### 1NC

#### Poem in Two Beats and a Subversive Ending

**First Beat**

I

Slid

Down

the Smile

of

a word,

drilled.

That is my origin...

But

I

Don't remember

if

I

was expelled

or

if

I took my things

and slid

down thinking...

**Second Beat**

It was

words

that

created

us.

They

shaped us,

and spread

their lines

to control

us.

**A Subversive Ending**

But

I

Know

that

a few men

gather

inside caverns

in SILENCE

**War!**

First Declaration of thee Lacandon Jungle

January 2, 1994

*To the people of Mexico*

*Mexican brothers and sisters:*

**We are a product of five hundred years of struggle: first, led by insurgents against slavery during the War of Independence with Spain; then to avoid being absorbed by North American imperialism;** then to proclaim our constitution and expel the French empire from our soil; later when the people rebelled against Porfirio Diaz’s dictatorship, which denied us the just application of the reform laws, and leaders like Villa and Zapata emerged, poor men just like us who have been denied the most elemental preparation so they can use us as cannon fodder and pillage the wealth of our country. **They don’t care that we have nothing, absolutely nothing, not even a roof over our heads, no land, no work, no health care, no food or education, not the right to freely and democratically elect our political representatives, nor independence from foreigners. There is no peace or practice for ourselves and our children.**

**But today we say: ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!**

**We are the inheritors of the true builders of our nation. We are millions, the disposed who call upon our brothers and sisters to join this struggle as the only path, so that we will not die of hunger due to the insatiable ambition of a seventy-year dictatorship led by a clique of traitors who represent the most conservative and sellout groups.** They are the same ones that opposed Hidalgo and Morelos, the same ones that betrayed Vicente Guerrero, the same ones that sold half of our country to the foreigner invader, the same ones that imported a European prince to rule our country, the same ones that formed the “scientific’ Porfirista dictatorship, the same ones that opposed the Petroleum Expropiation, the same ones that massacred the railroad workers in 1958 and the students in 1968, the same ones that today take everything from us, absolutely everything.

 To prevent the continuation of the above and as our last hope, after having tried to utilize all legal means based on our Magna Carta, we go to our constitution, to apply Article 39, which says:

 **National Sovereignty essentially and originally resides in the people. All political power emanates from the people and its purpose is to help the people. The people have, at all times, the inaiable right to alter or modify their form of government.**

Therefore, according to our Constitution, we declare the following to the Mexican federal army, the pillar of the Mexican dictatorship from which we suffer, monopolized by a one-party system and led by Carlos Salinas de Gortari, the maximum and illegitimate federal executive that today holds power.

**According to this Declaration of War, we ask that other powers of the nation advocate to restore the legitimacy and the stability of the nation by overthrowing the dictator.**

We also ask the that intercontinental organizations and the Intercontinental Red Cross watch over and regulate our battles, so that our efforts are carried out while still protecting our civilian population. **We declare, now and always, that we are subject to the Geneva accord, forming the EZLN as the fighting arm of our struggle for liberation. We have the** Mexican **people on our side, we have the nation and the beloved tricolored flag, highly respected by our insurgent fighters; our uniforms are black and red, symbol of our working people on strike; and we will always carry our flag, emblazoned with the letters “EZLN,” the Zapatista National Liberation Army, into combat.**

**From the outset, we reject all intentions to disgrace our just cause, accusing us of being drug traffickers, drug guerillas, thieves, or other names that might be used by our enemies. Our struggle adheres to the Constitution and is inspirited by its call for justice and equality.**

Therefore, according to this Declaration of War, we give our military forces, the EZLN, the following orders:

First: Advance to the capital of the country, overcoming the Mexican federal army, protecting in our advance the civilian population, and permitting the people liberated to elect, freely and democratically, their own administrative authorities.

Second: Respect the lives of our prisoners and turn over all wounded to the International Red Cross.

Third: Initiate summary judgments against all soldiers of the Mexican federal army and the political police who have received training or have been paid for by foreigners-they are accused of being traitors to our country-and against all those who have repressed and mistreated the civil population. Or robbed from or attempted crimes against the good of the people.

Fourth: Form new troops with all those Mexicans who show interest in joining our struggle, including those who, being enemy soldiers, turn themselves in without having fought against us, and promise to take orders from the General Command of the Zapatista National Liberation Army.

