



Center for Convivial  
Research & Autonomy

[mitotedigital.org/ccra](http://mitotedigital.org/ccra)

As a small collective dedicated to collective pedagogies, the CCRA currently claims a number of interconnected projects that weave together innovative, community-centered research, learning, and local capacity-building. The CCRA's investment in co-learning spaces generates critical analytical skills, research tools, facilitation techniques, and community service strategies able to address the intersections of environmental regeneration, community well-being, community safety, food sovereignty, and community health. For more info: [ccra@mitotedigital.org](mailto:ccra@mitotedigital.org)

## Them and Us, Part I: The (un)reasonables above *Zapatista National Liberation Army*

January of 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.

**Contents:**

- Them and Us, Part I: The (un)reasonables above  
*Zapatista National Liberation Army*.....1
- To Alí Babá and his 40 thieves  
*Zapatista National Liberation Army*.....3
- Them and Us, Part II: The Machine in Almost 2 Pages  
*Zapatista National Liberation Army*.....4
- Them and Us, Part III: The Overseers  
*Zapatista National Liberation Army*.....5
- Them and Us, Part IV: The Pains of Those Below  
*Zapatista National Liberation Army*.....9
- Them and Us, Part V: The Sixth  
*Zapatista National Liberation Army*.....12
- PS 's to The Sixth that, as its name indicates, was the fifth part of "Them and Us"  
*Zapatista National Liberation Army*.....16

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 chauffeur 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.

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.

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"<sup>27</sup>... ah but what can we tell you, it's clear that you haven't gotten past the "libro vaquero."<sup>28</sup>

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...

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

Oh, it's a promise...

(...) (titutata-tatatata 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.

Translation by Kilombo Intergaláctico

[\[http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-communicate-them-and-us-i-the-unreasonables-above/\]](http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-communicate-them-and-us-i-the-unreasonables-above/)

#### Notes

27. Translator's note: a Mexican magazine.
28. Translator's note: a Mexican comic.
29. Translator's note: "That's so region 4" is the original. Region 4 refers to Latin America in the way DVDs are coded.
30. Translator's note: "We will win a thousand times," in Mapuche.

## To Alí Babá and his 40 thieves Zapatista National Liberation Army

January 21, 2013

For: Ali Baba 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>31</sup> So, here it is, without words:

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>32</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," "mexico clap clap clap."

EJÉRCITO ZAPATISTA DE LIBERACIÓN NACIONAL  
MÉXICO.

21 de Enero del 2013.

Para: Ali Babá y sus 40 ladrones (gobernadores, jefe de gobierno y lame-suelas).  
De: Yo merengues.

No encontramos palabras para expresar nuestro sentir sobre su Cruzada Nacional contra el Hambre, así que va, sin palabras:



P.D.- Muy mal muchach@s. Pésima coreografía y mala coordinación. Ese aplauso de los acarreados estuvo completamente fuera de tiempo, hasta el "preciso" se dio cuenta (lo que ya es decir bastante). Recuerden que el fondo es forma (¿o era al revés?). Mmh... y siguen los tartamudeos, además de las equivocaciones en el uso del plural, el singular, el masculino y el femenino. Hay que practicar más. Mmh... a menos que ya sea el estilo de gobierno, porque la chayo siguió la misma línea. En fin, a esforzarse más. De por sí nadie les cree y luego con esos papelones, menos.

OTRA P.D.- Neta que estaba esperando que se escuchara el tema musical del teletón, el respetable sacara sus encendedores, los del presidium se tomaran de las manos y todos se balancearan al ritmo de "s-o-l-i-d-a-r-i-d-a-d" y, claro, luego el "mexico, clap, clap, clap", "mexico, clap, clap, clap."

UNA P.D. MÁS.- Un consejo: las limosnas las tienen que ofrecer en otro lado, aquí no vive ningún Jesús de apellidos Ortega Martínez o Zambrano. O pueden darlas en el "Pacto por México". (Ah, mis albuces son sublimes, ¿qué no?).

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>33</sup> Or you could give them out in the “Pact for Mexico.” (Ah, my jokes are sublime, are they not?)

Translation by Translation by Kilombo Intergaláctico

[\[http://www.elkilombo.org/ezIn-to-ali-baba-and-his-40-thieves/\]](http://www.elkilombo.org/ezIn-to-ali-baba-and-his-40-thieves/)

## Notes

31. 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.
32. 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.
33. 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.

