parts of Mexico, formed as support teams for the Sixth

*coles*. The fiesta will be in all 5 *caracoles*, so you can go to whichever you want. The arrival date will be August 8th, the fiesta will be on the 9th and 10th, and the return date will be the 11th. Note: The fiesta to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the *Caracoles* is not the same thing as the little school. Don't confuse them.

2. With this fiesta, the Zapatista bases of support celebrate the 10th anniversary of the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno*, but not only that.

3. These days will be the beginning of our little school, which is very other, where our bosses—that is to say, the Zapatista bases of support—will give classes on their thought and action on liberty according to Zapatismo: their successes, their failures, their problems, their solutions, the things which have moved forward, the things that have gotten bogged down, and the things that are missing, because what is missing is yet to come.

4. The first course (we will have many, depending on when those who attend are able), of the first level is 7 days long, including the arrival and departure time. The arrival date will be August 11th, the class begins on August 12th, 2013 and ends on August 16th, 2013. And the departure date will be August 17th, 2013. Those who finish the course and would like to stay longer can visit the other *caracoles* outside of where they had their course. The course is the same in all of the *caracoles*, but people can visit *caracoles* different from the one they were assigned, but at that point they will be on their own.

5. Little by little, we will explain how registration works for the little school of liberty according to the Zapatistas, but we will let you know now that it is laic and free of cost. The pre-registration will be with the Support Teams of the Sixth Commission, national and international, on the Enlace Zapatista web page, and by email. Students will then register at CIDECI, in San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Chiapas. We will begin sending the invitations, according to our capacities, as of March 18, 2013.

6. The school is not open to anyone who wants to come; rather, we

We aren't saying that caravans of support can never come, but they CAN'T come now, because we want to focus on the little school. We want to let you know this, so that you don't misunderstand why you are not attended to.

We want to let you know this so that you don't plan trips that require conversations with our authorities; we won't be able to attend to you for the simple reason that all of our efforts will go toward our little school, which is for you, for Mexico and the world, and that is why we are directing all our efforts there.

So while we will be in the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno* of the 5 *caracoles*; we won't be able to attend to you, but you can visit the *caracoles*.

The same goes for ongoing projects in the 5 *Juntas*, there are things that we won't be able to attend to, we can only do what is within our ability and which does not require consultations or a lot of movement for our people. If something does require these things, it will be tended to at another time.

We want you to understand us; for us, it is not the time for caravans, projects, interviews, exchanges of experiences, or other things. For us Zapatistas (women and men), it is time to prepare for the little school. We WON'T have time for other things, unless the bad government wants to really mess with us and then yes, that would change things.

We believe that you, *compañeras* and *compañeros*, brothers and sisters, understand us.

### Regarding the School

Here we will give you the first details about the little school, so that those of you who will take classes can begin to make preparations.

1. Everyone who feels convoked is invited to the fiesta of the *Cara-*

and International Commissions of the EZLN, to become avenues of communication between the Zapatista bases of support and the individuals, groups, and collectives that are adherents to the Sixth Declaration, in Mexico and in the World, who still maintain their conviction and commitment to the construction of a non-institutional left alternative.

Fourth – We will continue to maintain our critical distance with respect to the entirety of the Mexican political class which has thrived at the expense of the needs and desires of humble and simple people.

Fifth – With respect to the bad governments – federal, state, and municipal, executive, legislative, and judicial, and the media that accompanies them, we say the following:

The bad governments which belong to the entirety of the political spectrum without a single exception have done everything possible to destroy us, to buy us off, to make us surrender. PRI, PAN, PRD, PVEM, PT, CC and the future political party RN have attacked us militarily, politically, socially, and ideologically.<sup>1</sup> The mainstream media tried to disappear us first with opportunist and servile lies followed by a complicit and deceptive silence. Those they served, those on whose money they nursed are no longer around and those who have succeeded them will not last any longer than their predecessors.

---

1 PRI (the party of the 70 year dictatorship and home of former president Carlos Salinas de Gortari); PAN (the right-wing party of recent president Felipe Calderón which oversaw the total devastation and the deaths of tens of thousands of Mexicans due to its “war on drugs” during the last twelve years); PRD (the institutional “left” party which joined the PAN and the PRI in blocking constitutional reforms on Indigenous Rights and Culture and which until recently was the party of Andrés Manuel López Obrador); the PVEM (Partido Verde Ecologista de México), PT (Partido del Trabajo), CC (Convergencia Ciudadana) and RN (Regeneración Nacional, the political party that is now being built by Andrés Manuel López Obrador after his friendly exit from the PRD).

As was made evident on December 21, 2012, all of them failed.

So, it's up to the federal, executive, legislative and judicial governments to decide if they are going to continue the politics of counter-insurgency that have only resulted in a flimsy simulation clumsily built through the media, or if they are going to recognize and fulfill their commitments by elevating Indigenous Rights and Culture to the level of the Constitution as established in the "San Andrés Accords" signed by the Federal Government in 1996, which was at the time led by the very same political party that today occupies the executive office.

It will be up to the state government to decide if it will continue the dishonest and despicable strategy of its predecessor, that in addition to corruption and lies, used the money of the people of Chiapas to enrich itself and its accomplices and dedicated itself to the shameless buying off of the voices and pens of the communications media, sinking the people of Chiapas into poverty while using police and paramilitaries to try to brake the organizational advance of the Zapatista communities; or, if instead, with truth and justice, it will accept and respect our existence and come around to the idea that a new form of social life is blooming in Zapatista territory, Chiapas, Mexico. This is a flowering that attracts the attention of honest people all over the planet.

It will be up to the municipal governments if they decide to keep swallowing the tall tales with which anti-zapatista or supposedly "zapatista" organizations extort them in order to attack and harass our communities; or if instead they use that money to improve the living conditions of those they govern.

It will be up to the people of Mexico who organize in electoral struggles and resist, to decide if they will continue to see us as enemies or rivals upon which to take out their frustration over the frauds and aggressions that, in the end, affect all of us, and if in their struggle for power they continue to ally themselves with our persecutors; or if they finally recognize in us another form of doing politics.

## DATES AND OTHER DETAILS FOR THE LITTLE ZAPATISTA SCHOOL

March 2013

EZLN. MEXICO.

*Compañeras and compañeros*, brothers and sisters of the Sixth:

### **Regarding visits, caravans, and projects.**

As you all know, we are preparing our classes for the little schools; that is what we will be focusing on for now so that they turn out well and make for good students.

And we, together with the [autonomous] authorities, think that there are things that we will not be able to attend to so as not to distract ourselves from this task, for example: agreeing to do interviews, or exchanging experiences, or receiving caravans, or work teams, or discussing ideas for a project. So please don't make a trip here for nothing, because neither the *Junta de Buen Gobierno* [Good Government Council], the autonomous authorities, nor the project commissions will be able to attend to you in these matters.

If a person, group, or collective is thinking of bringing a caravan with some kind of support for the communities, we ask you to please wait for the appropriate time, or if you have already arranged the trip, then please leave whatever you bring in CIDECI, with Doctor Raymundo, in San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Chiapas, Mexico.

Sixth – In the next few days, the EZLN, through its Sixth and International Commissions, will announce a series of initiatives, civil and peaceful, to continue walking together with other original peoples of Mexico and of the continent, and together with those in Mexico and the world who struggle and resist below and to the left.

Brothers and Sisters:

Compañeros and Compañeras:

Before we had the good fortune of the honest and noble attention of various communications media. We expressed our appreciation then. But this has been completely erased by their later attitude.

Those who wagered that we only existed in the communications media and that, with the siege of lies and silence they created we would disappear, were mistaken.



When there were no cameras, microphones, pens, ears, or gazes, we continued to exist.

When they slandered us, we continued to exist.

When they silenced us, we continued to exist.

And here we are, existing.

Our path, as has been demonstrated, does not depend on media impact, but rather on comprehending the world and all of its parts, on indigenous wisdom that guides our steps, on the unswerving decision that is the dignity of below and to the left.

From now on, our word will be selective in its destination and, ex-

cept on limited occasions, will only be able to be understood by those who have walked with us and who continue to walk without surrendering to current or media trends.

Here, not without many mistakes and many difficulties, another form of doing politics is already a reality.

Few, very few, will have the privilege of knowing it and learning from it directly.

19 years ago we surprised them taking with fire and blood their cities. Now we have done it once again, without arms, without death, without destruction.

In this way we have distinguished ourselves from those who, during their governments, distributed and continue to distribute death among those they govern.

We are those, the same, of 500 years ago, of 44 years ago, of 30 years ago, of 20 years ago, of just a few days ago.

We are the Zapatistas, the very smallest, those that live, struggle, and die in the last corner of the country, those that do not give up, do not sell out, those that do not surrender.

Brothers and Sisters:

Compañeros and Compañeras:

We are the Zapatistas, receive our embrace.

DEMOCRACY!

LIBERTY!

JUSTICE!

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

warrior of struggle, Jaime Mendoza Collio, shot in the back by police.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SSVgI8QE8L0>

Mercedes Sosa, ours, everyone's, of all times, singing Rafael Amor's "Corazón Libre." The message is terrible and wonderful: never give up.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gwlii20ZZd8>

integrity in the struggle and a profound sagacity for those who know how to observe and listen. If there is a corner of the world toward which bridges must be built, it is Mapuche territory. It is thanks to those people and to all the disappeared and all the imprisoned of this pained continent that our memory still lives. I'm not sure about the other side of these words, but I know that from this side of these words, "Neither forgive nor forget!"

A Synthetic P.S.: Yes, we know that this challenge has not been and will not be easy. Great threats and blows of all types will come from all directions. That is how our path has been and will be. Terrible and marvelous things make up our history. It will continue to be this way. But if you were to ask us how we would summarize all of this in one word: the pain, the sleepless nights, the deaths that hurt us, the sacrifices, the continual effort to swim against the tide, the loneliness, the absences, the persecution, and, above all, the stubborn memory of those who came before us and are no longer here, it would be something that unites all the colors that exist below and to the left no matter what their calendar or geography. More than a word, it is a cry:

Liberty.....Liberty!.....LIBERTY!

*Vale de Nuez.*

The Sup putting away his computer and walking, always walking.

.....

A poem by Mario Benedetti (which responds to the question of why, despite everything, we sing), put to music by Alberto Favero. Here performed by Silvana Garre, Juan Carlos Baglietto, Nito Mestre. ¡Ni perdón ni olvido!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g6TVm-MuL8>

Camila Moreno performs "De la tierra," dedicated to the Mapuche

For the Indigenous Revolutionary Clandestine Committee—General Command of the Zapatista Army for National Liberation.

Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.

Mexico. December of 2012 – January of 2013.

“Carlos and Gudrun Lenkersdorf were born and had lived in Germany. In 1973 these illustrious professors arrived in Mexico. They entered the Mayan world, a Tojolobal community, and they introduced themselves with the following words:

‘We came to learn.’

The indigenous people were silent. Later someone would explain the silence:

‘This is the first time that someone has said that to us.’

Learning, they stayed there for years and years.

From the indigenous languages they learned that there is no hierarchy that separates the object from the subject, because I drink the water that drinks me and I am observed by everything I observe, and they learned how to greet people in the following way:

‘I am another you.’

‘You are another me.’ “

Take heed of Don Galeano, because it is only by knowing how to observe and listen that one learns.

P.S. That Explains Something About Calendars and Geographies: Our dead say that we have to know how to observe and listen to everything, but that in the south there will always be a special richness. As you may have noticed from watching the videos (there are many videos still left over, perhaps for another time) that accompanied the communiqués in this “Them and Us” series, we tried to thread together many calendars and geographies, but we dug into our much respected southern region of Latin America. This was not only because of Argentina and Uruguay, lands wise to rebellion, but also due to the fact that according to us (women and men), there exists in the Mapuche people not only pain and rage, but also an impeccable



Regardless, it won't matter much because what this has been about, what it is about, what it has always been about, is to contribute in some way to build those words with which the Zapatista stories, anecdotes, and histories, real and imaginary, begin. Just like how what is today a reality began, that is, with a:

**“There Will Be a Time...”**

*Vale.* Health, and let there always be listening and the gaze.

(this will not continue)

In name of the women, men, children, elderly, insurgents (men and women) of The Zapatista Army for National Liberation.

From the Mountains of Southeastern Mexico.

Subcomandante Insurgent Marcos.

Mexico, March 2013.

An Anticipatory P.S.: There will be more writings, don't get happy ahead of yourselves. They will be primarily from Subcomandante Insurgent Moisés regarding the little school: the dates, the places, the invitations, the sign-up, the propaedeutics, the rules, the grade levels, the uniforms, the school supplies, the grades, the extra help, where you can find the exams with all the answers etc... But if you ask us how many grade levels there are [in our little school] and how much time it will take until graduation, we will answer: we (women and men) have been here for more than 500 years and we are still learning.

P.S. That Gives Some Advice Regarding Attendance at the Little School: Eduardo Galeano, a sage in that difficult art of observing and listening, wrote the following in his book, “The Children of the Days,” on the March calendar:

## WE DON'T KNOW YOU?

December 29, 2012

*“You think that you are on the winning side...  
And so, in addition to traitors, you're idiots.”*

**Tyrion Lannister in the Song of Ice and Fire,  
Part II: Game of Thrones. George R.R. Martin.**

*“A reader lives a thousand lives before dying,”* said Jojen.

*“He who never reads lives only one.”*

**Jojen Reed in the Song of Ice and Fire,  
Part V: “Dance of Dragons”**

**George R.R. Martin. (Jojen Reed will appear in the third season of the HBO series “Games of Thrones”. His character will be played by Thomas Brodie-Sangster. Note supplied by Marquitos Spoil).**

*“If someone draws a bulls-eye on their chest,”* said Tyrion after sitting down and taking a sip of wine, *“they should be aware that sooner or later someone will shoot arrows at them.”*

*“All of us need to be made fun of once in awhile, Lord Mormont,”* replied Tyrion shrugging his shoulders. *“If not, we begin to take ourselves too seriously.”*

**Tyrion Lannister with the leaders of the Night's Watch in the Song of Ice and Fire, Part I: “Game of Thrones.”**

*“Out with the handsome/ better ugly and delicious/ than handsome and stupid”*

**Botellita de Jerez [Mexican Rock Band]**

Ladies and Gentlemen?

When we saw the article we thought it was a prank for the 28<sup>th</sup> of December<sup>2</sup>, but we see that it is dated the 24<sup>th</sup> of the same month<sup>3</sup>.

So we don't know you yet? Hmm... hmm... let's see:

Enrique Peña Nieto. Wasn't he born in Atlacomulco, in Mexico State? Isn't he the relative of Alfredo Del Mazo and Arturo "long hands" Montiel?

Is it not he who ordered, in collusion with the PRD municipal government of Texcoco, the eviction of flower vendors and the arrest of the leader of the People's Front in Defense of the Land, Ignacio del Valle, in May of 2006?

Is it not he who ordered his junkyard dog, Wilfrido Robledo Madrid to attack the town of San Salvador Atenco and order his police to sexually assault the women? Is he not the intellectual murderer of Javier Cortés and Alexis Benhumea? Was it not the Supreme Court of the Nation that determined that the three levels of government (note: federal government: PAN; state government: PRI; municipal government: PRD) did in fact commit grave violations against the individual rights of the population?

Is he not the one that made tragically ridiculous the case of the little girl, Paulette, a case better known as "the case of the murderous mattress?"

Is he not the one who praised himself for initiating the police vio-

<sup>2</sup> On December 23<sup>th</sup> 2012, in response to the EZLN's silent march that took place on December 21, 2012 the new PRI Secretary of State Miguel Osorio Chong made a public statement to the effect that the EZLN was getting ahead of itself because they "did not yet know" the nature of the new administration (see La Jornada, December 24<sup>th</sup> 2012 "Todavía No Nos Conocen").

<sup>3</sup> December 28<sup>th</sup>, Día de los inocentes, is similar to April Fools Day in the Anglophone world.

can and should share in this small joy that today walks through the mountains of Southeastern Mexico and has an indigenous face.

We know, I know, that you are not expecting, that you are not asking for, that you do not demand this great embrace that we send you. But this is the way that the Zapatistas (men and women) thank our compañer@s (and we especially thank those who knew how to be nobody). Perhaps without intending to, you were and are for us (women and men) the best school. And it goes without saying that we will not spare any effort to assure that, regardless of your calendars and geographies, you will always respond affirmatively to the question of whether it was worth it.

To all (women) (I apologize from the depths of my sexist essence, but women are a majority both quantitatively and qualitatively) and to all (men): thank you.

(...)

And, well, there are shadows and then there are shadows.

The most anonymous and imperceptible [of these shadows] are some short-statured women and men whose skin is the color of the earth. They left behind everything that they had, even if it wasn't much, and they became warriors (women and men). In silence, in darkness, they contributed and continue to contribute, like no one else, so that all of this could be possible.

And now I am referring to the insurgents (women and men), my compañer@s.

They come and go, they live, they struggle and die in silence, without making any fuss, and without anyone, besides ourselves, noticing them. They have no face and no life to themselves. Their names, their stories, may only come to mind after many calendars have come and gone. Maybe then around a fire, while the coffee is at a boil in an old pewter pot and the fire of the word has been ignited, someone or something will toast to their memory.

them? To tell them your opinion? To give them your advice? To give them orders?

Would you look at them? That is, would you listen to them?

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### Shadows.

On one side of this light that now shines you can't see the form of the strangely shaped shadows that have made it all possible. Because another of the paradoxes that characterize Zapatismo is that it is not light that creates the shadows, rather, it is from these shadows that light is born.

Women and men from corners near and far across the planet made possible what we will show you, but they also enriched, with their gaze, the path of these indigenous Zapatista men and women who today once again raise the banner of a dignified life.

Individuals (women and men), groups, collectives, all types of organizations, and at all different levels, contributed so that this small step of the very smallest could be taken.

From all five continents arrived gazes that, from below and to the left, offered their respect and support. And with this respect and support not only schools and hospitals were built, but we also the indigenous Zapatista heart that, through those gazes, through those windows, were able to look out to all of the corners of the world.

If there is a cosmopolitan place on Mexican lands it is certainly Zapatista territory.

In the face of all this support nothing but an effort of equal magnitude would have sufficed.

I think, we think, that all those people from Mexico and the world

lence in San Salvador Atenco and with his prideful attitude, forgetting that he was in front of critical young people and not a television set and from his position of rule in the bathroom of the Ibero [University Iberoamericana], ordered the slander of the nonconforming students, thus giving rise to the student-youth movement that would become known as #yosoy132?

Is it not he who, as his first act of government and in collusion with the PRD government of Mexico City, ordered the repression of the protesters on December 1st of this year that resulted in the torture and incarceration of innocents?

Is it not he who has read poorly the teleprompter that has accompanied him even before the media coup d'état on July 1, 2012?

Is it not he who now wants to hide behind the skirts of the alleged relatives of the repeatedly deceased, as if this were all a bad soap opera?

Oh and listen, now that we're on the topic of soap operas, what will be the trend of this six-year term? I mean, with Echeverría it was the guayaberas; with López Portillo the fresh juices; with De la Madrid the gray rat; with Salinas de Gortari, prozac; with Zedillo, the bad jokes; with Fox the wisecracks; with Calderón, blood... and with Peña Nieto? "True loves?" Ooooh... what a joke

Anyway, sorry, let's continue with our not-knowing:

Emilio Chuayffet Chemor. Was he not Enrique Peña Nieto's boss and "teacher"? Was he not Secretary of State under Ernesto Zedillo? Is he not the little drunk that, in 1996, told the Cocopa that the federal government accepted its initiative for law, and then, in his hangover, retracted it? Was he not one of the intellectual authors of the Acteal massacre in December 1997? Was it not he who wanted to impose the fashion of the "flirtatious hair-dos" between priístas, with his only supporter being his then-pupil Enrique Peña Nieto?

Pedro Joaquín Coldwell. Was he not government commissioner for peace in Chiapas when the Acteal massacre occurred, and who kept quiet and continued receiving a salary in return for doing nothing? Rosario Robles Berlanga. Was she not head of government in Mexico City for the PRD? Did she not take pride in the repression that her police launched multiple times against the students of the UNAM during the strike of 1999-2000? Was she not the one who, at the head of the PRD, sold, in all senses of the word, her party? Is she not now in charge of fighting the Bejaranos for corporatism in Mexico City and throughout the republic?

Alfonso Navarrete Prida. Was he not the one who first covered up organized crime's "balancing of accounts" that resulted in the murder of Enrique Salinas de Gortari (pssst, you guys don't get along at all, right?) and later exonerated Arturo "long hands" Montiel?

Miguel Ángel Osorio Chong. Was he not accused of rerouting government funds to the PRI? Was it not against him that the attorney general (PGR) opened a preliminary investigation (PGR/SIEDO/UEIDORPIFAM/185/2010) for having links to the criminal organization "Los Zetas"? (Ah, is there a change in the strategy for combating narco-trafficking?)

(Oops, I'm seeing now that one of the brothers of the Subsecretary of Migration, Population, and Religious Issues, of the Secretary of State under Mr. Osorio Chong<sup>4</sup>, has not one but multiple preliminary investigations—various of these with the stamp "cancelled because of the death of the witness," and then another stamp "he's not dead after all," and then another "it turns out he is indeed good and dead," and so on... hmm... 18 times. The last stamp, "turns out the bastard is still out there somewhere" is from December 21, 2012, with a handwritten note that says, "pending activation, wait for instruction from CSG." ...hmm... what do those initials stand for? Did they

<sup>4</sup> The subsecretary of migration is Paloma Vicente Guillén, sister of Rafael Sebastian Guillén (referred to here as "el tampiqueño") whom the Mexican government alleged in 1996 to be the identity of Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.

Seriously, what if none of the things that those indigenous people talk about exist, what if those indigenous people don't exist? In sum, what if everything is just a monumental lie created by Marcos (and Moisés since that's the process we've now begun) in order to console those leftists (don't ever forget that they're dirty, ugly, bad, irreverent) who are always present and who are always just a few, very few, a tiny minority, with mere illusion? What if the Supmarcos made all that stuff up?

Wouldn't it be good to place your doubts side by side with reality?

What if it was possible for you to see for yourself those schools, the clinics, the hospitals, those projects, those women and men?

What if you could listen directly to those Mexican, indigenous, Zapatista men and women, making an effort to speak in Spanish so that they could explain, so that they could tell you their history, not to try to convince or recruit you, but just so that you could understand that the world is very big and it has many worlds inside itself?

What if you could concentrate on observing and listening, without talking, without giving your opinion?

Would you take up that challenge? Or would you continue taking refuge in your cynicism, that solid and wonderful castle of reasons not to do anything?

Would you ask to be invited? Would you accept that invitation?

Would you come to a little school in which the professors (women and men) are indigenous and whose mother tongue is considered a mere "dialect"?

Would you be able to contain your desire to study them as if they were anthropological, psychological, legal, esoteric, or historiographic objects? Would you hold back your desire to interview

Let's leave to one side the fact that it was undeniable even to the mainstream press that tens of thousands of indigenous Zapatistas simultaneously took 5 municipal seats in the Southeast states of Chiapas [a reference to the events of December 21, 2012].

Let's leave that aside and deal head on with doubts: if nothing has changed in the Zapatista indigenous communities, why have they grown? Weren't they saying that the EZLN was history? That the ezln's errors (okay, okay, Marcos' errors) had come at the cost of their existence (their "media" existence, but they never mentioned that part)? Wasn't the Zapatista leadership disbanded? Hadn't the EZLN disappeared and all that remained of them was the vague memories of those outside of Chiapas who feel and know that struggle isn't something that can be subject to the comings and goings of fads?

Ok, let's ignore this fact (that the EZLN grew exponentially during these times when they had fallen out of fashion) and abandon any attempt to raise these concerns (concerns that will only lead to the editing of your comments on articles in the national newspapers or your banning from these sites, "for ever more").

Lets return to methodical doubt:

What if the words that appeared in the previous pages that were supposedly from indigenous Zapatistas (men and women) were actually written by Marcos?

That is, what if Marcos just simulated that others were the ones that wrote and felt those words?

What if the autonomous schools don't actually exist?

What if...the hospitals and the clinics, and the accountability process, and the indigenous women in leadership positions, and the productive lands, and the Zapatista air force, and.....?

change the name of the PGR? Somebody should tell the tampiqueño, no?

Of course, you all will tell me that these people are not in charge, that in reality it is Carlos Salinas de Gortari who dictates to Enrique Peña Nieto what he should do (ah! What would have become of this country had the teleprompter not been invented? )

Ok, ok, ok. Carlos Salinas de Gortari. Is it not he who looted like none other the wealth of the nation during his rule? (yes, I know they are all thieves, but there are amateurs and there are professionals). Is it not he who devastated the Mexican countryside with his reforms to Article 27 of the Constitution? Was it he whose New Year's toast we soured in the early morning of 1994? Was it not he who saw his dictatorial dreams destroyed by a few wooden rifles? Was it not he who ordered the assassination of Luis Donaldo Colosio Murrieta? Was it not he who, this past December 21, picked up the emergency line and asked frenetically: "what are they saying? What are they saying?" and who felt a chill down his spine when he received the answer, "nothing, they're in total silence."

All of you, are you not those who have always opted for violence over dialogue?

Are you not those who always rely on force when you are wrong?

Are you not those who have made a school of corruption and villainess in all of the political parties?

Are you not those who have refused to honor the San Andrés Accords that would have meant constitutional recognition of indigenous rights and culture and that would have put an end to the displacement masked as mining, aqueducts, dams, tourism, highways, and subdivisions?

Are you not the ones who, with your compañer@s in the political class, look like those security advisors that, in large buildings, try to

convince the tenants of the middle, upper, and penthouse floors that they are not in danger as the lower floors and the basement are being dynamited? I mean, does anyone believe you?

You all, who so many times have killed me, declared me dead, extinct, defunct, finished, cadavered, disappeared, defeated, surrendered, given up, bought off, annihilated, do you think that anyone will believe you when its actually true that, as in love, in body and soul I deliver myself to death and become just a little bit more earth in the earth?

If you have responded “no” to any of these questions, then you’re right, we don’t know you.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast  
Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.  
Mexico, December 2012.

P.S. THAT REPEATS – I know you already know this, but it’s important that you remember it: we aren’t scared of you. Ah, and we’re not the only ones.

P.S. WHICH, GENEROUSLY, OFFERS TO THE BAD GOVERNMENTS A 10-STEP MANUAL (note: it’s easy reading, don’t be alarmed), TO IDENTIFY A ZAPATISTA AND HOW TO KNOW OR NOT IF ONE “HAS CONTACTS WITH THE EZLN”:

- 1.- If he or she asks for money or projects from any of the three levels of government, NOT A ZAPATISTA.
- 2.- If he or she establishes a line of communication without previously announcing it publically, NOT A ZAPATISTA.
- 3.- If he or she speaks or asks to speak directly with any of the 3 levels of government without first publically announcing this intention, NOT A ZAPATISTA.

## 7. On Doubts, Shadows, and a One-Word Summary

March 2013

### Doubts

If after reading the excerpts from the compañeras and compañeros of the EZLN you still think that the indigenous members of the Zapatistas are manipulated by the perverted mind of Supmarcos (and now by Subcomandante Insurgente Moisés) and that nothing has changed in Zapatista territory since 1994, then there’s no hope for you.

I wouldn’t recommend that you turn the television off or that you stop regurgitating the circular arguments that tend to be circulated by the intellectuals and their followers, because if you did so your mind would be empty. Go ahead and keep thinking about how the recent telecommunications law will democratize information, that it will increase the quality of programming, and that it will make cell phone service better.

But if you thought this way, you would never have made it to this part of “Them and Us,” so let’s just take it as a hypothetical that you are a person with an average IQ and immersed in progressive culture. With these characteristics, it is very probable that you practice constant doubt in the face of just about everything, so it’s only logical to assume that you doubt what you have read here in the previous pages. To doubt is not something that should be condemned, it is one of the healthiest (and most forgotten) intellectual exercises available to humanity—especially if it is exercised with respect to a movement like the Zapatista or neo-Zapatista movements, about which so many things have been said (the majority of which do not even come close to what we are).

I testify.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.

Mexico, March 2013.

.....

TOP SECRET [English in the original]: Training of the Zapatista Air Force (FAZ by its Spanish Acronym – Fuerza Aérea Zapatista), somewhere in the mountains of Southeastern Mexico.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BliFqcIgdqs>

Another example of the warrior spirit passed on to the boys and girls in the indigenous Zapatista communities in resistance: here they are reading “The Ingenious Gentlemen Don Quijote of La Mancha” by one Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, who must be a foreign soviet military advisor...wait, there isn’t a USSR anymore? I’m telling you, this is just more proof that these indigenous are hopelessly pre-modern: they read books! They must do it to be subversive because with Peña Nieto, reading books is a crime.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zlQJTI1p47k>

A song of suffering and rage by a Mapuche mother upon losing her son who was assassinated by the Chilean armed police.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5MA-Dt6tDn8>

A song for the EZLN Caracoles, by Erick de Jesús. At the beginning of the video: words of the Zapatista Women.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EYdSJVQP0ug>

4.- If he or she wants a job, title, homage, award, etc., NOT A ZAPATISTA.

5.- If he or she is scared, NOT A ZAPATISTA.

6.- If he or she sells out, surrenders, or gives up, NOT A ZAPATISTA.

7.- If he or she takes him or herself very seriously, NOT A ZAPATISTA.

8.- If he or she does not provoke chills on sight, NOT A ZAPATISTA,

9.- If he or she does not give the impression that he or she says more with what he or she keeps quiet, NOT A ZAPATISTA.

10.- If he or she is a ghost of those that have disappeared, NOT A ZAPATISTA.

P.S. THAT APOLOGIZES.- Oh, I know you expected something more serious and formal. But, isn’t the tone and style of this missive better “proof of life” than a photo, a video, or even an autograph?

THE P.S. THAT DELIVERS A HAIKU FROM MARIO BENDETTI TO SUPMARCOS: “I don’t want to see you / for the rest of the year / that is, until Tuesday.

.....

[This communiqué is meant to be read along with the music “Que se acaban los guapos” by Botellita de Jerez]

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DrZON0gX6EU>

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*The authorities also began to take turns and to hear the needs that we presented to them in each community, in each region, and in each municipal seat. And so we worked, and little by little we advanced. Once the organization was in place, we began to create more, to begin the work of health and education, and now as the compañera mentioned, we already have a health clinic in our municipality, called the “Compañera María Luisa” [the nom de guerre of Dení Prieto Stock, fallen in combat on February 14th, 1974, in Nepantla, Mexico State, Mexico], and one in the ejido of San Jerónimo Tulijá, called “Compañera Murcia-Elisa Irina Sáenz Garza,” named for a compañera who struggled and who died in combat at the El Chilar ranch [in the Lacandón Jungle, Chiapas, Mexico, February 1974], there close to where we are, where they died just borders where we are, that is how we named the clinic.*

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Dení Prieto Stock



Elisa Irina Sáenz Garza “Murcia”

(To be continued...)



*why we were having the encampment on the paper airplanes and threw them at the soldiers and the soldiers picked them up. That was the Zapatista Army's first air force, in Amador Hernández, but it was pure paper.*

(...)

*All of this, compas, happened during the resistance to the military incursion, and once we got into a shoving confrontation with the soldiers—there were compañeros and compañeras standing opposite the soldiers who were in two lines. There was one compa—a short little compa—and as the military pushed us with their shields, they had clubs also, this compa stepped on a soldier's foot, and then the soldier stepped on the compa's foot. There was another, much bigger, soldier there, and he curiously began to laugh because the compa was stepping on soldiers' feet and they were stepping on his. So this big soldier starts to laugh and the little compa said to this jerk "what are you laughing at little guy?" even though the soldier was much bigger and the compa much smaller.*

(...)

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*This is what I have seen and what we are seeing. There you have the results. We didn't eat tostadas in vain in order to carry out the encampment, tostadas give strength and wisdom. We depended on collectivism a lot. Why do I speak this way compañeros? Excuse the word, compañeras. We learned there with many compañeros in each community, in each municipality, how to face the fucking soldiers that come into our communities to harass us. There the compañeras learned to defend themselves, with I don't know what, with sticks they kicked out the soldiers, however they had to do it, with rocks, or with shouts and insults, but they did it. That's how the compañeras organized themselves, I saw it and I remember clearly that the compañeras were convinced that they must confront [the military]; they demonstrated what they are capable of.*

(...)

## LETTER TO LUIS HÉCTOR ÁLVAREZ ÁLVAREZ

December 2012

*"Most men would rather deny a hard truth than face it"*  
—**Tyrion Lannister to Jon Snow**

*"A craven can be as brave as any man, when there is nothing to fear. And we all do our duty when there is no cost to it. How easy it seems then, to walk the path of honor. Yet sooner or later in every man's life comes a day when it is not easy, a day when he must choose."*

—**Master Aemon Targaryen to Jon Snow**

To: Luis Héctor Álvarez Álvarez<sup>5</sup>. Somewhere in Mexico (I hope)

From: Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos. Chiapas, México.

Señor Álvarez...

Err...Allow me a moment, Señor Álvarez, to explain a little bit about where the epigraphs come from; the quotes are from the book:

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<sup>5</sup> Luis H Álvarez is was part of the Commission of Concord and Pacification (COCOPA) in Chiapas responsible for the peace negotiations between the Federal Government and the EZLN; he served as Coordinator of the Dialogues for Peace in Chiapas under Vicente Fox and as Commissioner for the Development of Indigenous Peoples under Felipe Calderon. At the end of his tenure in July of 2012 as Commissioner for the Development of Indigenous Peoples Álvarez published a book "The Indigenous Heart: Struggle and Hope of the Original People of Mexico" in which he flamboyantly claimed that the EZLN had in effect disappeared as a relevant political force on the State of Chiapas.

A Song of Ice and Fire. Book One: Game of Thrones. 1996. George R.R. Martin. The television series Game of Thrones, which gets its name from the first volume of the saga, isn't bad (Peter Hayden Dinklage, who gives image and voice to Tyrion Lannister, ironically, stands above the other actors and actresses; Jon Snow is played by Kit Harington, and Master Aemon Targaryen by Peter Vaughan), and you can obtain the first two seasons at a reasonable price from your favorite video seller (say yes to piracy).

The DVD that I watched was an unrequested gift from a street vendor on Eje Central, Mexico City (that is to say, someone bought it there and sent it to me)...oops, Mexico City's "left" government is going to enforce article 362 of the criminal code against me because, let's face it, it's applicable to just about everything (they would be the envy of Gustavo Díaz Ordaz...oh, oh, and this article was proposed in 2002 by then-mayor of Mexico City, Andrés Manuel López Obrador, and approved by the Mexico City legislature which had a PRD majority...hmm...don't use this part...I wouldn't want them to say that I am at the service of the right...you know how much I worry about what is said about me.)