Fifth: **We ask for the unconditional surrender of the enemy’s headquarters, before we begin to combat, in** **order to prevent any loss of lives.**

Sixth: **Suspend the robbery of our natural resources in the areas controlled by the EZLN.**

*To the people of Mexico:*

We—men and women, whole and free—our conscious that the war that we have declared is a last—but just—resort. For many years, the dictators have been waging undeclared genocidal war against our people. Therefore, we ask for your decided participation to support this plan by the Mexican people who struggle for work, land, housing, housing, food, health care, education, independence, freedom, democracy, justice, and peace. We declare that we will not stop fighting until the basic demands of our people have been met, by forming a government for our country that is free and democratic.

#### Ten Years Later: Durito Found us Again.

Marcos 95 (Marcos is a spokesperson and strategist for the Zapatistas, an indigenous insurgency movement based in Mexico. He is the author of several books that have been translated to English. Authors: Editors: Juana Ponce de Leon is a writer, literary critic, and editor-in-chief of Siete Cuentos Editorial, the Spanish-language imprint of Seven stories Press. Jose Saramago received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1998. *Our Word is our Weapon: selected Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.* Page: 120)

In the breathless solitude of the first years of the Zapatista uprising, **a peculiar fellow appeared at our camp; a little smoking beetle**, very well read and an even better talker, who gave himself the task of giving hiscompany to a solider, el Sup. **Legally named Nebuchadnezzar, this beetle, traveling incognito,goes by the nom de guerre Durito, because of his hard shell. Durito, like all children, hasa thick skin, and it's for that very reason that he chose the child we all have inside- who we've completely forgotten because it shames us-as his primary interlocutor.** Early one morning ten years later, toward the end of our retreat from February's military treachery, **Durito found us again, and again touched the best in us: our astounding capacity for human tenderness, and our hope of growing better together with others. Sometimes a detective, sometimes a political analyst, sometimes a knight errant as well as a writer of epistles, Durito addresses us, holding up for us a mirror to the future, showing us what might be. In the still darkness, help comes to brests gone tight with fear of the unknown. Durito opens a wound in our breast-a painful wound-that lets us draw our breath.**

#### The glass to see the other side

Subcomandante Marcos February May 1995 ((Marcos is a spokesperson and strategist for the Zapatistas, an indigenous insurgency movement based in Mexico. He is the author of several books that have been translated to English. Authors: Editors: Juana Ponce de Leon is a writer, literary critic, and editor-in-chief of Siete Cuentos Editorial, the Spanish-language imprint of Seven stories Press. Jose Saramago received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1998. *Our Word is our Weapon: selected Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.* Page: 120)