## Them and Us, Part II: The Machine in Almost 2 Pages *Zapatista National Liberation Army*

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/depoulation- 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 Yaqis, 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 your own, exclusive global ATM.

Hmm... yes, it includes a papal bull 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>34</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.  
Planet Earth.  
January 2013.

Translation by Kilombo Intergaláctico

[\[http://www.elkilombo.org/ezIn-communicate-them-and-us-ii-the-machine-in-almost-2-pages/\]](http://www.elkilombo.org/ezIn-communicate-them-and-us-ii-the-machine-in-almost-2-pages/)

---

#### Notes

34. Translator's note: This is a play on words. The original is "supositorio," which means "suppository," but sounds similar to "suposición" which means supposition or presumption.

## Them and Us, Part III: The Overseers *Zapatista National Liberation Army*

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>35</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:  
"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 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.”

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>36</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>37</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 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>38</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.”

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>39</sup> didn’t work at all, and seeing as we must avoid repeating the shame of seeking refuge in a bathroom,<sup>40</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?”

“Noooooooooooooooooooo!”

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>41</sup> already finished it off 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.

Translation by Translation by Kilombo Intergaláctico

[\[http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-communicate-them-and-us-iii-the-overseers/\]](http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-communicate-them-and-us-iii-the-overseers/)

---

## Notes

35. 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.
36. “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.
37. The “unnamable” refers to Andrés Manuel Lopez Obrador.
38. A pejorative term, like “filthy savage.” Literally “cut feet,” referring to the rough souls of the feet of those who go barefoot.
39. 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.
40. 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.
41. Elías 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.

## Them and Us, Part IV: The Pains of Those Below *Zapatista National Liberation Army*

January of 2013.

“How many times have the police stopped us in the street for the crime of “carrying a face”<sup>42</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>43</sup> in Spain, interviewed by Shangay Lily, on *Kaos en la Red*. January 2013.

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 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>44</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>45</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.

-\*-

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<sup>46</sup> 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.

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>47</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.

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 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>48</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?

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 “forces 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.

Translation by Translation by Kilombo Intergaláctico

[<http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-them-and-us-part-iv-the-pains-of-those-below/>]

---

#### Notes

42. “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.
43. 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.

44. Carlos Salinas de Gortari.
45. 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.”
46. Translator’s note: White Anglo Saxon Protestant.
47. “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.
48. “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.

## Them and Us, Part V: The Sixth (full text) *Zapatista National Liberation Army*

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 compañerosas:

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.

\_\*\_

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 compañerosas.

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”<sup>49</sup> 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 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?

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.

.\_.

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, 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.

\_\*\_

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.

\_\*\_

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 Internacional. 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 government, 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  
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.

Translation by Translation by Kilombo Intergaláctico

[\[http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-communicate-them-and-us-part-v-the-sixth/\]](http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-communicate-them-and-us-part-v-the-sixth/)

---

Notes

49. Translator's note: manner, way of doing things.

PS 's to The Sixth that, as its name indicates, was the fifth part of  
“Them and Us”  
*Zapatista National Liberation Army*

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>50</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.

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>51</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."

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>52</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>53</sup> again. Today I hallucinated that, right in the street, I was on Laura Bozzo's show<sup>54</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 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>55</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>56</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?"

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>57</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>58</sup> Everybody knows that el copetes<sup>59</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 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>60</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 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>61</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 water],<sup>62</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 postmodern 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 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 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>63</sup>

Vale. Cheers, and for real, 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.

Translation by Translation by Kilombo Intergaláctico

[\[http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-ps's-to-the-sixth/\]](http://www.elkilombo.org/ezln-ps's-to-the-sixth/)

---

## Notes

50. Translator's note: 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.
51. Translator's note: 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.
52. 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."
53. Translator's note: Garnachas are a kind of tortilla with a meat filling.
54. Translator's note: 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.
55. Translator's note: Literally "Sixth Floor Press."
56. A character on the TV show *The Big Bang Theory*, on the US network CBS. Cooper is a theoretical physicist played by Jim Parsons.
57. Translator's note: All of these are pejorative terms by which critics refer to Subcomandante Marcos and the Zapatistas and their use of ski-masks.
58. Translator's note: 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.
59. Translator's note: Literally "the pompadour," refers to Enrique Peña Nieto and hairstyle he sports.
60. Translator's note: 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.
61. Translator's note: 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.
62. Translator's note: 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.
63. Translator's note: Literally, I hope your complaints will now be "minty."