The image was a little pixelated, but you could see and hear it pretty well. And at a good price, they tell me; in any case, it's cheaper than paying for HBO, and without the anxiety of having to wait another week to know what happened with little Bran (Isaac Hempstead Wright), or with the dazzling Daenerys Targaryen (Emilia Clarke).

However I would also recommend reading the books – yes I know that this presidential term reading books isn't in fashion and buying hair gel is cheaper – but one advantage is that you can take a course in practical philosophy (ah, the paradoxes) through the dialogues of Tyrion Lannister (who, I am told, is a literary projection of Mr. George R.R. Martin). The other advantage is that you can "spoil" (or whatever it's called these days) copiously on your favorite blogs. Although it will earn you the enmity of many, your points (still negative) will increase significantly for posting.

*When the material arrives, the mason is already there because they already realized that the Zapatistas were working on their houses. That is why [the government] is changing the project again, the bad governments have tried many things from 94 up to today.*

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*All right compas, let's explain again the resistance to the military, for example what the compañera already explained. It's my job to explain what happened in 1999 in the ejido of Amador Hernández in the municipality of General Emiliano Zapata.*

*At that time, on August 11, the military arrived and we compañeras and compañeros resisted their entrance into our community. The military wanted to take over the community, but when the soldiers arrived at a dance hall the compañeras confronted them; they kicked them out of that community and made them retreat to a place outside of it. But we didn't stop there, we made an encampment. And everyone in the zone participated, which is the Caracol of La Realidad. People from civil society came also and all of those in the resistance had to endure a lot, because it was the season of **chaquistes** [tiny biting insects] and of mud, as is the rainy season. And through all of this we didn't yield to their provocations, we didn't confront them militarily, but rather we came peacefully.*

*And during this encampment, we organized dances; we danced in front of the soldiers. And the people had religious ceremonies, the compas organized event programs, and sometimes spontaneously we gave talks about the politics of struggle.*

*What did the soldiers do? It seems we began to convince them, because we were face to face with them, and so what the military commanders did was put out speakers so that the soldiers couldn't hear our words and withdraw them to a place a little bit further out.*

*What happened then? The compañeros invented new ideas, I think you have probably heard about the little paper airplanes: we wrote*

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*This is more or less how we are doing our work in the resistance, because we are talking about resistance. And in this work, our compañeros who work in the cornfield or the coffee groves, or who have some cattle, sometimes they sell their animal and so they have a little bit of money left. And the bad government is attacking us with their projects for cement floors, for housing, for housing improvement, and the other things that these PRIista brothers receive in other communities.*

*But the PRIistas are getting accustomed to the money, their gaze is set on the government and they look to the government to give them more money and projects. So the same thing that some of our compañeros from Garrucha described is happening in the Caracol in Morelia. Sometimes these [PRIista] brothers sell the corrugated metal, and because it is a government project, the government thinks that its party is growing, but the reverse is happening, we compañeros who are in resistance are using some of the fruits of our labor to buy these things that party supporters are selling.*

*We'll give you an example: to buy a sheet of corrugated metal in the hardware store costs about 180 pesos, but [the PRIistas] come and sell them for 100 pesos, or 80 pesos; and they also have cement blocks from the government, which might be 5, 6, or 7 pesos in the hardware store, but they sell them for 3 pesos, or 2 pesos. Our compañeros, who are in the resistance and aren't accustomed to spending the fruit of our labor, buy these and it may be that one day you will see that in some new population centers there are colored corrugated metal roofs,<sup>82</sup> but really it came from the work of the [Zapatista] compañeros. That is what is happening there.*

*But the government has realized where its project is heading. It isn't benefiting the party followers, the PRIistas, but rather is being taken advantage of by the Zapatistas, that is where their housing materials are ending up. Now it's not just the materials, but also the mason.*

<sup>82</sup> Government issued corrugated metal for house roofs is orange, so the colored roofs would seem to imply government support.

Just don't go too far, because if it occurs to you to say that what happens in "Dance of Dragons"...ok...ok...ok...I'll stop...say no to spoiling.

You're Welcome.

Sincerely,  
Marquitos Spoil.

Now:

Señor Álvarez Álvarez:

This letter is not only to reaffirm that which the multitudinous silence of December 21 should have made clear to you, to the political class, to the PAN government in general and to Felipe Calderón in particular:

You have failed.



It's not so dramatic really. Other governments have tried it before... and they will continue trying.

But, Señor Álvarez, you should not look to us as the cause of your failure, nor even to the lack of professionalism of your not so intelligent intelligence service (although now you know that they were and are total scoundrels). Who could possibly think that a Zapatista, any one of us, would turn to a government of criminals to ask for help if we were sick?<sup>6</sup> Who could rationally think that the Zapatistas rose up for money?

Only the demodé conquistador mentality (best exemplified by Diego Fernández de Cevallos) inculcated in your political party, the PAN, would have allowed you all to enthusiastically swallow such a tall tale.

And you didn't even need intelligence, all that you needed to do was to simply skim the newspapers or listen to past news reports: the bribones<sup>7</sup> who presented themselves to you as "friends close to Sup Marcos" are the same people who simulated a surrender and "handover of arms" to the nefarious Croquetas Albores<sup>8</sup> in 1998, posing as Zapatistas, and who are known scam artists who no longer fool anyone...well, except you. How much did they take you for? The difference is that Croquetas knew that it was all a farce and he paid for it to happen (and for the media to present the natural springs of Jataté, just outside of the municipal seat of Ocosingo as if they were

<sup>6</sup> This comment refers to the constant rumors circulated in the past few years by the PAN government and Luis H. Alvarez himself that Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos was sick and on his death-bed and asking the Mexican government for assistance (see Proceso July 25, 2012, "El subcomandante Marcos sufre cáncer y pidió ayuda al gobierno: Luis H. Álvarez).

<sup>7</sup> 'Bribones' means dishonest, but is also the name of a popular cartoon character in Mexico and a name that Marcos frequently uses to denote the political class.

<sup>8</sup> Roberto Albores Guillén, PRI Governor of the State of Chiapas from 1998 to 2000.

*that provoke problems in the communities, above all for those of us who are the Zapatista bases of support.*

*It is the continuation of the much-touted policy, which now they don't want to hear mentioned, and which we no longer hear about in the media, the Puebla-Panama Plan.<sup>81</sup> Now it has different name because the Puebla-Panama Plan was highly criticized, but it is the same thing, they only changed the name so that they could go on individualizing the communities, to put an end to the life in common that still exists.*

(...)



<sup>81</sup> The Plan Puebla Panama (PPP) was a multi-billion dollar development program launched in 2001 by then president of Mexico Vicente Fox (PAN) "to promote regional integration and development" of Southern Mexico and Central America, and later extended to Colombia. The plan was highly criticized because it laid the groundwork for neoliberal free trade agreements and infrastructure at the expense of people of the region. Today, the "Mesoamerican Project" is basically a remake of the PPP with security elements added from the Mérida Initiative, itself a remake of the controversial drug-war oriented Plan México.

*couldn't compete with the big grocery stores that sell eggs. So what they tell us is that they divided up the hens, but then the government stopped providing the feed, and the chickens became sickly and they stopped laying eggs. And so the women asked "now what do we do? We have to cooperate. But how can I cooperate if I already ate the eggs? Where will I find money?" And the hens died; what the bad government says doesn't bring results. They do all of this just so that the cameramen come and film the inauguration [of the rural city], that everything looks nice or whatever. But this all lasts one month, two months, by three months it's all over.*

*So among other things is the problem, as the compa was saying, that the houses are worthless because they inflate, as they say, like a toad. The women are accustomed to making their tortillas either on a hearth or over a fire on the floor, but an earthen floor, and in this case the houses have wooden floors, plywood, and you can't have a fire there. And so they gave people gas cylinders that no one knows how to use and the gas doesn't even last a month, and so now you have the cylinders tossed out as garbage and stoves that don't work. Also, we know that the life of peasants, of the indigenous, is such that behind one's house there are vegetables, sugarcane, pineapple, plantains, whatever there may be, as is our way of life, but [in the rural city] there is nothing, simply a house and that's it. So the people don't know what to do, because now their lands are far away and they need to go there to work, but it is another expense to come and go.*

*The politics of the bad government is to put an end to life in common, to community life, so that you leave your land, or you sell it, and if you sell it you're screwed. It is a politics of injustice, it creates more poverty. All of the millions that they receive from the UN, which is the Organization of United Nations, is kept by the bad government – state, municipal, and federal – and used to organize those groups*

“in the Lacandón Jungle”), but you not only fell for it, you actually went so far as to include it in a book.

As if that had not been enough, then you go and invite Felipe Calderón to the presentation of the book, where, drunk on blood and alcohol, he not only blabbered incoherently but also distributed the his transcript to the media. Of course the media charged double, not to publish it, but to not publish it, because it made obvious the inebriated state of he who uttered those words. I think that it is clear now that Felipe Calderón Hinojosa lied up until the very last minute [of his office] and that what he said in his final governmental address was a shameless lie. The only rapprochement that his government had with the “representatives and leadership of the EZLN” was that of his armies, police, judges and his paramilitaries.

Well, now you know Señor Álvarez, what it is like to be despised by what the implacable calendar brings.

Like the indigenous, the elderly are ignored. And a symbol of that neglect is the meager coins of a handout, or, in your case, the humiliation of having been deceived, the insult of having been ignored, and the mockery that took place behind your back.

But there is a difference, a small difference, but one of those differences upon which the wheels of history turn: while you paid (with money that wasn't yours, by the way) to be mocked (and you even made it into a book); we, indigenous and Zapatista, punish your disrespect with our silence and our long walk.

Because we know well that they have also sold you the idea that you will be remembered for your struggle for democracy (in reality, your struggle for power, but there, above, they seem to use these terms interchangeably), but no, that's not the case. Although it's not much, you may be remembered for having been an accomplice (or an official, it's the same thing) of the most criminal government that this country has suffered since Porfirio Díaz.

And here, in Zapatista indigenous lands, you may be remembered as part of one more government that tried to defeat us (or to buy us, it's the same thing), and as made evident by the thunderous silence from San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Altamirano, Las Margaritas, Palenque, and Ocosingo, as one more that failed.

Because the political class and those who live from their stupidity, will extinguish themselves without anyone ever holding them to account (well perhaps only to thank them for no longer being obstacles), and they will be nothing, nothing more than another statistic in the extensive list of those duped by the dream of being "historic."

And note that we don't question your morality. It's well known that any band of criminals, like the one you have served all these years, seeks someone with a kind and gentle face so that, with this face as an alibi, they can conceal their predatory identity.

I think that you already knew this, Señor Álvarez. Above, throughout the entirety of the political spectrum, they are all the same. Although it's true that some naive people don't discover this until they themselves suffer injustice in the flesh, having ignored it when that injustice was meted out on a daily basis in other geographies near and far.

Your friends in the party profit from the blood of innocents, and now their only regret is that there was someone in the market who paid and charged more. All of them are nothing but a gang of criminals who made and make grotesque contortions to the foolish rhythms set for them by the media.

You must be proud to have been part of a team with a thug like Javier Lozano Alarcón, who had to hide in the senate so as to avoid being called to account by the law? Do you feel good for having been the *compañero* of Juan Francisco Molinar Horcasitas, a criminal whose hands are stained with the blood of children?

And, although sometimes paradoxes are comical, others are tragic.

*way it is. So in some communities in that municipality, families went to live [in the rural city] for a few days, and according to the media there's a kitchen that was constructed with the dimensions of 3x3, really small, and a little room, a living room on the side. But it's not possible to do anything because if they made their hearth there, well how would they put their hearth or its fire there? They couldn't.*

*Currently it is not functioning, the families went for a few days, but what we know is that they had to return to their community. Some families are still there but the conditions are very bad conditions. They say that on a little hill above where the houses are, they made water tanks but these are not working, *compañeros*, they're not working. They say that there is a bank there to invest money—I don't know if it's a world bank, or a state or municipal bank, I don't know, but it's not working. There are just empty shells, already rubbish. It's not, like they say, a "rural city," which is a very pretty name but really there's nothing there. That's why the *compañeros* say, why should we believe in these projects and such things? They're all lies.*

(...)

*As the *compañeros* say, it's part of the enemy's war, that's why if some *compañeros* in this zone have let themselves be convinced by these ideas it's because the war has gotten this far, not because now they're going to have a more dignified life. In many places there are those who leave the organization or those who are now in political parties, but the *compañeros* who are bases of support have had a better life. The rural city—everything they have said and all that they are doing there—is clearly pure lies.*

*To help you understand the ideological manipulation enacted by the bad government in Santiago El Pinar, they promised the women there that they would give them egg-laying hen farms. So you know these hen farms use chicken feed, and when they gave them the farms they gave them a lot of chickens to lay eggs, and it was great in the beginning because the hens laid a lot of eggs, but the government didn't seek out a market where they could sell their eggs. The hens laid a lot of eggs but then what were they supposed to do? They*

*they don't have the trained staff to do it, they have the machine but not the staff. So what they do is give the consultation there and send the patient to our hospital, to the Zapatista hospital-school. So [the patient] goes [to the Zapatista hospital] to do the analysis—just look at the level we're reaching, compañeros— and of course there are rules in this hospital to charge this person a fee, and they do the analysis for them.*

*Then people begin to realize, begin to admire, that while in the official hospital there isn't a solution to their problems as many would expect, when they come to our hospital, although humble, as we say, they are told what problems are detected with the ultrasound or in the laboratory analysis. The hospital of Guadalupe is there but there is just one lab analyst and there are many things that that lab analyst can't do, so they send the patient to our hospital-school. There we have a compañero who is trained and who has now trained various other compañeros, so he does the different analyses. But not just that, this compañero has an advantage over the lab analyst in the official hospital, who just does the lab test and that's it, and then sends the patient to another doctor to receive treatment. What the compañero in our hospital does when people are sent from the hospital in Guadalupe is perform the lab analysis and at the same time provide the prescription and the treatment for the illness, because our compañero has a lot of knowledge in that area of lab work.*

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(...)  
*To explain a little more about the rural city [constructed, with media applause, by the “left” government of the corrupt Juan Sabines Guerrero], at the beginning houses were constructed. According to what the compañeros have told us, the materials that they used in construction were those things called **triplay** [3-ply, or plywood], very thin boards, not like the planks that we have here. Currently the constructions are inflated like balloons; when there are strong winds and when it is the hot and in the rainy season the materials with which the houses are built are essentially rubbish. That's the*

Your political party, the PAN, was one of those that, since the dawn of 1994, led the hysterical uproar against us, demanding our annihilation, because according to them we were threatening to plunge the country into a blood bath. As it turns out it was your party, once in government, that spread terror, anguish, destruction and death to every corner of our already battered country.

And what about when the legislators in your party (together with those of the PRI and the PRD) voted against the San Andrés

Accords that you had worked for, warning us that these Accords meant the splintering of the country. But it has been your party, Señor Álvarez that today hands back a nation shattered.

But take comfort, Señor Álvarez, your desire to go down in history will be realized. You will have your one line, yes, among those who were deceived by these jokers.

But also, in the pages of the history and geography books in the Zapatista schools, one paragraph will note:

“The bad government of Felipe Calderón Hinojosa is known as that



which brought senseless death to every corner of Mexico, that offered injustice to the victims and the perpetrators and that left, as a self-homage to crime made co-government, his own monument. If Porfirio Díaz left the Angel of Independence, Felipe Calderón left the Pillar of Light [Estela de Luz]<sup>9</sup>. In doing so, and without meaning to, both announced the end of a world, although they were late, and will be late, in understanding this.”

I suggest that you add an epilogue to your book. Something like,

“I must admit that I may be a lousy student of the indigenous Zapatista communities. But I have to say, after hearing their thunderous silence, I learned one thing: that it doesn’t matter if we use bombs, bullets, batons, beatings, lies, projects, or money, or if we pay off the media to scream lies and silence truths, the result is always the same: the Zapatistas don’t give up, don’t sell out, don’t tire and... surprise!!!...they don’t disappear.”

Because history, Señor Álvarez, will continue to repeat itself time and time again: rebels will reappear in every corner, and maybe, with them, so will their Mario Bendettis, their Mario Payeras, their Omar Cabezas, and their Carlos Montemayors. And maybe the Eduardo Galeanos of those torrents will or will not hold you and yours to account.

And there will also be windows, with or without marcos.<sup>10</sup>

And you all, Señor Álvarez, will continue peering out, looking at us without seeing us, scarcely realizing in this glimpse of the world to come that you all are irremediably outside of it.

I don’t think that you put this in your book, but remember that one

<sup>9</sup> The Estela de Luz (Pillar of Light) is a monument in Mexico City built in 2011 to supposedly commemorate the bicentenary of Mexico’s independence from Spanish rule.

<sup>10</sup> In the Spanish text the word “marcos” is a play on words used here to mean that both frame and a reference to Subcomandante Marcos.

*the children, along with the knowledge of our [Zapatista] demands. We also began giving political talks to our young people so that they are awake and aware and don’t fall easily into government ideologies. We are also giving talks to the people on the 13 [Zapatista] demands, via the local authorities in each village. That is the little I can explain to you, next the compañero will talk to you.*  
(...)

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(...)

*There are also programs, part of the government projects. The government began to bring in projects so that our brothers and sisters would accept these projects and believe they are good and forget about their own work; so that these brothers and sisters now don’t depend on themselves but rather on the bad government.*

*What do we do to resist these things? We began to organize ourselves to do collective work, as some of the compas have already said, we do collective work at the village, region, municipal, and zone levels. We do this work to satisfy our own needs, different types of work, it is how we resist falling into the bad government’s projects and how we work to depend on ourselves, not on the bad government.*

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*There [in our zone] there is a huge hospital in a community called Guadalupe Tepeyac, and right now a children’s hospital is being constructed very close by, about a half hour or an hour away, in the center of La Realidad. But what is happening, what have we seen in that hospital in Guadalupe Tepeyac? In spite of the fact that the government has a lot of equipment, people arrive from different communities, from different municipalities, and what happens? Let’s say they need to do an ultrasound, for example, or a lab analysis. As the doctors there know, our hospital is very close by, our Hospital-School “**The Faceless of San Pedro.**” The doctors at the government hospital know that they can’t do the analysis there because*



its ridiculousness (which rhymes with Cassez<sup>79</sup>) in denying freedom to teacher *Alberto Pathistán Gómez*, thus condemning him for being indigenous in Mexico in the 21st century. But the teacher resists, not to mention the Zapatista indigenous communities...

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*Good morning compañeros, good morning compañeras. My name is Ana, from the current Junta de Buen Gobierno [Good Government Council], fourth generation 2011-2014, from Caracol<sup>80</sup> I in La Realidad. I am going to talk to you a bit about ideological resistance, the subtheme that the two of us—the compañero and I—are to talk about. I am first going to talk about the ideology of the bad government. The bad government uses the mass media to control and misinform the people, for example via television, radio, soap operas, cellphones, newspapers, magazines, even sports. They insert commercials on television and on the radio to distract people, and soap operas to hook people and make them think that what happens on television is going to happen to us. In the bad government's education system, those who aren't Zapatistas are ideologically managed so that their kids are in school, properly uniformed, every day, but just for the sake of appearances, it doesn't matter if they learn how to read or write. They also get them scholarships for school, but in the end this just benefits the companies that sell supplies or uniforms. How do we resist all of the bad government's ideological wrongs in our Caracol? Our principal weapon is autonomous education. There in our Caracol the education promoters are taught the true history of the people, so that this knowledge can be conveyed to*

<sup>79</sup> Refers to Florence Cassez, French citizen accused of participating in a gang-related kidnapping in Mexico in a highly controversial case. She was incarcerated 7 years of a 60-year sentence, before her case was thrown out for breaches of legal procedure. She was released on January 23, 2013 and returned to Paris.

<sup>80</sup> The Caracoles, literally “shells” or “spirals” were announced in 2003 as the homes of the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno*, or Good Government Councils. When the EZLN first announced their existence they were described, in addition to being the seats of the self-government system, as “doors to enter into the communities” and “windows to see in and out.”

time I told you that we Zapatistas are highly valued, but we have no price. And “there's no need to confuse value with price” (no, it wasn't Karl Marx that said that, it was Juan Manuel Serrat).

However, Señor Álvarez, in memory of the moments of solid dignity that you have had, and those that I witnessed when you worked in the Peace and Reconciliation Commission, you can still change this:

Leave your party and what it represents, abandon the political class, which has done nothing but turn itself into an insatiable parasite. You are from Chihuahua. Go to the Sierra Tarhumara, ask that they allow you to enter into one of the rarámuri communities.

Perhaps they won't let you stay; our dear Ronco<sup>11</sup> is no longer here to ask. But maybe they will allow you to stay for a few days. There, with them, you will learn the fundamentals of the indigenous heart, of the struggle and hope of the original peoples of Mexico. After all, isn't that the title of your book?

Go, Señor Álvarez Álvarez, to that, or to any indigenous community that will accept you after you've renounced that which you are today. There you will be respected (and not poorly tolerated) for your age, and above all, you will learn that for the Indian peoples of Mexico, “dignity” is a verb that has been conjugated in the present for five hundred years ...and then some.

Well, maybe this is the day that you have to choose. In your case, this is nothing simple, because it comes down to choosing between one world and another. Don't let your old age detain or deter you. Look at us, we are over 500 years old and still we learn.

If you don't do this, at least you will know for yourself the truth that is contained in the 17 syllables of that Haiku by Mario Benedetti:

<sup>11</sup> Ricardo Robles, Jesuit Missionary and tireless defender of the indigenous peoples of Mexico, spent over 45 years living with the Raramuri people of the Tarahumara.

“Who would have thought that,  
it is the truth that the weak  
never surrender”

Ok. Be well, and, did you listen? “There are few things/ as deafening /as silence” (yes, also a Haiku and also by Mario Benedetti)

From the mountains of Southeastern Mexico,  
Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos. México, December 2012.

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Listen to the audio that accompanies this Communiqué:

Theme song for the opening of Games of Thrones. HBO. Music by Ramin Djawadi, arrangement and principal performance by Jason Yang in the electric acoustic violin.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1yydcG9woWA>

## 6. Resistance

March of 2013.

**NOTE:** The following fragments talk about the resistance of the zap... wait! There’s a Zapatista Airforce?! The Zapatista health system is better than the health system of the bad government?! For over 20 years, the Zapatista communities have resisted, with their own ingenuity, creativity, and intelligence, all of the various counter-insurgency efforts waged against them. The so-called “Crusade against Hunger”<sup>77</sup> of the current *Priista* overseers does nothing but reiterate the fallacy that all that indigenous people want is a hand-out rather than Democracy, Liberty, and Justice. This counter-insurgency campaign does not come alone, but is accompanied by a media campaign (the same type of media campaign that today in Venezuela once again shows its desire for a coup against a people that will know how to gain strength from their pain), the complicity of the political class as a whole (in what should be called the “Pact *against* Mexico,”<sup>78</sup>) and, of course, a military and police escalation: in Zapatista territories the paramilitaries are emboldened (with the consent of the state government), federal troops intensify their provocations during patrols “to locate the Zapatista leadership,” the “intelligence” agencies are reactivated, and the justice system reiterates

<sup>77</sup> Soon after assuming the Mexican presidency, Enrique Peña Nieto announced what he calls his “National Crusade Against Hunger,” inaugurated in Las Margaritas, Chiapas, area of Zapatista influence. See the EZLN’s previous mentions of the Crusade in “Them and US III: The Overseers” and “Ali Baba and his 40 thieves.”

<sup>78</sup> Refers to the “Pact for Mexico,” a political agreement regarding national political priorities made immediately after Enrique Peña Nieto’s inauguration between all three principal political parties, the PAN, PRI, and PRD.

(To be continued...)

I testify.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.  
Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.  
Mexico, March 2013.

“Zapatista” by the group Louis Lingg and the Bombs, from Paris, France. Anarchist Punk Rock. The track is on the album “Long Live the Anarchist Revolutionaries.” They take their name from Louis Ling, who was born in Germany and migrated to the United States at the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century (1885). When he was condemned to be hanged, Louis declared to the representatives of capitalist law: “I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. HANG ME FOR IT!” Dedicated to all of the anarchist *compas* of the Sixth.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XkJ73JB1cRc>

The Group Zamandoque Tarahum, from Chicago Illinois, USA, with this rock music entitled “Zapatista.”

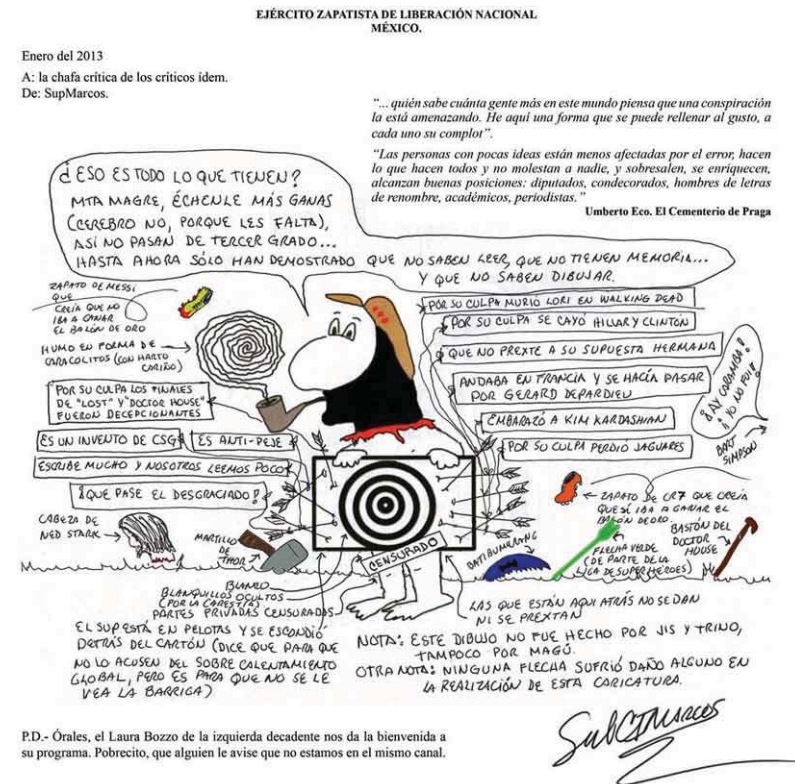
[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AgO1\\_8IZAz4](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AgO1_8IZAz4)

From South Africa, the Shackdwellers Movement (Abahlali BaseMojondolo), which struggles for land and dignified housing, sends greetings to the Zapatista indigenous communities through the Movimiento por Justicia del Barrio, in the other New York, USA. Resistance and the rebellion connecting Mexico-United States-South Africa, below and to the left.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TMmwS4ju1PU>

## CARTOON FROM THE SUP TO THE LAME CRITICS

January 8, 2013



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Watch and listen to the videos that accompany this text:

Zombilaridad (“Zombie Solidarity”). Theme music to the film “El Santos contra la Tetona Mendoza.” Performed by: Ely Guerra, Benny

Ibarra, Carla Morrison, Moderatto, Fernando Rivera Calderón, Julieta Venegas, Quique Rangel, Camilo Lara and Juan Carlos Lozano.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-vnFjWs9Qks>

It's a teaser for the following video in which Carlos Salinas de Gortari initiated, with the support of the mass media, the swindle he called "Solidaridad" (which would later be re-issued by EPN-Enrique Peña Nieto).

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hCbnnewabpE>

*pesos, then he would owe that money because he had been responsible for administrating it during those 10 days. This is what we did during each shift, check to see if the accounts balanced, we didn't let it pile up until the end, but rather during each shift we would be checking to see if it added up to the 10 thousand pesos that corresponded to that 10-day shift. But the purchases were always made on agreement of the three offices.*

*The question is, do you have data to ensure that these compañeros are telling the truth? That no money is missing? What facts ensure this?*

*Compañeros, the response to this question is that this is done with the receipt, the record of money entering. If there is a certain amount, let's say 50 thousand pesos, taken in during a given time, then the compa whose turn it is, as the other compañero said, will manage this 50 thousand pesos for 10 days. If he spends three or four thousand of that, he has to provide a report regarding what the expenses were along with the receipts for whatever he spent, or for the commissions that didn't have any expenditures except for food, so that the account is balanced. And it has to add up correctly, because it isn't only the administrator who is keeping track, but also the Vigilance and Information Commissions, because they also have a list of how much money is being managed.*

*And if it isn't delivered with a receipt, how can it be verified?*

*The way that we do it is that all of the money that comes in must have a receipt, because if a compañero in solidarity comes to give a donation, they have to have a receipt to deliver or to tell their collective or organization how much was donated. Copies of this receipt stay with the Junta and with the Information Commission, so nothing can be lost as all donations are recorded. And the financial outputs are handled by the Junta with the commission that is currently learning how to balance the accounts.*

*According to the agreement of the assembly of authorities, the rest would be saved as a fund for the zone, not the region, but the zone. Also regarding transportation, an agreement was reached to only spend 50% of the budget, and the community would contribute 50% also, and so 50% was left over for the fund of the zone.*

*Why did we do it like this? Because we had seen here in our zone that the economic resources are more and more scarce when we have some kind of movement, and that's why we decided to save part of the money as a fund. And that is how we created this support, the fund for the zone, and that is why we created the Fund Commission, the Savings Commission. I'm not sure if that answers your questions.*

(...)

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*Who approves the report on the finances and the general report, if there is no one in charge (sticking their hand in the cookie jar)?*

*Well, during our time as Junta, we worked all together, there wasn't anyone else who checked the report, only the entire Junta team. But each time we wrote a report on our spending we sent a copy to the Information Commission; all of the purchase reports as well, we planned the food purchases together with the Information Commission. We all decide together in the office of the Information Commission, with the Vigilance Commission also present; the three offices would meet, and we would come to an agreement regarding whether we were going to buy something, or if we were going to have a commission how much its costs would be, and how to report its expenses to the Junta. Each shift would give an account, because each shift would elect a secretary and a treasurer, who would be responsible for the money, who would keep track of it, we didn't all control it together. If a compañero were responsible for a quantity of money, for example, 10 thousand pesos, he would be responsible for administering this money for 10 days, and this compañero would be responsible for managing the economy, the expenses, the secretary, and the treasurer. At the end [of that 10-day shift] we would tally how much was spent and if a compañero was missing 100 or 200*

## POSTSCRIPT TO THE CARTOON: PUTTING OUT THE FIRE WITH GASOLINE

January 11, 2013

P.S. For you most enlightened ones—So you don't know who I was referring to [in the cartoon] because you don't watch television? Alright alright, you are all so very erudite, and you will have nothing to do with lowly popular culture, although... you don't know who Umberto Eco is either?

P.S. ON GENERAL SPORTS CULTURE IN GENERAL—Lionel Messi, Argentinean; plays soccer for the Spanish team Barcelona. When he's not making commercials for name brand bread, he's suspected of having, just like the much-missed Memín Pingüín, gum on his shoe, because the ball sticks to his foot and only comes off when either they take him down (Messi that is) or when the ball is deep in the net.” Cristiano Ronaldo, Portuguese, plays soccer for the Spanish team Real Madrid; also known as CR7; when he's not making commercials for deodorant, he makes good goals. For more information about soccer as a business and as pleasure (for example: Pelé versus Garrincha), see Eduardo Galeano.. hmm.. you do know who Eduardo Galeano is, right? And for me, neither Barcelona nor Real Madrid, I'm for Jaguares of Chiapas,<sup>12</sup> in Mexico, and for the Internazionale of Milán in Italy (I just read that they've been routed, it has to be because of the visitors' jersey they've been wearing). But the Zapatistas remain firm, we're like the real fans of the Pumas<sup>13</sup> (greetings to the Rebel), who are with their team win or lose, even

<sup>12</sup> Jaguares is a first division Mexican league soccer team, based in Tuxtla Gutierrez, Chiapas.

<sup>13</sup> Another Mexican league team, based at the National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM).

though among the ownership of that team are people like Joaquín López Dóriga and Carlos Slim; or like the fans of América<sup>14</sup> (greetings to La Polvorilla) that, when they are told that they are hated they reply, “hate me more”; or like the fans of la maquina azul,<sup>15</sup> who put bags on their heads when they are ashamed but who never stop supporting their team; or like those who support Atlas<sup>16</sup> (greetings Jis and Trino) and are still behind their team, though it doesn’t even need to be said; etc., etc. Yes, I already know you’re going to say that soccer is the opiate of the masses and why am I promoting such alienation, such lack of culture, blah, blah, blah.

P.S. THAT GIVES GEOGRAPHY LESSONS—Mexico City, Federal District, Mexico. Places where you can find, at a very reasonable price, any television series (including episodes that haven’t come out yet), or movie (in some places you can get Oscar-nominated ones, before the committee of the Academy of Cinematic Arts and Sciences of Hollywood has even met), without having to betray your principles of not watching television: Eje Central “Lázaro Cárdenas” (formerly known as “San Juan de Letrán”); Pericoapa; Tepito, Calzada de Tlalpan; any entrance or exit to the metro; the hallways of any department at the UNAM; any corner of any neighborhood; if you want the originals, then you can go to the Ghandi (greetings to the family of Don Mauricio), El Sótano, or El Parnaso bookstores... El Parnaso closed? (an embrace to Tony), that’s a shame. Ok, ok, ok, I know, but the world has more corners than your favorite Mixup.<sup>17</sup> Note: don’t be surprised if when you go to get these DVDs you see police extorting the vendors or trying to evict them “because they make the city ugly.” Or if you see a confrontation, don’t be alarmed, the wretched tend to resist.

P.S. THAT GIVES ADVICE TO THOSE GOING TO THE IFE

<sup>14</sup> América is a Mexican league soccer team based in Mexico City.

<sup>15</sup> Maquina azul (literally the blue machine) refers to the Mexican league soccer team Cruz Azul, based in Mexico City.

<sup>16</sup> Atlas is another first division Mexican league soccer team from Guadalajara, Mexico.

<sup>17</sup> Mixup is a chain record store.

*sincerity and honesty all of the economic inputs and outputs in each area of government, because all of the goods and materials are for everyone. As I explained a little while ago, the Junta can’t just manage these resources willy nilly, including those donated by compañeros in solidarity.*

*Each area of the [good] government in the municipalities, in the Junta, makes their monthly report, and our reports are very detailed, even 50 pesos spent somewhere has to be noted, it should be clearly stated how those 50 pesos were spent, and that is how we do our report. As I said a little while ago, it’s not just a couple of members who make the report, but all 28 of us get together, including compañeros from the CCRI, and that is how we work here in the caracol center.*

(...)