**"This city is sick," Durito writes to me; "It is sick form loneliness and fear. It is a great collective of solitudes. It is a collection of cities, one for each resident. It's not about sums of anguish (do you know of a loneliness without anguish?), but about a potency; each loneliness is multiplied by the number of lonely people that surround it. It is a though each person's solitude entered a House of Mirrors, like those you see in the country fairs.** Each solitude is a mirror that reflects another solitude, and like a mirror, bounces off more solitudes."Durito has begun to discover that he is in the foreign territory, that the city is not is place. In his heart and in this dawn, Durito packs his bag. **He walks this road as though taking inventory, a last caress, like a lover who knows this is good-bye.** At certain moments, the sound of footsteps diminishes and the cry of sirens, which frightens outsiders, increases. And Durito is one of those outsiders, so he stops on the corner each time the red-and-blue blinking lights crisscross the street. Durito takes advantage of the complicity of a doorway in order to light a pipe guerrilla-style: a tiny spark, a deep breath, and the smoke engulfing his gaze and face. Durito stops. He looks and sees. In front of him, a display window catches his eye. Durito comes near and looks through the great glass pane to what exists beyond it.Mirrors of all shapes and sizes, porcelain and glass figurines, cut crystal, tiny music boxes. "There are no talking boxes," Durito says to himself, without forgetting the long years spent in the jungle of the Mexican Southeast. **Durito has come to say good-bye to Mexico City and has decided to give a gif to this city, about which everyone complains and no one abandons. A gift. This is Durito, a beetle of the Lacandon Jungle in the center of Mexico City. Durito says good-bye with a gift.** He makes an elegant magician's gesture. Everything stops. The lights go out like a candle extinguished by a gentle wind-lick on its face. **Another gesture and a reflecting light illuminates a music box in the display window.** A ballerina in a fine lilac costume holds an endless stillness, hands crossed overhead, legs held together, balanced on tiptoes. Durito tries to imitate the position, but promptly gets his many arms entangled. **Another magic gesture, and a piano, the size of a cigarette box, appears. Durito sits in front of the piano and puts a jug of beer on top** who knows where he got it from, but it's already half empty. He cracks and flexes his fingers, doing digital gymnastics just like the pianists in the movies. Then he turns toward the ballerina and nods his head. The ballerina begins to stir and makes a bow. **Durito hums an unknown tune, beats a rhythm with his little legs, closes his eyes, and begins to sway. The first notes begin. Durito plays the piano with four hands**. On the other side of the glass pane, the ballerina begins to twirl and gently lifts her right thigh. **Durito leans on the keyboard and plays furiously. The** ballerina performs her best steps within the prison of the little music box.The city disappears. There is nothing but Durito at his piano and the ballerina in her music box. Durito plays, and the ballerina dances. The city is surprised; its cheeks blush as when one receives an unexpected gift, a pleasant surprise, good news. Durito gives his best gift: an unbreakable eternal mirror, a good-bye that is harmless, that heals, that cleanses. The spectacle lasts only a few instants. The last notes fade as the cities that populate this city take shape again. The ballerina returns to her uncomfortable immobility; **Durito turns up the collar of his trench coat and makes a slight bow toward the display window. "Will you always be behind the glass pane?" Durito asks her and asks himself. "will you always be on he other side of my over here, and will I always be on this side of your over there? Health to you and until always, my beloved malcontent. Happiness is like a gift; it lasts for a moment, and it is worth it. Durito crosses the street, arranges his hat and continues to walk.** Before going around the corner. he turns toward the display window. A star-shaped hole adorns the glass. The alarms are ringing uselessly. Behind the window, the ballerina is no longer in the music box.... **"This city is sick. When its illness becomes a crisis, it will be cured. This collective loneliness, multiplied by millions and empowered, will end by finding itself and finding the reason for its powerlessness. Then, and only then, will this city shed its gray dress and adorn itself with brightly colored ribbons, which are so abundant in the provinces. This city lives a cruel game of mirrors, but the game of the mirrors is useless and sterile if finding the transparency of glass is not a goal. It is enough to understand this and, as who-knows-who said, struggle and begin to be happy... I'm coming back. Prepare the tobacco and the insomnia. I have a lot to tell you, Sancho." Durito signs off.**

#### Therefore Oscar and I say "adios," and join Durito and the Zapatistas in returning to the Lacandon Jungle in Chiapas. We do so by telling their stories and ours, and by adorning the mask upon over our faces. We stand in solidarity with their movement, their politics, and their message.

#### The story of the Bean-Brown Horse

#### Marcos 1996 (Marcos is a spokesperson and strategist for the Zapatistas, an indigenous insurgency movement based in Mexico. He is the author of several books that have been translated to English. Authors: Editors: Juana Ponce de Leon is a writer, literary critic, and editor-in-chief of Siete Cuentos Editorial, the Spanish-language imprint of Seven stories Press. Jose Saramago received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1998. *Our Word is our Weapon: selected Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.* Page: 120)

**There was once was a brown horse that was brown like a bean, and he lived in the home of a very poor farmer. And the poor farmer had a very poor wife, and they had a very thin chicken and a lame little pig.** And so, one day the very poor farmer's wife said: **"We have nothing more to eat because we are very poor, so we must eat the very thin chicken." So they killed the very thin chicken and made a thin soup and ate it.** And so , for a while, they were fine; **but the hunger returned** and the very poor farmer told his very poor wife: **"We have nothing more to eat because we are so poor, so we must eat the lame little pig." Ad so the lame little pig." And so the lame little pig's turn came and they killed it and they made a lame soup and ate it. And then it was the bean-brown horse's turn. But the bean-brown horse did not wait for the story to end; it just ran away and went to another story.** **"Is that the end of the story?"I asked Durito, unable to hide my bewilderment. "Of course not. Didn't you hear me say that the bean-brown horse fled to another story?"** he said prepared to leave. **"And so?" I ask exasperated. "and so nothing-you have to look for the bean-brown horse in another story!"** he said, adjusting his hat. "But, Durito!" I said, protesting uselessly. "not one more word! you tell the story like it is. I can't do it because I'm on a secret mission." "Secret? And what's it about?" I asked in a whisper. "Insolent knave! Don't you understand that if I tell you, it won't be a secret anymore," Durito manages to say while he slips beneath the door.