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*Also we have a Funds Commission, here in our zone we have a small fund. As the compañera explained, there are three women’s [work] areas, for example herbalists, [bone] healers, and midwives. One time in this work area they elaborated a project, but it wasn’t only for the herbalists, healers, and midwives, but rather for the central clinic, or the health project, which included the three groups or areas of herbalists, healers, and, midwives. This project had a budget for food, which was 50 pesos per day, and the workshop was for three days, so the course costs 150 pesos for the food, but apart from that there were also transportation costs, which also had a budget that depended on the compañeras’ distance traveled and amount spent. And so it was in this budget, in this project, in the entire zone, that all of the regional authorities, the autonomous councils, realized the importance of creating a fund.*

*The agreement reached was that we wouldn’t spend the entire amount budgeted for food, but rather just a small contribution, or 10 pesos paid by each compañera. But because it was three days, each course or workshop would cost 30 pesos, and so there was some left over.*

*This is how they organize many other things in the communities. And what is this for? Well it is so that when a compañero in this community, it may be the education promoter or the health promotor, has to go and do their work, the community can give them something to cover their transport costs, so that they can do their work.*  
(...)

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*Here in the Caracol II of Oventic, we receive visitors, national and international. Many of those visitors only come in order to visit the center, the Caracol, but some who come wish to support the community leave a small donation. If they decide to leave a small donation, they don't leave much, they leave it here with the Junta who receives it, and the donor receives a receipt for their visit from the Vigilance Commission. The Vigilance Commission also sends a receipt to the **CCRI** [Indigenous Revolutionary Clandestine Committee], the original stays with the Junta, and a copy goes to the donor. The small donations are gathered and the Junta administers them. They use them for whatever expenses we have here in the Caracol center, and that is how we spend the donations, but they are small donations, people don't leave much, it depends, it may be 40 or 50 pesos or 100 pesos or so. But if it gets spent, it is not only the Junta that knows, because each month the Junta makes a report; we make an end of the month report each month.*

*When the Junta makes its reports, the Junta members don't do it alone, but rather all 28 of us members get together to make the report, including some compañeros from the **CCRI**, so that together we can see how the resources that we have here in the Junta in the caracol have been spent, or how the Junta de Bien Gobierno administers them.*

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*Another obligation of the autonomous government is to govern with*

[FEDERAL ELECTORAL INSTITUTE] TO REGISTER<sup>18</sup>—Maybe it would go better for you in the elections if instead of judging los muertos de hambre<sup>19</sup> (the most tender term they used during the case of the prepaid cards) that didn't vote for you, you tried to understand them. But in any case, the millions of Mexicans who did vote for you can tell you who each of the above mentioned characters and television series are.

P.S. THAT EXAMINES THE SUSPICIOUS AFFIRMATIONS REGARDING THE EZLN—A good part of the arguments that they use to criticize us are the same arguments that were used by the big television conglomerates, commercial radio, and the poorly named “bought-off press” from 1994-95 to date.

P.S. THAT SUGGESTS, INSINUATES, OR, AS SOME SAY, PROPOSES A SUPOSITORIO<sup>20</sup>—Possible route that the “caricatured debate” would have followed (of course, minus the young female assistant that so impressed Mr. Quadri):<sup>21</sup> those alluded to respond with a cartoon where the Sup is taking it easy, scratching those things that have gotten so expensive,[xi] belly out and stuffing himself with junk food, watching television (probably not with the logotype of Televisa, because they're very careful not to insult TV Azteca—ah, and you didn't see us accusing them of being paid by Salinas Pliego or Carlos Slim,<sup>22</sup> or saying that their campaign against the workers at Soriana was paid for by Wal-Mart), with the dialogue bubble saying something like “I'm preparing my next communiqué.” The Sup

18 “Those going to the IFE to register” refers to the newly formed party of MORENA [Movimiento de Regeneración Nacional] that seeks official recognition as a party from the Mexican electoral system.

19 “Los muertos de hambre” was a pejorative term used by supporters of the institutional left to refer to those who were suspected of voting for the PRI in exchange for prepaid debit cards to use at popular chain stores.

20 “Supositorio” could imply presupposition but also means “suppository.”

21 During one of the presidential debates that took place in 2012, candidate Gabriel Quadri was captured on camera ogling a young female presenter.

22 Two Mexican businessmen on the Forbes list of richest people in the world.

then counter-attacks with another cartoon titled, “The Recent Past” where he is in a wheelchair and the indigenous person in front of him says, “The compas say they are ready, that it’s up to you now and you know what to do.” And the Sup responds, “Okay, I need to talk to Elías Contreras to have him get me some DVDs.” The press and their friends wouldn’t print the cartoon, but rather would start with reflections like “Is the Sup handicapped and that’s why he doesn’t appear publicly?” followed by some “very serious” investigations on the possible illnesses that might lead to being in a wheelchair.

P.S. THAT GIVES LESSONS ON RACISM IN COMMUNICATION—I read in various places “EZLN yes, marcos, no” and that they want to hear the indigenous Zapatistas, not the egomaniacal Sup. Okay, here goes: The last time the Sup put out a communiqué in the name of the EZLN: May 2011, on the occasion of the march in support of the just and dignified movement headed by Javier Sicilia. The communiqué from the CCRI-CG of the EZLN sent greetings to the Movement for Peace with Justice and Dignity and its struggle for the victims of the Felipe Calderón Hinojosa’s absurd war. Between May 7, 2011 and December 21, 2012, the Juntas de Buen Gobierno [JBG, the Good Government Councils], that is, the indigenous Zapatistas WITHOUT INTERMEDIARIES that are mestizo, white, or bearded (or other common things critics like to add), put out 27 denunciations, all tweeted and facebooked (or however you say that) on the “Enlace Zapatista” webpage. On average, the 27 denunciations were visited/read 1500 times each, and all of them were on the main page of the EZLN website for various days. For example, the August 15, 2012 denunciation of the Junta de Buen Gobierno of La Realidad was the principal article on the Zapatista web page for 24 straight days and got 1080 visitors/readers. Number of tweets (or however you say that) that it provoked: zero. Number of journalists that “wrote up” the denunciation: one. Number of comments about it in writings by intellectuals, zero. Number of re-tweets (or however you say that): zero. Number of comments accusing the EZLN of being a creation of Salinas de Gortari: zero. Number of reflections about why the EZLN only appears in electoral seasons: zero. Number of newspapers that published in their print version the denunciation:

*to balance out a little better, they only had two or three areas per compañero.*

*In this third period of the Junta de Buen Gobierno we now have 24 people and the work has balanced out. The different work areas are divided among compañeras and compañeros; the Junta has two teams, and there are 24 of us, so we each cover 15 days per month. In each of these different work areas there are two compañeros and two compañeras, and that is how the Junta de Buen Gobierno functions, those are the areas it manages. That’s all compañeros. So now we’ll move on to the next compañero. (...)*

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(...)

*In the communities—as we were discussing with the compañeros, because we have a little bit of knowledge of the zone—there are collective fields of beans and corn, cattle collectives, collective stores, and chicken collectives. There are small businesses, not permanent businesses that are there all the time, but sometimes when there are small events, people bring their small businesses to them. The compañera said that one community in her region started with a chicken farm business, and every now and then they kill a chicken or two and make tamales, then they sell these tamales and little by little they amassed a fund and ultimately used this fund to buy a corn mill. That is how they created their cooperative work.*

*Another compañero knows of another community that has another way of doing things, it is a center where many people from other communities come, and there the compañeras organized themselves to make a tortilleria [tortilla store], but not because they bought one of those machines that we see in the cities and are there dispensing tortillas from an assembly line. These compañeras are there with their press, making their tortillas by hand and selling their tortillas to the people who buy them, and that is their collective work.*



*How do the members of the Junta travel to your caracol<sup>75</sup>?*

*If there is transportation [usually a bus or smaller collective van], then they go in that, and if there is no transportation, then they walk. The Junta's limited resources cover the cost of their transport, yes, so they do receive financial support for their transport costs, but nothing more. If it costs 20 pesos then they are reimbursed 20 pesos when they arrive.*

*The compañeros and compañeras that work in these cargos<sup>76</sup> of the authority, as was already mentioned, do it out of conscience, of their own volition. But these compañeros also live in communities where there are many compañeros, and so there is also communal work, organizational initiatives to organize resistance. And so these compañeros, some of them, have the right to do their work in their free time, and therefore don't have to also participate in the collective and communal work in their community.*

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*Autonomous government manages the different work areas, including education, commerce, health, communication, justice, agriculture, transportation, campamentistas, [people who come to stay in the Zapatista villages for awhile], **BANPAZ** (the Zapatista Autonomous Popular Bank), **BANAMAZ** (the Zapatista Women's Autonomous Bank), and administration. These are the work areas managed within the autonomous government. In the beginning, when the Junta de Buen Gobierno began, there weren't very many compañeros and so each compañero had three or four work areas, because there were very few of them. By the second period of the Junta there were already 12 compañeros, and so the work that they had to do began*

<sup>75</sup> The Caracoles, literally “shells” or “spirals” were announced in 2003 as the homes of the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno*, or Good Government Councils. When the EZLN first announced their existence they were described, in addition to being the seats of the self-government system, as “doors to enter into the communities” and “windows to see in and out.”

<sup>76</sup> Cargo is like a combination of duty and task, or charge; it also refers to a position of responsibility.

zero. Of course, the text of the JBG denounced the alliance between state and municipal governments and the PVEM and the PRD to attack Zapatista communities. Number of visits to the Sup's cartoon that so offended the enlightened ones: more than five thousand visits in less than 48 hours (in addition to the tweets—or however you say that—the pingbacks—or however you say that—the cut and pastes, etc.). Now, take a look at the period from August of 2003, the year in which the Juntas de Buen Gobierno were formed and when they become the direct spokespersons of the Zapatista communities, and see how many times they speak, in their own words and without intermediaries. Do the math of how many times you all realized that this word even existed. Okay, now, yes, write about the “suspicious” silence of the Zapatistas and ask yourselves why the zapatistas and marcos only “appear” when the PRI, which never left, comes back.

P.S. THAT TWEETS (or however you say that) ABOUT THE EZLN:

Tweet 1: “The Zapatistas are those who, in bullfights, root for the bull.

Reply 1: “Well they're naïve, in the end, the bull always gets killed.”

Tweet 2: “Not always.”

Reply 2: “The flowers are always for the bullfighter, not for the bull, the Zapatistas are confused.”

Tweet 3: (annulled for exceeding 140 characters): The political parties fight over who will be the bullfighter: some say it is better that the picadores wait longer to come out and thus facilitate the work of the bullfighter; others say that one must be merciful and offer spiritual comfort to the bull before it is sacrificed; others say that what you have to do is lower costs so that the bull-fighting administration isn't so burdensome; others say “by how much?”

Reply 3: (There isn't one because tweet 3 didn't go through).

Tweet 4: "Bull fights are going to disappear. In the meantime, the Zapatistas applaud the bull even more when, despite its wounds, it manages to take down the bullfighter."

Response 4: (There isn't one, they all went to bed).

The P.S. continues tweeting (or however you say that). After awhile, someone realizes that they're still there and replies, "How come you only appear in suspicious situations?"

The end?

P.S. THAT NOW DOES NOT EXCEED 140 CHARACTERS (I think): "Durito: the Zapatistas are like Doctor House: they are almost always correct in their diagnosis and treatment, but the majority don't like their methods. And we won't even mention the patient."

P.S. THAT CLARIFIES: We have read you closely. We see how, when one of you dissents from another, you accuse each other of "pejzombie" or of "televiso" or derivatives of the same.<sup>23</sup> We don't think that differences necessarily have political affiliation. For example, when someone says "the EZLN is an invention of Salinas de Gortari," we don't think that person is necessarily a "troll," a pejzombie, a televiso, or a tvazteco (or whatever names they throw at each other). It could be, we think, that this is just a case of someone with a low IQ, too lazy to read more than 140 characters, or who might be trying to hook up with someone who has already said the same thing.

P.S. THAT CHALLENGES GEOMETRY: The world is round, it  
23 "Pejzombie" refers to those who are thought to unconditionally support Andrés Manuel López Obrador. "Televiso" is the pejorative reference to those who support Enrique Peña Nieto, a creation of the Telvisa media machine.

## 5. The money

March 2013

**Note:** Money, cash, bills, benjamins, clams, *dinero*, the economy, the finances, etc. The economic question isn't only about where the resources come from (some people's morbid curiosity about this will be satisfied in the little school, don't worry), but also how they are managed (do the authorities get paid? nobody's sticking their hand in the cookie jar for personal gain? etc.), and, above all, how do we keep track of everything? Wait a second! The Zapatistas have a banking system?! Well, continue to be scandalized because, as we have said, this is what the Zapatistas do, unsettle "decent people's consciences." The following are fragments from the "sharing" on the economies of the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno* [Good Government Councils].

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*So, up until now there hasn't been any monetary support [for the authorities of the JBG], and that is how we came to realize that money cannot do the work of autonomy or the work of governing. We have realized this, because no one is getting paid for the work that they do. It's true, I'll tell you, that some do receive support from their community for their work, in the form of basic grains or something similar; whatever the community decides is appropriate, but never money. And that is how we have been working these nine years in the Junta.*

(...)

turns, and it changes. But the world imposed by those above, no matter how many times it turns, always leaves us on the bottom. The world that we want is also round, it also turns, and it also changes, but nobody is above at the cost of those below.

P.S. THAT CALLS UP A BIT OF MEMORY: While a part of the enlightened left was still doing juggling acts to try to give theoretical foundation to the unfortunate occurrence of the “loving republic”<sup>24</sup> and was living a torrid honeymoon with the mass media (dedicating huge quantities of money to electronic and print media publicity), the students that would become known as “#yosoy132” had already denounced the role of the mass media in Mexican “democracy.” Later what happened happened, and that same enlightened left decided it wanted to become the mentors of these young rebels (or “trouble-makers” as they now call them). But since the young rebels are no longer in style, the enlightened left has forgotten about them, claiming that these young rebels have “missed their chance” or that they “made a lot of noise but didn’t achieve anything,” or that they’re just “starbucks revolutionaries” (or however you say that), or “that you can’t change the world with a smartphone” (or however you say that). The calendar continues bleeding itself out and suddenly, they [the young people] will come back, stronger, more numerous. And those that now forget about them or criticize them will say, “of course, I knew they hadn’t disappeared,” or, “now I’m going to tell them what they should do.” Although there are others who will say “it’s very suspicious that you all appear when something is happening.”

P.S. THAT SHOWS ITSELF TO BE COMPREHENSIVE: There isn’t tox, we understand. We are “that” which, at home and at school, would provoke the following recommendation of parents, friends, and other sensible and decent people: “you shouldn’t hang out with those people, there’s a lot of talk about them.” And well about the Sup what can I tell you, it would be something like, “it’s not a good idea to associate with that man, we don’t even know who he really is.” Or, “it’s one thing is to help the poor little Indians, it’s some-  
<sup>24</sup> This refers to the “la república amorosa” slogan used by Andrés Manuel Lopez Obrador during the presidential campaigns.

thing else entirely to associate yourself with that rabble who don't even have cell phones, much less smartphones, not even a hand-me-down.

P.S. THAT WINKS: "Nerd is hot."

P.S. ABOUT THE MILLIONS AGAINST THE THOUSANDS, OR HUNDREDS, OR DOZENS, OR FEW: The argument of majorities against minorities tires us, it reminds me of an old graffiti (or however you say that) on an old wall that I saw when I was old. With a symphony of colors, it dictated: "Eat shit. Millions of flies can't be wrong."

P.S. THAT COUNSELS PATIENCE: Oh, don't despair. Just a few more words (or drawings, or audios, or videos) and soon only those who we are really interested in as interlocutors will be able to hear and understand us.

Vale. Cheers and, believe us, we understand: there are many reasons and not-reasons to ground cynicisms, apathies, to hell with it all, or whatever other synonyms that occur to you; there are many, too many, they are all there is. Finding reasons in order to change and improve is a job very few are willing to take on.

The Sup trying to get a "Fatality"<sup>25</sup> package for the final words of the season. (you're kidding... now he's going to come out with videogames).

.....

Watch and listen to the video that accompanies this text:

"Robando Versos" (Stealing Verses) by "COMANDO CUCARACHA," SKA band from Zaragoza, in the autonomous community of Aragón, in the Spanish State. Performance by: Nacho Juárez (trombone, duzaina, gaita de boto, trompa, guitar, and guitarra rumbera), Pepín Banzo (vocals, dulzaina, gaita de boto, trompa, guitar and gui-  
25 "Fatality" refers to the third installment of the "Mortal Combat" video game.

I testify.

From the mountains of Southeastern Mexico.  
Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.  
Mexico, February 2013.

"Tierra y Libertad," by the group "FUGA." The song begins with a fragment of the EZLN's words in the Mexican Congress, demanding compliance with the San Andrés Accords. An indigenous woman gave our Zapatista word there. The group FUGA is comprised of Tania, Leo, Kiko, Oscar and Rafa. The song can be found on the album "Rola la lucha Zapatista."

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jjE19gvwVAw>

Mapuche women in resistance against predatory mining companies.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bSzYeTNxhYA>

Zapatista women in their cargos in the Junta de Buen Gobierno in La Realidad, Chiapas, in 2008.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rzK8mDe7jkQ>

The **agentas**, for example, in my community, are the ones who watch over the community, who keep vigil over certain kinds of problems, things like small interpersonal issues, or problems with animals that cause harm or damages. It is the agente who is responsible for solving these types of problems. They also hold meetings to provide guidance on how to avoid problems with alcohol and drug addiction. These *compañeras* always participate, in every meeting, providing this guidance to avoid arriving at more serious problems. The **comisariadas** also hold meetings to discuss land issues—the care of the surrounding lands and the use of agro-chemicals. We planned all of this out as regulations that the **comisariadas** and agentes administer within the communities to maintain this control.

For the *compañeras* who have already become **agentas**, whose job is it to solve problems in the communities, can they already solve the problems themselves, or do they do it with the support of *compañeros*?

In my community, sometimes the *compañeras* request the support of a local authority to listen to an issue if they aren't sure how to participate, so they may ask for counsel. That happens often, but there are times when they [the authorities] aren't there and the *compañeras* do it alone. For example, in my community, the agente is a *compañera*, and so is the substitute agente, and so the two of them have resolved problems themselves. As they have seen it done a few times, they follow this example and create solutions.

(...)

Of the 60 members, are they half *compañeras* and half *compañeros*?

Yes *compañero*, we are half and half, no one is more, no one is less.

(...)

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(To be continued...)

tarra rumbera), Kike Cruz (drums, percussion, and chorus), Bitor Murillo (electric base and chorus), Agostin Lois Valero (dulzaina, trompa ribagorzana, and gaita de boto), Nacho Prol (electric guitar and acoustic guitar), Jesús Valdezate (tenor sax, alto sax and transversal flute, Fran López (curdión, keyboard, trompeta de bolsillo and chorus), Carlos García (marrones, web, botiga, and chorus), Toño Berzal (manager and guardian angel). The track is from the album “Entre héroes y villanos” (Between heroes and villains). ¡A bailar ska!

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player\\_embedded&v=fAXhBOO2hMk](http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=fAXhBOO2hMk)

*turns at the zone level preparing and selling the food. They reported to us that, in their first business ever, they made a profit of 40 thousand pesos. With this 40 thousand pesos they could pay back the loan that they had taken out, which was 15 thousand pesos, and they had 25 thousand pesos left over.*

*Then they began to think that they were missing some of the things that they needed to round out the project. The Junta had supported them, as I said, with dishes and tables, but they began to think that with their earnings they wanted to improve things a little, and so they used these profits to better equip themselves. Now they are working like this, they have their leadership, the work rotates among the compañeras, and every year they change the makeup of the leadership. The communities control what is sold there, and they have informed us that they currently have 56,176 pesos in cash according to their last account balance.*

*All of this is work that we have been doing at the zone level, not with the objective to divide it up among ourselves or to spend these small funds that we are generating, but rather to be prepared for anything that we might need in the zone, for the things that will help us in the struggle.*

*(...)*

*We know that in the Tzeltal Jungle zone there are compañeras who are **comisariadas** (like commissioners), or agentas, how does it work there for these compañeras to be **comisariadas** and agentas, tell us, share with us how it is. Are there compañeras who function as local authorities? How do they do this? How do these compañeras work? Because there are also compañeros who are comisariados and agentes. What we want to do here is share how it is that we teach ourselves, help ourselves, prepare ourselves. In this case, especially with respect to the compañeras, how do the compañera authorities work in the communities?*

*What do the compañeras do in their communities as a **comisariada** or **agenta**?*

*But let's be clear that we are still learning this first law, it still makes us a little dizzy, because the truth is that as compañeras it is still very difficult for us to take on a cargo, any cargo.*

(...)

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(...)

*You mentioned that there is a commission of honor and justice. What is its job and what is the role of the compañeras there?*

*On the question of honor and justice and the role of the compañeras, just like in the municipality we take turns, we have two **consejas** [like council or advisor, female], two consejos [male], and one man and one woman assigned to honor and justice. So for example if a compañera has a problem, for example in the case of a rape, she would go talk to the compañera assigned to honor and justice. That compañera from the honor and justice commission then coordinates with the man on the honor and justice commission so that the compañera with the problem doesn't have to feel uncomfortable with the male compa. That is how the honor and justice commission works.*

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(...)

*At the zone level, we have another example that is a job done especially by women compañeras. It is a women's initiative where they created a cafeteria-store, that is, they have a small cafeteria and a small grocery store. They started with a loan of 15 thousand pesos and hatched their idea for this project. The initiative was made by the regional and local leaders in coordination with the Junta, which supported them with tables, dishes, and other useful things for the cafeteria. Various people cooperated to make this happen, but it was these compañeras who had the idea, did the work, and organized it all.*

*They began with 15 thousand pesos, they have organized their leadership responsibilities, and the compañeras in charge locally take*

## TO ALÍ BABÁ AND HIS 40 THIEVES

January 21, 2013

For: Alí Babá and his 40 thieves (governors, head of government, and boot-lickers)

From: Yo merengues

We couldn't find words to express our feelings about your National Crusade Against Hunger.<sup>26</sup> So, here it is, without words:



<sup>26</sup> Enrique Peña Nieto recently announced what he calls his “National Crusade Against Hunger,” and inaugurated this crusade in Las Margaritas, Chiapas, area of Zapatista influence.

P.S. Very poorly done, boys. Terrible choreography, and badly directed. That applause by the people you hauled out there was totally off queue, even the “preciso” realized it (which is saying a lot). Remember that the substance is the form (or was it the reverse?) Hmm... and the stuttering continues, in addition to errors in the use of the plural, the singular, and the masculine and feminine. You should practice more. Hmm...unless this is now the government’s style, because la chayo<sup>27</sup> used to do the same thing. Anyway, give it more effort. Already no one really believes you and then with this foolishness, even less.

ANOTHER P.S. Honestly I was expecting that we’d hear the musical theme from the telethon, that the respectable folks would take out their lighters, those on stage would stand hand in hand and everyone would sway to the rhythm of “s-o-l-i-d-a-r-i-d-a-d,” followed by, of course, “mexico clap clap clap,” “mexico clap clap clap.”

ONE MORE P.S. A piece of advice: you should send those handouts somewhere else, there is no Jesús here with the last name Ortega, Martínez, or Zambrano.<sup>28</sup> Or you could give them out in the “Pact for Mexico.” (Ah, my jokes are sublime, are they not?)

.....

Listen to the audio that accompanies this Comunicqué:

“Señor Presidente”, son jarocho. Interpretan “Los Cojolites”.

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player\\_embedded&v=SP86Y-IZwIQ](http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=SP86Y-IZwIQ)

<sup>27</sup> Although not explicit and perhaps ambiguous, “chayo” is a name often used to refer to Rosario Robles, former member of the PRD and now member of the PRI.

<sup>28</sup> Jesús Ortega, Jesús Martínez, and Jesús Zambrano are all members of the PRD that have agreed to become part of the “Pact for Mexico,” a political agreement regarding national political priorities made between all three principal political parties, the PAN, PRI, and PRD.

*Yolanda: We’re going to continue with what I am to talk about, which is a little bit about the law [Women’s Revolutionary Law]. As you know, this law was created precisely to address the situation that the compañeras lived on a daily basis. This is why it was created, because before the law they suffered a lot, as we have already heard and I won’t repeat now. This law is already written; we have it in the five caracoles.*

(...)

*But we see that it is very important that we study this law well, because if we don’t really understand what it is that this law tells us, as we have discussed a little bit in this zone, the same history can repeat itself again, where it is forgotten that woman is the giver of life, as we have heard happened before. If we don’t understand this law that we Zapatistas have, this could occur again.*

*This law was not made so that now women could give the orders, it wasn’t so that women could dominate their husbands, their compañeros; this is not what it means. That’s why we need to really study this law, because that is not the reality that we are going to create, nor do we want to follow the history that we have now, where the compañeros who are machistas [chauvinist] give the orders. But if we misinterpret this [law], the same thing could happen but where the compañeras will give the orders and the poor compañeros will be left out, and this is not what we want.*

*What we are after is something like a construction of humanity, this is what we are trying to change, and this requires another world. It is like the goal of everything we are doing, men and women, because as we have already heard, it isn’t a woman’s struggle and it isn’t a man’s struggle. When we’re talking about revolution they must go together, among all men and women, that is how struggle is made. It can’t be that the compañeros say we are struggling here, making revolution, but only compañeros take on the cargos and the compañeras stay in the house. That is not a struggle for everyone. What we want is a struggle for everyone, men and women, this is what we want.*



already had two wives.

We investigated the situation. We called the children of the first wife and of the second, and from there we started to come up with a solution. That's why it took us awhile, the situation was really messed up. We had asked the compañera:

"And what is it that he did to you?" thinking that he had only hit her.

No, this darned guy had hung the compañera from by her feet and hit her, same as with two of his other children. And so we had to find a solution. What was our solution? The compañera asked for a separation, so we did this by distributing their belongings between the first wife and her children, because it was the man who had committed the offense and we couldn't leave her with nothing, and the second wife, because she already had a grown son. We didn't leave anything to the man, we left the rest to the son so that our decision would be clear to the man. We divided up all of his things, this is how we solved the problem, we decided in favor of the compañera who had come to us to make her complaint.

(...)

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(...)

# THEM AND US

## I. The (Un)reasonable Above

January 2013

Those above say:

"We are those who rule. We are the most powerful, although we are the fewest. We don't care what you say/hear/think/do, as long as you are mute, deaf, immobile.

We could impose as government relatively intelligent people (although they are getting really difficult to find in the political class), but instead we chose someone who can't even pretend he knows what's going on.

Why? Because we can.

We can use the police and military apparatus to pursue and incarcerate true criminals, but these criminals are a vital part of us. So instead we choose to pursue you, beat you, detain you, torture you, incarcerate you, murder you.

Why? Because we can.

Innocent or guilty? Who cares if you're one or the other? Justice is just one more whore in our little address book, and, believe us, it's not the most expensive one.

And even if you obey to the letter what we impose, even if you don't do anything wrong, even if you are innocent, we will crush you.



*And if you insist on asking why we do it, we will answer: because we can.*

*This is what it means to have Power. Money, riches, and such things are often talked about. But believe us, what excites us is that feeling of being able to decide the life, liberty, and welfare of any of you. No, power is not money, it's what you can do with it. Power is not just the ability to exercise it with impunity, but, and above all, is the ability to do so irrationally. Because being in Power is doing and undoing for no other reason than having possession of Power.*

*And it doesn't matter who appears up front, to cover for us. All this stuff about right and left, those are just direction for the chauffer to park the car. The machine functions by itself. We don't even have to order punishment for whoever is insolent enough to challenge us. Governments of any size, across the political spectrum, in addition to intellectuals, artists, journalists, politicians, and religious hierarchies fight over the privilege to please us.*

#### 4. The *compañeras*: Taking on the cargo\*

*\*Cargo, a duty or task, refers here to a designated position of responsibility and authority.*

February 2013

*There is nothing more subversive and irreverent as a group of women from below saying, to others and to themselves: "we."*  
Don Durito

**Note:** Below are more fragments from the Zapatista women's 'sharing,' only now the *compañeras* are discussing their work and the current problems that they face in their *cargos* of leadership, the teaching and carrying out of justice, and the managing of resources, along with some reflection on the thorny issue of "gender equity" in the construction of a world that proposes to be inclusive and tolerant, a world where "no one is more, no one is less."

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(...)

*Yes, we have had to settle cases like this. Once we had a case—I will comment here on what the other compañera already mentioned—when we had barely entered the Junta [Good Government Council], they put the two of us in charge of a team and a problem was brought to us. A compañera complained that she was being mistreated by her husband. It is an incredible story and it was a really ugly situation for us. The compañera said:*

*"I want a separation from my husband," but this now ex compa*

As this is about women, here Violeta Parra sings “Arauco tiene una pena.” 50 years after this voice, the Mapuche People continue to resist and transform this shame into rage.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ral3okFdE18>

Audios and Images from the gathering “La Comandanta Ramona and the Zapatistas,” celebrated in Zapatistas lands in December of 2007. In one part, our compañera Comandanta Susana remembers Comandanta Ramona, deceased in January of 2006.

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C6PERg0n\\_RQ](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C6PERg0n_RQ)

Message from the Zapatista compañeras to the compañeras of the world, in December of 2006. At minute 2:22 the compañera says, “We don’t need a professional to come tell us how we should live.”

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bGI9gMbrxk>

*So, in other words, screw you, fuck you, rot, die, become disillusioned, give up.*

*For the rest of the world, you don’t exist, you are no one.*

*Yes, we have sown hate, cynicism, bitterness, desperation, the theoretical and practical sense of to-hell-with-it-all, the conformism of the “least worst,” fear become resignation.*

*And, yet, we fear that this could become organized rage, rebellion, without a price tag.*

*Because we control the chaos we impose, we administer it, we measure it out, we feed it.*

*Our “forces of order” are our forces to impose chaos.*

*But the **kaos** that comes from below...*

*Ah, that one... we don’t even understand what they are saying, who they are, how much it would take to buy them. And then they’re so rude as to not accept handouts, to not wait, ask, or plead, but instead exercise their liberty. Have you ever seen such obscenity!*

*This is the real danger. People that look elsewhere, that step out of the mold, or break it, or ignore it. Do you know what has always worked for us? The myth of unity at any cost. To identify only with the boss, the leader, the caudillo, or whatever you want to call it. It is easier to control, administer, contain, buy off a few rather than to do so with many. And cheaper. That and the individual rebellions. These are so movingly useless.*

*On the other hand, what really is a danger, a real chaos, is when each and every one becomes a collective, a group, a band, a race, an organization, and they learn to say “no” and to say “yes,” and they come to an agreement among themselves.*



*Because the “no” is aimed at those of us who rule. And the “yes”... ugh.. this is indeed a calamity, just imagine if everyone constructed their own destiny, and decided for themselves what to be and do. It would be like saying that we [those in power] are dispensable, disposable, that we are in the way, that we are the ones who are unnecessary, the ones that should be imprisoned, that we are the ones that should disappear.*

*Yes, a nightmare. Yes, of course, only now it’s our nightmare. Can you imagine what bad taste the world would consist of? Full of indians, blacks, browns, yellow, reds, rastas, the tattooed, the pierced, the studded, punks, darket@s, chol@s, skaters, those of that flag with the “A” that have no nation to buy them off, full of young people, women, prostitutes, children, old people, pachucos, drivers, peasants, workers, trash, proles, of the anonymous, of the...the others. Without a privileged space for us, “the beautiful people”... the “decent people” if you understand what we mean... because one can see a mile away that you didn’t study at Harvard.*

*exchanged for alcohol or other goods without even giving their word as to if they were in agreement or not, because they did not have the right to choose their spouse. Once they were married they could not go anywhere alone or talk to other people, especially men. Women were mistreated by their husbands and there was no concern of justice, these mistreatments happened mostly when men were drinking. Women had to live their whole lives like that, in suffering and abuse.*

*Another thing that mothers did was instruct their daughters how to serve food to their brothers, so that later on they would live well with their husband and not be mistreated. It was believed that the reason for mistreatment was that the woman did not learn to serve her husband and do everything he said.*

*But our grandfathers and grandmothers also had good customs that we continue to practice today. They did not worry much when someone was sick, because they knew medicinal plants and they knew how to take care of their health. They didn’t worry about lack of money because they cultivated everything they needed to feed themselves. That’s why women were strong, they were workers, they made their own clothes, calhidra [lime], and even though they didn’t know their rights, they could go forward.*

(...)

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(To be continued...)

I testify.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.

Mexico, February 2013.

.....

Watch and listen to the videos that accompany this text:

*equality began little by little with the division of labor, when the men became those who went to the field to cultivate food, went hunting to complement our food supply, and women stayed in the house to do domestic work, as well as the weaving and spinning of clothes and the making of kitchen utensils like pots, glasses, clay plates. Later another division of work arose when some people began to work in livestock. Cattle began to serve as a form of money, they were used as exchange. With time this activity became the most important, even more so when the bourgeoisie arose, who dedicated themselves to buying and selling in order to accumulate profits. All of this work was done by men, and that is why it is men who rule the family, because only the man earned money for family expenses, and the work of women was not recognized as important. That's why women were viewed as less, weak, incapable of work.*

*That was the custom, the way of life the Spanish brought when they came to conquer our peoples, as we said before, it was the friars who educated and instructed us in their customs and knowledges. From that point on they taught us that women had to serve men and pay attention to their orders, that women must cover their heads with a veil when they go to church, and that a woman shouldn't let her gaze wander just anywhere, she must keep her head down. It was believed that it was women who make men sin, and that is why the church did not permit women to go to school, much less occupy cargos.*

*We as indigenous peoples adopted as a culture the way that the Spanish treated their women, that is why inequality between men and women arose in our communities and continues to this day. These are examples:*

*Women were not allowed to go to school, and if a young girl left to study somewhere she was looked upon badly by the people in the communities. Little girls weren't allowed to play with little boys, or to touch their toys. The only work women were to do was in the kitchen and raising children. Young single women did not have the freedom even to walk around the community or in the city, they had to be shut up in their house, and when they got married they were*

*Yes, that day would be night for us... Yes, everything would blow up. What would we do?*

*Hmm... we hadn't thought about that. We think, plan, and execute what to do to prevent it from happening, but, no, no that possibility hadn't occurred to us.*

*Well, in that case, then... hmm... I don't know... maybe we'd look for whom to blame and then, well I don't know, look for a plan "B." Of course by then it would be useless. I think that at that point we'd remember that phrase from that damned red Jew... no, not Marx... Einstein, Albert Einstein. I believe that it was he who said: "Theory is when you know everything and nothing works. Practice is when everything works and nobody knows why. In this case we have combined theory and practice: nothing works... and nobody knows why."*

*You're right, we wouldn't even manage a smile. Sense of humor is a legacy we haven't been able to expropriate. Isn't that a shame?*

*Yes, no doubt: these are times of crisis.*

*Oh hey, aren't you going to take pictures? I mean, so we can fix ourselves up a bit and put on something more presentable. Nah, we already tried that in "Hola"[a Mexican magazine]... ah but what can we tell you, it's clear that you haven't gotten past the "libro vaquero"[a Mexican comic].*

*Ah, we can't wait to tell our friends that someone so... so... so... other, came to interview us. They're going to love it. And well, it will give us such a cosmopolitan image...*

*No, of course we're not scared of you. With regard to that prophecy... bah, that's just superstition, so... so... so autochthonous... Yes, that's so third world<sup>29</sup>... hahahaha... what a great joke, let me write that down for when we see the boys later...*

<sup>29</sup> "That's so region 4" is the original. Region 4 refers to Latin America in the way DVDs are coded.

*What? It's not a prophecy?...*

*Oh, it's a promise...*

(...) (titutata-tatatatá sound, the smartphone ringing)

*Hello, police? Yes, I need to report that someone came to see us. Yes, we think it was a journalist or someone like that. He looked so... so... so other, yes. No, he didn't do anything to us. No, he didn't take anything either. It's that, now that we left the club to see our friends, we're seeing that something has been painted on the gates to the garden. No, the guards didn't see anybody. Of course not! Ghosts don't exist. Well, it's painted in many colors... no we didn't see any paint bucket around... So, we were saying that it's painted with many colors, really colorful, really tasteless, very other, nothing like the galleries where... what? No, we don't want you to send a patrol. Yes we know. But we called to see if you can investigate what they painted means. We don't know if it's a code, or one of those strange languages that the proletariat speaks. Yes, it's just one word, but we don't know why it gives us chills. It says:*

**“¡MARICHIWEU!”<sup>30</sup>**

(to be continued...)

From whatever corner, in whichever world.

SupMarcos.

Planet Earth.

January 2013.

\*\*\*\*

See and watch the videos that accompany this text:

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30 “We will win a thousand times,” in Mapuche.

*mous municipality “17 de Noviembre”. I am going to read a short introduction before entering our sub-themes. I am going to read the text, because if I just say it, being up here in front, I'm going to forget what I want to say.*

*Before, a long time ago, we suffered mistreatment, discrimination, and inequality in the home and in the community. We always suffered, they told us that we were mere objects, that we weren't good for anything, because that is what our grandmothers had taught us. They only taught us to work in the house, in the field, to take care of the children and the animals, and to serve our husbands.*

*We did not have the opportunity to go to school, that's why we do not know how to read or write, much less speak Spanish. They told us that women do not have the right to participate or to complain. We didn't know how to defend ourselves, nor did we know what rights were. That's how our grandmothers were educated by their bosses who were the ranchers.*

*Some of us still today have this idea that we must only work in the house, because that suffering has continued to imprison us in that idea even now, But after December of 1994, the autonomous municipalities were formed and there is where we began to participate, to learn how to do this work, thanks to our organization which gave us a space for our participation as compañeras, but also thanks to our compañeros, to our parents who began to understand that we have a right to do this kind of work.*

(...)

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*Compañera Ana. It is our turn again, the Zona Norte, the participants who are going to speak on the themes that we analyzed in our Caracol are here. I am going to begin with an introduction.*

*Many years ago there was equality between men and women, because there wasn't one who was more important than the other. In-*



*to function. Now that we have rights as women, what we are going to do is build, do our work; it is now our obligation, as they say, to keep going.*

*So a question for those of us who are present here, maybe for one of the compañeras that follows me: do you know who made the Revolutionary Law? If someone wants to answer they can, because someone fought for this law and defended us. Who was it that fought for us compañeras? It was Comandanta Ramona, she made this effort for us. She didn't know how to read or write, nor did she speak Spanish. So why don't we, compañeras, make this same effort? She, who already made this effort, is our example. She is the example that we are going to follow going forward in our work, to demonstrate what we know in our organization.*

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*It is my job to represent the compañeras who are going to participate on the subject of women, there are 5 compañeras who are going to participate. Good afternoon to everyone. My name is **Claudia** and I come from the Caracol IV of Morelia. I am one of the bases of support from the pueblo Alemania, region Independencia, autono-*

#### a.- Pachuco

“Pachuco“, with La Maldita Vecindad y los Hijos del 5to Patio. A video that, now yes, is from what they call a perspective “from below,” that is, from the middle of the mosh pit. Moral of the story: don't record while you're on the trampoline. And what's up Maldita? Don't be so predictable and come to an agreement. Or what, you're going to abandon the people at the mercy of the justin biebers of the world? Okay then, a hug from here from Solin, because you all understood that the communities are the real Kalimán<sup>31</sup>.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4UXRUUVjV7A>

b.- “Más por tu dinero” (“More bang for your buck”). Screenplay and direction by Yordi Capó. Guadalajara, México, August 2003.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UklPFLM3E0w>

#### c.- “On mice and cats.”

Animated drawings based on the words of Thomas C. Douglas (1904-1986).

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e-fEX3\\_GBsc](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e-fEX3_GBsc)

<sup>31</sup> Kalimán is another old comic. Solin was the sidekick of Kalimán.



*great majority of us speak Tzeltal.*

*I am going to start with what we know about how the compañeras suffered before 94. There were many humiliations, mistreatments, and rapes, but the government didn't care about this, its work was to destroy us as women. They didn't care if a woman was sick or asking for help, none of that mattered to them.*

*But we as women, today, we can't let that happen to us now, we must go forward. In those days we suffered, as the other compañeras have commented. In those days when there were so many humiliations, what did the bad government and the landowners do? They didn't concern themselves with the compañeras.*

*What did the landowners do? They had the compañeros in peonage, and the compañeras had to get up very early to work and then the poor women had to continue working alongside the men. There was much slavery, but compañeros we don't want this anymore, that is why we began to participate, as compañeras. In those days we didn't participate, they had us as if we were blind, mute. What we want now is for our autonomy to function, for women to participate, to not stay behind. We will continue to go forward so that the bad government can see that we will not let them exploit us as they did our ancestors. We don't want that anymore.*

*It wasn't until the year 94 that we knew about the Women's Law. It is so good, compañeros, that this law existed, that we have been able to participate. From that year forward, there have been mobilizations where the compañeras have participated, for example, in the National Referendum women participated. I was present at that time, I was 14 years old and I was there for the National Referendum. I didn't know very well how to participate or to speak, but I did what I could compañeras.*

*Women have struggled, have demonstrated their capacity for struggle, and the government now realizes that women won't give up either, they will keep going. And now, as I said, we want our autonomy*



*that put that idea in our heads. But we as women were also afraid that we weren't able to do things outside of the home, nor were the compañeros willing to allow that space.*

*Just as we didn't have the freedom to participate, to speak, we also thought that men were worth more than we were. When we were under our parents dominion, they did not give us the freedom to leave home, machismo was very strong then. Maybe the compañeros were like that not because they wanted to be, but because ideas of capitalism or of the system had also penetrated their thinking. Also the compañeros are not accustomed to doing the tasks of the household, taking care of the children, washing clothes, and cooking food, and so it is difficult for them, it is hard for them to take care of the children so that their compañeras can leave to do their work.*

*As I said before, the compañeras who live under our parents dominion or still live with our parents have this mode of respect, if our parents say we can work, then we go where we want to work. But if our parents say you're not going, as they sometimes do, well sometimes we obey, sometimes we have it in our heads that we must respect our parents' wishes. So there are times that our parents don't let us go, or it has also happened that they think that if they let their daughters leave home then instead of going to our assigned work, we are going to do other things, things that will later get our parents into problems, and they will have to take responsibility for fixing our problems as women. This is sometimes what our parents or our husbands think, for those who are already married, this is what is sometimes going through their minds.*

(...)

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*Compañeros and compañeras, good afternoon to all of you present here today. My name is **Andrea**, from the pueblo of San Manuel, municipality Francisco Gómez of Caracol III "La Garrucha." We come as representatives of the compañeras of the zone of Garrucha, to share what we are able to; we don't bring very many words, as the*

## II. The Machine in Almost 2 Pages

January of 2013.

The salesman speaks:

*It's marvelous, very "cool," if you get what I'm saying. It's called "neoliberal globalization version 6.6.6," but we prefer to just call it "the savage" or "the beast." Yes, it's an aggressive nickname, but it shows initiative, very grrrr. That's what I learned in my self-help class, "How to sell a nightmare," ... but let's get back to the machine. Its operation is very simple. It's self-sufficient (or "sustainable," as they say). It produces, yes, exorbitant profits... What? Invest part to those profits in easing hunger, unemployment, lack of education? But it is precisely those aspects of lack that make this precious thing go! Quite something, eh? A machine that produces its product and at the same time the combustible it needs to keep running: poverty and unemployment.*

*Of course, it also produces merchandise, but not just that. Look: let's suppose that it produces something totally useless, something nobody needs, something without a market. Okay then, this marvelous thing not only produces useless stuff, it also creates a market where this uselessness becomes articles of basic necessity. The crisis? Yes of course, just push this button here, no not that one, that's the "ejection" button...the other one... yes. Okay, so you push that button and "boom!" There you have it, the crisis that you need, all-inclusive, with its millions of unemployed, its anti-riot tanks, its*

*financial speculations, its droughts, its famines, its deforestations, its wars, its apocalyptic religions, its supreme saviors, its jails and cemeteries (for those that don't follow the supreme saviors), its fiscal paradises, its poverty-assistance programs with musical themes and choreography included... of course, a little charity is always looked upon in a positive light.*

*But that's not all, now if you'll allow me, let me show you this demo. When you put it into the mode "destruction/ depopulation- reconstruction/repopulation," it does miracles. Watch this example: you see those forests? No, don't worry about those indigenous peoples... yes they are Mapuche, but they could be Yaquis, Mayos, Nahuas, Purépechas, Maya, Guaranís, Aymarás, Quechúas. So, push that button "play" and you'll see how the forests disappear (also the indigenous, but they never matter), now see how everything becomes a wasteland, wait... there the machines are arriving, and voilá! There you have the golf course you've always dreamed of, with an exclusive residential development with all the amenities. Ah, marvelous, is it not?*

*It also comes with software that is the latest of the latest. You can click here, where it says "filter," and on your TV, radio, newspapers, magazines, facebook, twitter, and youtube, only psalms and praises for you and those close to you appear. Yes, it eliminates any comment, writing, image, noise, or any bad vibe that those anonymous proletarians habitually post, so dirty, ugly, bad... and rude as they tend to be.*

*It runs with a floor mounted stick shift (although you can also switch into automatic pilot with just a **click**); heliport; no, no airline ticket, because in the end there's nowhere to escape to, but there is a place available in the next space shuttle scheduled for takeoff; it also has a super-hyper-mega-exclusive "**mall**"; golf course; home bar; yacht club; Harvard diploma already framed; summer house; ice skating rink... yes, I know, what would we do without the modern left and its fancy ideas? Ah, and with this new wonder you could be in "real time" and simultaneously in any part of the planet, it's as if you had*

*was written. Here in the Altos Zone perhaps we have not made great advances; they have been small advances, slow ones, but we are advancing compañeras and compañeros.*

*So we're going to talk here about how we have advanced in the different levels, the different areas, and the different places where we work. We are also going to talk about how we, men and women, analyzed the Revolutionary Law before we came here; we analyzed how we are doing on each of the points of the Women's Revolutionary Law, so we're going to talk about that too. It is very important that not only women participate in this analysis, but that men also participate, in order to hear what we think, what we say. Because if we are talking about a revolutionary struggle, a revolutionary struggle isn't made only by men nor only by women, it is the work of everyone, it is the work of the people and as people we are children (niños and niñas), men, women, young people (jóvenes and jóvenes), adults, and elderly (ancianos and ancianas). We all have a place in this struggle and that is why we all need to participate in this analysis and the work that is pending.*

(...)

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(...)

*Compañeros, compañeras, my name is **Eloísa**, of the pueblo Alemania, San Pedro Michoacán municipality, I was a member of the Junta de Buen Gobierno [Good Government Council], of the Caracol I "Mother of the caracoles. Sea of our dreams." We are going to talk a bit about the subject of the compañeras, and my job is to talk about the compañeras' participation before 94 and a little about how we began to advance after 94.*

*So as we talked about in our zone, at the beginning we as compañeras did not participate, our compañeras from before did not have this idea that we could participate. We had the thought or idea that we women were only good for taking care of the home or the children or for cooking; maybe it was that same capitalist ignorance*

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*Good morning everyone. My name is Guadalupe, from the pueblo Galilea, in the Monterrey region. As you have heard, there are regions that don't have an autonomous municipality, and I come from one of those. My cargo<sup>74</sup> is education promoter, and I represent Caracol II "Resistance and Rebellion for Humanity" of the Altos [highlands] zone of Chiapas. To start I am going to give you a small introduction to the subject.*

*We know that in the beginning of life, women had a very important role in society, among the peoples, in the tribes. Women did not live like we live now; they were respected, they had the most important role with regard to the conservation of the family, they were respected because they gave life, just like now we respect the mother earth because she gives us life. In that time, women had a very important role, but this changed over time with the arrival of private property.*

*When private property was established, women were relegated to another level, and what we call "patriarchy" began by dispossessing women of their rights and looting the earth itself. So it was when private property began that men began to rule. We know that with private property came three great evils: the exploitation of all of us – men and women – but more so of women; as women we are also exploited by the neoliberal system. We also know that with this came men's oppression of women, just for being women. And as women we also in that time suffered discrimination for being indigenous. So we have these three great evils; there are others, but we are not talking about those right now.*

*For those of us in the organization [EZLN], lacking so many rights as women, we saw that it was necessary to fight for equality between men and women, and that is how our Women's Revolutionary Law*  
<sup>74</sup> Cargo is like a combination of duty and task, or charge; it also refers to a position of responsibility.

*your own, exclusive global ATM.*

*Hmm... yes, it includes a papal bull [official communication from the pope] to guarantee you a V.I.P. spot in heaven. Yes, I know, but we are now working in this field of immortality. Meanwhile, we can install as an accessory (for an additional cost, of course, but I'm sure that won't be a problem for someone like you): a panic room! Yes, you know it's just like those vandals to come demand what's theirs with all that about "the land belongs to those who work it." Oh, but no need to worry. That's why we have governors, political parties, new religions, and "reality shows." But of course, it's a supposition<sup>32</sup>, and if these fail at some point? No matter, in questions of security no cost is too high. Yes of course, I've noted it, "include Panic Room."*

*It also includes a TV studio, a radio studio and a desk for editing. No, don't get me wrong. They aren't for watching television or listening to the radio or reading newspapers and magazines, all this is for those lowly bastards. It's to produce information and entertainment for those [poor swine] who make the machine run. Brilliant, is it not?*

*What? Oh...well...yes... I'm afraid that small problem has not been solved by our specialists. Yes, if the raw material, that is, if the plebian masses rebel there really isn't anything to do. Yes, it could be that even the "panic room" is useless in that case. But there's no reason to be pessimistic, you should assume that day... or night... is very far away. Why yes, this new age optimism I also learned in my self-help class. Eh? What? I'm fired?*

*(to be continued...)*

From whatever corner, in whichever of the worlds.  
SupMarcos.

<sup>32</sup> This is a play on words. The original is "supositorio," which means "suppository," but sounds similar to "suposición" which means supposition or presumption.

Planet Earth.  
January 2013.

See and listen to the video that accompanies this text:

[Fuck Tha Posse – El Fin De Los Días \(Dr. Loncho, Oscar A Secas y Hazhe\) – 20 Minutes Mixtape Vol. 1](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8SQpb39fUV4&list=PLFC422381A5A58784)  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8SQpb39fUV4&list=PLFC422381A5A58784>

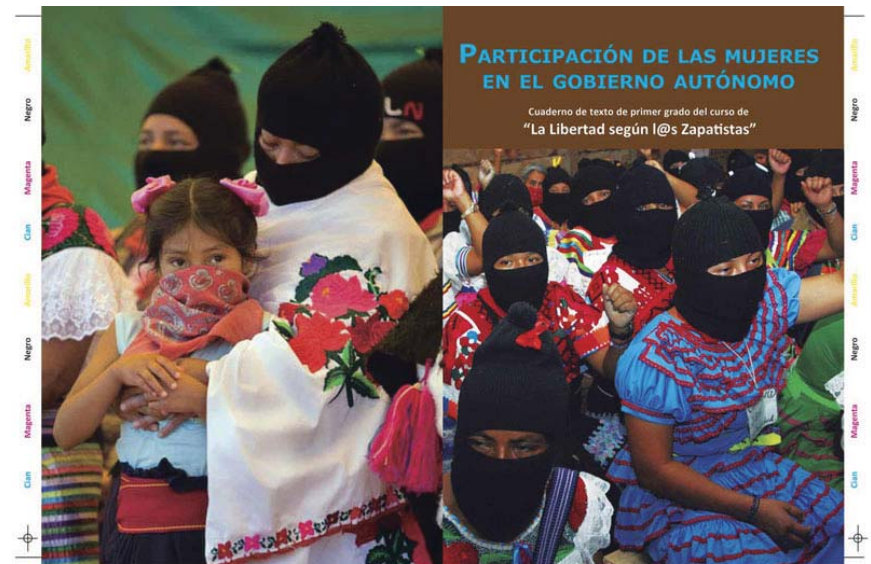
Sobre la lucha del Pueblo Mapuche.  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6wvVB-gcKM0>

### 3. The *compañeras*. The long path of the Zapatistas.

February 2013.

NOTE: Below are fragments of the Zapatista women’s “sharing,” which form part of the notebook “Women’s Participation in Autonomous Government.” In these extracts, the *compañeras* talk about how they see their own history of struggle as women, and, along the way, shatter some of the racist, sexist, anti-zapatista ideas that people across the political spectrum hold about women, about indig-enous women and about Zapatista women.

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*be. How do the Juntas de Buen Gobierno, the MAREZ [Zapatista Autonomous Municipalities in Rebellion], the authorities and the people relate?*

*That is, how is democracy made?*

(...)

\_\*\_

To be continued...

*I testify.*

*From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.*

*Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.*

*Mexico, February 2013*

.....  
*Listen to and watch the videos that accompany this text.*

Alfredo Zitarrosa, perhaps involuntary teacher of a generation, oriental who still fights with the coplas, vidalitas, and milongas. Here he is singing “[Adagio en mi pais](#),” and by country, of course, he refers to every corner of the many worlds that abound and redound.  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K7p2OcJVItA>

Arturo Meza with the song “La Rebeldía de la Luz.” In one part of the song, master Meza mentions each one of the original peoples who, in Mexico, resist and struggle.  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RwNlzi-fKD8>

Daniel Viglietti, our brother and compa, reads a story called “La Historia del Ruido y del Silencio,” which tries, in vain, to explain the Zapatista silences and the Zapatista gaze.  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M2vUrD2XiU>

### III. The Overseers

January 23, 2013

*Somewhere in Mexico...*

The señor hits the table, furious.

*“Annihilate them!”*

*“Señor, with all due respect, we’ve been trying to do just that for more than 500 years. All exalted successive empires have tried to do so with all the military might of their eras.*

*“And so why are they still there?”*

*“Err...we’re still trying to understand that”—the lackey casts a reproachful look at someone in military uniform.*

The aforementioned man gets up and, standing at attention, extends his right arm in front of him, with his hand extended and shouts with enthusiasm:

*“Heil...! Excuse me, I meant to say, greetings, señor.”* He glares threateningly at his chuckling companions and continues:

*“The problem, sir, is that those heretics don’t confront us where we are strong, they circle around on us and attack our weaknesses. If it was a question of lead and fire, well, those lands, with their forests, water, minerals, and people would have been conquered a long time ago and you, señor, could offer them as tribute to the Big Boss. But those cowards, instead of confronting us with their heroic naked*

*chests, or with bows, arrows, and spears and going down in history as heroes (defeated yes, but defeated heroes), instead of that, they prepare, they organize, they get together and make plans, they turn their backs on us, they hide when they take off their masks. But we wouldn't be in this situation if you all had listened to me when this all started."* He looks with reproach at another guest at the table whose placard reads "**chupa-cabras**<sup>33</sup> **version 8.8.1.3**. The aforementioned man smiles as he says:

*"General, with all due respect, we didn't have an atomic bomb. And although we could have gotten one from one of our allies (the guest with the ambassador placard nods his head acknowledging the mention), we would indeed have annihilated the aborigines, but we would also have destroyed the forests and the water, and all of the work of mineral exploration and exploitation would be impossible for centuries."*

Another lackey intervenes:

*"We offered them songs and poems upon their deaths praising their sacrifice, ballads, films, roundtables, essays, books, theatrical works, statues, their names in gold letters. We told them that if they tried to resist and stay alive, we would start rumors and sow doubts about why they haven't disappeared, why they haven't died, and we would say they were our own creation; we said we would carry out a campaign to discredit them that would even have the support of some progressive intellectuals, artists, and journalists."*

The guests make a gesture of approval, although more than one indicates displeasure at so many "ists."

The señor interrupts impatiently:

<sup>33</sup> Legendary beast, literally "goat-sucker." The name refers to the beast's rumored vampire-like activity of attacking and sucking the blood of animals, especially goats. While its mythology is present in various countries in Latin America, in Mexico it was especially prominent in (and now used somewhat allegorically to refer to) Carlos Salinas de Gortari's administration: the vampire aspect reflects a government looting its own nation.

*compañero who was taking the land why this shouldn't be, what is right, is right.*

(...)

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(...)

*Yes, that is true, but my question then is if you need to make a rule, who proposes the idea? Where does the idea come from regarding what the rule should be? Who is it that says, 'I propose this'? Where does the idea come from? And so on. What do you do to unite the voice of the people, if it is originally the Junta's idea? Does the Junta take this on or do they still need the support of the compañeros of the Information Commission? Or who is it that says that we need to create a rule here?*

**Another compañero's response:** *What you have described, where an initiative comes directly from the compañeros who are authorities, an initiative for a rule comes directly from the compañeras who are in authority, that hasn't happened yet. It is between compañeras and compañeros.*

*No, compa, my question is as Junta de Buen Gobierno, not as compañeras. As Junta de Buen Gobierno, and this is just an example that I am giving, it doesn't have to be specifically about a rule or law. When you see that there is a need or there is a problem - I use the example of a rule because it requires a relation - the Junta de Buen Gobierno isn't going to impose a law, and so we want to discuss how it is that you handle this. Because it is here that democracy enters into play, and this is what we want to understand. Because as you told us, there won't always be insurgent leaders present, and, as we understand, the Information Commission, or the CCRI [Indigenous Revolutionary Clandestine Committee] won't always be there either. So you as the Juntas de Buen Gobierno, how do you approach something that needs to be handled, a law or a problem, some issue that needs to move forward, a project or whatever it may*

*entire base and directly chose the group of compañeros to do that would do the work of autonomy.*

*What is their work? What work were these compañeros going to do? Because we had practically no knowledge about this, maybe a few people had some, but the majority had no knowledge about this task, what would we do? We would work on autonomy, we would govern ourselves, but “how” is the question that arose, what is it exactly that we’re going to do? Well, no one knew the answer, but with the passage of time, with these authorities in place, problems arose that they would have to handle. There really were problems in each of our pueblos, in each of our municipalities.*

*What were the problems that the authorities faced at that time? At that time, the principal problems we faced were alcoholism, domestic problems, problems between neighbors, and some agrarian problems.*

*So what did this group of compañeros do when a problem presented itself?*

*What they did was discuss it: first the person with the complaint would come and they listened to that person’s problem. When they had listened, they would call in the other party, they listened to both sides. So this group of compañeros listened, first they listened to what the problem was and who was right. When they could see that the person with the complaint was right, then they had to talk with the other compañero with whom the first had the problem.*

*At that time, the authorities would try to give them ideas, that is, convince both sides to arrive at a peaceful solution without so much drama.*

*This is what the authorities did with other types of problems as well, in agrarian issues for instance, they would convince the compañeros not to fight, not to fight over a piece of land. If one compañero’s land was being taken by somebody else, then they had to explain to the*



“And?”

“They answered us with this signal”—(the lackey shows him his fist with the middle finger up).

The other guests become indignant and clamor:

“Proles! Trash! Rude people! Plebes! Barrio!”

The lackey continues to make the hand signal, staring straight at the señor. The señor rebukes him:

“I got it! You can put your hand down.”

The lackey lowers his hand slowly, winking at the other guests. He continues:

“The problem, sir, is that these people don’t worship death, but life. We have tried to eliminate their visible leaders by buying them off, seducing them.”

“And so?”

*“Not only have we not managed to do that, we have realized that the bigger problem is the invisible leaders.”*

*“Alright, find them.”*

*“We already found them sir.”*

*“And?”*

*“It’s all of them.”*

*“What do you mean all of them?”*

*“Yes, all of them, men and women. That was one of the messages that they were sending that day of the end of the world. We managed to keep it out of the press, but I think here we can say it without fearing that anyone else will get wind of it. It was a code for us to understand: the one who is on stage is the boss.”*

*“What? 40,000 bosses?”*

*“Err... sir, forgive me, those are just the ones we saw, we would have to add many others that we didn’t see.”*

*“Buy them off then. I imagine we have enough money,”* he adds gesturing to the guest with the placard, *“Non-Automatic Teller Machine.”*

The “NATM” stammers:

*“Well, sir, we’d have to sell something belonging to the State and*

*with the people? This could create a grievance even if the people understand the decision, so explanations are meant to convince them and not to overcome them by force, so that people do not get discouraged or confused. This is what I wanted to explain a little more, because that’s where dissent begins and how people get demoralized, this is how I see the problem.*

*You must always be close to the people so that this does not happen.*

*There are also people who might want to do something without majority agreement, so you have to explain to them that it can’t be done, we have had a few cases like this. There are people who come to the office and even raise their voice to the authorities, but we can’t accept their proposal because it depends on having majority approval. In these cases one has to be clear, one has to explain to the people and try to convince them, try to help them understand why we do things this way. This is what I think, compañeros, and this is what I try to explain about the seven principles, it is what I have understood, what I have learned a little about. I have not learned much because I only worked in that role for three years and little by little I realized how things needed to be. At that moment we couldn’t do the work easily because we entered as new [authorities] without support, but now there are compañeros who have stayed on for one more year to accompany the new authorities, so they have some support.*

*But when we began it wasn’t like that, we had only the support of the committees [CCRI], they were there, and with that support, gradually we were able to understand things. I understood a little, and that is what I could explain to you compañeros.*

(...)

*How were they chosen?*

*They were chosen by the assembly; something like where we find ourselves now. In each municipality we convoked an assembly of the*



*But yes, this is a necessity. I saw at that time that there was a lot of work that year because we didn't have a driver. Now I see that they are rotating drivers to tend to the clinics, and to do the related work of washing the car, checking the tires, getting gasoline, the Junta isn't responsible for that now.*

*With this step, things are getting better, and I think that like this, bit by bit, it will continue to get better, as long as we are thinking and studying the necessities that arise, because the work in the zone or the municipality is also growing little by little. Little by little, more compañeras will participate because the work is growing. So we see here that what is really important is coordination among everyone, taking everything into account, in order to develop proposals and new ideas for how we can work.*

*It is important not to lose contact with the people. These days I hear sometimes that things for which the people were consulted at one point can now be done without consultation, that they can change a few words without the people knowing. This is a problem and can cause things to run amok, because if we teach the people and explain to them, and then all of the sudden leave them aside, they start to talk, to argue.*

*This can create disagreements, or cause them to speak badly of the authorities, and many times we need to go back and explain to the people. As we said earlier today, the Junta has to be very clear on the seven principles. [This refers to the 7 principles of "lead by obeying" that guide the Juntas de Buen Gobierno: Serve, not Serve yourself/ Represent, not Supplant/ Construct, not Destroy/ Obey, not Command/ Propose, not Impose/ Convince, not Defeat/ Go Below, not Climb Above.]*

*The point is to convince the people, not to overcome them with the force of authority, you have to explain to them the reason for modifying certain rules or accords, you have to explain this to them; because if I am an authority and I don't explain to them why we do or don't do something, the question arises – was this point consulted*

*there's almost nothing left."*

The lackey interrupts:

*"Sir, we've tried that."*

*"And?"*

*"They don't have a price."*

*"Well convince them then."*

*"They don't understand what we're saying. And to tell you the truth, we don't understand what they're saying either. They talk about dignity, liberty, justice, democracy."*

*Well, then we'll pretend they don't exist. That way they will die of hunger and curable diseases. With a nice solid information blockade, no one will even notice until it's too late. Yes, we'll kill them with forgetting."*

The guest who looks surprisingly like a chupa-cabras gives a sign of



approval. The señor acknowledges the gesture.

*“Well, sir, but there’s a problem.”*

*“What problem?”*

*“Although we ignore them, they insist on continuing to exist. Without our handouts, excuse me, I meant to say without our help, they built schools, they made the land productive, they built clinics and hospitals, they improved their homes and their food supply, they reduced delinquency rates, they ended alcoholism. And, in addition to prohibiting the production, distribution, and consumption of narcotics, they raised their life expectancy so that it’s now almost equal to that in the great cities.*

*“Ah, you mean it’s still higher in the cities,” the señor smiles contently.*

*“No sir, when I said “almost” I meant that theirs is superior. Life expectancy in the cities has gone down thanks to the strategies of your predecessor, sir.”*

Everyone turns with mockery and reproach to look at the figure in the blue necktie.

*“You mean to tell me that those rebels live better than those who sell out to us?”*

*“Absolutely, sir. But no need to worry about that, we’ve put together an ad hoc media campaign to cover it up.”*

*“And?”*

*“The problem is that neither they nor our own people watch television, or read our press, they don’t have twitter or facebook, they don’t even have cell phone signals. They know they are doing better and our people know they’re doing worse.”*

*in some cases.*

*For example, with respect to the cargos,<sup>73</sup> the responsibilities, we see the difficulty of having lots of work to do. When I had my cargo, we saw that sometimes there was work that the Junta didn’t have the capacity to cover. For example, at that time there weren’t drivers for the clinic, the Junta had to be the driver; it had to be the cook, it had to fetch firewood; there were a lot of tasks and on top of that we had all of the office work to do, like studying the pending issues, pending tasks or municipal issues that hadn’t been resolved, and there just wasn’t time for everything. Now I see, and this crossed our minds then, that we needed support, another driver in that case, because sometimes in the middle of the night we would have to go and get someone who was seriously ill, and it was the Junta that had to go, and would get back at three or four in the morning. This problem crossed our minds but we couldn’t find a solution, the situation presented itself, but we couldn’t resolve it.*

*One example during my turn as Junta was that we wanted to diagnose which illnesses were the most frequent in the municipalities. We couldn’t define this in the Junta, not even with the information we had. I had to ask the mando [local Zapatista authority], as is required, as to whether or not I could go to the municipalities for this information. So I asked the municipalities and some of the municipalities again did not act, some gave this response – they had consulted the people regarding which illness was most frequent and it was typhoid, there had been a typhoid breakout, but they hadn’t formed the councils [we asked for]. So work gets done when the process functions well, like a machine. When a machine doesn’t function, or a piston or a cylinder doesn’t work, the car can’t go up the hill; it doesn’t have the force. This is what happened with our authority, although the Junta thinks or wants to make a proposal for approval in the assembly, sometimes, many times, it doesn’t get approval and doesn’t go anywhere.*

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<sup>73</sup> Cargo is like a combination of duty and task, or charge; it also refers to a position of responsibility.

*ber that this is how our ancestors served when they weren't named by officials but rather by the people, and they served the people, and they didn't get a salary. Corruption and bad service began when salaries entered into the equation.*

*It is in this way, in the little that I have done in my pueblo and in my municipality, that I have been able to serve, although as I said, we continue to learn, we do not just know how to do things because we are older. We continue learning with everyone [male and female]. I think this is the purpose of the distinct levels [of government], and the commissioners and agents, they each have a function but they lack a way to resolve problems. In our case, we have to learn how to govern because we are not trained in this, because we as campesinos are more focused on the countryside, our law is the machete, the file, and the pozol<sup>72</sup> that we carry with us. So, I don't know if I'm wrong compañeros, but this is what I have to share with you.*

(...)

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*We have had a lot of meetings and made many agreements, more than just once we had to arrive at an agreement. We learned that this is difficult work; it isn't easy to do. Why? Because as I said a little while ago, we don't have a guide, there is no manual that we can look at to see what to do, a guide we can follow; we learned through our work with our people.*

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(...)

*Compañeros, this is what we have been talking about and I won't add much more about the way we want to work. Many times the Junta cannot do the work alone, even though that idea crosses our minds; rather, the work must be based on coordination with the councils, and the committees [CCRI], so that we can carry out this idea of how we think things should work, this is what we have seen*

<sup>72</sup> Pozol is a highly nutritious drink made of the dough from ground corn mixed with water. It is commonly consumed in the Mexican countryside as a midday meal.

The guest with the placard, “modern left” stands up.

*“Sir, if you'll allow me. With our new program Solid... excuse me, I meant to say our new program National Crusade...”<sup>34</sup>*

The lackey interrupts impatiently:

*“Enough Chayo, don't start with speeches for the media. Everyone here agrees that the principal enemy are those damned Indians and not the other unnamable.<sup>35</sup> We have that guy totally infiltrated and surrounded by people that take orders from yours truly.*

The guy with the “*chupa cabras*” placard concurs with satisfaction and gets high fives from the guests around him.

The lackey continues:

*“But you and I, and everyone else who is here, knows that all this about the social programs is a lie, that it doesn't matter how much money we put out, at the end of the line nothing is left. Because everyone takes their cut. After you, Sir, with all due respect, take your sizable chunk, and everyone else here does too, then the governors, then the military and naval commands in each zone, then the local legislatures, then the municipal presidents, the commissioners, the bosses, the managers, the check-out people, well, at the bottom there really isn't much, or anything, left.”*

The señor intervenes:

*“Well something must be done then, because if not, the Big Boss is going to look for other overseers and you all know very well, ladies*

<sup>34</sup> “Solid...” implies that “Chayo” was about to make reference to the “Solidaridad” government assistance program under former president Carlos Salinas de Gortari, when what she means to say is the “National Crusade Against Hunger” under Enrique Peña Nieto. The implication is Salinas is still pulling the strings. “Chayo” likely refers to Rosario Robles, former member of the PRD and now member of the PRI.

<sup>35</sup> The “unnamable” refers to Andrés Manuel Lopez Obrador.

and gentlemen, what this means: unemployment, ridicule, perhaps jail or exile. The guy labeled “*chupa cabras*” shudders and makes a gesture of affirmation.

“And this is urgent, because if these Indians *pata-rajada*<sup>36</sup>... (the daughter of the señor makes a gagging sign, his wife looks vaguely ill and acquires a greenish color that makes *Linterna ídem* look pale). The wife leaves the room saying something about pregnancy.

The señor continues:

If those damned Indians unite among themselves, we will be in very serious problems, because...”