#### FW: Debate is a place for critical discourse where we are able to gain our own identity by asserting our own agency.

**Sup Marcos** January **2013** (Marcos is a spokesperson and strategist for the Zapatistas, an indigenous insurgency movement based in Mexico. He is the author of several books that have been translated to English. *Them and US: The (lack of) Reason from Above.* ROAR Reflections on a revolution. <http://roarmag.org/2013/01/them-and-us-subcomandante-marcos/>)

**Those from above say:**

**We’re the ones who make the rules. We’re more powerful, although there are fewer of us. We don’t care what you say-hear-think-do**, as long as you are mute, deaf, immobile.

We can impose halfway intelligent people in the government (although they’re already getting to be difficult to find within the political class), but we chose one who can’t even pretend to know what he’s talking about.[1]

**Why? Because we can.**

**We could use the police and military apparatus to persecute and jail real criminals, but those criminals are a vital part of us. Instead, we**[**choose to**](http://roarmag.org/2013/01/them-and-us-subcomandante-marcos/) **persecute you, beat you, detain you, torture you, jail you, kill you.**

**Why? Because we can.**

**Guilty or innocent? Who cares if you are one or the other?** Justice is just another whore in our little black book, and believe us, it’s not the most expensive one.

**And even if you follow the rules that we impose to the letter, even if you don’t do anything, even though you might be innocent, we will squash you.**

**And if you**[**insist**](http://roarmag.org/2013/01/them-and-us-subcomandante-marcos/)**on asking why we do it, we’ll respond: because we can.**

That is having Power. A lot is said about money, riches, and those things. But believe us when we say that what excites us is that feeling of being able to make decisions about anyone’s life, liberty, and assets. No, power is not money, it’s what you can have with it. Power is not just exercising it with impunity, it is also and above all, to do it irrationally. Because having Power is to do and undo without having any other reason than the possession of Power.

And it doesn’t matter who stands out in front, hiding us. **Right and left are only references so that the chauffeur can park the car. The machinery runs itself. We don’t even have to order them to punish the insolence of defying us. Large, medium, and small governments all over the political spectrum — as well as intellectuals, artists, journalists, politicians, and religious leaders — fight over the privilege to please us.**

**So fuck you, screw you, rot in hell, die, get discouraged, give up.**

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

Yes, we’ve sowed hate, cynicism, rancor, [desperation](http://roarmag.org/2013/01/them-and-us-subcomandante-marcos/), theoretical and practical don’t-give-a-fuck, conformity with the ‘lesser evil,’ fear turned into resignation.

And, nonetheless, we fear that which has transformed itself into organized rebellious rage, without a price tag.

Because we control, manage, ration, and feed the chaos that we impose. Our ‘law enforcement’ forces impose our chaos.

**But the chaos[2] that comes from below…**

Ah, that… we don’t even understand what they say, who they are, how much they cost.

And they’re so rude that they don’t beg, await, request, plead — instead, they exercise their freedom. Have you ever seen such obscenity!

That is the real danger. Those who look to the other side, who leave the mold, or break it, or ignore it.

“You know what’s really worked for us? That myth about unity at all cost. To only understand oneself with a boss, leader, ruler, or whatever they call themselves. Controlling, managing, containing,

buying one is much easier than many. Yes, and cheaper. That and individual rebelliousness. It’s so wonderfully useless.

Rather, what’s really dangerous in a true chaos is when everyone becomes a collective, group, crew, raza, organization, and they learn to say ‘no’ and ‘yes,’ and they reach agreements amongst themselves. Because the ‘no’ is directed towards those of us who give the orders. And the ‘yes,’… jeez… that really is a disaster. Imagine if everyone built their own destinies, and they decided who to be and what to do. It would be like pointing out that we’re expendable, excessive, that we get in the way, that we’re not necessary, that we should be in jail, that we should disappear.

#### Role of the Ballot: The role of the ballot is to engage in epistemic disobedience by utilizing the echo of our words as a weapon against the colonial matrix of power.

**Brothers and sisters of Asia, Africa, Oceania, Europe and America Welcome to the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.**

*LET US INTRODUCE OURSELVES*

**We are the Zapatistas National Liberation Army.**

**For ten years, we lived in these mountains, preparing to fight a war.**

**In these mountains, we built an army.**

**Below, in the cities and plantations, we did not exist.**

**Our lives were worth less than those of machines or animals.**

**We were like stones, like weeds in the road.**

**We were silenced.**

**We were faceless.**

**We were nameless.**

**We had no future.**

**We did not exist.**

**For the powers that be, known internationally by the term “neoliberalism,”**

**we did not count,**

**we did not produce,**

**we did not buy**

**we did not sell.**

We were a cipher in the accounts of big capital.