“Ahem, ahem, *señor* – they lackey interrupts.

“Yes?”

“I’m afraid there’s a bigger problem, that is, something worse, sir.”

“Bigger? Worse? What could be worse than an Indian insurrection?”

“Well, that they get together with the others, sir.”

“The Others? Who are they?”

“Hmm... let me see... well, the peasants, workers, unemployed, young people, students, teachers, employees, women, men, old people, professionals, gays and lesbians, punks, rastas, skaters, rappers, hip-hoppers, rockers, metalheads, drivers, neighborhood residents, NGO workers, street vendors, the people below, trash, plebes...”

“Enough! I got it... I think.”

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36 A pejorative term, like “filthy savage.” Literally “cut feet,” referring to the rough souls of the feet of those who go barefoot.

## 2. How is it done?

February 2013

Note: *Compas*, at another time (that is, if there is one) I will explain to you how our EZLN is organized. For now, we don’t want to distract you from the “Sharing.” We only want to clarify that you will see something about an “Information Commission.” This commission is made up of *compañeras* and *compañeros*, *comandantes* and *comandantas*, (the **CCRI**, or Indigenous Revolutionary Clandestine Committee), who are watching over the work of autonomy, supporting the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno* (Good Government Councils), and who keep the Zapatista bases of support informed as to how everything is going.

For now, then, more fragments from the Zapatista “sharing”:

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(...)

*This is how we work, then. The last question here asks: How do you resolve problems? Yes there have been problems in the municipality. Land problems, threats, problems with electricity, yes they exist, and I think that these problems exist in all of the communities because it isn’t just bases of support who live together, we have even more problems where we live in the official [ruling party] pueblos where our enemies are, where those who govern are, where there are paramilitaries, that’s where we have these problems. But we have to figure out how to govern ourselves, even though it is difficult to learn this because, as other *compañeros* have said, there is no instruction manual. There is not a guide for this, there isn’t anything written down anywhere that tells us what to do; rather, we have to remem-*

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Watch and listen to the videos that accompany this text.

“Poder Caracol” by Lengualerta/Cuyo, music Taxi Gang. Video of Pazyarte, images of the Caracol Zapatista in Oventik, Chiapas. At the minute 2:42 they ask 2 international compas what they learned. They respond: “to share.”

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dbgahTmiiGs>

Zach de La Rocha, vocalist of Rage Against Machine, explains capital’s interest in annihilating zapatismo (with a small intervention by Noam Chomsky). Zach has been in Zapatista communities, acting like just one more among many, without boasting about who he was and who is he. He knew how to see us; we learned from seeing him. Background music: the track “People of the Sun.”

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZjL7g\\_qsUN0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZjL7g_qsUN0)

The track “Canto a la Rebelión,” from the group SKA-P, lyrics included. This track is part of their new album “99%,” which will come out this coming March 2013, courtesy of Marquitos Spoil. Oh, no reason to be presumptuous. ¡Órales con el brincolín!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6sUQXeEksPg>

The lackeys exchange looks with a complicit smile.

*“Where are the leaders we’ve bought off? Where are those we’ve convinced that the solution to everything is to become like us?”*

*“There are fewer and fewer who believe them, sir. They are less and less able to control their people.*

*“Look for who to buy off! Offer them money, trips, television programs, property titles, council positions, senatorial seats, governments! But above all money, lots of money!”*

*“We are, señor, but... the lackey pauses doubtfully.*

*“And?” prompts the señor.*

*“There are more and more...”*

*“Fantastic! You need more money then?”*

*“Sir, what I mean is that there are more and more who don’t sell out.”*

*“Terror then?”*

*“Sir, there are more and more who aren’t afraid, or if they are, they control it.”*

*“Deception?”*

*“Sir, there are more and more who think for themselves.”*

*“We have to finish them all off then!”*

*“Sir, if we disappear all of them, we also disappear ourselves. Who will plant the ground, who will run the machines, who will work in the mass media, who will attend to us, who will fight our wars, who will praise us?”*

*“Well then we have to convince them that we are as necessary as they are.”*

*“Sir, not only are more and more people realizing that we aren’t necessary, but it appears that the Big Boss is doubting our utility also, and by “our” I mean all of us.”*

The guests at the señor’s table shift uncomfortably in their seats.

*“Well then?”*

*“Sir, while we look for another solution, seeing as the “Pact”<sup>37</sup> didn’t work at all, and seeing as we must avoid repeating the shame of seeking refuge in a bathroom,<sup>38</sup> we have acquired something more convenient, a “panic room!”*

The table guests stand and applaud. They all crowd around the machine. The señor enters and stands in front of the controls.

The lackey, nervous, warns:

*Sir, just be careful not to push the “ejection” button.*

*“This one?”*

*“Nooooooooooooooooo!”*

<sup>37</sup> Refers to the “Pact for Mexico,” a political agreement regarding national political priorities made immediately after Enrique Peña Nieto’s inauguration between all three principal political parties, the PAN, PRI, and PRD.

<sup>38</sup> During a speech at the Universidad Iberoamericana during the presidential campaigns, Enrique Peña Nieto famously hid in the men’s bathroom while students outside staged a protest against him.

*built with the materials that the pueblos had in that moment—used wood and used tin sheets—and that’s how we started, building those spaces, and in less than a week they were ready. So the offices were ready when we made the Juntas public in August of 2003. After they were made public the pueblos gathered together, proud of having created another entity of government as part of our autonomy. We held a party, a big celebration, to formally install the new autonomous government, and give it the office we had built and the materials with which we had supplied it.*

*We could say it was a bunch of stuff, but what the pueblo gave the Junta de Buen Gobierno was a table with two chairs, those were the supplies, and the space, a little smaller than this room we are in now. Those were the conditions at that time. A few days later, someone donated a very old machine [computer] and with that the work began. We received the space almost empty and that’s how we started, work initiatives arose and we got going, setting up the space.  
(...)*

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*In this work, as you can see, in the zone where we work, there are different forms of being, different forms of dressing, different colors, different beliefs, different ways of speaking, and so in that work we respect our compañeros and compañeras, regardless of how they are. The only thing that interests us is the will and capacity to work, so all of this about how someone is doesn’t concern us.  
(...)*

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(To be continued...)

I testify to this.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.

Mexico, February 2013.

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## GOBIERNO AUTÓNOMO II

Cuaderno de texto de primer grado del curso de  
"La Libertad según l@s Zapatistas"

## Caracol I

- 4 Educación autónoma  
Derecho
- 6 Justicia  
Derecho
- 8 Equilibrio entre los  
municipios autónomos  
Derecho
- 10 Trabajos del gobierno  
autónomo  
Ries, Ejeza y Jilamot
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Ejeza

## Caracol II

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Apeyot
- 20 Salud autónoma  
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- 21 Trabajos colectivos  
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- 22 Problemas con otras  
organizaciones  
Apeyot
- 23 Comercialización de café  
Ries
- 26 Dificultades que ha  
enfrentado el gobierno autónomo  
Apeyot



## Caracol III

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solidarios  
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- 31 Educación autónoma  
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- 42 Ingresos y donativos que  
llegan a la Junta  
de Buen Gobierno  
Jilamot y Oxez

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- 46 Trabajos de la Junta  
de Buen Gobierno  
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- 49 Espacio para hacer apuntes

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(...)

*So we went on working like that and we reached 2003, when the Juntas de Buen Gobierno were formed. We didn't know still, in our zone, if the leadership of the association of municipalities would one day be the authorities, the government. But in 2003, when the Juntas de Buen Gobierno were born, the people and the association of municipalities decided that those eight compañeros, members of the Leadership of the Association of Municipalities, would become the authorities of the Junta de Buen Gobierno. And those eight compañeros are those who take on the cargo of the Junta de Buen Gobierno for its first period, from 2003 to 2006.*

*So that's how it happened, and under those conditions, the Junta de Buen Gobierno did not yet have an adequate space to work in. A few days before the existence of Juntas de Buen Gobierno was made public, the pueblos quickly and urgently constructed a space for the Junta de Buen Gobierno, as well as a place for each of the autonomous municipalities in the center of the Caracol. These were*

The makeup people and puppeteers run to give first aid.

The lackey speaks to one of the cameramen who has filmed everything:

*"You have to erase that part... And tell the Big Boss to prepare a replacement doll. We have to constantly be 'resetting' this one."*

The guests at the table adjust their ties, skirts, fix their hair, and cough, trying to draw attention to themselves. The clicks of the cameras and light from the flash overshadow everything...

(to be continued...)

From whatever corner of whatever world.

SupMarcos.

Planet Earth.

January 2013.

Information taken from Report #69 of the Autonomous Intelligence Service (SIA by its Spanish acronym) on what was seen and heard in an ultra-arch-extremely-hyper-secret meeting held in Mexico City, back patio of the United States, latitude 19° 24' N, longitude 99° 9' W. Date: a few hours ago. Classification: for your eyes only. Recommendation: don't make this information public because they are going to be watching us closely. Note: send more *pozol* because Elías<sup>39</sup> already finished it off to the yell of "to the yell of "We can do this!" and he's dancing *ska* to the track *Tijuana No*, "Transgressors of the Law," the version by *Nana Pancha*. Sure the track is cool, but it's hard to get into the moshing given that Elías is wearing steel-toed mining boots.

See and listen to the video that accompanies this text:

39 Elias Contreras, the main character of "The Uncomfortable Dead," a crime fiction novel co-written by Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos and a collective pseudonym given to those assigned intelligence detail for the EZLN.

“Luna Negra.” Lyrics by Arcadio Hidalgo. Music and performance by Los Cojolites. Now for real the other son jarocho. ¡A zapatearle en el fandango raza!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RRqmPk3TnGs>

“En esta tierra que me vio nacer” (In this land where I was born) with MC LOKOTER. Greetings to the other Zumpango. Production and Photography: Joana López. Direction and editing: Ricardo Santillán. Production: BLASJOY DESIGNER. Year 2012. Note: An “MC” is something like a DJ with noble sentiments and good words, but in hip hop rhyme. ¡A Rapeeeeeeeeeeeeeear! [Let’s rap!]

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F9C61W\\_OnCA](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F9C61W_OnCA)

“Transgresores de la ley” (Transgressors of the law) by *Tijuana No*, version from *Nana Pancha*, on the album “Flores para los muertos”(Flowers for the dead). Every time “*Tijuana No*” played this song they dedicated it to the ezetaelene [EZLN], even when the zapatones weren’t in style. Greetings and a big hug to those who never forgot us. ¡Skaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! ¡Al brincolín banda! [Everybody jump!]

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L5IhoPxCKs>

*tain their children. So the Zapatista pueblos began to organize, we said “enough of so much humiliation.” So we rose up in arms, we weren’t bothered by having to walk at night, or by hunger.*

*So we trained and educated ourselves, and we saw that organized, united, we could do things, and that we would be able to do many more things. After the uprising, we began to look at how to advance the training of our autonomous authorities in each municipality. That’s why we are all gathered here, to talk and share how our autonomous governments began to function. Why do I want to explain a little about this? Because I think that from that point on we were advancing toward where we are now. On this subject the compañero \_\_\_ is going to explain how we are working in our municipalities and in the Junta de Buen Gobierno today. That’s all I have to say, compañeros.*

*Compañeros, as the other compa already told you, now our compañero \_\_\_ is going to try to explain a little because he was the founder of our autonomous government in Caracol III, in la Garucha, they were the first authorities. So they are going to share how they worked, how they were, how they began, and how things have been until today.*

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(...)

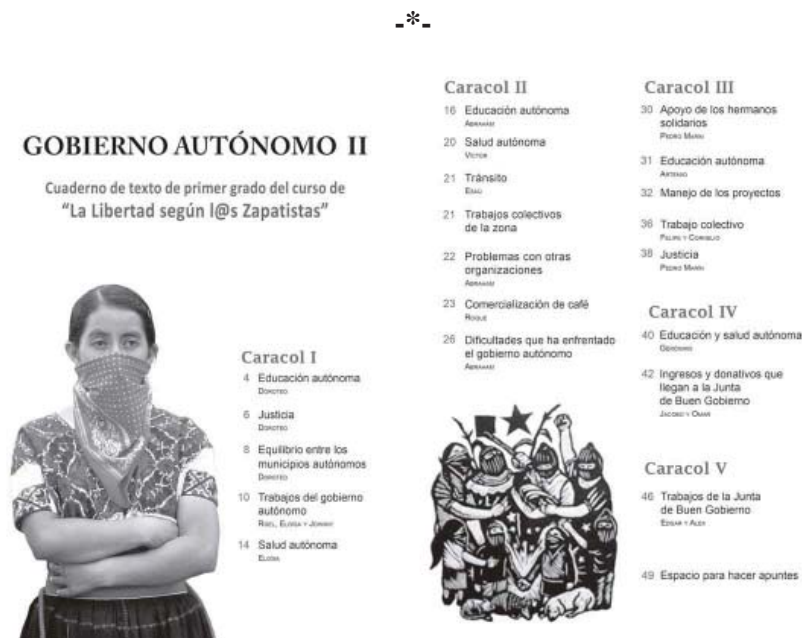
*Ah I forgot to mention something before, about a month after we began our work, an organization called CIOAC [of PRD affiliation], kidnapped one of our compañeros along with a truck, so we had to denounce this but we didn’t have any idea how to make a denunciation. Members of the Junta de Buen Gobierno and municipal councils had to go and speak, a few words each, to make this denunciation, as a team, and that’s how we went about making the denunciation, but we got it out. And that’s why we started designating a secretary, a cook, someone who sweeps up, because we had to clean up our own office and our work area, we didn’t have anyone especially for those tasks and that’s how we still do it today.*

(...)



themselves. So those who want to obey keep going, and those who don't leave. That is our answer.

(...)



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*Compañeros and compañeras, good afternoon to everyone. I come from a village called \_\_\_\_\_, which is part of the municipality Francisco Villa. I am here representing the Junta de Buen Gobierno [Good Government Council], my cargo<sup>71</sup> was Consejo [“Council”], from 2006 to 2009. I am going to explain how the responsibilities we have today came about. It's not my job yet to explain where we started in 1994, rather, I'm going to tell a little about where we started after 1994. Before, in 91, 92, what was the cause of the armed uprising? It was the domination, marginalization, humiliation, injustice, and the norms or laws of the bad governments and the landowning exploiters. In those days, our parents and grandparents were not taken into account, they suffered, and didn't have land to work and main-*

*71 Cargo is like a combination of duty and task, or charge; it also refers to a position of responsibility*

## IV. The Pains of Those Below

January of 2013.

*“How many times have the police stopped us in the street for the crime of “carrying a face”<sup>40</sup> that looks suspicious, or a mohawk, and after beating and extorting us, they let us go?”*

**“Repression y Criminalization,” Cruz Negra Anarquista-Mexico. January 2013**

*“And the young person that now sees you as a hero and an example of someone who has been unjustly treated by a repressive system?”*

*“Hero, no. A hero is each of those young people that go outside everyday to organize themselves to change this unjust society and this economic and political system. And they do organize, they defend themselves...”*

*They shouldn't be afraid, because fear is about to change direction.”*

**Alfonso Fernández, held in prison since N14,<sup>41</sup> in Spain, interviewed by Shangay Lily, on Kaos en la Red. January 2013.**

<sup>40</sup> “Carrying a face” [*portación de cara*] is used here as a substitute for the usual Mexican legal phrase “carrying a weapon” [*portación de arma*] and is used in Mexico much the same way as the crimes of “Driving while Black” or “Flying while Arab” are used in the United States.

<sup>41</sup> November 14, 2012 was the day of a massive general strike in Spain and Portugal, as well as other strikes across Europe, especially in Greece and Italy.

*We need an enemy to give a people hope. [...]*

*But the meaning of identity is now based on hatred, on hatred for those who are not the same. Hatred has to be cultivated as a civic passion. The enemy is the friend of the people.*

*You always want someone to hate in order to feel justified in your own misery. Always.*

*Hatred is the true primordial passion.*

**Umberto Eco. El Cementerio de Praga (The Prague Cemetery).**

When and where did the violence start?

Let's see.

In front of a mirror, on whatever calendar, in whatever geography...

Imagine you are different from most people.

Imagine you are something very different.

Imagine you have a particular color skin or hair.

Imagine that you are disrespected, humiliated, pursued, incarcerated, or killed for this, for being different.

Imagine that since you were born, the entire system tells you over and over that you are something odd, abnormal, sick, that you should repent from what you are, chalk it up to bad luck and/or divine justice, and do everything possible to modify this "manufacturing defect."

*And of course for you, precisely, we have this product that is simply m-a-r-v-e-l-o-u-s for genetic defects. This type of thinking will relieve you of rebellion and that bothersome habit of complaining about everything all the time. This cream will change your skin color. This dye will give your hair a fashionable tint. This class on "how to make friends and be popular in the network" will give you*

(...)

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*These municipalities decided where their municipal seat would be, and began to think about names for the municipalities, what they would be called when the Aguascalientes was ready. The first autonomous municipality, La Garrucha, was called Francisco Gómez; the municipality that is today San Manuel was before Las Tazas; Taniperlas was renamed Ricardo Flores Magón; San Salvador was named Francisco Villa. All of these names honored compañeros. Francisco Gómez, a name we all know now, was a compañero who gave his life to our cause, he died in combat in Ocosingo on January 1st. San Manuel honors the compañero Manuel, founder of our organization. Ricardo Flores Magón, we know was a warrior of social struggle in our history. And Francisco Villa was also a revolutionary that we all know. So our municipalities were formed as agreed in our community assemblies, and in the regional assembly we decided on their names. Compañeros, those are the few words that I have to say and now other compañeros or compañeras will explain what comes next.*

(...)

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*The principal problems that we had since the beginning of [inaudible], the problem of alcoholism, how is this problem now in your zone?*

*So in those days, at the beginning of 1994, a little after the war, some joined [the organization] out of fear. The war started, we all got together, we joined up for various reasons, but we joined up. Some did so consciously, but others out of fear. So those that joined out of fear, well of course they weren't happy doing the work of the organization, so what did they do? We had the order not to drink alcohol, but they drank anyway, while trying to hide it. So what did we do? We didn't punish them, what we did—and this is why we have the commission of elders—was have this commission explain to them why we made this rule, and explain the damage they were doing to*

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(...)

*We are here to share our experiences, and one of these is, as we Zapatistas say, that we govern together, we govern as a collective. What can we share about the way in which you govern together, collectively?*

*The way we work is by not separating ourselves from the people. Always, with issues of regulations, plans, activities, and work, we have to get information from the people, and the [community] authorities have to be present in making the plans, making the proposals.*

(...)

*We are thinking and working through various things, and we think that part of the duty of autonomous government is to attend to whoever comes to our office with an issue. Whether or not that issue can be resolved, it must be heard. This is for whoever comes in, Zapatista or not, that is how we work. The exception to this is people from the government or people sent from the government, in which case they are not attended to. But as long as that is not the case, anyone from any social organization is heard. Also in our work we are always vigilant about honoring the seven principles of “rule by obeying.” We consider this to be necessary, to be our obligation, in order not to make the same mistakes and develop the same habits of the entities of bad government. So the seven principles are what govern us.*

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*The first Aguascalientes, built in Guadalupe Tepeyac, was where we took our first step toward organization and toward our own way of exercising our rights. This Aguascalientes was a cultural, political, social, economic, and ideological center. When Ernesto Zedillo<sup>70</sup> betrayed us in a [military] offensive that dismantled the Aguascalientes, he thought our organizational politics would come to an end. But the opposite happened, because that same year, 1994, it was declared that we would build five more Aguascalientes.*

70 Ex-president of Mexico, 1994-2000.

*everything necessary to be a modern individual. This treatment will give you your youth back. This DVD will show you how to behave at the table, in the street, at work, in bed, in illegal assaults (by thieves), in legal assaults (by banks, government, elections, and legally established businesses), in social gatherings... what? Oh, they don't invite you to social gatherings?... ok, well it will also tell you what to do so that you get invited. Anyway, here you will learn the secret of how to triumph in life. Leave Lady Gaga and Justin Bieber behind in your number of twitter followers! Include a mask of your choice. We have everything! We even have that of CSG...<sup>42</sup> Okay, okay, okay, that was a bad example, but we do have something for every need. Let them no longer look on you with disgust! Let them not call you trash, indian, prole, Black, region 4,<sup>43</sup> zombie, Zapatista-lover!*

Imagine that you, despite all of your best efforts and intentions, don't manage to hide the color of your skin or your hair.

Now imagine that a campaign is launched to eliminate everyone who is like you.

It's not that there's an event to inaugurate the campaign, or a law to establish it, but you realize that the system in its entirety has begun to work against you, and those who are like you. The entire society has become a machine whose principal purpose is to annihilate you.

First there are disapproving glances, disgust, contempt. Later there are insults, aggressions. After that come detentions, deportations, imprisonment. Later deaths here and there, legally and illegally. Finally, a true campaign, the machine at full force, to disappear you and all those who are like you. The identity of those who make up society is affirmed by the hate directed against you. Your sin? Being different.

42 Carlos Salinas de Gortari.

43 Region 4 refers to Latin America on DVD coding. Referring to someone as “región 4” is a putdown, something like saying “oh, you're so third world.”

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You still don't see it?

Okay, imagine then that you are... (insert masculine, feminine, or other pronoun, whatever the case may be):

An Indigenous person in a country dominated by foreigners. A fleet of military helicopters is heading toward your lands. The press will say that the occupation of the wind power plant impeded the reduction in contamination, or that the jungle was being destroyed.

*“Eviction was necessary in order to reduce planetary global warming,”* —Secretary of State

A Black person in a nation dominated by whites. A WASP [White Anglo Saxon Protestant] judge is about to sentence you. The jury has declared you guilty. Among the evidence presented by the district attorney is an analysis of your skin pigmentation.

A Jew in Nazi Germany. The Gestapo official stares at you steadily. The next day the report will say that they have purified the human race.

A Palestinian in today's Palestine. An Israeli army missile is aimed at your school, hospital, neighborhood, home. Tomorrow the press will say that they took out military targets.

An immigrant on the other side of whatever border. An immigration patrol approaches you. The next day nothing will appear in the press.

A priest, a monk, or a layman that has opted [to advocate] for the poor, in the midst of the opulence of the Vatican. The Cardinal's sermon is directed against those who interfere in earthly matters.

A street vendor in an exclusive commercial mall in an exclusive residential district. A truck full of riot police pulls up. *“We must defend free trade,”* the government representative will declare.

## 1. Learning to govern and govern ourselves, that is, to respect and respect ourselves.

February 2013.

**Note:** the notebooks that make up the support material for the course “Freedom According to the Zapatistas,” are a product of meetings that the Zapatista bases of support in all zones have carried out to evaluate their work in the organization.

*Compañeras and compañeros from the communities in resistance of the 5 caracoles<sup>69</sup>, tzotziles, choles, tzeltales, tojolabales, mames, zoques y mestizos, gathered to ask and answer questions among themselves, exchange experiences (which are different in each zone), and to criticize, self-criticize, and evaluate what they have done so far and what they still have to do. These meetings were coordinated by our compañero Subcomandante Insurgente Moisés, and were recorded, transcribed, and edited for the notebooks. Since during these meetings the compas shared among themselves their thoughts, histories, problems, and possible solutions, they themselves named the process: “the sharing.” These are a few loose fragments of the Zapatista sharing:*

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<sup>69</sup> The Caracoles, literally “shells” or “spirals” were announced in 2003 as the homes of the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno*, or Good Government Councils. They replaced the five Zapatista “Aguascalientes,” one in each zone of Zapatista territory. When the EZLN first announced their existence they were described, in addition to being the seats of the self-government system, as “doors to enter into the communities” and “windows to see in and out.”

*no, ezln neither*”), but it will already be too late.

Oh don’t be sad. When we put up music videos by Ricardo Arjona, Luis Miguel, *Yustin Bibier* or Ricky Martin, you can feel interpellated. Meanwhile, stay seated, keep looking at the calendar from above (those 3 or 6 years pass quickly), move a little to the right (as you are accustomed to doing), and step aside a little, we don’t want to splash [implicate] you...

*¡Órales razaaaaaa! ¡Y venga a darle al baile! ¡Ajúa!*

.....

Watch and listen to the videos that accompany this text:

“[La Estrella del Desello](#)” with Eulalio González El Piporro. The track appears also as a shorter version, in the film “La Nave de los Monstruos” (1959, by Rogelio A. González). It doesn’t have anything to do with the eezeelen, I put it here out of stubbornness, and to greet the compas of the north: don’t give up, even though you’re far away, we’re going to include you in our gaze. ¡Ajúa!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ticsxPf3-3c>

“[La Despedida](#)” with Manu Chao and Radio Bemba, in an indigenous Zapatista community.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Co-XQm9NDd0>

“[Brigadistak](#)” with Fermín Muguruza. In the struggle against Power, there are no borders! ¡Marichiweu! (We will win a thousand times, in Mapuche)

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sVB0M5RgvWs&list=PL\\_836k-Dgy4-OrmJCZOezrI3DJQE6NaT-](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sVB0M5RgvWs&list=PL_836k-Dgy4-OrmJCZOezrI3DJQE6NaT-)

A woman alone, night or day, on some form of public transport full of men. A small increase in rates of “gender violence.” The police officer will say: “*you know how some women are asking for it.*”

A gay person alone, night or day, on public transportation full of *machos*. A minimal increase in rates of “homophobic violence.”

A sexworker on a strange street on an unfamiliar corner... the police pull up. “*The government efficiently combats sex trafficking*” the press will say.

A punk, a Rastafarian, a skater, a *cholo*, a metalhead, on the street, at night... another police patrol pulls up. “*We are preventing vandalism and antisocial behavior*” —Head of Government

A graffiti artist “tagging” the World Trade Center... another police patrol pulls up. “*We will do everything necessary to make our city beautiful and attractive for tourism,*” —any government official

A communist in a meeting of the fascist right-wing party. “*We are against the totalitarianism that has done so much damage in the world,*” —Party President.

An anarchist in a meeting of the Communist Party. “*We are against those petit-bourgeois deviationists that have done so much damage to world revolution,*” —Secretary General of the Party.

A “31 Minutes” news show on the CNN ticker. Tulio Triviño and Juan Carlos Bodoque look at each other, disconcerted, but don’t say anything<sup>44</sup>.

An alternative music group trying to sell their CD at a concert featuring Lady Gaga, Madonna, Justin Bieber, or whoever will follow them. The police come up. The fans scream like mad.

<sup>44</sup> “*31 Minutos*” is a Chilean television show that parodies television newscast. Tulio Triviño and Juan Carlos Bodoque are both puppet characters who parody real life figures.

An artist dancing outside a great cultural center where the *Bolshoi* Ballet is performing (yes-it's-a-gala-invitation-only-we're-sorry-miss-you're-in-the-way-here). Security proceeds to reestablish order.

An elderly person at a meeting presided over by the Japanese Minister of Finance Taró Asó (he studied at Stanford and recently asked elderly people “*to hurry up and die*” because their lives are getting very expensive). Social spending is cut further.

An *Anonymous* criticizing “copyright” in a meeting of Microsoft-Apple shareholders. “*A dangerous hacker behind bars,*” the press will say.

A young Mapuche who, in Chile, reclaims the land of his/her ancestors while watching the approach of the tanks and the offensive green of the soldiers. The bullet that mortally injures him/her will go unpunished.

A young person and/or student or unemployed person at an army-police-civil guard-carabineer checkpoint. The last they hear? “*Shoot!*”

A Nahua commoner in the offices of a transnational mining company. Uniformed men kidnap him. “*We're investigating,*” —respective governments.

A dissident facing gray, raised metal walls, while on the other side, the Mexican political class swallows the bitter pill of yet another imposition. You are hit with the blow of a rubber bullet that takes out your eye or breaks your skull. “*Calls for unity for the good of the country. Time to leave bickering behind,*” —News headlines

A peasant facing an army of lawyers and police, hearing that the land where you work, where your parents were born and raised, as well as your grandparents, your great-grandparents, and so on back to where time becomes blurry, is now the property of a real estate

announced in the appropriate moment, always carefully taking into account the situation of each individual, group, or collective invitee.

All of the invitees to the course will receive it, no matter if they can come to Zapatista territory or not. We are studying the possible forms or ways to reach your hearts, whatever your calendar and geography may be. So don't worry.

Okay then. Cheers, now just prepare your heart, and, of course, your pencils and notebooks.

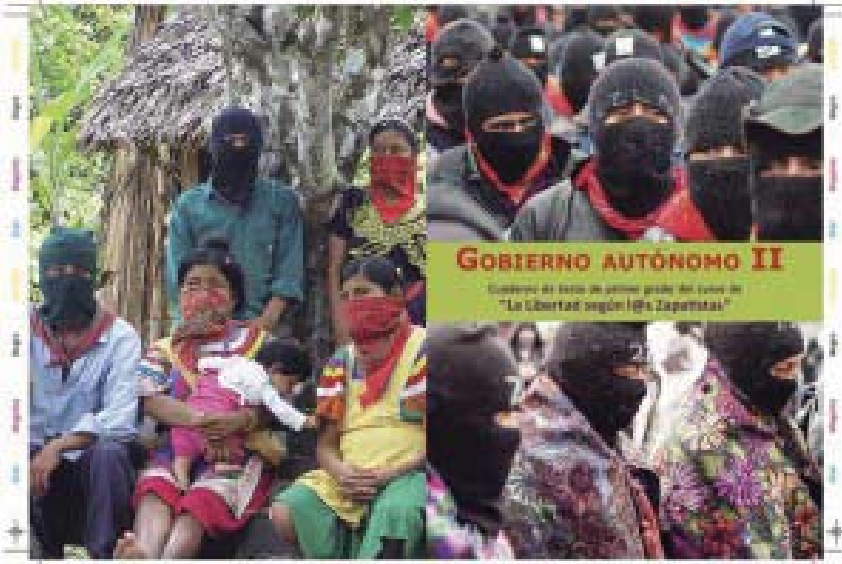
From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

SupMarcos.

Mexico, February of 2013.

P.S. THAT GIVES LESSONS IN MANNERS. This seventh and final part of the series “Them and Us” consists of various parts and is *ONLY* for the *compas* of the Sixth. Along with part *V* (which, as its numeration indicates, is called “*The Sixth*”) and the last of part *VI*. *The Gaze 6: We are He,*” form part of the private correspondence that the EZLN, through its spokespeople, directs to the *compas* of the Sixth. In each of these parts, as in the present writing, we clearly signal to whom the texts are addressed.

For those who are not *compas* and try to mock, enter into polemics, argue, or respond to these texts, we remind you that reading or commenting on the correspondence of others is what is done by gossipers and/or police. So you should keep track of what category you're in. In addition, your comments only reflect a vulgar racism (you're so critical of TV and yet you merely repeat its clichés), and reiterate your lack of imagination (which is a consequence of lack of intelligence... and laziness about reading). Although, of course, you will have to broaden your silly little chant of “*marcos no, ezln yes*” to “*marcos and moisés no, ezln yes,*” and then later, “*CCRI-CG no, ezln yes.*” Later on, if you hear the direct word of the Zapatista bases of support (which I doubt will happen), you will have to say “*ezln*



This class in the little Zapatista school, as you now know, is called “Freedom according to the Zapatistas,” and it will be given directly by *compañeros* and *compañeras* who are bases of support of the *eezeelen*, who have carried out the various tasks of government, vigilance, and other diverse responsibilities in the construction of Zapatista autonomy.

In order to be admitted to the little school, in addition to being invited, the *compas* of the Sixth and special invitees will need to take a few preparatory, previous, or propaedeutic courses (or however you say what comes before kindergarten), before passing into “first grade.” These courses will be given by *compas* from the support teams of the EZLN’s Sixth Commission and have as their only objective to give you the basic elements of neo-Zapatista history and our struggle for democracy, liberty, and justice.

In geographies where there aren’t *compas* from the support teams, we will get you the syllabus so that all invitees can prepare.

The dates and times, that is, the calendars and geographies in which the courses will be given by the Zapatista bases of support, will be

developer and that you are robbing the poor businessmen of something that legally belongs to them. Jail.

An opponent of electoral fraud who sees the forty thieves<sup>45</sup> and their boot-lickers exonerated. The mockery: “*one must turn the page and look ahead.*”

A man or a woman who comes to see what all the racket is about, and is suddenly “kettled” by the forces of order. While they push, hit, and kick him or her in taking them to the patrol, you can see the cameras from a well-known television channel pointing the other way.

An indigenous Zapatista who has been in a prison of the bad government (PRI-PAN-PRD-PT-MC) for many years. You read in the newspaper: “*Why has the EZLN reappeared now that the PRI has returned to power? Very Suspicious.*”

-\*-

Do you follow?

Now...

Do you feel convinced that you are out of place?

Do you feel the fear of being ignored, insulted, beaten, mocked, humiliated, raped, incarcerated, or murdered, simply for being who you are?

Do you feel the impotence of not being able to do anything to avoid it, to defend yourself, to be heard?

45 “40 thieves” (as in Ali Baba and his 40 thieves) refers to the 30 governors and presidential cabinet members that assisted the launching of the “National Crusade Against Hunger” by Enrique Peña Nieto in Las Margaritas, Chiapas (a zone of heavy Zapatista influence), but is also used by Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos and the Zapatistas as a way to refer to the Mexican political class in general.

Do you curse the moment that you came to this place, the day that you were born, the hour that you began to read this text?

-\*-

Many of the examples above have a name, a calendar, and a geography:

Juan Francisco Kuykendall Leal. Compa Kuy, adherent of the Sixth Declaration, professor, playwright, theater director. Skull broken on December 1, 2012 by a bullet from the “forces of order.” He was planning to do a play about Enrique Peña Nieto.

José Uriel Sandoval Díaz. Young student from the Autonomous University of Mexico City, part of the Student Council of Struggle. He lost an eye in the repression of December 1, 2012 following the attack by the “forces of order.” He was planning resist the imposition of Enrique Peña Nieto.

Celedonio Prudencio Monroy. Indigenous Nahua. Kidnapped on October 23, 2012 by the “forces of order.” He was planning to resist the taking of Nahua lands by miners and loggers.

Adrián Javier González Villarreal. Young student at the School of Mechanical and Electric Engineering at the Autonomous University in Nuevo León, Mexico, murdered in January 2013 by the “forces of order.” He was planning to graduate and be a successful professional.