**Then we went to the mountains to find ourselves and see if we could ease the**

 **pain of being forgotten like stones and weeds.**

**Here, in the mountains of the Mexican Southeast, our dead live on.**

Our dead, who live in the mountains, know many things.

**They speak to us for their death, and we hear them.**

**Coffins speak and tell us another story,**

**That comes from yesterday and points to tomorrow.**

The mountains spoke to us, the Macehualob, we common and ordinary people.

We are simple people, as Power tells us.

Every day and the next night,

Power wants us to dance the *x-tol*

And repeat its brutal conquest.

**The kaz-dzul, the false man, rules our lands and has giant war machines,**

like the boob, half puma and half horse,

that spread pain and death among us.

The trickster government sends us the aluxob,

the liars who fool our people and make them forgetful.

**This is why we became soldiers.**

**This is why we remain soldiers.**

Because we want no more death and trickery for our people,

because we want no more forgetting.

**The mountain told us to take up arms so we would have a voice.**

**It told us to cover our faces so we would have a face.**

**It told us to forget our names so we could be named.**

**It told us to protect our past so we would have a future.**

In the mountains, the dead live: our dead.

With them live the Votan and the Ikal,

the light and the darkness,

the wet and the dry,

the earth and the wind,

the rain and the fire.

The mountain is the home of the Halach Uinic, the real human beings, the

 Big chief.

Here we learned and remembered that we are what we are, the real men and women.

**So, with our voice strengthening our hands,**

**with our face reborn,**

**with our name renamed,**

**our yesterday at the center of the four points of Chan Santa Cruz in Balam Na,**

**the star was born who defines humanity**

**and reminds us that there are five parts that make up the world.**

In the season when the chaacob ride, spreading the rain,

we came down once more to speak with our own

and prepare the storm that will signal the harvest.

We brought forth the war in the year zero,

and we began to walk this path

that has brought us to your hearts,

and today brings you to ours.

**This is who we are.**

**The Zapatista National Liberation Army.**

**The voice that arms itself to be heard .**

**The face that hides itself to be seen.**

**The name that hides itself to be named.**

**The red star who calls out to humanity and the world**

**to be heard, to be seen, to be named.**

**The tomorrow to be harvested in the past.**

**Behind our black mask,**

**Behind our armed voice,**

**Behind our unnamable name,**

**Behind us, who you see,**

**Behind us, we are you.**

**Behind we are the same simple and ordinary men and women,**

**Who are repeated in all races,**

**Painted in all colors,**

**Speak in all languages**

**And live in all places.**

**The same forgotten** men and women.

**The same excluded,**

**The same untolerated,**

**The same persecuted,**

**We are you.**

**Behind us, you are us.**

Behind our masks is the face of all excluded women,

Of all forgotten indigenous,

Of all the forgotten persecuted homosexuals,

Of all the despised youth,

Of all the beaten migrants,

Of all those imprisoned for their words and thoughts,

Of all the humiliated workers,

Of all those dead from neglect,

Of all the simple and ordinary men and women,

Who don’t count,

We aren’t seen,

We are nameless,

We have no tomorrow.

Brothers and sisters:

We have invited you to this meeting to seek for and find yourselves and us..

You have all touched our hearts, and you can see we are not special.

You can see we are simple and ordinary men and women.

You can see we are the rebellious mirror that wants to be a pane of glass and

Break.

You can see we are who we are so we can stop being who we are to become the you, who we are.

We are the Zapatistas.

**We invited you for all of us to hear ourselves and speak to ourselves.**

**To see all that we are.**

**Brothers and sisters:**

**In these mountains, the talking coffins spoke to us and told us ancient stories**

**That recall our pains and our rebellions. Our dreams will not end as long as we live. We will not give up our banner. Our death will live on forever.**

**So say the mountains that speak to us.**

**So says the star that shines in Chan Santa Cruz.**

**So tells the star that the cruzob, the rebels, will not be defeated, and will continue on their road, alongside everyone in the human constellation, that the red people, the Chachac-mac will always come, the red star that will help the world be free.**

**So says the star that is the mountain.**

That a people who are five people.

That a people who are a star of all people.