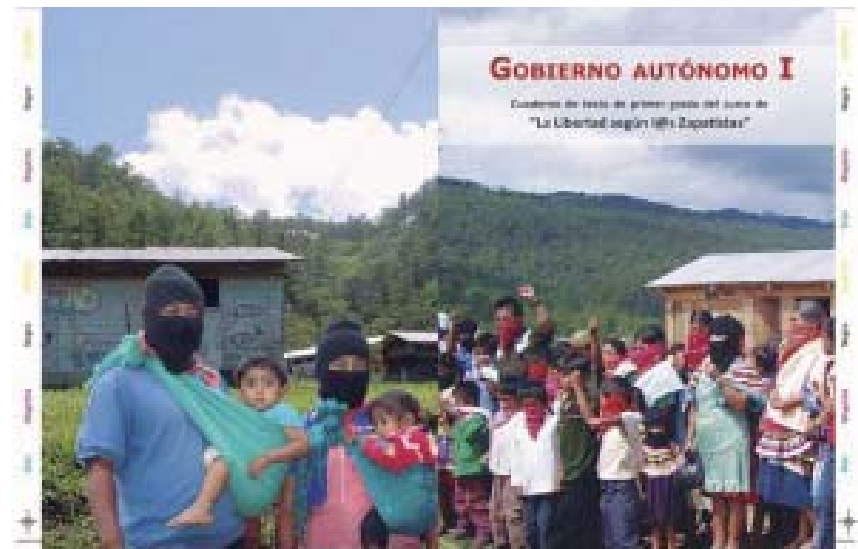
Cruz Morales Calderón and Juvencio Lascurain. Peasant farmers taken prisoner in Veracruz, 2010-2011, by the “forces of order”. They planned to resist the taking of their lands by real estate developers.

Matías Valentín Catrileo Quezada. Young indigenous Mapuche, assassinated on January 3, 2008, in Chile, Latin America, by the “forc-

Spanish version is ONLY for *compas* who are part of the Sixth (We hope there will be versions in the original languages as determined by the National Indigenous Congress, as well as in English, Italian, French, Portuguese, Greek, German, Euskera, Catalanian, Arabic, Hebrew, Galician, Kurdish, Aragonese, Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Japanese, and other languages, according to the support of *compas* of the Sixth around the world who know about the task of translating). These notebooks form part of the support material for the course that the Zapatista bases of support will give to the *compas* of the Sixth in Mexico and from around the world.

All of the texts are authored by the Zapatista bases of support, men and women, and they include not only the process of the struggle for freedom, but also their critical and self-critical reflections about our path. That is, they demonstrate how we Zapatistas see freedom and how we struggle to achieve it, exercise it, and defend it.

As our *compañero* Subcomandante Insurgente Moisés has already explained, our *compas* from the Zapatista bases of support are going to share the little we have learned about the struggle for freedom, and the *compas* of the Sixth can see what is useful or not for their own struggles.





*without any leaders but ourselves*

*without any referent other than the dream of our dead,*

*with only our history and memory as weapons,*

*looking near and far into calendars and geographies,*

*with our guide: Serve, not Serve yourself/ Represent, not Supplant/  
Construct, not Destroy/ Obey, not Command/ Propose, not Impose/  
Convince, not Defeat/ Go Below, not Climb Above.*

*The Zapatista peoples, the indigenous Zapatistas, the indigenous  
Zapatista bases of support of the eezeelen, with a new way of doing  
politics,*

*We made*

*We make*

*We will make*

*Freedom.*

*FREEDOM*

*OUR FREEDOM!*

~\*~

#### **Note of clarification:**

The texts that will appear in this seventh and final part of “Them and Us” are fragments taken from the “First Grade Notebook from the Course: *Freedom according to the Zapatistas*. Autonomous Government I,” and “First Grade Notebook from the Course in: *Freedom according to the Zapatistas*. Autonomous Government II.” The

es of order.” He was planning to resist the taking of Mapuche land by the government, large landowners, and transnational businesses. Francisco Sántiz López, indigenous Zapatista, taken prisoner unjustly by the “forces of order.” He planned to resist the governmental counterinsurgencies of Juan Sabines Guerrero and Felipe Calderón Hinojosa.

~\*~

Now...don’t despair, we are just about finished...

Now imagine you that you aren’t scared, or that yes, you are, but you can control it.

Imagine that you go and, in front of the mirror, not only do you not hide nor cover up your difference, but you highlight it.

Imagine that you make of your difference a shield or a weapon, you defend yourself, meet others like you, organize, resist, fight, and without even noticing, you move from “I am different” to “we are different”.

Imagine that you don’t hide behind “maturity” and “good judgment,” behind the “now is not the time,” or “there aren’t the appropriate conditions,” “we must wait,” “it is useless,” “there is no solution.”

Imagine that you don’t sell out, don’t give in, and don’t give up. Could you imagine it?

Ok, well although neither you nor we know it yet, we are part of a “we” that is even larger and yet to be built.

(to be continued...)

From whatever corner, in whichever world.

SupMarcos.

Planet Earth.

January 2013.

See and listen to the video that accompanies this text.

M.I.A. “Born Free”

“Born Free” performed by M.I.A. (Mathangi “Maya” Arulpragasam). Video. Director: Romain Gavras (Son of Costa Gavras). Photography: André Chemetoff. Production: Mourad Belkeddar. Executive Production: Gaetan Rousseau / Paradoxal. This video was censored by YouTube due to its content.

<http://vimeo.com/11219730#>

Bob Marley, “Burnin’ and Lootin’”

“Burnin’ and Lootin’” by Bob Marley. Video from the beginning of “La Haine” (“Hate”), written and directed by Mathieu Kassovitz, 1995. Subtitles in Spanish.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8N-77YpUcOU>

## VII: The Smallest of them All

### Introduction.

February 2013.

For several years now, while in the politics of above they fought over the booty of a shattered nation, while the media was either silent or lied about what was happening, while the original peoples of this land went out of fashion and returned to a corner of oblivion, their lands looted, their inhabitants exploited, repressed, displaced, disrespected...

*The indigenous Zapatista peoples,*

*Surrounded by the federal army, pursued by state and municipal police, attacked by paramilitary groups formed and equipped by governments from across the political spectrum in Mexico (PRI, PAN, PRD, PT, PVEM, MC and the other names taken by the parasitical Mexican political class), hounded by agents of the different national and foreign spy agencies, seeing their bases of support, men and women, beaten, displaced, imprisoned...*

*The indigenous Zapatista peoples*

*without show,*

*without any imperative other than duty,*

*without instruction manuals,*

Watch and listen to the videos that accompany this text.

Vídeo taken in CIDECI, San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Chiapas, Mexico, in 2009, when today's Subcomandante Insurgente Moisés was a Lieutenant Colonel. This is just a fragment of various talks that he gave, but I'll put it here so that you remember that you already know him, and so that those who didn't see him can meet him. The video is from Agencia Prensa India, from the series "Generando Contrapoderes" (Generating Counterpowers).

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UBzGfWymOnM>

A story called "Los de después, sí entendimos" (We who came later understand) dedicated to those *compañeros* and *compañeras* who have fallen over the course of our long path. Read by one of our dear "Abuelas de Plaza de Mayo" (Grandmothers of the Plaza de Mayo), Alba Lanzilloto.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6izcABVqsBk>

Panteón Rococó with the track "La Carencia," in a concert in Germany in 2008. Dedicated to all those in all parts of the world who work their asses off and even so, they sing, dance, and dream. To the trampoline with the Panteones!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZWgOniV0pcg>

## V. The Sixth

(The Enlace Zapatista website made the password public for the hidden text: marichiweu)

January 2013

To: The *compañer@s* adherents of the Sixth Declaration of the Lacandón Jungle across the world.

From: The Zapatista men and women of Chiapas, México.

*Compañeras, compañeros, y compañeroas:*

Compas of the Red contra la Represión y por la Solidaridad (Network against Repression and for Solidarity):

Receive greetings from the smallest of your *compañeros*, the women, men, children, and elderly of the Zapatista Army for National Liberation.

We have decided that the first of our words directed specifically to our *compañer@s* of the Sixth Declaration be released in a space of struggle, a space like the Red contra la Represión y por La Solidaridad. But the words, thoughts, and feelings outlined here are also meant for those who are not present...especially for them.

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We are grateful for the support that you have given our communities, our Zapatista bases of support, and to the adherents to the Sixth

who are prisoners in Chiapas, during this entire time.

In our hearts we carry your words of encouragement and the collective hand that reached for ours.

We are sure that one of the points you will address in your meeting will be, or has already been, a great campaign of support for our *compañero* Kuy, to denounce the aggression which he suffered, to demand justice for him and for all of those injured on that day, and to demand absolute exoneration for all of those detained in Mexico City and in Guadalajara during the protests against the imposition of Enrique Peña Nieto as head of the federal executive branch.

And not only that, but it is also important that this campaign take into account the need to raise funds to support the *compañero* Kuy with the costs of his hospitalization and his subsequent recovery, a recovery that the Zapatista men and women hope will be a quick one.

To support this fundraising campaign, we are sending a small amount of money, in cash. We ask that, although it is small, you add it to whatever you are compiling for our *compañero* in struggle.

When we can get together more, we will send it to whomever you designate for that job.

-\*-

We wanted to take the opportunity of your scheduled meeting not only to acknowledge your own persistence, but also and above all to acknowledge, through you, all of the *compas* in Mexico and in the world who have remained firm in this bond that ties us together and that we call the Sixth.

We want you to know that it has been an honor for us to have you as *compañeroas*.

we are getting ready. And that any *compañero* or *compañera* who we invite and who wants can come and see and feel, and even if they can't come, we'll find a way to share it.

We are waiting for you *compañeras* and *compañeros* of the Sixth.

We are preparing to receive you, take care of you, and attend to you like the *compañer@s* that we are, like our *compañer@s* that you are. And we are also preparing for our word to reach the ear of those who cannot come to our home, we will do this with your help.

And of course, we should tell you that this might take awhile, but that, as our brother and sisters of the Mapuche people says: one, ten, one hundred, one thousand times we will win, we will always be victorious.

So, to finish, next time it will be *compañero* Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos' turn to talk to you, we're going to keep taking turns back and forth, he and I, to explain everything to you. Now it is time for you to hear me too, for while I have been doing this work for many years, this is the first time that it is up to me to sign the following lines publicly...

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

For the Indigenous Revolutionary Clandestine Committee  
General Command of the Zapatista Army for National Liberation  
Subcomandante Insurgente Moisés.

Mexico, February 2013.

P.S.-I want to take this opportunity also to tell you that the password for the next parts, that will come from the window which Supmarcos is in charge of, is "nosotr@s." And that's all, because in the school of struggle you can't copy off a *compa*, but rather everyone has to generate their own struggle respecting each other, like the *compas* that we are.

.....

an agreement, and not the people. We have come to understand what it really means to represent, we now know how to do this in practice, by carrying out the 7 principles of rule-by-obeying.

We can now see the horizon, which according to us is a new world, and which you will be able to see and learn from, so as to give birth to a different world, the world that you imagine wherever it is that you might live. We can share our wisdom with each other and create our worlds differently from the way that things are now.

We want to see each other, listen to each other; this is a great experience for us, it will help us to know other worlds and to choose the best of the world that we want.

We need organization, decision, agreement, struggle, resistance, self-defense, work, practice. If there is something missing here, add it *compañeros* and *compañeras*.

So, for now, we are deciding how the little school we are making for you will be, we'll see if there will be enough space. The point is that



We know that this may look like a farewell, but it is not. It only means that we have ended one phase in the path that we call the Sixth, and that we think that we must now take another step.

We have suffered more than a few setbacks along the way, sometimes together, sometimes each of us in our own geography.

Now we would like to communicate and explain to you some of the changes that we will make on our path. On this path, if you agree and accompany us, we will take up once again, but in another form, the extended recounting of pain and hope that before was called the Other Campaign in Mexico and the Zetzta Internacional in the world, and that now will simply be known as *The Sixth*. Now we will continue further, up to...

### **The Time of the *No*, the time of the *Yes***

*Compañeras*, *compañeros*:

Having defined who we are, our past and present story, our place and the enemy that we face, as laid out in the Sixth Declaration of the Lacandón Jungle, what is left pending is to further define why we fight.

We defined the “*no*,” we still haven’t fully delineated the “*yes*.”

This isn’t the only thing, as we also need more answers to the “*how*,” “*when*,” “*with whom*.”

All of you know that it is not our intention to build a great big organization with a central governing body, a centralized command, or a boss, be it individual or a particular group.

Our analysis of the functioning, strengths, and weaknesses of the dominant system has led us to believe and to emphasize that unified action is possible if we respect what we call the “*modos*” [manner, way of doing things] of each of us.

And these things we call “*modos*” are nothing but the knowledges that each of us, individual or collective, have of our own geography and calendar. That is, of our pains and our struggles.

We are convinced that any attempt at homogeneity is no more than a fascist effort at domination, regardless of whether it is hidden in revolutionary, esoteric, religious, or any other language.

When one speaks of “unity” they elide the fact that such “unity” occurs under the leadership of someone or something, be it individual or collective.

On the false altar of “unity,” not only are differences sacrificed, but the survival of all of the small worlds under the tyranny and injustice they suffer is obscured.

In our history, this lesson is repeated time and again. And every time the world turns, our place is always that of the oppressed, the disdained, the exploited, the dispossessed.

What we call the “four wheels of capitalism”: exploitation, displacement, repression, and disdain, have been repeated throughout our history, with different names up above, but we are always the same ones below.

But the current system has gotten to a state of extreme madness. Its predatory ambition, its absolute disrespect for life, its delight in death and destruction, and its effort to impose apartheid on all of those who are different, that is, all of those below, is taking humanity to the point of disappearance as a form of life on the planet.

We could, as someone might advise, wait patiently for those above to destroy themselves, without acknowledging that their insane arrogance and pride will destroy everything.

In their drive to be higher and higher above, they dynamite the floors

will enter the little school where we will explain what the Zapatistas mean by freedom, they will see our advances and our failures, which we will not hide, but they will do all of this with the best teachers there are, that is, the Zapatista peoples.

The little school is very humble, it has humble beginnings, but for the Zapatista *compañer@s* it means the freedom to do what we want for what we think is a better life.

We are making this little school better every day, because it is necessary to do so and because it is in practice that we learn and demonstrate how to move forward. That is, practice is the best form through which to learn how to make things better. Theory gives us ideas, but what gives us form is practice, the practice of how to govern autonomously.

It’s like they say: “When the poor believe in the poor, then we will be able to sing freedom.” Only we haven’t just heard this, but we are doing it in practice. That is the fruit that our *compañer@s* want to share with you. And yes it is true, just think how many bad things the bad governments have done to us and they haven’t been able to destroy us, nor will they be able to, because what is built is of the people, for the people, and by the people. The people will defend it.

There is much I could tell you, but it’s not the same thing for me to tell you as it is for you to see it for yourselves and have your questions answered in person by my *compañeros* and *compañeras* who are bases of support. They may answer with difficulty because it will be in Spanish, but the best answer is the practice of the *compañer@s*, which will be visible and which they are living out.

What we are doing is very small, but it will be very big for the poor of Mexico and the world. Just like we, the poor of Mexico and of the world, are very big, that is, very many, and we need to construct the world in which we will live for ourselves. We know what it is like when the opposite happens, when it is a ruling group that comes to



It can be done, brothers and sisters, the poor of the world, here is the example of your indigenous Zapatista brothers and sisters in Chiapas, Mexico.

It is time for us to make the world that we want, the world that we imagine, the world that we desire. We know how. It is difficult, because there are those who don't want this, and they are precisely those who exploit us. But if we don't do it now, our future will be even harder and there will never be freedom.

That's how we understand things, and that's why we are searching, wanting to find each other, know each other, learn from each other and ourselves.

We hope you will be able to come, and if not, we will look for other ways to see and get to know each other.

We will be waiting for you here at this door that it is my job to take care of, here where you can enter the humble school where my compañer@s want to share the little that we have learned, to see if it is of use to you there where you live and work. We are sure that those who are part of the Sixth will come, or not, but in any case they

below, the foundations. The building—the world—will ultimately collapse and there won't be anyone to hold responsible.

We think that yes, something is wrong, very wrong. But that if in order to save humanity and the badly damaged house it inhabits someone has to go, then it should be, it must be, those above.

And we aren't referring here to banishing those above. We're talking about destroying the social relations that make it possible for someone to be above at the cost of someone else being below.

The Zapatistas know that this great line we have drawn across the world geography is not a conventional understanding. We know that this model of "above" and "below" bothers, irritates, and disturbs some. This is not the only thing that irritates them, we know, but for now, we are referring specifically to this discomfort.

We could be mistaken. Quite likely we are. The thought police and knowledge inspectors will surely appear in order to judge, condemn, and execute us... hopefully only in their flamboyant writing and not hiding their vocation as executioners behind that of judges.

But this is how the Zapatistas see the world and its *modos*:

There is machismo, patriarchy, misogyny, or whatever one may call it, but it's one thing to be a woman above and something completely different to be one below.

There is homophobia, yes, but it's one thing to be a homosexual above and something very different to be one below.

There is disdain for those who are different, yes, but it's one thing to be different above and quite another to be so below.

There is a left that is an alternative to the right, but it is one thing to be on the left above and it is something completely different (we would say opposite) to be on the left below.

Place your own identities within the parameters we are laying out and you will see what we are saying.

The most deceitful identity, fashionable every time the modern state goes into crisis, is that of “citizenship.”

The “citizen” above and the “citizen” below have nothing in common; they are opposite and contradictory.

Differences are chased, cornered, ignored, disdained, repressed, displaced, and exploited, yes.

But we see a greater difference that crosses all of these differences: that of above and below, the haves and the have-nots.

And we see that there is something fundamental to this great difference: the above is above on the backs of those below; the “haves” have because they dispossess those who don’t.

We think that being above or below determines our gaze, our words, what we hear, our steps, our pains, and our struggles.

Perhaps there will be another opportunity to explain more of our thinking on this. For now we will just say that the gazes, words, ears, and steps of those above tend to conserve this division. This does not, of course, imply immobility. Conservatism seems to be very far from a system that discovers more and better forms of imposing the four wounds that the world below suffers. But this “modernization” or “progress” has no other objective than to maintain above those who are above in the only way it is possible for them to be there, that is, on the backs of those below.

In our thinking, the gaze, words, ears, and steps of those below are determined by the line of questioning: Why this way? Why them? Why us?

We know that there is exploitation in the world. We should not let the distance between each of us on our side of the world distance us from each other. We should get closer, uniting our thought, our ideas, and our struggle for ourselves.

Where you are, there is exploitation, just as there is for us.

You suffer repression, just like us.

You are being stolen from, just like us, here they have been stealing from us for more than 500 years.

They look down on you, just as they continue to look down on us.

And that’s where we are, that’s where they have us, and that’s how things will continue if we don’t join each other’s hands.



There are many reasons to unite ourselves and give birth to our rebellion and defend ourselves against this beast that does not want to get off of us and that never will if we don’t throw it off ourselves. Here in our Zapatista communities, our autonomous governments in rebellion and their organized compañer@s are confronting neoliberal capitalism day and night, and we are ready for anything that comes and in whatever form it may come.

These are now facts, this is how the Zapatista compañer@s are organized. It only takes decision, organization, work, thought, and putting things into practice, and then we must correct and improve without tiring, and if we rest, it is in order to gather strength and go forward. The people rule and the government obeys.



let yourselves be led, or keep careful watch over those you choose to lead you, make sure they do the things that you have decided and you will see that things begin taking shape like they have for us the Zapatistas.

Don't stop fighting, as the exploiters will not stop exploiting us, fight until the end, the end that is, of exploitation. No one will do this for us, no one other than ourselves. We have to take the reigns, take the wheel and take our destiny where we want it to go. In that destiny, the people are the source of democracy, the people correct themselves and keep going. Not like now, where 500 representatives and 228 senators fuck everything up and millions suffer the deadly pestilence and toxicity that result; that is, the poor, the people of Mexico, are those who suffer.

Brothers and sister laborers, we have you in mind and all others who work, we all carry the same smell of sweat from working for the exploiters. Now that my Zapatista compañer@s are opening the door, if you understand what we mean, join the Sixth and learn about the autonomous government of the EZLN. And you also, indigenous and non-indigenous brothers and sisters of the world, we want you to understand us.

We are the principal producers of the wealth of those who are wealthy. Enough! We know that there are others who are exploited and we want to organize with them, to fight for the people of Mexico and of the world, which belongs to us, not to the neoliberals.

Indigenous and non-indigenous brothers and sisters of the world, exploited peoples, peoples of America, peoples of Europe, peoples of Africa, peoples of Oceania, peoples of Asia.

The neoliberals are those who want to be the owners of the world, that's what we say, they want to make all capitalist countries into their own ranches, and their overseers are the capitalist governments of underdeveloped countries. And that's how they'll keep it, if all of us, as workers, do not organize.

In order to impose answers to such questions on us, or in order to avoid our asking them in the first place, gigantic cathedrals of ideas have been built, more or less well thought out, usually so grotesque that not only is it amazing that someone has developed them and someone believes them, but also that they have also constructed universities and centers for research and analysis based on them.

But there is always a party pooper who ruins the festivities at the end of history.

And that stick-in-the-mud responds to these questions with another: "could it be another way?"

This question could be the one that sparks rebellion and its broader acceptance. And this could be because there is a "no" that has birthed it: *it doesn't have to be this way*.

Forgive us if this confusing detour has irritated you. Chalk it up to our *modo*, our ways and customs.

What we want to say, compañeras, compañeros, *compañeroas*, is that what convoked us all in the Sixth was this rebellious, heretic, rude, irreverent, bothersome, uncomfortable "no."

We have gotten to this point because our realities, histories, and rebellions have brought us to this "**it doesn't have to be this way.**" This and also because, intuitively or by design, we have answered "yes" to the question, "*could it be another way?*"

We still need to respond to the questions we encounter after that "yes."

What is that other way, that other world, that other society that we imagine, that we want, that we need?

What do we have to do?

With whom?

If we don't know the answers to those questions we have to look for them. And if we have them, we have to make them known among ourselves.

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In this new step, but on the same path of the Sixth Declaration of the Lacandón Jungle, as Zapatistas we have tried to apply some of what we have learned in these 7 years. We will make changes in the rhythm and speed of our step, but also in its company.

You all know that one of the many and great defects we have as Zapatistas is memory. We remember who was present when and where, what they said, what they did, what they didn't say, what they undid, what they wrote, what they erased. We remember the calendars and geographies.

Don't misinterpret us. We don't judge anyone, everyone constructs their alibis as they can for what they do or don't do. The stubborn advance of history will tell if they were correct or erroneous.

For our part, we have seen, listened to, and learned from everyone. We saw who came around only to take political advantage of the Other Campaign, who jumped from one mobilization to another, seduced by the masses, and thus revealing their incapacity to generate anything themselves. One day they are anti-electoral, another day they hang their flags in whichever mobilization is in style; one day they are teachers, the next students; one day they are indigenists, the next they are allied with landowners and paramilitaries. They clamor for the avenging fire of the masses, and disappear when the antiriot tanks arrive with water cannons.

We will not walk again with them.

We saw who appears when there are stages, dialogues, good press,

want to get into a position of power and once in power forget about us. And again and again, another just like them comes and says now this time it's for real, this time it will be different, and then, the same tricks. They are not going to honor their word, we know that, it's really not even worth writing about this, but that's how it is in this country. It is desperate, exhausting, horrible.

We, the poor, know what the best way of life is for us, we know what we want, but they will not leave us be, because they know that we will get rid of exploitation and the exploiters and that we will build a new life without exploitation. This isn't hard for us to understand, because we know how things need to change, because everything we have lived needs to change. The injustices, pains, sorrows, mistreatments, inequalities, manipulations, bad laws, persecutions, tortures, prisons, and many other bad things that we have endured, we know very well that we will not repeat the ways that have subjected us to these things. As we Zapatistas say, if we make mistakes, then we had better be up to the task of correcting them ourselves, instead of how it is now, where some people make all the mistakes and everyone else pays for it. That is, those who make the mistakes now are the representatives, senators, and bad governments of the world, and it is the people who pay the price.

One doesn't have to have a lot of education, or speak good Spanish, or know how to read much. We're not saying those things aren't useful, but that we can learn enough to do our work, enough to help us organize our work. These things are like tools for the work of communicating. What we are saying is that we know how to make change, we don't need someone to come with their campaign telling us that he or she is the change, as if we, the exploited, don't know what change we want. Do you understand what I'm saying, indigenous brothers and sisters and people of Mexico, indigenous brother and sisters of the world, non-indigenous brothers and sisters of the world?

So, indigenous and non-indigenous brothers and sisters who are poor, join the struggle, organize yourselves, lead yourselves, do not

ready to do this, and that experience will guide us so as not to repeat the mistakes that have gotten this world to this point.

If we don't follow the thinking of the people, the people don't follow us. And we only need to look at those who came before us in order not to fall into the same mistakes. To build something truly new will take word, thought, decision, and analysis, proposed by the people, studied by the people, and finally decided upon by the people.

It is like the 10 years that we worked clandestinely, when no one knew about us. "One day they will know us," we told ourselves and that's how we kept working all those years. And then one day we decided that it was time to be known. Now that you have known us for 19 years, you can say if what we are doing is good or bad. My compañeros say that they live better now with their autonomous governments. They realize that real democracy happens with the people, and not just every 3 or 6 years [with elections]. Democracy is carried out in each village, in autonomous municipal assemblies and in the zone-wide assemblies that make up the Juntas de Buen Gobierno (Good Government Councils), when each zone that makes up a Junta de Buen Gobierno gets together in assembly. That is, democracy is carried out every day and in every entity of the autonomous governments, alongside the people, men and women. Democracy addresses every aspect of their lives, they know democracy belongs to them, because they discuss, study, propose, analyze, and make the final decision on each issue.

They [the people] ask us, "how would this country and this world be if we organized with other indigenous brothers and sisters, and also with those brothers and sisters who aren't indigenous?" Afterwards, they give a big smile, as if to answer this question: happiness. They already know the answer, because they hold the results, the work that they are doing, in their hands.

Yes, that's how it is, it only requires that we organize ourselves as the poor of the city and the countryside without anyone leading us but ourselves and those that we name, and without those who only

and attention, and who disappears when it is time for the work that is silent but necessary, as the majority of those who are hearing or reading this letter know. All this time our gaze and our ear were not directed toward those on the stage, but rather toward those who built it, who made the food, swept the floors, tended to things, drove, flyered, stuck it out, as they say. We also saw and heard those who climbed over everyone else.

We will not walk again with them.

We saw who the professionals of the assemblies are, with their techniques and tactics for driving meetings into the ground so that only they, and their followers, are left to approve their own proposals. They distribute defeat wherever they appear, facilitating roundtables, sidelining the "yuppie" and "petit-bourgeoisie" who don't understand that at stake in the day's agenda is the future of world revolution. Those who think poorly of any movement that doesn't end in an assembly that they themselves run.

We will not walk again with them.

We saw those who present themselves as struggling for the freedom of the political prisoners during events and campaigns, but who insisted that we abandon the prisoners of Atenco and continue the journey of the Other Campaign because they had their strategy ready and their events programmed.

We will not walk again with them.

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The Sixth was convoked by the Zapatistas. To convoke is not to unite. We don't intend to unite under a single leadership, be it Zapatista or any other. We do not seek to coopt, recruit, supplant, impersonate, simulate, trick, subordinate, or use anybody. Our destiny is the same, but the richness of the Sixth is its difference, its heterogeneity, the autonomy of distinct modes of walking, this is its strength.

We offer and will continue to offer respect, and we demand and will continue to demand the same. The only requirement to adhere to the Sixth is the “no” that convokes us and the commitment to construct the “yeses” that are necessary.

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*Compañeroas*, *compañeros*, *compañeras*:

On behalf of the EZLN we say:

1.- For the EZLN, there will no longer be a national Other Campaign and a Zezta Internazional. From now on we will walk together with those we have invited and who accept us as *compas*, whether they are on the coast of Chiapas or that of New Zealand.

In this sense, our territory for our work is now clearly delimited: the planet called “Earth,” located in that which is called the Solar System.

We will now be what we are in fact already: “The Sixth.”

2.- For the EZLN, to be in the Sixth does not require affiliation, membership fee, registration list, original and/or copy of an official ID, or account statement; one does not have to be judge, or jury, or defendant, or executioner. There are no flags. There are commitments and consequences to these commitments. The “no” convokes us, the construction of the “yes” mobilizes us.

2.- Those who, with the resurgence of the EZLN, hope for a new epoch of big stages and large gatherings, with the masses peering in to see the future being made, and the equivalent of assaults on the winter palace will be disappointed. It is best they leave now. Don’t waste your time, and don’t make us waste ours. The walk of the Sixth is a long one, not meant for mental midgets. For “historical” and “conjunctural” actions, there are other spaces where you will surely find your place. Here we don’t want only to change the gov-

that is and will always be the struggle. That is, we’re ready for anything they throw at us and we’re not scared.

These years, the Sup tells me, many people were blocked the view of our window, but that one can still tell rather quickly who is like us. He wanted to count how many people like that were out there, but he lost count and just did it our way, the indigenous way, and said, there are a shitload. How much is that? I asked him. Many (masculine), many (feminine), he told me. Ah, I said. So that confirms that there will be many like us and that one day we will say along with them, “this is what we are,” without it mattering who is indigenous or not.

And that’s how we organize ourselves, some do some things and others do other things. For example, now Supmarcos’s job is the window, and my job is the door, and others have other jobs.

And it is during these times that we remember an unforgettable *compañero* for all of us Zapatistas, SubPedro, who in the last days of December 1993, told us: learn *compas*, because one day it will be your turn. We are going to struggle together, workers, *campesin@s*, young people, children, women, men, and older people, in Mexico and around the world. It was the truth then, and it is the truth now, even without him. The truth of the truth began when we began to struggle for the people.

Okay *compas*, now you know that I am in charge of the door, what we haven’t discussed yet is the new way of working with the *compañeros* who will come to learn what it has taken my Zapatista *compañeros* years to build, that which we are now.

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Because we believe and trust the people, now is the time to do something about the damages that we have seen and endured for so many years, now is the time to join together in our thinking and learning and then to work, to organize. After so much experience we are

that maybe those people think like we Zapatistas do, that maybe they too think that it should be law that the people rule and the government obeys.

It is also his job to be the target of the critiques, the insults, and the go-to-hells [mentadas], as he says, and the mockery from those on the outside. But he doesn't worry about those insults and lies, he just laughs, because, of course, we prepared him for that, we made him into steel. So now those insults and such don't hurt him, well, yes actually sometimes his stomach hurts from laughing so hard at the things they say.

He tells me that they might start mocking me, or anybody else who speaks, also. But oh well, that's how it goes, it could be that they make fun of me or insult me, or mock me because I am indigenous, just as they mock him for what he is. But we only care about the people that want to fight to end injustice, so as long as they don't throw bullets or bombs at us, there's no problem. And if they do throw those things at us, it also won't be a problem, because there are already other compañeros and compañeras ready for the work



ernment, we want to change the world.

3.- We confirm that as the EZLN, we will not ally ourselves with any electoral movement in Mexico. Our conception about this in the Sixth has been clear and has not varied. We understand that there are those who think that it is possible to transform things from above without becoming one more of those above. Hopefully the coming consecutive disappointments do not turn them into that which they fight against.

4.- When we propose organizational, political, and dissemination initiatives, our word will be EXCLUSIVELY for those who request it and whom we accept, and sent from our website email to the addresses that we have. They will also appear on the website of Enlace Zapatista, but their full content will only be accessible with a password that will continually change. We will get you this password somehow, but it will be easy to deduce by those who read carefully what they do see and for those who have learned to decipher the feelings that become letters in our words.

Every individual, group, collective, organization or however each refers to themselves, has the right and the liberty to share this information with whomever they see fit. All of the adherents to the Sixth will have the power to open the window of our word and of our reality to whomever they desire. The window, not the door.

5.- The EZLN asks your patience while we make public the initiatives that, over 7 years, we have developed, and whose principal objective will be to put you in direct contact with the Zapatista bases of support in what is, in my humble opinion and long experience, the best way possible: that is to say, as students.

6.- For now we'd just like to let you know that those who can and want to, and who are explicitly invited by the Sixth-EZLN, should start getting together the bread, the dough, the money, or whatever it's called in whatever part of the planet, in order to be able to travel to Zapatista lands on dates yet to be decided. Later we will give you

more details.

To conclude this letter (which, as is evident, has the disadvantage of lacking a video or soundtrack to accompany and complete the spoken version [*the version to be read at the Red's meeting*]), we would like to send the best of our embraces (and we only have one best) to the men, women, children, elderly, groups, organizations, movements, or however each might refers to themselves, that all this time have not let their hearts grow distant from us, who have continued to resist and who have supported us as the compañeras, compañeros y compañeras that we are.

Compas:

We are the Sixth.

It will take a lot.

Opening ourselves to those throughout the world who have pain will not lessen our own. The path will be even more treacherous.

We will battle.

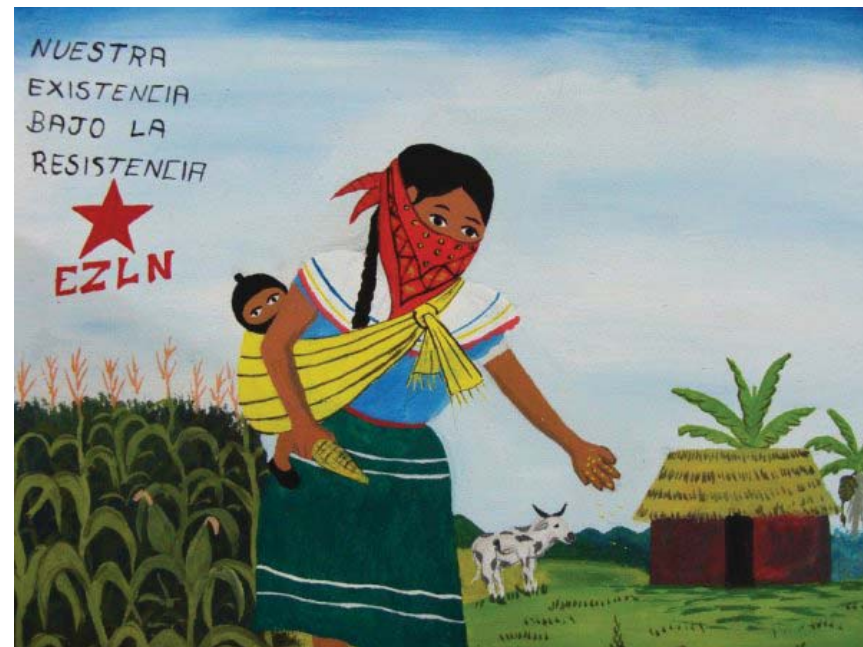
We will resist.

We will struggle.

We may die.

But one, ten, a hundred, a thousand times, we will always win always.

For the Revolutionary Indigenous Clandestine Committee—General Command of the



In any case, I have to tell you that the task of peering out the window, which falls to Supmarcos, isn't finished. That is, what is to come is yet to come, but it will remain pending until the Sup's computer gets fixed.