That the people who are humanity and are all the world’s people.

They will come to aid the worlds who become human in their struggle.

So the true man and woman live without pain, and the hearts of stone be softened.

You are all the Chachac-mac,

The people who come to help the man who becomes five throughout the world,

Amongst all peoples, in all nations.

You are all the red star who are mirrored in us.

We can continue on the right path if we, the you who are us, walk together.

Brothers and sisters:

**Among our peoples, the oldest sages have put a cross that is a star**

**Where the water, the giver of life, is born.**

**Thus, a star marks the beginning of life in the mountains.**

**Thus are born the arroyos that come down from the mountain**

**And carry the voice of the speaking star, of our Chan Santa Cruz.**

**The voice of the mountains has spoken**, and it has said that true men and women

 **Will live free when they commit to the five-pointed star. When the five peoples**

 **Become one in the star. When the five parts of humanity. Who are the world,**

 **Find themselves and find each other. When all five find their place and each**

 **Other’s places.**

Today, thousands of different roads come from the five continents to meet here,

 In the mountains of the Mexican Southeast, to join their steps.

Today, thousands of words from the five continents are silent here, in the mountains

 Of the Mexican Southeast, to hear each other and hear themselves.

Today, thousands of struggles from the five continents struggle here, in the mountains of the Mexican Southeast, for life and against death.

Today, thousands of colors from the five continents are painted here, in the mountains of the Mexican Southeast, to announce a future of inclusion and tolerance.

Today, thousands of hearts from the five continents are alive here, in the

 Mountains of the Mexican Southeast, for humanity and against neoliberalism.

Today, thousands of human beings from the five continents shout, “Enough is

 Enough!” here, in the mountains of the Mexican Southeast. They shout. “Enough is Enough!”

 To conformity, to doing nothing, to cynicism, to egoism, to the modern god.

Today, thousands of small worlds from the five continents are attempting a

 Beginning here, in the mountains of the Mexican Southeast, a beginning to

 Building a new and good world, that is, a world where all worlds fit.

Today, thousands of men and women of the five continents begin here, in the

 Mountains of the Mexican Southeast, the First Intercontinental *Encuentro* for Humanity and against neoliberalism.

Brothers and sisters of the world:

**Welcome to the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.**

**Welcome to this corner of the world where we are all the same because we are different.**

**Welcome to the search for life and the struggle against death.**

**Welcome to this First Intercontinental Encuentro for Humanity and against Neoliberalism.**

**Democracy!**

**Freedom!**

**Justice!**

#### ROJ: The role of the judge is to be a revolutionary and fight alongside the oppressed. You need to interrogate your own position within the colonial matrix of power and how you interrogate your privilege in this debate space.

Marcos 2001(Marcos is a spokesperson and strategist for the Zapatistas, an indigenous insurgency movement based in Mexico. He is the author of several books that have been translated to English. Authors: Editors: Juana Ponce de Leon is a writer, literary critic, and editor-in-chief of Siete Cuentos Editorial, the Spanish-language imprint of Seven stories Press. Jose Saramago received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1998. *Our Word is our Weapon: selected Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos.* Page: 120)

**Who can say in what precise locale and at what exact hour and date this Intercontinental Encuentro for Humanity and against Neoliberalism began? We don’t know. But we do know who initiated it. All the rebels around the world did. Here, we are only a small part of those rebels, it’s true. But to all the different fences that all the rebels of the world break every day, you have added one more rupture, that of the fence around the Zapatista reality.**

**To achieve that, you had to struggle against your respective governments and then confront the fence of papers and procedures with which the Mexican government thought to detain you. You are all fighters, men and women who break through fences of all kinds. That is why you made it to the Realidad. Maybe you can’t see your greatness of your achievement, but we see it.**

**…Some of the best rebels from the five continents arrived in the mountains of the Mexican Southeast. All of them brought their ideas, their hearts, their worlds. They came to La Realidad. They came to the Realidad to find themselves in others’ ideas, in others’ reasons, in others’ worlds.**

**A world made of many worlds found itself these days in the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.**

 **A world made of many worlds opened a space and established its right to exist, raised the banner of being necessary, stuck itself in the middle of the earth’s reality to announce a better future.**

 **A world of all the worlds that rebel and resist Power.**

 **A world of all the worlds that inhabit this world, opposing cynicism.**

 **A world that struggles for humanity and against neoliberalism.**

 **This was the world that we live these days.**

 **This is the world that we found here.**