Yes, the Sup's job will be peering out the window at those who watch us, those who say they are "good" and who fight for the people and who have led the people but haven't gotten anywhere, and who say it's because the people don't understand anything and that they understand everything, but that no one will follow them. Why? That is what they don't understand, and won't understand, because they only think about above, look toward above, and try to climb up above.

Well, that, and much more, is the Sup's work, because he's in charge of the window, he is like the frame of the window.

It is also his job to see what's going on with the people who don't follow those who only look above, to understand why those people are the way they are, what they think, and how they think. We think

though some of us aren't here anymore. So others continue on and the process moves forward like that, and what is yet to come is yet to come, until we get to the end and we begin that other work of construction, where another world begins to be born, where they cannot screw us over again and where we are not forgotten as original peoples, we will not allow that again. Now we have learned. We want to live well, in equality, in the city and the countryside, where the people of the city and the people of the countryside rule and the government obeys, and if it doesn't, it gets kicked out, and another is instituted.

Yes, we are indigenous, we work mother earth, we know how to use tools to harvest the fruits that she provides. We are various peoples with distinct languages. My mother tongue is tzeltal, though I also understand tzotzil and chol, and I learned Spanish in the organization, with my compañeras and compañeros. And now I am what we are, together with my compañeros I have learned what it is that we want in order to live in a new world.

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I write this in the name of all of the Zapatistas, since the Sup's computer is broken. I saw that he went to get it fixed, and when I asked him what happened to his computer he said the switch [switch] is fucked. Ah, I said. He was carrying a chisel and a 5-kilo sledge hammer. That thing is done, I said, it can't be fixed. So he told me that I should write to you so that you can start to get to know who is responsible for our door, and also so that we start getting to know you through what you write and say to us from everywhere, and what you tell us and have told us as compañeras and compañeros of the Sixth.

I know a little about typing on the computer and somebody gave me one to practice on a while back. Now it's time for me to write as well, but I'm a little worried that the same thing that happened to the Sup's computer will happen to me. I have a solution though, a swing of the axe and done, on to pen and paper. Problem solved.

Zapatista Army for National Liberation

The Sixth-EZLN

Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.

Chiapas, Mexico, Planet Earth.

January 2013.

P.D.- For example, the password to see this text on the webpage is, as is evident, "**marichiweu**," just like that, without caps (letters "below") and starting from the left.

.....

See and listen to the videos that accompany this text:

"Cumbia Zapatista," by the group "Sonido Psicotropical." Part of the album "Rola la lucha Zapatista." Move your behind to the rhythm of the cumbiaaaaa!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jkXabnvMIc&list=PLD999D1842E26FB2A>

"Nadie mira," by the group "RABIA." With Iker Moranchel, guitar and vocals. Alejandro Franco, drums and vocals. Manco, Bass. Camera, Sara Heredia. Editing, Eduardo Vargus. Recorded and edited in Gekko Audiolab, Mexico City, July 2012. Also from the disk "Rola la lucha Zapatista." Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrock!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YFJHBoWRkWk>

## EZLN: PS´s to The Sixth

*PS´s to The Sixth that, as its name indicates, was the fifth part of “Them and Us.”*

January 2013.

### P.S. WHICH PROVIDES A FEW TIPS TO REINFORCE YOUR SUSPICIONS:

1.- If any person...

has all, some, or one of the following profiles, for example: being a woman, being a man, being a child, being a young person, being a student, being an employee, being rebellious, being a lesbian, being gay, being indigenous, being a worker, being a neighborhood resident, being a *campesino*, being unemployed, being a believer, being a sexworker [*trabajadora* implies male, female, or transsexual<sup>46</sup>], being an artist, being a domestic but not domesticated worker, then beware, they may be part of the Sixth.

is different, and not only is not ashamed of it and doesn't try to hide it, but on the contrary, is out there challenging those “fine upstanding folks,” then beware, they might be part of the Sixth.

is an organization, or free/ libertarian collective or group, then beware, they may be part of the Sixth.

is someone who doesn't fit on any list but that of “expendable,” then beware, they may be part of the Sixth.

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<sup>46</sup> For the gendered nouns in Spanish, the EZLN often uses the masculine, feminine, and then a combination of the two—“trabajador, trabajadora, *trabajadora*”—to include transsexual identities.

## 6: We are he

February 14, 2013.

To: The Adherents of the Sixth all over the World.

From: Subcomandante Insurgente Moisés.

The time has come, and its moment too. There are times that all human beings experience, good or bad; one is born, comes into the world, dies, and is gone. Those are times. But there is another time, in which one can decide in what direction to walk, a time when the time arrives to look at time. That is, when one can understand life, how life should be, here in this world, and that no one can be the owner of that which makes up the world.

We were born indigenous and we are indigenous. We know that we came into the world and that we will leave this world, that is the law. We began to walk through life and we realized that we as indigenous people were not doing so well, we saw what happened to our great great grandfathers and grandmothers, that is, in 1521, in 1810, and in 1910, that we were always used, that we gave our lives so that others could take power, that once in power they forgot about us again and went back to disrespecting, robbing, repressing, and exploiting us.

And we encountered a third time. The third time is where we are now, for a while now we've been walking, running, learning, working, falling, and getting back up. This is important because one has to record, to fill a tape that can be reproduced later with more lives from other times. Yes, we have been left a full bag of tapes, even



ría,” composed by: Gabri (guitar and lead vocals); Simón: (guitar and vocals); Toñete: (trombone); David: (base and vocals); Juaki: (trumpet and vocals); Anxo: (baritone sax); Charli: (keyboard); Jorge Guerra: (drum set)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LVp1w-g8r3g>

A very special version of the “Himno Zapatista” (Zapatista Hymn) music and voices from “Flor del Fango.” The musical group “Flor del Fango” was composed of: Marucha Castillo – vocals; Napo Romero – vocals, guitar, charango and quena; Alejandro Marassi – bass, vocals, choir and guitarrón; Danie Jamer “el peligroso” – flamenco, folk, and electric guitars and cuatro; Sven Pohlhammer – electric, sinte, and electric acoustic guitars, Cavaquinho y Mandolina; Philippe Teboul “Garbancito” – vocals, drum set, percussion, choir; Patrick Lemarchand – drum set and percussion; Martín Longan – conductor.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K9pWvH6DXYE>

is someone who doesn’t take orders other than from their own conscience, then beware, they may be part of the Sixth.

is someone who does not wait for, nor sigh over, supreme saviors, then beware, they may be part of the Sixth.

is someone who sows seeds knowing they themselves won’t see the fruit, then beware, they may be part of the Sixth.

is someone who, when you explain patiently and properly (that is, on the edge of hysteria) that the *machine* is all-powerful and invincible, smiles—not as if they understood, but as if they didn’t care, then beware, they may be part of the Sixth.

#### MULTIPLE CHOICE P.S.

Imagine you are talking to your *compa*, about whatever, in any case it’s between the two of you. Just at the moment when you are saying to your *compa*: “alright then, be seeing you,” some guy with the expression “I’m-very-respectable-and-very-knowledgeable” unfurls before you a whole array of revolutionary credentials demonstrating his role as revolutionary analyst of every past revolution and those to come, and begins to explain, in strident tone, that you must obey him and do what he advises/counsels/orders. And when you are about to say to your *compa*, “what’s up with this fool?” the man raises the tone of his voice and covers his ears, showing his advanced intellectual development, “*I can’t hear you! I can’t hear you! Soy de palo y tengo orejas de pescado*”<sup>47</sup> and leaves irate. So then you:

a) run after him begging him not to abandon you to the darkness of your ignorance and to please continue enlightening you with his brilliance.

b) say, sobbing, “*it’s true, I’ve been crazy and ungrateful, I won’t make any more mischief.*”

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<sup>47</sup> Literally, “I’m made of wood I have the ears of a fish,” a rhyme children use when they cover their ears and pretend not to hear what they don’t want to hear.

c) finish the sentence “*what’s up with this fool?*” that you had started.

d) say to your *compa* “*man, I thought for a moment the tira were going to appear, that is, the other tira.*”<sup>48</sup>

e) say to yourself “*son of a..., this city has gone to shit.*”

f) pay no any attention, and with your eyes still fixed on that wall that is so naked, so solitary, so unstained, you think about how to come up with the dough to get a hold of a few cans, because, you think, you can’t deny a wall like that at least a tag or some graffiti, it’s just a matter of getting with your “crew” and agreeing on a time and a place, or, as someone often says, a calendar and a geography. Plus, you already have an idea of what you’re going to write, for example, that Mario Benedetti quote that says, “*The new man must watch out for two dangers: the right when it is skilled, the left when it is sinister.*”

g) return to your house, crib, shack, home, or however you call it, and say to your partner: “*I don’t think I’ll ever eat those sketchy sandwiches/ tacos/ garnachas<sup>49</sup> again. Today I hallucinated that, right in the street, I was on Laura Bozzo’s show<sup>50</sup> and when I heard “bring up the poor wretch” they pushed me forward saying, “go already, it’s your turn.*”

h) you think, “*man, so it’s true after all that drugs and alcohol affect*

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48 Translator’s note: Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos seems to be playing with the double meaning of “*La Tira.*” In parts of Latin America, “*la tira*” refers to the police and military, and it is also the name of a comedy show consisting of spontaneous dialogues which appeared on the Spanish television station “*La Sexta.*”

49 *Garnachas* are a kind of tortilla with a meat filling.

50 Laura Bozzo is a Peruvian talk show host. Her talk show “*Laura in América*” aired on Telemundo in the United States. She has had shows on various Mexican TV networks, and is known for her sensationalist Jerry-Springer style setups. “*Que pasa el desgraciado*” (bring the wretch on stage) is not an uncommon way of introducing guests.

SupMarcos.  
Planet Earth.  
February 2013.

P.S. THAT GIVES NOTICE AND HINTS: The next text, which will appear on the Enlace Zapatista webpage on February 14, the day the we the Zapatistas honor and greet our dead, is principally for our *compañeros, compañeras y compañeroas* of the Sixth. The complete text can only be read with a password (for which we have given various hints and should be easy to guess) which has already been sent via email wherever we could send it. If you haven’t received it and you can’t figure out the hint (you can find it by reading closely this text and the previous one, “*Gaze and Communicate*”), you can send an email to the webpage and you will get a response with the password. As we have explained before, the independent media are free to publish, or not, the complete text according to their own autonomous and libertarian considerations. The same goes for whatever *compañera, compañero y compañeroa* of the Sixth wherever they are. We have no other aim but to let you know that it is you to whom we are talking, and also, importantly, those to whom you decide to extend our gaze.

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“B Side Players” from San Diego, Califas, with the track “*Nuestras Demandas*” (our demands). “B Side Players” is composed of Karlos “Solrak” Paez – voice, guitar; Damián DeRobbio – bass; Luis “El General” Cuenca – percussion and voice; Victor Tapia – Congas and percussion; Reagan Branch – Sax; Emmanuel Alarcon – guitar, cuatro puertorriqueño, and voice; Aldo Perretta – charango, tres cubano, jarana veracruzana, ronroco, cuatro venezolano, kena, zampona; Russ Gonzales – tenor sax; Mike Bengé – Trombone; Michael Cannon – drums; Camilo Moreno – congas and percussion; Jamal Siurano – alto sax; Kevin Nolan – trombone and trumpet; Andy Krier – keyboard; Omar Lopez – base.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TcmWdyrn2aM>

From Galicia, Spain, the track “EZLN” from the group “Dakidar-

“Okay.”

*Each of us went to our assigned task. We simply shook hands. Nothing else was necessary.*

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*A few nights ago, the moon sleepless and fading...*

*“They are ready, that which we look at. The next part will be for other gazes. It’s your turn, we say to **we-are-he**.*

*“I’m ready, willing,” says **we-are-he**.*

***We-are-all** concurs in silence, as is our way.*

*“When?”*

*“When our dead speak.”*

*“Where?”*

*“In their heart.”*

-\*-

February 2013. Night. Crescent moon. The hand that we are writes:

*“Compañeroas, compañeras y compañeros of the Sixth:*

*We want to introduce you to one of the many **we-are-he** that we are, our compañero Subcomandante Insurgente Moisés. He guards our door and through his word the we that we are speaks. We ask you to listen to him, that is, that you look at him and thus see us. (...)*

(To be continued...)

From whatever corner of whatever world.

*the brain.”*

i) you ask yourself “*who could he be talking about?*”

If you marked a) and/or b), then you have a future, but you’re missing the details. For example, you should have offered to carry his books for him. If you do so out of nastiness and not servility, then add Pascal Quignard’s “*Butes*” or “*Boutés*” to the pile of books (as I see that French is in fashion), from *Sextopiso*<sup>51</sup> press (I like the name). And maybe he reads it and learns to use the allegory of the sirens with more creativity. Ah, but in any case he’s going to tell you to keep rowing so that you can get the hero home.

If you marked c), d), e), f), g), or h), then there’s no hope for you, *compa*, and you won’t of course have a VIP spot in the unavoidable-world-revolution-that-will-bring-dawn-to-the-helpless-masses-guided-by-the wise-analysts’-profound-and-concrete-analysis-of-reality. Oh well, that’s what you get for going around with those ideas about rebellion, liberty, and autonomy.

If you marked i), don’t worry, it’s not even worth asking.

P.S. THAT GUIDES YOU, AND TELLS YOU THAT...

You are wasting your time if...

1. You are arguing with someone about whether when Sheldon Cooper<sup>52</sup> said, “Fear of heights is illogical. Fear of falling, on the other hand, is prudent and evolutionary,” he was giving his version of “below” and arguing for the value of remaining there. Your interlocutor, after mentally reviewing the names of all of the classic revolutionary authors and the names of all of the secretary generals of all parties, asks, “*who the hell is Sheldon Cooper, another lumpen of the Sixth?*”

<sup>51</sup> Literally “Sixth Floor Press.”

<sup>52</sup> A character on the TV show *The Big Bang Theory*, on the US network CBS. Cooper is a theoretical physicist played by Jim Parsons.

2. You are repeating out loud: *“There is always a possibility. Everything is about the small possibilities. We have a long hard journey in front of us, perhaps harder than we can imagine. But it can’t be harder than our journey up to now. There are only a few of us left. That’s why we have to remain united, to fight for everyone else, to be ready to give our lives for everyone else if necessary.”*

And someone interrupts you, saying:

*“Oh stop already quoting that stuff from that argyle-sock-head-stamen-condom<sup>53</sup> writes. I’m fed up with that naïve bunch. And that explanation about the next stage of the Sixth is nothing but cheap literature by **subcomedian** marcos. Don’t you realize that he only uses the indigenous to get money so he can go to Europe and hang out with Cassez?<sup>54</sup> Everybody knows that el copetes<sup>55</sup> negotiated the liberation of the Frenchwoman with that clown marcos, and that in return the PRI would be exonerated for the electoral fraud.”*

The person who makes that comment then leaves, satisfied they have enlightened you, and leaving you without a chance to clarify that those were the lines of the character *Rick Grimes* (played by Andrew Lincoln) in the first episode of the second season of the television series *“The Walking Dead,”* produced by Frank Darabont and based on the comic by the same name created by Robert Kirkman and Tony Moore, produced by AMC.

*Note from Marquitos Spoil: Yes I also think that Daryl Dixon (played by Norman Reedus) shouldn’t die, nor Michone (played by Danai Gurira), but maybe the screenwriters fear that both of them will*

<sup>53</sup> All of these are pejorative terms by which critics refer to Subcomandante Marcos and the Zapatistas and their use of ski-masks.

<sup>54</sup> Refers to Florence Cassez, French citizen accused of participating in a gang-related kidnapping in Mexico in a highly controversial case. She was incarcerated 7 years of a 60-year sentence, before her case was thrown out for breaches of legal procedure. She was released on January 23, 2013 and returned to Paris.

<sup>55</sup> Literally “the pompadour,” refers to Enrique Peña Nieto and hairstyle he sports.

*longs to everyone, and to no one. They are ready, they say.”*

*“But, you realize that not only those who are like us will see those who are like us, but that the Bosses from various places who hate and persecute what we are, will also see?”*

*“Yes, we have taken that into account, we know. It is our turn, your turn.”*

*“Okay then, then it is only a matter of deciding the place and the time.”*

*“Here,” a hand gestures to the calendar and the geography.*

*“The gaze that we provoke will no longer be one of pity, of shame, of compassion, of charity, of hand-outs. There will be happiness for those who are like us, but rage and hate from the Bosses. They will attack us with everything they have.”*

*“Yes, I told them. But they gazed at each other, and this is what they said: ‘We want to see those who we are, to see ourselves with those who we are, even though neither we nor they know that they are what we are. We want them to see us. We are ready for the Bosses, ready, and waiting.’”*

*“When, where then?” Calendars and maps are spread out on the table.*

*“At night, when winter awakens.”*

*“Where?”*

*“In your heart.”*

*“Is everything ready?”*

*“Everything is ready, yes.”*

“We must speak with our dead. They will show us the time and the place,” **we-are-all** [feminine] say to ourselves.

We gaze at our dead, below, we listen to them. We take them this tiny stone. We lay it at the foot of their house. They look at it. We watch them looking at it. They look at us and they take our gaze far, far away, beyond where the calendars and the geographies reach. We see what their gaze shows us. We are silent.

We return, we look at each other, we talk to each other.

“We have to prepare far ahead, prepare each step, prepare each eye, prepare each ear... it will take time.”

“We will have to do something so that they don’t see us, and later something so that they do.”

“In any case they don’t see us, or they see only what they think they see.”

“But yes, we will have to do something... It is my turn.”

“**We-are-he** will take care of what corresponds to the peoples. **We-are-all** will look out for things, gently, quietly, hushed, as is our way.”

-\*-

**A few moons ago, it was raining...**

“Already? We thought they would need more time.”

“Well yes, but, that’s the way it is.”

“Okay then, think carefully about what we are going to ask: Do they want others to turn and look at them?”

“They do, they feel strong, they are strong. They say that this be-

become adherents of the Sixth, it suits their characters.

P.S. THAT CONTINUES GIVING ADVICE:

You can recover some of your lost time if, after the two episodes mentioned above and after thinking about it a little, you ask yourself, “*What the hell is the Sixth?*”

So you put into your preferred search engine: “*The Sixth*” and... every possible WARNING past and yet to come appears on your screen, from “*caution, this page can seriously affect your mental health,*” “*malicious url*” (ah, great involuntary homage from the antivirus program, thank you), to the classic “*libertarian virus detected, will not affect hardware but will create chaos in the software of your thought*”; followed by the options: “*eliminate virus immediately,*” “*quarantine virus in ‘things to avoid,’*” “*move virus to section of lost causes,*” “*archive virus in section of naïveté’s,*” etc.

You clearly are, as they say, *contrarian*<sup>56</sup> (if you weren’t, would you still be reading?) and *pissed* (censorship *bleep*) bothered by anyone telling you what you can or should do, so you click on the link and almost immediately regret it, as, to put it in non-cybernetic terms, the screen is total chaos, with so many colors, beyond the imagination of even the most psychedelic screen protector, later music (though without bothering readers) of all kinds. You, of course, are asking yourself what the hell the programmer is on, and, *now that we’re on the subject, don’t be a downer, pass that stuff around*, but at that moment, ta-da! The words, many words, finally settle down so that you can make out:

“*The Sixth.*” Name with which the Zapatistas of the EZLN and/or adherents of the Sixth refer to the Sixth Declaration of the Lacandón Jungle. Name with which a small, very small, tiny, miniscule

<sup>56</sup> The original is “*contreras,*” playing with the word “*contrario.*” meaning “*contrarian,*” but using the last name of Elias Contreras, the main character of “*The Uncomfortable Dead,*” a crime fiction novel co-written by Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos and a collective pseudonym given to those assigned intelligence detail for the EZLN.

*group of men, women, children, old people, and Others self-identify, they who resist and struggle against capitalism and propose a better world, not a perfect one, but better. Name used to refer to dirty, ugly, bad, rude, and rebellious people who intend to construct another way of doing politics (that is, they're pissing against the wind because there's no budget for this, no paid positions, no social prestige). Name by which an undetermined but negligible number of people self-identify, they who feel convoked by but not subordinated to the Zapatistas, who maintain their autonomy, their calendar, and their geography (the majority are not eligible for credit, and for that reason are totally expendable.)*

*Did I already say that they're dirty, ugly, bad, and rude? Ah, it's that they really are. For "Zapatistas," also see: "zapatos" [shoes], "zapatillas" [comfortable shoes for home use or slippers], "zapateros" [shoemakers], "rebellious", "annoying nuisances," "useless irreverent people, "those without electoral credentials," "non-existent," "rude, above all, rude", "and yes, also, dirty, ugly, and bad."*

P.S. ABOUT THE CURSED (IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE)  
PASSWORD:

*Compas* of the Sixth and not of the Sixth: I have received an imprecise number (which is more elegant than saying "a shitload") of not-so-nice complaints<sup>57</sup> about the password. Bring it down a notch and let me explain:

As you have seen, our webpage crashes on the seventh click you give it. I could join in the conspiracy theories and justify this, alleging a cybernetic attack by whatever villain is in fashion, the supreme government, the pentagon, the M16, the DGSE, the CIA, or the KGB (the KGB doesn't exist anymore? There you have the proof that we are prehistoric, but the truth is that we have a server that, on the alternative tip, operates on *pozol* [a drink made of ground corn and  
57 The original is "*mentadas que no son de menta.*" "*Mentada*" is like a telling-off or insult. *Menta* is mint. Literally this would be unminty insults.

## 5. To gaze into the night in which we are.

(From the new moon to the crescent moon)

**Many moons ago: under a new moon, brand new, just barely peeking out, barely enough to make shadows below...**

***We-are-he* arrives. Without needing to consult or check notes, his words begin to draw an image of the gazes of those who rule here, and those whom they obey. When he finishes, we look.**

The message from the people is clear, short, simple, blunt. As orders should be.

We, male and female soldiers, don't say anything, we only look, we think: "*This is very big. This doesn't just belong to us anymore, nor just to the Zapatistas. It doesn't even belong just to this corner of these lands. It belongs to many corners, in all worlds.*"

"*We must care for it,*" ***we-are-all*** [feminine] say, and we know what it is that we are talking about, but we are also talking about ***we-are-he***.

"*It will turn out well... but we have to be prepared for it to turn out badly, that is our way in any case,*" says ***we-are-all*** [masculine].

"*So then, we have to prepare it,*" ***we-are-all*** [feminine] say to ourselves,

"*Take care of it, make it grow.*"

"*Yes,*" ***we-are-all*** [masculine] respond to ourselves.

water],<sup>58</sup> and when we tell the *compas* in charge to “give the server some juice,” they serve themselves all the *pozol*, and there’s nothing left for the server.

So we have seen that there are *compas* who know this and who have their independent media, blogs, webpages, and all that.

They’re the ones that take our writings and sometimes also videos and put them up. The videos are very important parts of the texts, so much so that we spend as much or more time on them as we do on the texts. That’s why we send them out on the webpage “Enlace Zapatista,” because with just words, well, it’s better if there’s music or a video that, as some say, completes the word, sort of like a post-modern postscript, very much our style here. Anyway, I was telling you that the *compas* from the independent and libertarian media, as well as groups, collectives, and individuals, take what we say and launch it further and wider.

So we’re doing what they call tests. We know that for these *compas* there is no password that can stop them, and that even if they don’t know exactly what the password is they click here and there and *boom!* They’re in. So we thought, what happens if the bad governments block our word and the commercial media punish us with the whip of their disdain and then nothing can get out?

They’ve already done this before, that’s why there are still people going on and on with that nonsense about why we’ve been so quiet and why only now blah blah blah. So we were thinking that if they block us, will these *compas* with good intentions take our word and kick it out to others? Because we are interested in having those who inform themselves via the media of those *compas* as interlocutors also. So we thought, we’re going to do a test and see if those *compas* out there, especially those that don’t know yet that they are our *compas* (we don’t know it either, but that’s not the point) hit a wall

<sup>58</sup> *Pozol* is a highly nutritious drink made of the dough from ground corn mixed with water. It is commonly consumed in the Mexican countryside as a midday meal.

when they try to find out about us, what do they do? Do they look elsewhere for news from us? Or what? So that's what we did. And this is what we saw: the password didn't keep those cybernetic *compas* out for a second, that is, as some say, they didn't give a shit, and rapidly they got onto the page with hidden text and rapidly they put the whole text up on their media sites, and the majority of them included everything, even the videos. So we saw that in addition to the fact that the webpage goes down all the time and the not-very-nice complaints come down upon us, our words appeared in those media and blogs with a note saying, "here's the complete text," along with the middle finger. You catch my drift? Okay, okay, okay, no more jokes. So we thought, "if they insult one of us they insult all of us." Okay, okay, not really, but now you know *compas*, that if you can't get onto our page then look on the pages of other *compas*. And for those free and/or libertarian *compas* with their media, blogs, webpages, or whatever you call them, for real, from our heart: thank you. And believe me when I say that (after all we've been through), it's not easy for us as zapatistas to say those words. Because we give a lot of value to words, so much so that we went to war for them.

In any case, every now and then there are going to be texts with a password, but it will be for very concrete things, in order not to bore the audience with issues that maybe aren't of interest to anybody, well maybe to those of the Sixth, but not to everybody, only to a very few.

For example: if we say that we are making an invitation for August of this year, 2013, on the 10th birthday of the Good Government Councils, who will have achieved 10 years of emancipatory autonomy; and that there will be a small party in the Zapatista communities; and that around those dates it rains a lot, and that other than dignity the only thing that is abundant here is mud, then when you come, bring what is necessary so that you don't become the color of the earth.

So, *compas*, for things like that we're going to use a password, because the majority of people are not going to be interested in that

whatever you call it, and use our names, although of course, they aren't us and don't represent us. But, as people tell me, the majority of these people make clear that they aren't who they supposedly are. And the truth is that we get a big kick out of imagining the number of insults and not-so-nice go-to-hells that they have received and will receive, originally directed at the eezeelen and/or the person who writes these lines.

\*\*\*\*\*

Watch and listen to the videos that accompany this text.

From Japan, the song and choreography "Ya Basta," by Pepe Hasegawa. It was purportedly performed at the prefecture of Nagano, Japan, in 2010. To be honest, I don't know exactly what the lyrics say, I just hope they aren't not-so-nice go-to-hells.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WR7RScVSVlk>

From Sweden, ska by the group Ska'n'ska, from Estocalmo. The song is called "Ya Basta" and it is part of their album "Gunshot Fanfare."

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7WB720Wavo4>

From Sicily, Italy, the group Skaramazia with the song, "Para no olvidar," part of the album, "La Lucha Sigue,"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-OxFJQSaCZ4>

From France – the track "EZLN" by the ska group Ya Basta. From the album "Lucha y fiesta."

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lp01Iyx79aE>



respond to that question with a “yes.” And so you “click” on “upload” or “post” or “load,” or you play the initial chord, or make the first step-color-verse, or whatever you call it.

And maybe you don’t know, although I think it is obvious, that you’re giving us a hand, as they say. And I’m not saying this because our webpage crashes sometimes, as if it were in a “slam,” and upon hurling itself into the void there was no friendly hand to break the fall, which if it is on cement, will hurt regardless of your calendar and geography. I point this out because on the other side of our word, there are many who do not agree with us and openly express it; there is another much greater number who are not in agreement and don’t even bother to say anything; there are a few who are in agreement and who openly express that; there are a few more who are in agreement but don’t say it; and then there is the immense majority, who haven’t even heard about the debate. It is to this last group that we want to speak, that is to say, to look, that is to say, to listen.

*Compas*, thank you. We know. But we are sure that, even if we did not know it, you would. And it is exactly this, we Zapatistas think, that is what changing the world is about.

(To be continued...)

From whatever corner, of whatever world.

SupMarcos.

Planet Earth

February 2013

P.S. Yes, maybe there is, in that letter to him, a hint for the next password.

P.S. THAT UNNECESSARILY CLARIFIES: We don’t have an account on twitter or facebook, nor an email, a telephone number, or a mailing address. That information that appears on the webpage is for the webpage, and those *compas* support us and send us what they receive, just as they send off what we send them. As for the rest, we are against copyright, so anyone can have their twitter, facebook, or

information, only those of the Sixth and a few more who will also be invited. So that’s how we’ll leave it. I hope your complaints now won’t be so harsh.<sup>59</sup>

*Vale*. Cheers, and for real, they we get everything that you write, positive or negative, from wherever you are, and we read it. Because we know that the world is very big, that it contains many words, and that unanimity only exists in the heads of the fascists across the political spectrum that try to impose their homogeneity.

From whatever corner of whatever world.

SupMarcos.

January 2013.

Watch and listen to the videos that accompany this text.

“Black,” with Kari Kimmel. Soundtrack to the trailer for the third season of “The Walking Dead.” Video edited and subtitled by MultiMarisa1.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VdEOqHmyGtQ>

“Rap Zapatista Hope.” Curva Sud Tunisi. Tunis, Tunisia, Mediterranean Africa.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=67RyrykVjdU>

“Being Different”, with the superhero Calcetín [sock] with Rombos Man [Rhombus Man] in the starring role. Clip from chapter 1 of the spring season of the series “31 Minutes.” “31 Minutes” is a kid’s program produced APLAPLAC (created by Álvaro Díaz and Pedro Peirano), created in 2003 and transmitted by Chilean National Television.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=33VYndCap3c>

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59 Literally, I hope your complaints will now be “minty.”

Or maybe it is because of all of this and more.

They themselves must know. And they probably have it written there, on their webpage, on their blog, in the declaration of their principles, in their flyer, in their song, on their wall, in their notebook, in their heart.

That is, I am talking about those who communicate among themselves and with others that which we feel in our hearts; that is to say, they listen. Those who look at us, and look at themselves thinking about us, and make themselves a bridge and then discover that these words that they write, sing, repeat, transform, do not belong to the Zapatistas, that they never did, that those words belong to you, they belong to everybody and to nobody, and that they are part of a larger whole, and larger whole may be, confirm that when at ourselves looking and talking about something for which yet, and that through joining a group, collect, religion, or it, but rather that you the passage to humanity today is called “rebellion.”



who knows where that and so you discover or you look at us looking at you, you are touching something bigger, there is no alphabet this process you aren't lective, organization, whatever you may call are understanding that

Maybe before you “click” on your decision to put our words on your sites, you ask “will it be worth it?” Maybe you ask yourself if you won't in fact be supporting Marcos' stay on a European beach, enjoying the lovely climate of those calendars in those geographies. Maybe you ask yourselves if you aren't serving a creation of “the beast” to deceive and simulate rebellion. Maybe you tell yourselves that it is our job, as Zapatistas, to answer this question of “will it be worth it?” and by clicking on the computer, the spray, the pencil, the guitar, the cd, the camera, you are committing us, the Zapatistas, to

*maybe you will hear that some of our guests came upon this room, noticed the sign, and asked who “him” was. And that we answered: “we don’t know, but he does.”*

*OK, take care, and yes, it was worth it, I think.*

*From etc. etc.*

*We Zapatistas of the eezeelen dot com dot org dot net or dot whatever you call it.”*

\_\*\_

And this is all to say that, as you may have already noticed, we have a lot of faith in the free and/or libertarian media, or whatever you call it, and in the people, groups, collectives, and organizations who have their own means of communication. Also people, groups, collectives, organizations who have their own webpages, their blogs, or whatever you call it, who provide a space for our word, and now, the music and images that accompany it. And also people and groups who maybe don’t even have a computer, but nevertheless who through talking, or flyering, or making a newspaper-mural, or making graffiti on a wall or in a notebook or on public transport, or in a play, a video, school homework, a song, a dance, a poem, a canvas, a book, or a letter, spread the words that our collective heart has written.

If they don’t belong to us, if they aren’t an organic part of us, if we don’t give them orders, if we don’t tell them what to do, if they are autonomous, independent, free (that is to say if they govern themselves), or however you say that, why do they do it?

Maybe they think that everyone has a right to information, and that everyone is responsible for what they do or don’t do with this information. Maybe it is because they are in solidarity with and have a commitment to support those who also struggle, even if by other means. Maybe it is because they feel it is their duty.

## VI. The Gaze

### 1. One may gaze to impose or gaze to listen

*“For once I could say  
Without anyone contradicting me  
That he who desires something  
Is not the same as he who covets it  
Just like words said to be heard  
Are not the same  
As words said to be obeyed  
Just as he who speaks to me in order to tell me something  
Is not the same as  
He who speaks in order to make me be quiet.”*  
—**Tomás Segovia.**

“Fourth Search” in “Searches and Other Poems”  
from the press that has the good taste to call itself “Nameless.”  
Thanks and an embrace to María Luísa Capella, to Inés and Francisco (how good that dignified blood beats in their hearts)  
for the books and lyrics guide

To gaze is a form of asking, we say, we the Zapatistas.

Or to search...

When gazing into the calendar and into the geography, however far one may be from the other, one asks, one interrogates.

And it is in this gaze where the other (*el otro, la otra lo otro*) appears. And it is in this gaze where the other exists, where they draw their profile as strange, as foreign, as enigma, as victim, as judge and executioner, as enemy...or as *compañer@*.

The gaze is where fear dwells, but it is also where respect can be born.

If we don't learn to see with the other's eyes, what sense can our own gaze have? Our questions?

Who are you?

What is your story?

Where is your pain?

When are your hopes?

But it doesn't only matter at whom or at what you gaze. Also, and above all, it matters from where.

And choosing where to look is also choosing from where one is looking.

Or is it the same to see from above the pain of those who have lost those whom they love and need to senseless, inexplicable, and definitive death, as it is to see all this from below?

When someone from above looks at those below and asks, "how many?" what they are really asking is "how much are they worth?"

And if they aren't worth anything, what does it matter how many there are? To obscure this inconvenient number, we have the commercial media, the armies, the police, the judges, the prisons, the cemeteries.

And from our gaze, the answers are never simple.

To look at ourselves looking at what we look at gives us an identity that has to do with suffering and struggle, with our calendar and our geography.

*niques of information. For example, other than Durito, none of us has been able to figure out how to successfully tweet. Faced with the 140 character limit, not only am I useless, so dependent am I on commas, (parentheses), ellipses...but time after time, by the end, I've run out of characters. I think it improbable that I will ever be able to do it. Durito, for example, has proposed a communiqué that complies with the character limit of a tweet and it says:*

*123456789 123456789 123456789 123456789 123456789  
123456789 123456789 123456789 123456789 123456789  
123456789 123456789 123456789*

*But the problem is that the code to decipher this communiqué occupies the equivalent of the 7 tomes of the encyclopedia of "Differences" that humanity has been writing since it began its sorrowful walk on this earth, and whose publication has been vetoed by Power.*

*No, what we have learned is that there are people out there, near and far, who we do not know, who perhaps do not know us, who are compas. And they are compas not because they have participated in some march of support, or because they have visited a Zapatista community, or because they wear a red bandana on their neck, or because they have signed a petition, or because they have signed a letter of affiliation, or because they have a membership card, or however you say that.*

*They are compas because we Zapatistas know that just as there are many worlds in this world that we inhabit, there are also many forms, modes, times, and places to struggle against the beast, without asking, nor hoping, for anything in exchange.*

*We send you a hug, compa, wherever you may be. I am sure that you can, by now, answer the question that one asks oneself when they begin walking: "will it be worth it?"*

*Maybe you will hear that in a community or in a barracks there is a Zapatista computer room called "**him**," like that, in lowercase. And*

out making a fuss,” as we Zapatistas say.

And so the world kept turning. *Compas* arrived who knew something about computers, and soon they started other webpages, and we got things to the way that they are now, that is, with this damned server that doesn't work like it should, even though we sing “*la del moño colorado*” to it and dance to the rhythm of cumbia-corrido-ranchera-norteña-tropical-ska-rap-punk-rock-folk ballad.

Also without making a fuss, we thanked this *compa*: may the first or supreme gods or god that he believes in, or doubts, or doesn't believe in, bless him.

We don't know what became of this *compa*. Maybe he is part of Anonymous. Maybe he continues surfing the web, looking for a noble cause to support. Maybe he is despised for his appearance, maybe he is different, maybe his neighbors and colleagues from work and school look down on him.

Or maybe he is a regular person, one more of the millions who walk the earth with no one noticing them, with no one looking at them.

And maybe he will somehow read what I am recounting to you, and read what we now write to him:

*“Compa, here now there are schools where before only ignorance grew; there is food, not much, but it is dignified, in a place where before hunger was the only guest at the table; and now there is relief where before the only medicine for pain was death. I don't know if you expected this. Maybe you already knew. Maybe you saw some future in those words that you relaunched into cyberspace. Or maybe you didn't, maybe you only did what you did because you felt that it was your duty. And duty, we Zapatistas know well, is the only kind of slavery that one willingly embraces.*

*We learned. And I don't mean that we learned the importance of communication, or the knowledge of the various sciences and tech-*

Our strength, if we have one, is in this recognition: we are who we are, and there are others who are who they are, and others who we still don't have the words to name, and are nevertheless who they are. When we say “we” we are not absorbing and, in doing so, subordinating identities, but rather emphasizing the bridges that exist between different sufferings and different rebellions. We are equal because we are different.

In the Sixth, the Zapatistas, reiterate our rejection of any attempt at hegemony, that is, to say, any vanguardism, whether it places us at the forefront or alongside or, as over the course of these long centuries, at the rearguard.

If with the Sixth we search for our kin in sorrows and struggles, regardless of the calendars and geographies that distance us, it is because we know well that that the Ruler cannot be defeated with only one way of thinking, one force, one leadership (however revolutionary, consequential, radical, clever, numerous, powerful, daring, etc. it may be).

We have learned from our dead that diversity and difference are not a weakness for those below, but rather a strength from which to birth, from the ashes of the old, the new world that we want, that we need, that we deserve.

We know well that we are not the only ones who imagine this world. But in our dream, this world is not one, but many different, diverse worlds. And in their diversity lies their strength.

It is the repeated attempts to impose unanimity that have caused the machine to go mad and move closer, by the minute, to the final moment of this civilization as we have known it.

In the current phase of neoliberal globalization, homogeneity is nothing other than mediocrity imposed as universal standard. And if it differs in any way from a Hitlerish madness, it is not in its objec-



tive but in the modernized means to achieve it.

~\*~

And yes, we are not the only ones who look for the how, the when, the where, the what.

You all, for example, are not *Them*. Well, although you don't seem to have any problem allying yourselves with *Them* in order to...deceive and defeat them from within? To be like *Them* but not as much as *Them*? To slow the speed of the machine, to file down the fangs of the beast, to humanize the savage?

Yes, we know. There are many arguments to sustain this line of thinking. In fact, you could even force a few examples.

land (there are probably still photos floating around out there of the “cyber guerrilla” ha!). And you think we had internet? In February of 1995, when the federal government was pursuing us (and not exactly for an interview), the portable PC was thrown into the first stream that we crossed. After that we wrote our communiqués on a mechanical typewriter lent to us by the *ejidal* commissioner of one of the communities that took us in.

This was the powerful and advanced technology that we had, the “cyber guerrillas of the 21st Century.”

I am really sorry if, in addition to my own already battered ego, this destroys some of the illusions that were created out there. But it was just like I am telling you now.

Anyway, later we learned that...

A young student in Texas, USA, maybe a “nerd” [original English] (or however you say it), created a web page and simply named it “ezln.” This was the first webpage of the EZLN. And this *compa* started to “put up” all of the communiqués and letters made public in the press on that site. People from other parts of the world who had found out about the uprising through photos, recorded video images, or in the newspaper, went to that site to find our word.

And we never knew this *compa*, or maybe we did.

Maybe he came one time to Zapatista lands, as others did. If he came, he never said “I’m the one who made the ezln webpage,” or “thanks to me, people know about you all over the world,” nor did he say, “I came so that you could thank me and honor me.”

He could have done this, and the thanks would have been minimal, but he didn’t.

And you may not know this, but there are people like that. Good people who do things without asking for anything in return, “with-

duced on one of those old dot matrix printers that made more noise than a machine gun. The paper was from a roll that jammed every time we printed, but we had carbon paper and managed to print as many as two every few hours. We made a shitload of copies, I think like 100. We distributed them to the five command groups, which, a few hours later would take seven municipal seats in the southeastern part of the state of Chiapas. In San Cristóbal de las Casas, which was the municipality I was assigned to take, they surrendered the plaza to our forces and we used *masquinteip* [aka *masking tape*] (as they say) to put up our 15 copies of the Declaration. Yes, I know that it doesn't add up, we should have had 20 copies, who knows what happened to the other five.

Well, when we left San Cristóbal in the early morning hours of January 2, 1994, the damp fog that covered our retreat dislodged the proclamations from the cold walls of the magnificent colonial city and some lay strewn in the streets.

Years later someone told me that anonymous hands had torn some of those declarations from the walls and guarded them jealously.

And soon the Dialogues at the Cathedral followed. At that time, I had one of those light, portable computers (it weighed six kilos without the battery), made by HandMeDown Inc., with 128 ram, that is to say 128 kilobytes of *ram*, a hard disk with 10 megabites, so as you can imagine it could hold *everything*, and a processor that was so fast that you could turn it on, go make coffee, come back, and you could still reheat the coffee, 7 x 7 times, before you could start to write. What a fantastic machine. In the mountains, to get it to work, we used a converter attached to a car battery. Afterwards, our Zapatista advanced technology department designed a device that would let the computer run on D batteries, but the device weighed more than the computer and, I suspect had something to do with the PC expiring in a sudden flash, with a ton of smoke, which kept the mosquitos away for three days. What about the satellite telephone that the Sup used to communicate with "*international terrorism*?" It was a walkie-talkie with a reach of some 400 meters, max, on flat

But...

You tell us that we are equal, that we are trying to do the same thing, that we are in the same struggle, the same enemy... Hmm...no, actually you don't say "*enemy*," you say "*adversary*." Agreed, that also depends on the current context.

You say that we must all unite because there is no other path forward: it is either elections or arms. And you, who sustain your project through this false argument to invalidate anything that does not submit to the repeated spectacle of the politics of above, summon us: die or surrender. And you even offer us an pretext, arguing that, since this is about taking Power, there are only these two paths.

Ah! but we are so disobedient: we don't die, nor do we surrender. And, as was demonstrated on that day of the end of the world: neither electoral struggle nor armed struggle.

And what if it is not about taking Power? Or better: what if Power no longer resides in the Nation-State, that Zombie State populated by a parasitic political class that preys on the remains of the nations?

And if those voters that you are so obsessed with (and hence your fascination with the multitudes), do nothing other than vote for someone who others have already chosen, as has been demonstrated time and time again by *They* who amuse themselves with each new trick they invent?

Yes, of course, you hide behind your prejudices: those who don't vote? "*it is because they are apathetic, disinterested, uneducated, or because they're playing to the right*" ...your ally if found in the many geographies, in more than a few calendars. Those who vote, but not for you? "*it is because they are rightwing, ignorant, sell-outs, traitors, lowlifes, because they are zombis!*"

**Note from Marquitos Spoiler:** *Yes, we sympathize with the zombies, not only because of our physical resemblance, (even without makeup we would take every spot in the casting of “the Walking Dead”). Also, and above all, because we think, like George A. Romero, that, in a zombie apocalypse, the craziest brutality would be the work of the surviving civilization, not of the walking dead. And if some vestige of humanity survives, it will glow within the pariahs of always, the walking dead for whom the apocalypse begins at birth and never ends. As now occurs in any corner of any of the existing worlds. And there is no film, nor comic, nor television series that acknowledges this.*

Your gaze is full of contempt when you look below (even if that is in the mirror), and full of envy when you look above.

You can't even imagine that someone would have no other interest in looking “above” except to figure out how to get them off our back.

~\*~

The gaze. Toward where and from where. That is what separates us.

You believe that you are the only ones, we know that we are just one of many.

You look above, we look below.

You look for ways to make yourselves comfortable; we look for ways to serve.

You look for ways to lead, we look for ways to accompany.

You look at how much you earn, we at how much is lost.

## 4. To look and communicate.

I'm going to tell you something very secret, but don't go spreading it around...or, go ahead, spread it around, it's up to you.

In the early days of our uprising, after the ceasefire, there was a lot of talk about the *eezeelen*. There was, of course, all of the media paraphernalia that the right usually uses to impose silence and blood. Some of the arguments that they used then are the same ones that they use now, which shows how dated the right actually is and how stagnant their thinking. But this is not what we are going to talk about here, nor are we going to talk about the press.

Okay, now I will tell you that back then, they began to say that the EZLN was the first guerilla group of the 21st century (yes, we who still used a digging stick to sow the land, things like teams of oxen – no offense intended – we had heard people talk about, and tractors we only knew from photographs); that Supmarcos was a cyber guerilla who, from the Lacandón Jungle, would send into cyberspace the Zapatista comunicués that would circle the world; and who could count on satellite communications to coordinate the subversive actions that were taking place all over the world.

Yes, that's what they said, but...*compas*, even on the eve of the uprising our “Zapatista cyber power” was one of those computers that used big floppy disks and had a DOS operating system version –1.1. We learned how to use it from one of those tutorials, I don't know if they still exist, that told you which key to press and when you pressed the right one, a voice with a accent from Madrid said, “*Very Good!*” and if you did something wrong it would say “*Very bad, you idiot, try again!*” Besides using it to play Pacman, we used it to write the “First Declaration of the Lacandón Jungle,” which we repro-



Planet Earth.

Mexico, February of 2013.

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Watch and listen to the videos that accompany this text.

Daniel Viglietti and Mario Benedetti perform “a la limón” the song “La Llamada” and the poem by Benedetti “Pregón” (Proclamation). Concert in Montevideo, Uruguay, Latin America, Planet Earth. At the beginning, Daniel acknowledges all those who aren’t on stage but who made it possible for Daniel and Mario to be there. Almost at the end, you can hear Mario Benedetti singing, singing to himself, singing to us, without regard for the calendar and the geography, or vice versa.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2vLyDud1p88>

Amparanoia performs “Somos Viento.” At one point, Amparo Sánchez says “Ik’otik”, which in tzeltal means “we are wind.”

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ya-gZN-rDM>

Amparo Ochoa, a voice that still echoes in our mountains, performing “Quién tiene la voz,” by Gabino Palomares.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JMM4DcX1704>

You look for what is, we, for what could be.

You see numbers, we see people.

You calculate statistics, we, histories.

You speak, we listen.

You look at how you look, we look at the gaze.

You look at us and demand to know where we were when your calendar marked *your* “historic” urgency. We look at you and don’t ask where you’ve been during these more than 500 years of history.

You look to see how you can take advantage of the current conjuncture, we look to see how we can create it.

You concern yourselves with the broken windows, we concern ourselves with the rage that broke it.

You look at the many, we at the few.

You see impassable walls, we see the cracks.

You look at possibilities, we look at what was impossible until the eve of its possibility.

You search for mirrors, we for windows.

You and us are not the same.

~\*~

You look at the calendar of above and subordinate to it the spring of mobilizations, the masses, the parties, the multitudinous rebellion, the streets overflowing with songs and colors, slogans, challenges, those who are now many more than one hundred and thirty- some,<sup>60</sup> 60 During a speech at the Universidad Iberoamericana during the presiden-

the packed plazas, the ballot boxes anxious to be filled with votes, and you hurry because it-is-clear that – they lack a – leadership – revolutionary-party-a-politics-of-ample-flexible-alliances-because-the-electoral-is-their-natural-destiny-but-they-are-very-young-bourgeois-petit-bourgeois-spoiled kids- / -and then – lumpen – barrio – hood – prole – voting-numbers – potentials-ignorant-naïve – clumsy – stubborn, above all, stubborn.

And in each mass action you see the culmination of the historic moment. And afterward, when there are no masses clamoring for a leader, nor ballot boxes, nor parties, you decide that it's over, no more, that maybe on another occasion, that we have to wait six years, six centuries, that we have to look elsewhere, but always to the calendar of above: party registration, political alliances, official posts.

And we, always with our crooked gaze, go back to the calendar, look for winter, swim upstream, passing the creek, arriving at the source. There we see those who begin, the few, the least. We don't speak to them, we don't greet them, we don't tell them what to do, we don't tell them what not to do. Instead, we listen, we look at them with respect, with admiration. And they, perhaps never notice this little red flower, so similar to a star, so tiny that it is only a pebble, which our hand leaves below, near their left foot. Not because we want to say to them that that flower-stone belonged to us, the (*las/los*) Zapatistas. Not so that they can take this pebble and throw it against something or someone, although there is not lack of desire or motive for that. But rather because maybe it is our way of telling them and all of our *compas* of the Sixth, that houses and worlds

tial campaigns, then presidential candidate Enrique Peña Nieto (PRI) was confronted by students protesting events that occurred during his tenure as governor of Mexico State. Peña Nieto hid and eventually fled the University, but party affiliates later dismissed the protesters in the media as a handful of non-student opposition supporters that were sent to disturb the event. Iberoamericana students then made a youtube video in which 131 of them held up their university ID's and testified to their participation in the protest, sparking the name for a wider student movement "Yosoy#132," "Iam#132."

The infantry captain [female]: *Why are you so late?*

The *insurgenta* from the health commission: *Well, I was giving the Sup a talk on politics, that is, I was helping him understand something so that he could better explain that we have to look far into the distance, further than either time or our gaze can reach.*

The infantry captain: *I see. And then?*

The *insurgenta* from the health commission: He reprimanded me for not working fast enough and he sent me to my post.  
(...)

**five: Extract from "Notes for watching Winter."**

(...)

And yes, everyone marched over the stage with their fists in the air. But you didn't look hard enough. You didn't see the gaze of those men and women. You didn't see that, when they crossed up and over the stage, they looked down and saw their tens of thousands of compañeros. That is, they saw themselves. Those who gaze at us from above didn't see us seeing ourselves. Above, they didn't understand, nor will they understand, anything.

(...)

**six: Put your own gaze here (or your complaint, even if it's not so nice)**

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(To be continued...)

From whatever corner of whatever world.  
SupMarcos.

Fourth. Look back at them, with a severe frown. Use a look with a mix of anger, stomachache, annoyance, and murderous expression. No, that looks like a constipated teddy bear. Try again. Okay, passable, but keep practicing. Now, they didn't flee terrified?

They didn't look away? They didn't come closer exclaiming, "*Uncle (aunt) Juan(a)! I didn't recognize you at first! But then you made that face...*" No? They didn't do any of those things? Okay, continue on.

Fifth. Repeat steps one, two, three, and four. There may be failures in our system (which, of course, was made in China). If you get back to this point again, go to the following:

Sixth. There is a good probability that you have run into someone who is part of the Sixth. We're not sure if we should congratulate you or send our condolences. In any case, what follows that gaze is your decision and your responsibility.

**fourth: A gaze toward a Zapatista outpost.**

**(undetermined calendar and geography)**

SupMarcos: You all need to hurry because time is running out.

The *insurgenta* [female insurgent] from the health commission:  
*Listen Sup, time doesn't run out, people run out. Time comes from a long ways away and follows its path waaaaaay out there, where we can't even see. We are like little bits of time. That is, time can't walk without us. What we do is make time go forward, and when we are gone someone else comes and pushes time along a little more until it gets to where it needs to go. But we aren't going to see where it goes, it will be others that see if arrives alright or if all of a sudden it doesn't have the strength to go on and somebody has to come give it a push again, until it gets there for real.*

(...)

are built with tiny pebbles, and later they grow and almost no one remembers that what are now boulders began so tiny, as such small things, so useless, so alone. Along comes a (*un/una*) Zapatista, and sees the pebble, and greets it, and sits by its side, but they don't talk, because the little stones, like the Zapatistas, don't speak...until they speak, and then, as the case may be, become quiet. And no, they are never quiet, what happens is that sometimes there is no one to listen. Or perhaps it is because we looked far ahead in the calendar and we knew, before, that this night was coming. Or perhaps because in this way we tell them, although they don't know it, but we know, that they are not alone.

Because it is with the few that everything starts and restarts.

-\*-

You did not see us before...and you continue not seeing us.

And above all, you don't see us watching you.

You don't see us looking at you in your arrogance, stupidly destroying bridges, digging up the paths, allying yourselves with our persecutors, scorning us. Convincing yourselves that that which does not exist in the media, simply does not exist.

You didn't see us watching you tell others and yourselves that that was how to remain on firm ground, that the possible is solid ground, telling them that you cut the oars of that absurd boat full of those absurd and impossible people, those crazy people (\*us) who remained adrift, isolated, alone, without direction, paying with our lives for sticking to our principles.

You could have seen the resurgence as part of your victories, and now you consider it as another one of your defeats.

Go, follow your path.

Don't listen to us, don't look at us.

Because with the Sixth and with the Zapatistas, you can't look or listen with impunity.

And this is either our virtue or our curse, depending on where you look, and, above all, from where your look arises.

(to be continued...)

From whatever corner, in whichever world.

SupMarcos.

Planet Earth.

February 2013.

*Reincidentes*. Rock Group, Sevilla, Spain. Manuel J. Pizarro Fernández: Drums. Fernando Madina Pepper: Base and vocals. Juan M. Rodríguez Barea: Guitar and vocals. Finito de Badajoz "Candy": Guitar and vocals. Carlos Domínguez Reinhardt: sound tech. Rock version of "I Name You Freedom" in video dedicated to the heroic struggle of the Mapuche People.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j2rLm-jf4as>

Eduardo Galeano narrates a story of Old Antonio: "*The History of the Gazes*."

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WWjly5G63a4>

Joan Manuel Serrat singing "*El Sur También Existe*," (The South Also Exists) by Mario Benedetti, at a concert in Argentina, Latin America. Upon finishing singing, Serrat goes backstage and brings out Mario Benedetti, so dear to us (from minute 3:01 forward).

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TaKrfKjloUA>

They don't want to buy your old car, your face, your body, your future, your dignity, your will.

They don't want to sell you something...

*(a time share, an LCD television in 4D, a super-ultra-hyper-modern machine with an instant crisis button (note: don't confuse this with an ejection button, the warrantee doesn't include amnesia caused by ridiculous media), a political party that changes ideologies as the wind blows, life insurance, an encyclopedia, VIP access to a show or to a revolution or to a fashion heaven, a piece of furniture on a payment plan, a cellular telephone plan, an exclusive membership, a future gifted to you from a generous leader, a pretext for surrender, for selling out, for giving up, a new ideological paradigm, etc.).*

In that case...

First. Make sure you can throw out the idea that this person isn't a degenerate. You can be as dirty, ugly, bad, and rude as you like, but to each their own, you have that sexy and arousing touch that those who work hard always have; and that "*that*" can awake anyone's passions. Hmm... well, true, a comb to that hair wouldn't be out of order. Anyway, if it isn't a degenerate person, don't be discouraged, the world is round and keeps turning, and continues on below (this list, that is).

Second, make sure that they are looking at you. Are you sure they are not looking at that ad for deodorant behind you? Or perhaps they are thinking (the person looking at you that is): "I think that's what I look like when I don't fix my hair." If you've discarded those possibilities, continue.

Third. Are you sure the person doesn't look like a cop trying to reach a quota to report to his supervisor? If it is a cop, go, run, there's still time to leave without losing your bus money. But if you're sure it's not a cop, continue on to the next point.

*An embrace for everyone. I hope that that, to the extent it may be possible, you are all well.  
El Chueco.”*

**three: “Instructions for what to do in case... they’re looking at you”**

If someone is looking at you, and you realize that:

They aren’t looking at you as if you were transparent.

They don’t want to convince you of something.

They don’t want to co-opt you.

They don’t want to recruit you.

They don’t want to lead you.

They don’t want to judge-condemn-absolve you.

They don’t want to use you.

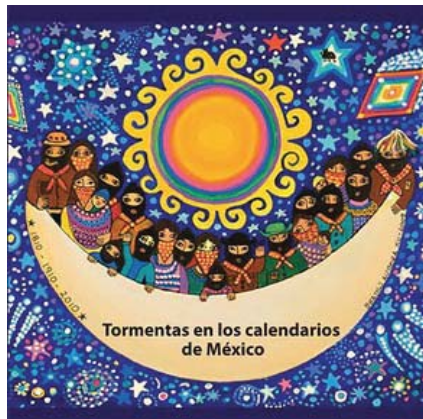
They don’t want to tell you what you can or can’t do.

They don’t want to give you advice, recommendations, orders.

They don’t want to reprimand you because you don’t know, or because you do.

They aren’t disrespecting you.

They don’t want to tell you what you should or shouldn’t do.



## 2. To look and to listen from/toward below.

Can we still choose toward where and from where we look?

We could, for example, look at those who work in supermarket chains, scolding them for their complicity in the electoral fraud<sup>61</sup> and ridiculing them for the orange uniforms they must wear, or, we could look at the employee who, after cashing out...

*The cashier takes off her orange apron, grumbling her rage at being accused of complicity in the fraud that brought ignorance and frivolity into Power. A woman, young or old, single or divorced, a widower; a mother; a single mother; an expecting mother; a woman without children, or whatever the case may be. She starts work at 7 in the morning and is let out at 4 in the afternoon, if there are no overtime hours, that is. That’s without counting the time it takes for her to get from home to work and back, and the time she spends afterward on school work or housework, that “women’s-labor-that-one-can-do-with-a-bit-of-flair.” She read this accusation of complicity in one of the magazines beside the cash register. They blame her, who supposedly they are going to save, it’s just a question of a vote and ta-da, happiness. “What, do they think the owners wear the orange apron?” she murmurs, irritated. She fixes herself up a bit from the purposeful disheveledness with which she arrives to work so that the manager doesn’t hit on her. She leaves. Her partner is waiting for her outside. They hug, kiss, touch each other with a gaze, walk together. They enter an internet café or cybercafé or whatever you call it. 10 pesos per hour, 5 for a half hour...*

<sup>61</sup> The PRI was accused of buying votes during the presidential campaigns in 2012 with gift cards to the popular chain store Soriana. Many on the institutional left blamed the working class people who used the gift cards for “complicity” with the PRI’s electoral fraud.

“Half hour,” they say, mentally calculating their budget-transit-time-metro-bus-walk.

“Cover me Roco, don’t be a jerk,” he says.

“Okay, but come mid-month you’d better come by and pay up or the owner will be all over me and it will be you covering me.”

“Fine, I’ll cover you, but it will be when you have a car, man, because I’m working at the car wash.”

“Well wash it then man,” Roco says.

The three of them laugh.

“Number 7,” Roco says.

“Go ahead, look for it,” she says.

He starts to put in a number.

“No,” she says, “look for when this all started.”

They search. They get to where there were just a few more than 131.<sup>62</sup> They play the video.

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62 During a speech at the Universidad Iberoamericana during the presidential campaigns, then presidential candidate Enrique Peña Nieto (PRI) was confronted by students protesting events that occurred during his tenure as governor of Mexico State. Peña Nieto hid and eventually fled the University, but party affiliates later dismissed the protesters in the media as a handful of non-student opposition supporters that were sent to disturb the event. Iberoamericana students then made a youtube video in which 131 of them held up their university ID’s and testified to their participation in the protest, sparking the name for a wider student movement “Yosoy#132,” “Iam#132.”

*thing is that, having seen what has happened and what is happening, it turns out that the logical conclusion is this: we are in the midst of the Zapatistas’ most daring initiative, at least since the insurrection. And in my opinion, it is related to everything, not only the national situation but also the international one.*

*Allow me to tell you what I understood to be the most significant aspect of the 21st [of December, 2012]. Naturally there were many significant things: the organization, the militant effort, the demonstration of strength, the presence of the young people and women, etc. But for me what was most impressive was that they marched carrying those wooden boards, and upon arriving at the plazas constructed stages. Much of the private media and some of the independent media were speculating about the arrival of some of the Zapatista leaders. They didn’t realize that the Zapatista leaders were already there. That the leaders were the people who walked over the stage and said, without speaking, here we are, this is what we are, this is what we will be.*

*Those on stage were those who should have been on stage. No one has noticed this fact, I don’t think, and yet, I think, there it is in a nutshell, the profound meaning of a new form of doing politics. A politics that breaks with the old, the only thing that is truly new, the only thing that deserves [illegible in the original] 21st century.”*

*The plebian, libertarian soul of conjunctural moments throughout history has been recreated here without grand theoretical fanfare. That is, through subterranean practice. It has been going on for too many years now to be a mere occurrence. It is already a long, solid, social historical process on the terrain of self-organization.*

*Finally, they took down their stage, converting it back into wooden boards, and we should all be a little ashamed and a bit more modest, and recognize that we are faced with something new and unexpected, and that therefore we should watch, hush, listen, and learn.*

as spokesperson to the fact that they barely read the frequent denunciations from the entirely indigenous and community-based Good Government Councils.

*“We want to talk to whoever is in charge.”*

In the silence that follows an elderly person and a child step forward, they stop in front of the overseer and in an innocent and wise voice say:

*“Here we are all in charge.”*

The overseer shakes, as does the voice of the Boss as he shouts his last.

The gaze awakens. *“Strange dream.”* And, without regard to the calendar or the geography, life, struggle, and resistance go on.

The gaze remembers only a few words of this strange dream:

*“Here we are all in charge.”*

**two: an other gaze, from an other calendar and an other geography**

(fragment of a letter received at the general headquarters of the eezeelen, undated)

*“Greetings Compas.*

(...)

*In my opinion, it was all a bunch of crap. But I don’t deny that I say this with hindsight. It would be very easy to say that I understood the silence perfectly well, that it didn’t surprise me at all. But, it would be untrue, I too was impatient with the silence (though in my case it had nothing to do with all that junk about ‘before now the Zapatistas weren’t talking at all.’ I did in fact read all the denunciations).<sup>68</sup> The*

68 A reference to the many complaints that the Zapatistas were “silent” for so long. In “Postscript to a cartoon,” Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos points out that between May 7, 2011 and December 21, 2012 alone, the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno* [the Good Government Councils] put out 27 denunciations. He counterposes the fact that people complain about his role

*“They’re bourgeois”* he says.

*“Calm yourself, revolutionary vanguard. You’re wrong in the head if you judge people on their appearance, look at how they call me white girl and bourgeois for having light skin, and don’t see that I live paycheck to paycheck. You have to look at what each person does and where they come from, dummy,”* she says, giving him a smack upside the head.

They keep watching.

They watch, fall silent, listening.

*“Well the fact that they went at him right to his face, to that Peña Nieto... they’re brave, that’s for sure, you can see they’ve got balls.”*

*“Or ovaries, idiot,”* she gives him another smack.

*“Keep that up princess, and I’m going to accuse you of interfamilial violence.”*

*“It would be gender violence, idiot,”* and another smack.



They finish watching the video.

Him: *“So that’s where things started, with a handful of people who weren’t scared.”*

Her: *“Or they were scared, but they controlled it.”*

*“Half hour!”* Roco yells.

*“Yeah, let’s go.”*

She walks out smiling.

*“Now what are you laughing at?”* he asks.

*“Nothing, I was just remembering,”* she walks closer to him, *“that thing you said about ‘interfamilial.’ Does that mean you want us to be, like they say, a family?”*

He doesn’t even skip a beat.

*“That’s right my princess, I mean we’re already headed there, that’s what we’re already doing, but without so many smacks on the head, make them kisses instead, lower and to the left.”*

*“Hey don’t mess with me man!”* Another smack. *“And enough of this “princess” stuff, aren’t we against the fucking monarchy?”*

*Expecting an even bigger smack, he says: “Okay then, my... plebian.”*

She laughs, and he does too. After a few more steps, she says:

*“So you think the Zapatistas will invite us?”*

*“Definitely, my buddy Vins said he’s buddies with the sockface<sup>63</sup> be-*  
63 Sockface is a reference to the ski-mask worn by Subcomandante Insur-

### 3. Some other gazes.

#### one: A dream within that gaze

Somewhere on a street, a cornfield, a factory, a tunnel, a forest, a school, a department store, an office, a plaza, a market, a city, a countryside, a country, a continent, a world...

The Boss is critically injured, the machine is broken, the beast is exhausted, the savage has been incarcerated.

The changes of names and flags did no good, nor did the blows, the prisons, the cemeteries, the money flowing through the arteries of corruption, the reality shows, the religious celebrations, the paid ads, the cybernetic exorcisms.

The Boss calls the only overseer he has left. He murmurs something in his ear. The overseer leaves, going out into the hordes.

He says, asks, demands, insists:

*“We want to talk to the man who...”*

He pauses in doubt. The majority of those in front of him are women.

He corrects himself:

*“We want to talk to the woman who...”*

He doubts himself again, as the number of Others in front of him is not few.



ing count of the gazes below that see themselves in a window.

(To be continued...)

From whatever corner, of whichever world.

SupMarcos.

Planet Earth.

January of 2013.

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“Los Nadies,” [the Nobody’s] based on the text by the same name by Eduardo Galeano. Performed by La Gran Orquesta Republicana, ska-fusión band, Mallorca, Spain. Band members include: Javier Vegas, Nacho Vegas: saxophone. Nestor Casas: trumpet. Didac Buscató: trombone. Juan Antonio Molina: electric guitar. Xema Bestard: bass. José Luis García: drums.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ucN-xogQHRO>

Liliana Daunes narrates a very other story called “Always and Never Against Sometimes.” Greetings to the Network of Solidarity with Chiapas that struggles and resists here just a little ways away, in Buenos Aires, Argentina, Latin America, Planet Earth.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=80EIfHMndnQ>

“Salario Mínimo” (Minimum Wage) Oscar Chávez and Los Morales.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hyKSN0CRe7w>

*cause he let him win at Mortal Combat, at the arcades, so we’ll just say we’re Vins’ people and we’re in,” he explains enthusiastically.*

*“You think I’d be able to take my mother? She’s getting pretty old...”*

*“Of course, with any luck my future mother-in-law will get stuck in the mud,” he ducks the smack he expects but that doesn’t come.*

She’s angry now:

*“And what the hell are the Zapatistas going to give us if they’re so far away? What, they’re going to give me a better salary? Make people respect me? Make those fucking men stop looking at my ass in the street? Make the fucking boss stop using any pretext to touch me? Are they going to help me pay my rent? Buy my daughter or my son clothes? Are they going to bring the price down for sugar, beans, rice, oil? Are they going to make sure I have enough to eat? Are they going to confront the police that come every day to the barrio to harass and extort the vendors that sell pirated DVDs telling them that it’s so they don’t have to denounce them to Mr. or Mrs. Sony...?”*

*“It’s not called ‘piracy,’ it’s ‘alternative production’ my princ... plebian. Don’t get all bent out of shape with me, we’re on the same side.”*

But she’s on a roll now and there’s no stopping her:

*“And for you, are they going to give your job back at the factory, where you were already certified as whatever-the-hell-it-was?”*

*Are they going to make your studies, all your training courses, worth something so that in the end that jackass of a boss takes the business who the hell knows where, along with the union and the strike and everything you did, so that you end up washing cars?”*

---

gente Marcos.

*Or what about your buddy El Chompis, they took his job away and disappeared the official employment records so he can't even defend himself? And the government with its same story about how it's going to improve service and be world class and all that nonsense, and what about that stuff about lowering rates, now they're more expensive! And the electricity goes out all the time<sup>64</sup> and fucking Calderón is going to go give classes on shamelessness to the gringos,<sup>65</sup> who are the real mothers of this mess. And my father, god bless his soul, who went to work on the other side [in the US], not as a tourist but in order to get some bread, some dough, some pay to maintain us when we were still real little, and when he was just crossing the border la migra [immigration agents] grabbed him like he was a terrorist rather than an honest worker and they never even gave us his body back and that fucking Obama whose heart appears to be the color of the dollar.*

*"Whoa, cool your jets, my plebian," he says.*

*"It's just that every time I even think about it I get angry, so much work and effort so that in the end those above end up with everything, the only thing left is for them to privatize laughter, although that's not probable because there is so little of it, but maybe they'll privatize tears, those are abundant, and they'll get rich... richer. And then you come with this stuff about the Zapatistas this and the Zapatistas that and that below and to the left and that the eighth..."*

*"The Sixth, not the eighth," he interrupts her.*

*"Whatever, if those guys are so far away and speak worse Spanish than you."*

<sup>64</sup> This is a reference to Calderón shutting down the public electric company Luz y Fuerza del Centro and union-busting the Mexican Electrical Workers Union (SME). The official reason for the shut-down was inefficiency, but people complain that under the private company that took over the service area rates are higher and service worse. The implication is that *El Chompis* was an electrical worker with Luz y Fuerza.

<sup>65</sup> Ex-president of Mexico Felipe Calderón is slated for a teaching position at Harvard University in the United States.

*"Hey now, don't be mean."*

*She wipes away her tears and mutters: "Damned rain, it's ruined my Este Lauder and I had fixed myself up to please you."*

*"Ahhh but you please me without anything... especially clothes."*

*They laugh.*

*She says, very serious: "Well, then, tell me, are these Zapatistas going to save us?"*

*"No my plebian, they're not going to save us. That, among other things, we're going to have to do ourselves."*

*"So what then?"*

*"Well, they're going to teach us."*

*"And what are they going to teach us?"*

*"That's we're not alone [solos]."<sup>66</sup>*

*She is quiet a moment. Then suddenly:*

*"Nor alone [solas],<sup>67</sup> dummy," another smack.*

*The minibus is packed. They wait to see if the next one has room.*

*It is cold, rainy. They hug each other tighter, not to keep from getting wet, but rather to get wet together.*

*Far away someone waits, there is always someone waiting. And that someone waits, with an old pen and an old tattered notebook, keep-*

<sup>66</sup> The masculine form of "alone."

<sup>67</sup> The feminine form of "alone."